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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIII. JANUARY, 1915 NO. 1

The Old Year and the New

Art thou not glad to close
  Thy wearied eyes, O saddest child of Time,
  Eyes which have looked on every mortal crime
And swept the piteous round of mortal woes?

No tears shall weep thy fall
  When, as the midnight bell shall toll thy fate,
  Another lifts the scepter of thy state,
And sits a monarch in thine ancient hall.

Him, too, the nations wait;
  "O lead us from the shadow of the past,"
  In a long wail like this December blast,
They cry, and, crying, grow less desolate.

Beneath his gentle hand
  They hope to see no meadow, vale, or hill
  Stained with a deeper red than roses spill
When some too boisterous zephyr sweeps the land.

A time of peaceful prayer,
  Of law, love, labor, honest loss, and gain—
  These are the visions of the coming reign
Now floating to them on this wintry air.

—*Henry Timrod.*

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Watch Yourself Go By

A BOOK BY AL G. FIELD

33⅓---Per Cent of All Sales---33⅓

OF THIS POPULAR BEST SELLER MADE THROUGH THE VETERAN DURING THE MONTHS FROM DECEMBER TO MAY TO BE DONATED TO THE

Sumner Cunningham Monument Fund

There was a tender friendship between the late editor of the VETERAN and the veteran leader of minstrelsy, Mr. Al G. Field; and out of a generous heart the author is giving a large share of the sales to help the fund for building a monument to his friend of many years. Of this book, Mr. Cunningham himself wrote: "If Al G. Field had determined upon this book when a boy and had given years of study to the subject, a finer production could not have been expected. It is as unique throughout as is the title, 'Watch Yourself Go By.' Open it anywhere, regardless of what precedes, and soon you will be fascinated." And he offered a year's subscription to the VETERAN to all who bought the book and were not satisfied.

The *New York Clipper* says: "From beginning to end this book will hold the attention of the reader with its intermingling of mirth and pathos, in which is entwined the record of a busy life. The boyhood scenes and the peculiar characters and incidents recorded are particularly amusing and instructive."

Many other notices could be quoted in praise of Mr. Field's book, written to give pleasure to others. The author himself says: "If those who peruse this book extract half the pleasure from reading its pages that has come to me while writing them, my desires will be satisfied."

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C. C. House, Brady, Tex.: "I have the best wishes for the VETERAN. Any publication that keeps before the people the history and high ideals of the Old South is engaged in a noble work."

J. L. Lee, of Olaton, Ky., whose mother is trying to get a pension, would like to correspond with some of the comrades of his father, Isom Lee, of Company A, 2d South Carolina Regiment.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

The quiet little town of Franklin, Tenn., nestling in the bend of the little Big Harpeth River, had a rude awakening on the morning of November 30, 1864, when aroused by the steady tramp of marching feet. Coming in from Spring Hill by way of the Columbia Pike, the Federal forces lost no time in throwing up breastworks on the southern outskirts of the town as a protection from the assault of the pursuing Confederates. With their artillery on the high bluff across the river to sweep the open ground over which any attack had to be made, theirs was the advantage in every way. That General Hood should deliberately decide to make the attack after reviewing the situation must have been because of his determination to retrive if possible the lost opportunity at Spring Hill. God alone knows.

On the fiftieth anniversary of this bloody battle Franklin was again aroused by the presence of the blue and the gray, not in the sturdy strength of their young manhood with the fire of battle in their breasts, but as men whose strength was in the past and with only peace in their hearts. Many survivors of the battle were in the throng coming from the North and the South to give a kindly greeting to one another and to view again the field over which they had fought with such desperation.

Franklin was enlivened as never before and gave of its best in hospitable spirit. To the strains of "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," and other patriotic airs these veterans of the sixties were welcomed with royal hospitality to the gayly decorated town. Every train brought a load of visitors, while a special train from Nashville carried out many prominent veterans of both sides, with Troops A and C, Forrest's Cavalry, Company B, Confederate Veterans, and members of George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R., of Nashville. After going around the square, on which stands the handsome Confederate monument, appropriately decorated, and through the principal streets, the parade was halted at the Tabernacle, where the exercises were held.

Capt. Gus F. Smith, of Detroit, President of the United Survivors' Association of the Battle of Franklin, acted as master of ceremonies in introducing the speakers. Following the invocation by Rev J. H. McNeilly were the introductions of Gen. B. H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., and Gen. D. J. Palmer, Commander in Chief G. A. R., who made short addresses. In his opening remarks General Young said: "Instead of calling you comrades, I will call you Americans. * * * The time has come when the deeds of men on both sides become the heritage of the American nation."

"I congratulate you on living in peace and harmony in a reunited country," said General Palmer. "There is no bitterness either in the North or the South. If I had not been



CAPTURING A "YANKEE" AT FRANKLIN IN 1914.
Gen. B. H. Young, U. C. V. Gen. D. J. Palmer, G. A. R. Col. John R. Miller, U. C. V.

in other parts of the South before I came here, I would be overwhelmed with the demonstration you have just given me. I am glad to meet any American, no matter where he comes from. * * * I want to say that I am willing to do anything I can to make history clear as to this battle. History written with the blood of patriots is sacred next to the blood of the living God. It cannot be ignored, and it ought not to be forgotten."

Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood, a Federal survivor of the battle, was next introduced as "a Democrat in Ohio, reëlected to Congress last year in a Republican district by a majority of twelve thousand votes," which brought enthusiastic cheering. Colonel Sherwood began his speech by saying: "This is one of the greatest moments of my life, for this is the first time I have had an opportunity to look into the faces of the brave men I fought fifty years ago to-day."

In his address Colonel Sherwood spoke of the war songs that were so popular among the soldiery of both armies, the war of the sixties having inspired many patriotic songs. In the War of the Revolution no songs were written, and only one during the Mexican War. Colonel Sherwood quoted from his memorial tribute to Gen. George W. Gordon, who was his confrere in Congress, and after some reminiscences of the battle of Franklin he said most earnestly: "I consider war the greatest curse of humanity. Ever since the battle of Franklin, when I saw thousands of men torn by shot and shell, I have hated war. Let us congratulate ourselves that we, of all the great nations of the world, are at peace. We are contributing our services and sacrifices to the war in Europe, and when that war is over the United States will be the light of the civilization of the world."

Col. R. W. Banks, of Mississippi, Confederate and Spanish War veteran, closed the list of speakers in a thoughtful address, in which he said: "We are not here to celebrate a victory; we are here to celebrate something more and greater and grander than any triumph of force and arms. We who were here fifty years ago as deadly foes in fratricidal war have met to-day under the blessings of a happy peace, under conditions of old love renewed, to commemorate what was done here by the American soldier, to commemorate his lofty courage and high devotion to duty, even though its path led to the grave. The inexpressible bravery displayed here, the glory and fame won here belong not alone to the blue or to the gray; they are a common heritage. * * * The virtue and valor and patriotism displayed here are not only never to be forgotten but are to grow in sublimity as civilization grows and as the world appreciates love of freedom and the liberty of man consistent with the rights of his neighbor."

After a few words uttered in patriotic spirit, John Trotwood Moore, poet and author, read his poem, "Reunited." The assemblage then repaired to the courthouse, where an excellent and bountiful dinner had been prepared for all visitors, over one thousand partaking.

Hundreds of veterans visited the cemetery on the McGavock place, where were buried fourteen hundred and eighty-four Confederate dead—many, alas! unknown. Mississippi has the largest number of any State buried there. It was on the porch of the McGavock house that the six Confederate generals lay dead, sacrifices of the horrible charge on the Federal breastworks. On the battle field markers had been placed to indicate positions of troops and other important sites; but many of these veterans needed not to be told where they had been stationed, and some could point out the exact places where they had been wounded. The old cotton gin, near which Cleburne fell, was long since torn away; but the Carter house still stands with its bullet-scarred walls that mutely tell of the force of that leaden storm.

An important business meeting was held in the afternoon by veterans of both sides, presided over by Capt. Gus F. Smith, at which a movement was started for a national park on the Franklin battle field. The Association of Survivors of Franklin, which many Confederates joined at Franklin, will ask Congress for an appropriation of $250,000 for this park and for a magnificent memorial arch which will span the Columbia Pike where Hood and Schofield joined in battle fifty years ago. On this arch will be inscribed the names of officers who took part in the battle and their commands, one side for the blue, on the other the gray.

Captain Smith was empowered to appoint a veteran from each State in the Union, these to act together to help get the bill through Congress, and one Southern and one Northern Congressman may be asked jointly to introduce the bill. The Commanders in Chief of both organizations have pledged their support. The following appointments have been made on the committee: Gen. Bennett H. Young, Louisville, Ky.; Gen. David J. Palmer, Des Moines, Iowa; Hon. James Baden, Elkhart, Ind.; Hon. Washington Gardner, Albion, Mich.; Maj. W. F. Foster, Nashville, Tenn.; Col. R. W. Banks, Gulfport, Miss.; William Mishler, Los Angeles, Cal.; Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood, Toledo, Ohio; Capt. E. J. Ingersoll, Carbondale, Ill.; Dr. J. Moody, Aliceville, Ala.

A BOY'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY H. P. FIGUERS, COLUMBIA, TENN.

Many who took part in the bloody and fateful battle of Franklin, Tenn., fought November 30, 1864, have written of it, and it is probably true that no other battle of the war has been so much discussed. To fully appreciate the nature of the battle and its importance to both sides, it will be necessary to call attention to the environments. After continuous fighting for something like one hundred days in North Georgia, and especially in and around Atlanta, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston had been removed, and Gen. John B. Hood was placed in charge of this department of the army. General Hood had commanded a Texas brigade in the Army of Northern Virginia and had made a great reputation as a fighter. The Confederate War Department concluded that Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was not showing the spirit of war sufficiently; that he manifested too much disposition to save his army by continuous retreating; hence his removal and the placing of Gen. John B. Hood in command because of his known fighting qualities. General Hood at once began to equip his army to make his celebrated movement into Tennessee. Turning his back on General Sherman, commanding the Federal army in Georgia, Hood commenced his march toward Tennessee. He passed through Columbia on the 29th of November, part of his army crossing at that point, but the larger part crossed several miles above Columbia and bivouacked at Spring Hill that night.

Much has been written and said as to the cause of his failure to strike the Federal forces in flank at Spring Hill, which was in his power to do. Through some fault somewhere the attack was not made, and the golden opportunity was lost.

All during the night of the 29th the Federal army was moving from Spring Hill toward Franklin, and about sunup it began to pour into the town. Very soon afterwards General Gross-

man came to my mother's house and asked permission to pitch his marquee in her yard. Our house fronted the Carter's Creek Pike, or rather the main street of the town. He informed my mother that the Federal army was going to make a stand at Franklin, saying: "In my opinion, a big battle will be fought here to-day." No mortal can tell with what a thrill of excitement I heard this announcement, but my mother and the General were in a more serious mood. With her usual tact my mother said: "General, instead of pitching your tent in the yard, you can use my parlor for your headquarters, and breakfast is just announced. You and your staff come in and take breakfast." This little act of courtesy and tact was worth a great deal to her during the next twenty-four hours. Within two hours from that time the Federal army was pouring into the town from the south. Most of the artillery and wagons were temporarily parked down on the north side of the town in the bend of the river known as Cliff's Meadow.

The quiet little town of Franklin was sleeping in the bend of the river on the south side. Figuers's Hill was separated from the town by the river and constituted a permanent fort, which had been constructed there in January, 1863, by Gen. Gordon Granger. This fort was frowning with heavy artillery and siege pieces. From that point the Federals could sweep the plain lying south of Franklin for two miles. On the south margin of the town the Federals formed a line of battle, with their left resting upon the river on the east and a line extending around the town back to the river on the north in an irregular semicircle.

At this period of the war the value of breastworks and fortifications had been learned. The Federal soldiers were at once put to work constructing fortifications entirely around the south margin of the town. They worked like beavers, using houses, fences, timber, and dirt in their works. By two o'clock of that day they had completed their breastworks and were safely ensconced behind them. These breastworks were high enough to protect the soldiers and had head logs on the top, so that the Federals could be reached only when the Confederate bullets entered the cracks between the head logs and the breastworks. Every few yards along short arms, fifteen or twenty feet in length, were constructed at right angles with the breastworks to prevent enfilading. Out in front of the main breastworks a second line of earthworks was constructed of less importance. Having finished their labors, the Federal army was resting.

The people down in the town of Franklin did not know then what was transpiring beyond Winstead Hill, on the Columbia Pike. They did not know that the Confederate army was coming into Tennessee and had not the faintest idea that it was a general movement of the army. General Schofield was in command of the Federals and had forty-five thousand of the best-equipped soldiers then upon the American continent. They were Western men, full of patriotism and courage. They were men that knew how to ride and shoot and were not afraid.

While these matters were transpiring in and around Franklin, General Hood, with an army of about fifty thousand soldiers, was pressing his way along the pike from Spring Hill to Franklin. When General Hood reached Winstead Hill he rode out about one hundred yards from the pike with his staff officers near an old (now historic) linden tree and carefully surveyed the situation. From that point, looking toward the north, he could easily see Figuers's Hill rising above the town, just north of it, frowning with heavy artillery, and he could see the breastworks constructed around the south margin of the town. At that time of the year there were no intervening objects to obstruct the view. Having fully satisfied himself with the situation, he turned and saluted an officer and said: "General, I am going to make the fight right here." Only one or two regiments at that time had appeared on the crest of Winstead Hill. General Schofield, standing on Figuers's Hill, in Fort Granger, could easily distinguish without a glass what was going on at Winstead Hill. It has rarely occurred in the annals of war that two opposing armies faced each other under similar circumstances, and I am sure no braver men ever met on any battle field.

As the Confederate army began to file in between the two hills and to deploy right and left and take their positions in line, the Confederate bands began to play "Dixie," and a shout from fifty thousand throats went up with enthusiasm and volume. There was a moment of silence, and then the Federal band down near the gin house played "Hail, Columbia," and the Federals replied with a vigorous shout of defiance. While the two armies were in sight of each other, they were nearly two miles apart; but every soldier knew that a great battle was imminent.

As soon as the Confederate line of battle was thoroughly formed, and the various commanders and officers had been assigned their places, the march was commenced toward the Federal breastworks—and death. It was a bright and beautiful day, not a cloud in the sky, an ideal autumn afternoon. The men in gray formed their lines with all the precision of military tactics and marched through that fateful field as though on dress parade. When their march began toward the breastworks of the enemy, the big guns on Figuers's Hill, which could throw 64-pound shells, opened fire. But the men who wore the gray had faced such scenes before and were not afraid. From the dawn of history until this day no braver army ever stood in line of battle. With great courage and steady step they braved the flying shot and shell and, at the command of their officers, marched into battle. If it had not been for the fact that the Confederates were so close to the Federal outer lines, the destruction of life would have been heavier; but as it was, they pressed in so close upon the heels of the outer lines of the Federals that the long-range, heavy artillery had to cease firing.

The imagination could not picture a more magnificent panoramic view than that scene as Hood's army, with perfect line and steady step, moved across the open field, with bands playing and battle flags flying, while the Federals stood in their breastworks in the evening sun. The flying flags and martial music on both sides were distinctly in evidence and added to the spectacular effect. The Confederate generals were at the heads of their commands, and many of them were speaking words of encouragement and cheer to their men. The Federal breastworks, a moment before gleaming like a silver thread in the evening sun, was instantly turned into a line of burning fire and ascending smoke. From that time on during the thirteen charges made by the Southern troops upon the breastworks it would be impossible to describe or even to have an adequate idea of the fearful carnage and horrors of that great battle. The descending night, roar of artillery, rattle of musketry, and the Rebel yell, all conspired to form a spectacular display not often seen in the history of the world. It was at once the glory and horror of war.

The first advance guards of the Confederate army appeared as early as two o'clock in the afternoon, and there was some small fighting between them and the Federal outposts during the afternoon; but the first main assault upon the breastworks

was made, according to my recollection, about four o'clock, possibly later. I know it was getting dark.

I spent the entire afternoon upon the top of the barn and woodshed, in a tree top, and other high places, seeing all that could be seen. At the time the first assault was made the bullets were flying and whizzing around everywhere to such an extent that I concluded I was as liable to be hit as a soldier, and I retreated to the cellar. I remember that just before entering the cellar, while standing at the front gate, I saw a Yankee get shot just across the street. This was the first casualty of the battle that I saw. The cellar door faced west from my mother's house, which stood about one hundred yards inside of the Yankee breastworks. Every minute or two a bullet would strike the house above and frequently sizzle in a pile of potatoes in the cellar. We were huddled up close to the western wall. My brother, just older than myself, a negro man, and my dog Fannie were my companions in the cellar. I felt perfectly safe for a while. Something that I heard or saw made me laugh, and the negro man said: "Marse Hardin, don't you know that we will all be killed if you laugh?" My dog crouched at my feet and whined piteously, not knowing the cause of the great noise. We had not been in the cellar very long before a bombshell, a twelve-pounder, of conical shape, struck the main sill of the house just over our heads and within a few feet of us. The print of the shell still remains on the west side of the house, though I have not seen it for forty years. I preserved the shell for several years after the war. Being an enterprising boy, at the close of the war I had gathered together every kind of cannon ball, cartridge, bullet, bayonet, sword, and pistol; but after my mother's death and the home was broken up they were all lost.

When the bombshell struck so close to my head I said to my brother: "We are just in the range of that cannon which was located on Bostic Hill, and I am going out of here." He replied: "You will be killed in a minute if you go out." I said, "I had rather die upstairs than down here," and left him. I don't remember seeing him any more for two days; in fact, I lived on excitement for forty-eight hours. When I got upstairs I found that General Grossman was out on the firing line, and several members of his staff were the only persons in the house, except some wounded Confederate prisoners.

When the first charge was made the Southern soldiers who were wounded near the Yankee breastworks were taken prisoners and carried to the rear to the nearest house, and, to my amazement, I found a large number of wounded prisoners in my mother's house. My patriotism at once overcame all my fears; and though I was only a boy, I at once turned doctor. I made up fires, found pillows, and made them all as comfortable as possible by making pallets on the floor and dressing their wounds as best I could. I was the only member of the family in the house. My mother and the children had sought safety by going to a neighbor's house farther down the street and more under the hill. Some of the wounded were suffering dreadfully. Feeling my insufficiency and ignorance, I concluded to go down to the Public Square to a certain doctor's office. I found him and told him that all of the houses in that end of town were full of wounded Confederate prisoners and that no doctor was with them. I shall never forget his reply: "If they are as bad off as you say, I could not do them any good, and it is too dangerous to risk going up there." I was ashamed of him then and am ashamed of him now, and I will not give his name.

As soon as the firing ceased, which was about two o'clock in the morning, I should judge, my mother came home and at once took charge of the situation. In a little while all of the wounded soldiers were calling her "Little Mother." Just forty-four years ago she went away to live with the angels, but up to the time of her death every once in a while she would get a letter from one of those old soldiers. One of them, whose life I saved or helped to save, has two children named for me.

Just about daylight, and after I had learned that our troops were in possession of the town, I started out to go over the battle field, accompanied only by one of our slaves, a little younger than myself. The first dead person that I found was a little Yankee boy, about my own age, lying in the middle of the street with his hands thrown back over his head, pale in death. The sight of this dead boy somehow impressed me more than the thousands of dead men I was soon to look upon. It would be impossible to describe what I saw and heard. Inside of the breastworks were the dead and wounded Yankees; outside and for a long distance back were the dead and wounded Confederates. Men were going about over the field with such lights as they could procure, hunting for dead and wounded comrades and friends. Men, shot and wounded in every part of the body, were crying out for help, telling their names and calling for friends to help them. It was at once a weird and gruesome sight.

From the Lewisburg Pike on the east, along, in front of, and just south of the Federal breastworks as far as the Columbia Pike and west of the pike as far as the locust thicket, the dead and wounded were so thick upon the ground that it might be said without exaggeration that one could walk upon the dead and never touch the ground. A pit, or ditch, made by throwing up the breastworks, was full of the dead. Sometimes they would be piled on one another several deep. In front of the Yankee battery which faced the Columbia Pike you would find a man with his head shot off. Others had arms and legs shot off, and some were cut in twain or almost so. I remember seeing one poor fellow, sitting up and leaning back against something, whose whole under jaw had been cut off by a grape shot, and his tongue and under lip were hanging down on his breast. I knelt down and asked him if I could do anything for him. He had a little piece of pencil and an envelope, and I shall never forget the impression made by what he wrote: "No; John B. Hood will be in New York before three weeks."

To give some idea of the number of bullets that were flying through the air that night: There was a locust thicket just in front of the Yankee breastworks, west of the Columbia Pike, and up against it. The trees had been set out about ten feet apart some time before the war and averaged from four to six inches across the stump. These trees were stripped of their bark and every limb by bullets, and many of them were struck by so many bullets that they fell of their own weight. While passing through this thicket I found a first cousin of mine, to whom I said: "Cousin Pryor, how did any man escape in this thicket?" He replied: "Why, all of these bullets that were hitting trees did not hit a man."

Just at the north end of this thicket I heard General Bate, who was standing on a stump making a speech to a lot of soldiers and trying to encourage them. General Bate was walking on a crutch at that time from a former wound received at Chickamauga September 19, 1863.

In an article published by General Gordon he stated that General Hood tarried at Franklin several days. This was a mistake. General Gordon was captured that night and had been taken away, of course, during the night. Very soon

after sunup the soldiers were eating breakfast, and before nine o'clock, I am sure, the various commands had been reorganized and were on the march toward Nashville. I distinctly remember seeing General Hood riding down through the streets of Franklin with his one wooden leg and his long, tawny mustache and whiskers. I as a boy was much disappointed in his appearance. The reader will remember that I was a boy, going everywhere and seeing everything. By the middle of the morning troops detailed for the purpose began the sad work of burying our dead heroes. They dug wide trenches, about two feet deep, in which they placed the dead soldiers side by side, shoulder to shoulder, just as they had stood in many a hard-fought battle. A piece of blanket was placed over each face, and they folded the hands, nevermore to hold a gun, and left them there to remain until the trumpet shall sound and the resurrection angel shall bring them forth.

The Federals were not buried until the following Saturday after the battle was fought on Wednesday. They were buried generally just as they had fallen by pulling dirt from the breastworks down on them. Many of them had been stripped of their clothing by living soldiers who were almost naked.

On Saturday it began to rain, and on the outside of the breastworks in the ditch where so many soldiers were killed the water was literally running blood. Many of the dead Yankees along near the old gin house were killed by being struck over the head with the guns in the hands of the Confederates standing on the breastworks above them.

Right in front of the Carter House, on the margin of the pike, there was a locust tree, then about five inches in diameter, and the tree was standing until a few months ago. A Yankee soldier standing behind this tree was shot through the head, instant death and rigidity following. His left shoulder was against the tree, his head had dropped on his bosom, his gun in his left hand had kept him from falling on the left side, and his heavy iron ramrod in his right hand supported him on that side, and there he was standing in that position dead. Between the gin house and the pike, according to my recollection, not fifty feet from the latter and about the same distance from the breastworks, General Cleburne's horse was killed. I have pointed the place out to hundreds of people since.

Between the gin house and the Lewisburg Pike General John Adams's horse was on top of the breastworks. General Adams had fallen inside, where he lived about fifteen minutes, and finally died with a Yankee colonel holding his head.

Generals Adams, Carter, Cleburne, Gist, Strahl, and Granbury were all killed that night. They were carried to the home of Col. John McGavock and were lying side by side on his long north gallery. Later that day they were taken back to Columbia and buried. All of them have since been removed to their homes except General Carter.

It has been stated many times in published articles that Theodore Carter, a Franklin boy, was killed in his father's yard. This is a mistake. He was wounded near the barn on his father's place, a bullet passing through his head, and he died lying upon the floor of his father's front hall. He was a brave and courageous soul and much beloved by all who knew him.

Capt. W. E. Cunningham, another Franklin boy, had his eye shot out in the battle. I had heard of his wound, and my informant told me that he was sitting by the side of a rock fence near Merrill's Lime Knob. I got a buggy and mule and went out and looked for him, but learned that he had been taken to Mrs. James R. McGavock's. By that time my mule, alarmed at the many strange sights and sounds, ran away, making a wreck of the buggy and leaving me with it in a deep ditch.

The little town of Franklin then presented a sad spectacle for the Southern sympathizers and those who loved the wounded patriots that filled the town. The large female institute and female college, courthouse, every church, and a large percentage of the private buildings were filled with the wounded. At that time most of the citizens were hard pressed to supply the necessaries of life for their families; but, nothing daunted, as Southern patriots they took charge of the wounded and divided with them their last morsel. Certain ladies in the town took charge of certain public buildings. My mother, in addition to having her own house full of wounded, had charge of the wounded in the Episcopal church, near by.

The rain on the third day after the battle turned into a snow, and during the next eighteen days that the Confederates occupied the town it was the most terrible spell of weather I ever knew. There were snow, sleet, and ice continually, with the thermometer down to zero. Food got scarcer and scarcer each day. Many a day I went out through the country in an old dump cart hunting for food.

We would take a large wash kettle, holding about twenty gallons, and make it full of soup with plenty of red pepper. For this soup I brought in from the country Irish potatoes, cabbage, dried beans, and turnips, and in making it we used any kind of meat obtainable. The soldiers thought this was great diet; in fact, the best they had had for more than a year.

On the night of the battle the Federals removed all their wounded that could be taken away, but the wounded prisoners were placed in the Presbyterian church, and frequently in the mornings they would bury half a dozen soldiers. One morning in looking over the faces of the dead I discovered that one was still living and called the attention of the party conducting the burial. The soldier was taken back into the hospital and escaped being buried alive.

Eighteen days after the battle General Hood retreated, and all the soldiers capable of being removed were taken out, but the more unfortunate had to remain and be captured. After the Federals reoccupied the town, it was sad to see the poor, wounded fellows start away to prison.

A few days after the Federals reoccupied Franklin railroad traffic was renewed, and the wounded were taken away in open rack cars, such as cattle are now shipped in. Only a few of them had overcoats or blankets, the weather was dreadfully cold, and their suffering was indescribable.

Col. William Lavel Butler, of the 28th Alabama, as I now remember, was shot clear through from side to side with a Minie ball and, of course, was desperately wounded. He was in my mother's house. The officer in charge of removing the wounded had him examined by the surgeon, whose opinion was that he had sufficiently recovered to be sent to prison. Butler knew his own condition and that to be removed that day while the snowstorm was raging would be certain death, so he said to the officer: "This is murder to remove me now." The officer replied: "You are a prisoner and must go." Colonel Butler then addressed my mother, who was pleading for him to be left, and said: "Little Mother, leave the room while I tell this officer what I think of him." I will not repeat his language to the officer, but it lacked a great deal of being Sunday school literature.

(Continued on page 44.)

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

DIXIE.

(Air: "Annie Laurie.")

O, Dixie's homes are bonnie,
And Dixie's hearts are true;
And 'twas down in dear old Dixie
Our life's first breath we drew,
And there our last we'd sigh,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'd lay us down and die.

No fairer land than Dixie's
Has ever seen the light;
No braver boys than Dixie's
To stand for Dixie's right,
With hearts so true and high,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
To lay them down and die.

O, Dixie's vales are sunny,
And Dixie's hills are blue,
And Dixie's skies are bonnie,
And Dixie's daughters too,
As stars in Dixie's sky;
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'd lay us down and die.

No more upon the mountain,
No longer by the shore,
The trumpet song of Dixie
Shall shake the world no more;
For Dixie's songs are o'er,
Her glory gone on high,
And the brave who bled for Dixie
Have laid them down to die.

—*F. O. Ticknor.*

OUR UNFORGOTTEN HEROES.

A letter has come to the VETERAN from Thomas Jackson Baldwin, a Virginian now acting as war correspondent in France, in which he tells of his tribute to the memory of those who fought the last fight of the Alabama on Sunday, June 19, 1864. Mr. Baldwin writes from "in the field," and his message is addressed:

"To the remnant of those who fought for the Confederate States of America on land and sea.

"It was my privilege (born in 1863 near Charlottesville, Va., a *de facto citizen* of the Confederate States) to cast on the waters outside of Cherbourg Harbor thirteen weighted wreaths of flowers grown in Dixie on the exact spot where the Alabama fought her unequal fight exactly fifty years to the hour afterwards.

"This statement has been delayed by several causes, including this even greater war for real constitutional government."

"THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention at Savannah, Ga., in November went on record as favoring the title of "War between the States" to designate the war of 1861 to 1865, and Congress has been appealed to for recognition of this official designation instead of "War of the Rebellion" or "Civil War," as has been used. Senator Ollie James, of Kentucky, has introduced a resolution in the Senate which says in part: "The 'War between the States' does not imply that it was a war between individual States. The noun 'States' is used in its collective sense. And the official titles of the contending parties were the United States and the Confederate States; hence the contention that the proper appellation for that great conflict is the 'War between the States.'"

WHAT "REBEL" ARMY WAS THIS?

The following extracts from a letter published on the Children's Page of the Courier-Journal will be amusing to some old "Rebels," notwithstanding the sad fate of the "great-great-uncle":

"I had a great-great-uncle who was starved to death in the Rebel army. He was fighting for the Yankees, but was captured; and when they ordered him out to be shot, he told them that they could shoot him where he stood, but he would never move to a Rebel's command. They locked him back in his cell, and he died of starvation. Isn't that dreadful? And to think my own beloved Dixie would do such a thing!

"O, cousins, don't you think that when the great day comes and they will have to give an account of their stewardship before the Lord they will be made to answer for such deeds of cruelty committed during war times? I do."

STARS AND BARS.

The committee appointed to examine and report at the Richmond Convention as to who designed the Confederate flag known as the Stars and Bars heretofore issued a notice that all proof on the subject should be the original proof. The committee now decides to relax said notice and require only that sworn testimony shall show that the proof submitted is an exact and true copy of the original proof.

C. Irvine Walker (Chairman), Thomas Green, Sr., John P. Hickman, Committee.

COMMANDER VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

Some misunderstanding has arisen by a little confusion in the report of the late reunion of Virginia Confederates as reported in the VETERAN for December. There are still two distinct organizations of Confederates in that State. The Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans was first in existence and still retains its organization, though holding membership in the U. C. V. The annual reunions are held at the same time. The Commander of the Grand Camp can hold office for but one year; so, while retiring from command of the Grand Camp, Gen. J. Thompson Brown, of Richmond, Va., was reëlected Commander of the Virginia Division, U. C. V.

A CORRECTION.—In the article on "Shelby's Expedition into Mexico," appearing in the VETERAN for December, page 551, an error was made in giving the name of Lieutenant Slayback as Skyback. Contributors should write plainly, so there will be no chance for such mistakes.

"THE BOY MAJOR OF THE CONFEDERACY."

In the ranks of the Confederate army were many thousands of boys, mere lads, doing the part of men in service to their country, courageously laying down their lives on every battle field. Among the youthful soldiers who upheld the honor of the Old Dominion was

"The smiling, boyish Latimer,
Like a sunbeam in that throng,"

who helped to make Virginia's glory on the field of Gettysburg. In Woodbine Cemetery, at Harrisonburg, Va., there is a beautiful marble shaft which marks the resting place of this Virginia boy, not twenty years of age when he fell mortally wounded. At the dedication of this monument in August, 1914, Senator John Paul, himself a graduate of the famous old Virginia Military Institute, made the leading address, in which he reviewed the career of the "Boy Major of the Confederacy."

Joseph White Latimer was a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute, and in 1861 he was sent to the camp of instruction near Richmond, Va., to train the recruits for the Confederate army. He was a boy of eighteen when he undertook this arduous work, so slender and youthful in appearance that the officers and men of the artillery, to which branch he was assigned, resented being placed under the instruction of a mere boy. But his soldierly bearing, his thorough understanding of the work, his good humor and kind disposition soon won their respect and affection, notwithstanding his inflexible discipline. In September, 1861, he was elected second lieutenant of the Courtney Artillery, attached to General Ewell's Division, and during that fall and winter he labored incessantly to perfect their tactical training. In the following spring, 1862, at Standardsville, in Greene County, the company was reorganized, and he was elected first lieutenant.



THE LATIMER MONUMENT AT HARRISONBURG, VA.

1*

Of his career as a soldier, Senator Paul said: "In all the battles and skirmishes of the Valley Campaign, McDowell, Front Royal, Winchester, Cross Keys, and Port Republic, which followed in quick succession, he showed increasing efficiency, coolness, and intrepidity. After the battle of Cross Keys, where his battery, with General Trimble's brigade, was engaged continuously for five hours, the General published an order praising the conduct of the company and brevetted the young lieutenant captain of artillery, and soon after he was regularly commissioned by the Confederate War Department. In April, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of major and assigned to duty with Andrews's Battalion and later had chief command of that fine body of men. His bravery, his efficiency, and his considerate attention to their welfare gained their admiration and affection, and they followed their boy major unquestioningly through the arduous months of the summer of that terrible year, 1863. But at Gettysburg his career was checked by a mortal wound. His battalion was stationed on Cemetery Ridge and stubbornly held its position, though subjected to a continuous and devastating cannonading. On the 2d of July, while directing the work of his command with the greatest coolness and precision, he was struck by an exploding shell which completely shattered his right arm and killed his horse, the animal falling upon and badly crushing his gallant rider. Desperately wounded and bleeding profusely, he still continued to give directions for maneuvering the field pieces, while his cannon roared above his prostrate form in that chaos of strife and death. Some of his men carefully extricated him from under the dying horse and bore him from the field, he waving his uninjured hand in encouragement to the gunners. His arm had to be amputated at once, and he bore the loss uncomplainingly, and his youth and strength led his friends to hope for his recovery. Major Latimer, among others, was brought to Harrisonburg and was then taken to the home of Mrs. Harriet Warren, where he received every attention and kindness which she and her family could bestow; but in spite of all their care he grew worse. The anxiety and suspense which overshadowed the country after the retreat from Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg and also the separation from his mother, who was unable to come to him, added to the sadness of those weary days."

The movement to erect this monument was originated by Mrs. Kate Paul, widow of Judge John Paul, a dashing Confederate cavalry officer. As a young girl, a member of the family in whose home he died on August 1, 1863, she placed at his grave a small board, smoothed by her own hands, on which she had inscribed his name. It was the same compassionate heart that moved her to try to have the spot marked by a permanent memorial, and with other noble, patriotic women of that section, members of the Turner Ashby Chapter, U. D. C., and the Ladies' Memorial Association of Harrisonburg, Va., and the U. D. C. Chapter of Manassas, she worked for several years to secure funds for a memorial that would fittingly honor this young son of Virginia. Appropriate exercises marked the dedication.

Gen. E. W. Nichols, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, also spoke, referring with pride to the record of the V. M. I. men in the Confederate army, and especially to that of the "boy major," whose career is still an example to the students of the institute. While praising the valor of the men of the South, General Nichols attributed no little of whatever success crowned their efforts to the inspiring example of the women, "who bade them go with smiling tears" and cheered their drooping hearts even to the last.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*

Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton,, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

IN THE SOUTH.

The dusk of the South is tender
As the touch of a soft, soft hand.
It comes between splendor and splendor,
The sweetest of service to render,
And gathers the cares of the land.

Above it the soft sky blushes
And pales like an April rose;
Within it the south wind hushes,
And the jessamine's heart outgushes,
And the earth like an emerald glows.

—*John P. Sjolander.*

LETTER FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

My Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: First let me tell you again of my deep appreciation of the confidence you expressed in my administration of your affairs by reëlecting me President General at the Savannah Convention. It was a source of gratification to me at that time to learn of the great amount of work accomplished along all U. D. C. lines, the most successful and eventful year in the history of our organization; fittingly so, for at Savannah we attained our majority, that being the twenty-first annual convention. Your many assurances of continued earnest coöperation and support lend me strength and cause me to pledge myself to greater effort still.

I shall not in this letter attempt a report of the convention, for that was well rendered in the December issue; but I ask your active efforts for the accomplishment of much work. At the beginning of this new year please see that your charters are absolutely correct and that each member has a certificate of membership; that your taxes are paid at the proper time and your membership registration is faultless. Look well to your educational work and see that your schools teach proper history.

We find that something over $8,000 is due on Arlington monument. Earnestly do I hope that the full amount of this debt will be paid this year, for Shiloh is calling for our time and money. During the coming spring the corner stone of the Shiloh monument will be laid, and O if we can just collect money to pay for this monument during 1915 how happy we will be! Let us do the greatest things for Shiloh this year that we have ever done.

Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Greenwood, Miss., has urged upon the U. D. C. the placing of a window in the Red Cross building in Washington, D. C. This building is to be a memorial to the women of the sixties, and by action of the Savannah Convention this window will be placed; therefore your President General asks that you be prepared to respond when called upon.

Remember, too, the Martin and Hoyt literary contest, also the historical contest. In fact, dear Daughters, measure fully up to the standard of duty and you shall be happy.

Faithfully,

Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General U. D. C.

THE HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

Beginning with the February number, the U. D. C. Department will have a page for the Historian General, in which will be given the program of the historical study for that month, with list of references, etc. This page will add to the interest of the department and doubtless arouse many to the importance of this historical work. Miss Rutherford's zeal in behalf of righting the wrongs of history that have been perpetrated by partisan historians will do much to secure for future generations a fair presentation of the part taken by both sections in the development of this country, and her efforts in such a cause should have the coöperation of every Daughter of the Confederacy. That she has it in large measure was demonstrated at the Savannah Convention, where she was heard with such close attention and received the pledges of Division Presidents to work harder than ever before along that line.

In giving her report as Historian General on Thursday evening during the Convention, Miss Rutherford paid a very beautiful tribute to the work of the late editor of the Veteran, in which she said: "A sob comes into my heart whenever I think of his loss to us. We should have thrown the roses of appreciation to him while he was still with us. He came to us in New Orleans with a burden on his heart, and we did not give him the opportunity to tell us what that burden was. I believe it was something regarding the Confederate Veteran. It behooves every Daughter to see that this 'child of his heart,' the Confederate Veteran, is in every home in the South. It behooves us to see that a copy is in every library of the land, and we should do all we can to keep alive this work so dear to his heart. This would please him more, if his wishes could be realized than any costly monument of stone or marble, although that too must stand to tell coming generations of the love that the South had for one who did most to preserve the true history of the South during the years from 1860 to the present day."

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

In her general letter to the Chapters of the Alabama Division after the Savannah Convention Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, State President, refers with pride to the prize banner given by the President General U. D. C. to the Alabama Division for the largest increase in membership and in the number of Chapters organized in the Division during the past year.

Virginia has held this distinction for three years, and Alabama is now on her mettle to hold the banner.

A prize of ten dollars will be given by the State President to that Daughter of Alabama who submits the best paper on any subject of Southern history. Full explanation of the plan is given in the minutes of the Tuscaloosa meeting, page 66.

Attention is also directed to the prize offered by the Martin & Hoyt Company of a set of the "Library of Southern Literature" to a contestant in each State Division who submits the best paper on a given subject. This is open to all white residents of the State over twenty-one years of age, all essays in this contest to be sent to Mrs. Carl Tutwiler, Dothan, Ala., not later than August 1, 1915.

Chapter Presidents are reminded that January 19, the anniversary of the birth of Gen. Robert E. Lee, is the next date for the bestowal of crosses of honor, and all applications should be sent in early.

Mrs. Bashinsky mentions especially the action of the Savannah Convention in regard to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN and urges all Chapters of the Division to do a generous part toward the support of this historical journal. By general cooperation its future will be assured. The special department for the U. D. C. will be of great benefit in giving information of what is being done by all the Chapters and Divisions. An especially good suggestion is made by Mrs. Bashinsky for Chapters to subscribe not only for themselves but for schools and libraries, so that the children and others who should be interested in Confederate history may have access to the magazine published in that interest. Many Chapters also subscribe for veterans unable to pay the subscription.

THE ROSE LOVING CUP CONTEST.

This interesting contest was inaugurated in 1913 by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, ex-President of the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., for the purpose of stimulating interest in the study of Southern history by creating a pleasant rivalry between the Divisions.

According to the rules of the contest, the beautiful silver loving cup is to be awarded annually on Historical Evening during the conventions to the Division, or Chapter where no Division exists, sending in the best essay on a subject of Southern history, the subject to be selected each year by the Historian General U. D. C. and the contest to be under her supervision.

Success attended the contest from the first, many essays being sent in, and South Carolina proved the winner of the loving cup, which was awarded on Historical Evening at the New Orleans convention. The writer of the winning essay was Mrs. J. R. Vandiver, of Anderson, S. C. The subject, "The Women of the Confederacy," being so comprehensive and interesting, was selected again for this year. The Tennessee Division won the Rose loving cup for 1914, the presentation taking place on Historical Evening during the convention at Savannah, Ga. The writer of the essay was Mrs. Eleanor Gillespie.

The loving cup is the personal gift of Mrs. Rose, who has been untiring in her efforts to create interest in the study of Southern history. While Historian of the Mississippi Division for 1910-11 she inaugurated a historical contest, giving each year a beautiful banner to the Chapter sending in the best report of historical work. This proved such a success that, after Mrs. Rose's term as State Historian expired, the Division made the "Banner Contest" one of the regular departments of historical work.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

The minutes of the Bristol Convention are ready for distribution. Price, ten cents per copy, three for twenty-five cents. Orders should be sent to the new Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. H. Andrews, 919 Highland Avenue, Bristol, Va. An intelligent study of the minutes will inevitably result in greater interest in the Virginia Division and better preparation to participate in its achievements.

Last year the junior work was developed amazingly and now seems firmly established. Let this year witness a wonderful growth in our historical work, which has steadily increased in value, as was shown by our receiving honorable mention at Savannah. The State Historian, Miss Preston, very gladly adopted the suggestion of our distinguished Historian General to make the topic, "Wrongs That Should Be Righted," the basis for study. Miss Rutherford's splendid address is an inspiration as well as an epitome of American history.

Richmond Chapter is preparing for a cotton ball, the proceeds of which will go to the relief fund. Chapters are urged to contribute generously to this fund, all donations to be sent to Mrs. L. B. Allen, Treasurer of the Virginia Division, Salem.

The most unique and in many respects the finest report to the Savannah Convention was made by Mrs. E. D. Taylor from the Hollywood Memorial Association, announcing that, at the request of this Association, the legislature had appropriated eight thousand dollars to place in perpetual care as a memorial to the Confederate women of Virginia the graves of eighteen thousand soldiers buried in Hollywood. When it is remembered that only five hundred of this great total are Virginians, the full grace and beauty of this act can be realized, as well as the devotion which has watched over this hallowed field of death throughout so many years.

Capt. B. F. Jarratt Chapter reports a charming entertainment in the Jarratt Auditorium with excellent financial results. This is one of Mrs. Guthrie's young Chapters and does her the greatest credit.

Portsmouth Chapter sent a Thanksgiving box to the Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond, containing provisions, several fruit cakes, and a cash donation to supply anything which had been forgotten to make glad the hearts of the twenty-seven old ladies who are inmates of the Home. The legislature at its last session appropriated five thousand dollars annually for the Home, which sum, in addition to the assured income from the $13,000 endowment, $500 from the city of Richmond, and $125 per annum paid for the maintenance of certain inmates, places the Home on a financial foundation which is most gratifying to those who so generously helped before State aid was secured. The offer to turn the Home over to the U. D. C. was withdrawn at Savannah.

Mrs. Cassell's juniors in Staunton recently arranged a very successful presentation of the Mikado and are working enthusiastically. Programs for the juniors are eagerly awaited.

At the Savannah Convention the splendid report of Mrs. Riddick showed that for the year Virginia had surpassed all other Divisions in the number of new members, number of junior Chapters organized, and contributions to Arlington and Shiloh. One hundred and sixteen Chapters sent in credentials, giving a voting strength of three hundred and ninety-seven. Next to Georgia, Virginia had the largest delegation present, over thirty being registered.

A CALL TO THE SOUTHERN WOMEN OF MILWAUKEE, WIS.

BY MRS. JOSEPH JOHNSON, CHICAGO, ILL., FORMERLY OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

It has been suggested to me, through the courtesy and kindness of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, that "it would be of interest to Daughters of the South" to know how Southern women transplanted by the irony of fate to Northern fields keep up with our U. D. C. activities. Sometimes I think it is the new surroundings that give us the courage of explorers, that make us resolve to dare and do. For to travel over untried paths and to enter roads yet undiscovered by our organization indeed requires all the strength and ambition of the pioneer. But when love is the incentive it makes mountains seem but small hills, obstacles over which we must rise and conquer as did our forefathers.

With the thought that we need every loyal Southern woman in the ranks of the U. D. C., and desiring to do something out of the ordinary, the following notice was sent to three of the leading papers in Milwaukee:

NOTICE TO SOUTHERN WOMEN.

Will the wives, widows, mothers, sisters, nieces, and lineal descendants of men who served honorably the Confederate army in any capacity, also Southern women who can give proof of personal service or loyal aid to the Southern cause during the war, kindly communicate with me at once? Mrs. Joseph Johnson, 500 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.

It seemed that the papers were not so eager to publish it, though I asked them to name their price. Only one replied. I waited a week, then decided I had better go to see them, as I must have the press on my side if I wished to accomplish results. So Saturday morning, July 18, 1914, equipped only with the U. D. C. minutes, I boarded the train for Milwaukee. I enjoyed the beautiful scenery as I speeded along, but wondered if my trip would be in vain.

I had heard that Milwaukee boasted of the largest G. A. R. membership of any Northern city, and I knew too that Col. J. A. Watrous was at the head of one of the newspapers to which I had sent the notice. But O those U. D. C. Minutes! What a tower of strength they seemed to me! I clung to them as tenaciously as a drowning man would to a straw, and all those beautiful, inspiring messages contained therein seemed to breathe new hope. A greater determination than ever took possession of me, and I felt that I could master the situation, come what may.

At the first newspaper office I entered they had "no recollection of receiving a letter from me and no record of my notice." However, they "would look the matter up and let me hear from them."

I went next to the paper that had been courteous and businesslike enough to reply to my letter and asked to see the society reporter, Miss Schumann, whom I found to be very charming and pleasant. She knew a few Southern women living in Milwaukee. So I explained my mission, the aims and objects of our organization, and asked if she would help me arouse the interest of the Southern ladies in her city.

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Johnson, for I think it would be lovely to have a Chapter here. I never dreamed your organization was such a large body of women, and your appeal is worthy."

I then went to see the manager of the advertising department, and with my "Notice to Southern Women" the Milwaukee Sentinel on Sunday, July 19, published a long and beautiful article on our U. D. C. organization and the names and addresses of our national officers under the headline of "Women's Clubs" on the society page. The following day the other two papers gave me a free notice.

I then sent for one hundred application blanks and sent them out to every Southern lady in Milwaukee with a personal letter. But, to my disappointment, I have not yet located the seven, though Southern by birth, who are eligible to membership in the U. D. C. However, I feel that the seed sown will some day bear fruit.

"God's agents on earth," some one wrote of the Southern women for their sweetness, irresistible charm, and lofty ideals What an inspiration to live up to! But I am only a Missourian.

Some one said to me recently: "Why, Mrs. Johnson, I don't see how you can be such an enthusiastic U. D. C. woman when you are a D. A. R."

I learned from my Minneapolis work patience and that the best thing to give an opponent is tolerance; an enemy to our cause, enlightenment. It is wonderful how people's opinions can be swayed when you talk on education, benevolence, and peace.

The Daughters of the Confederacy have earned the title of "The Greatest Monument Builders in the World." Now let us work and earn another, "The Greatest Educators in the World"; and as the magnet draws the steel, so will our love and power rise to efface illiteracy in the South—the crowning star of all our efforts.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

A happy and prosperous new year to all Memorial women! This greeting carries with it the sincere wish that Heaven's choicest blessings may be bestowed upon the faithful and devoted women of the sixties.

The old year has been rung out by Father Time and with it all our joys and sorrows. Let us hail the new year with bright hopes and an undiminished faith in the mercy of Providence. Let us enter the new year full of good resolutions, prepared to fulfill our duty to the sacred cause which we hold so dear. Let us resolve to finish all unfinished business and to move on to greater achievements.

Here are a few recommendations which are placed before you for earnest consideration:

1. That each Memorial Association should contribute to the Cunningham memorial.

2. That each Memorial Association should subscribe to our official organ, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. This is the best medium of communication with other Confederate organizations.

3. I appeal to Associations and members thereof to renew their efforts to place in circulation the "History of the Memorial Associations of the South." This is a duty which we owe to the grand old women of the sixties, many of whom have passed to the great beyond, leaving in our hands this magnificent record of their great achievements and heroic sacrifices. Do you not agree with me that this volume should be placed in the hands of the young generation? Then the time has come for us to be up and doing. Let us hope that this year will go out with a blaze of glory and with the satisfaction that comes to all who can say: "I have done my part."

Again, dear coworkers, accept my heartfelt greetings and best wishes for the new year.

Yours sincerely and fraternally,

MRS. W. J. BEHAN, *President General.*

THE UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

[The following article is a large part of the splendidly prepared history of the U. D. C. by Mrs. Anne Bachman Hyde, of Chattanooga, Tenn., issued in pamphlet form some years ago when she was a member of the Arkansas Division. Changes in the text have been made where progress in the years since have made it necessary.]

The association known as the United Daughters of the Confederacy is a distinctive body composed of organizations in many States known as Divisions, which take their name from the State or Territory in which they are located. The Divisions are composed of Chapters in the various towns and cities. The first Chapter to be organized in any State is known as the Charter Chapter.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy is unique among women's organizations in that, while it may have a friendly affiliation with other societies, the objects and purposes are such that it cannot federate with any other body. These objects are social, benevolent, educational, historical, and memorial.

Beginning with the dark days of the War between the States, Southern women, by a common impulse, associated themselves together for the purpose of caring for wounded soldiers, for securing hospital supplies, and in many instances, assisted by faithful slaves, in burying the dead. After the war was over, memorial associations were formed in the various Southern States for providing a last resting place for the many Confederate dead scattered throughout the country, and whenever possible each State gathered together her own, placing them in separate cemeteries and erecting monuments to them. In other instances where it was not possible to bring them home the women collected money to assist in building a general monument, such as the pyramid in Hollywood, Richmond, Va., where lie buried sixteen thousand Confederate dead, representing every Southern State, many of them marked "Unknown," the saddest epitaph ever carved above a soldier's grave.

The work of these memorial associations is so great that a separate article will have to record their labors. But many of them by a natural process, after the formation of the federation known as Confederate Veterans, became the Daughters of the Confederacy, and these were formally organized into a body known as the United Daughters of the Confederacy on September 10, 1894, at Nashville, Tenn., and Mrs. C. M. Goodlett, of that city, was recognized as the founder of the organization.

However, the same idea seems to have been fostered in other minds just as Memorial Day came into existence in many Southern towns at the same time, and the first constitution and by-laws were drawn up by Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., and she also suggested that the various associations of Confederate women should adopt one name and one badge.

The organization was at first called National Daughters of the Confederacy; but as it was at that time too limited in its scope for such a title, it became the United Daughters of the Confederacy, popularly known as U. D. C., and its conventions, held annually, are known as General Conventions.

The badge adopted by the U. D. C. is of gold and consists of the flag of the Confederacy, known as the Stars and Bars, surrounded by a wreath of laurel with the letters U. D. C. under its folds and on the loop of the ribbon beneath it the years '61-65, and to honor its significance it is forbidden to make it into hat pins or other ornaments.

The emblem of the U. D. C. represents a full cotton boll, suggestive of the wealth of the South before the war, placed against a large star, on the five points of which are engraved the words, "Dare, Think, Pray, Live, Love."

The seal of the U. D. C. consists of a reproduction of the great seal of the Confederacy with the addition of the inscription, "The United Daughters of the Confederacy," on the outer rim. The great seal was designed and made by Joseph Wyon, of London, in 1864, for James M. Mason, and was the symbolic emblem of the sovereignty of the Confederacy, and the motto on the seal was "Deo Vindice."

The first convention of the U. D. C. was held in Nashville, Tenn., March 30, 1895, and there were only five States represented.

At the fourth convention, which met in Baltimore in 1897, the Grand Division of Confederate Women in Virginia came into the organization as one body.

The women of St. Louis had organized as the Daughters of the Confederacy of Missouri in 1890 and maintained themselves as a separate organization until the U. D. C. met at Hot Springs, Ark., in 1898, when in a generous manner they relinquished their separate association and came into the general body.

So, materially aided by these two great States, the organization has made steady progress.

At the convention which met in Richmond, Va., in 1899 resolutions were passed adopting the name "War between the States" to describe the great struggle of '61-65, and the Confederate Veteran, published at Nashville, Tenn., was recognized as the official organ.

There are now Chapters in thirty-four States and territories and in the District of Columbia and the Republic of Mexico, so it may yet come to pass that the organization will be national and perhaps international.

Eligibility.

The constitution provides that those women entitled to membership are the widows, wives, mothers, sisters, nieces, and lineal descendants of such men as served honorably in the Confederate army, navy, or civil service, or of those men, unfit for active duty, who loyally gave aid to the cause; also Southern women who can give proof of personal service or loyal aid to the Southern cause during the war and the lineal descendants or nieces of such women wherever living. The whole membership is based on Confederate blood, the one exception being a Northern woman who marries a Confederate veteran, and, as a President General so well put it, "This exception is specifically provided for in the constitution and is based on the principle, 'they twain shall be one flesh.'"

An important change was made in the constitution at the Little Rock convention, in the eligibility clause, eliminating "grandnieces" and extending it no farther than nieces and lineal descendants of such men as honorably served in the Confederate army, navy, or civil service. This does not debar any women of Confederate lineage where such lineage can be traced through a loyal mother, grandmother, or great-grandmother, as well as collaterally from a great-uncle.

Objects of the U. D. C.

1. *Social.*—When Harry McCarthy wrote, "We are a band of brothers and native to the soil," he described in one line the homogeneity of the South. In a sense all Southern people were related, or about to be related, for they often married their cousins or their cousin's cousin, until one had almost as many relatives by courtesy as by consanguinity.

Under given circumstances Southern people feel alike, think alike, act alike, and all who were "born and raised in the briar patch" understand the language of Brer Rabbit without an interpreter.

With such characteristics there is a natural coalescence of women of the South already united by ties of affection and love of a common cause, and they find a mutual inspiration in each other's presence and counsels for its perpetuation.

2. *Benevolent.*—An important feature of the active work of the U. D. C. has been the care of the Confederate veterans, and one is touched by the practical action of that Louisiana Memorial Association which, as soon as the Ladies' Aid of war times was disbanded, resolved itself into an organization to provide artificial limbs for disabled soldiers.

Every true Southern man went into the service or had to give a reason why. The women had their flag presentations in the spirit of the Spartan mother's injunction, "With your shield or upon it," and the men who returned at all came wounded, disabled, or half starved, and a horse with which to begin plowing was worth a kingdom, and there was such a literal fulfillment of Scripture that the side arms generously allowed them became household implements.

The father of the home in which we were reared was a college graduate and an officer of the Confederate cavalry; but his saber was ground down to be used as the family carving knife, his army blanket was an essential part of the household goods, and the gray uniform in which he was married while a prisoner on parole after Vicksburg was made into a cloak which was handed down to several children and now rests in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. This is but an illustration of the general poverty.

There were no pensions for Confederate soldiers. Many were never able to recuperate and gain a livelihood. Nearly all the States now provide a home for the veterans, and a small annuity is allowed; but the U. D. C. has general oversight of them, gladdens their hearts by holiday celebrations, frequently provides the means for them to attend the Reunions, and sees that they are buried with honors when they die.

For a long time the Confederate veterans have discussed rearing a splendid monument to the Confederate women, but it has become the general sentiment among the United Daughters of the Confederacy that they do not care for such a monument until a home can be provided for the aged and needy women. Such homes already exist in several States; but the idea, suggested by Mrs. Helen Plane, of Georgia, of one general home in some large city is under thoughtful consideration, and at the Little Rock convention a relief committee was appointed to investigate and relieve as far as possible the immediate needs of aged Confederate women until the U. D. C. Home is built.

3. *Educational.*—Through this department of its work the U. D. C. is looking far ahead and endeavoring to

"Reach a hand through time to catch
The far-off interest of tears"

by providing that the descendants of those men who gave all for their country shall have the privilege of a liberal education and be fitted to take part in the great future which lies before our nation.

The Educational Committee, under the able supervision of Miss Poppenheim, of South Carolina, has made wonderful progress. The latest report shows that the U. D. C. has the awarding of four hundred and thirty-two scholarships valued at $43,850. No one is eligible to these scholarships who is not a descendant of a Confederate veteran.

4. *Historical.*—As an association the U. D. C. seeks to collect and preserve the material for a true history of the War between the States, to protect and preserve historical places of the Confederacy, and to write in a book of remembrance a narrative of the deeds of valor of those men

"Whom power could not corrupt,
Whom death could not terrify,
Whom defeat could not dishonor,
And let their virtues plead
For just judgment
Of the cause in which they perished,"

and of those women who with sublime devotion endured as seeing the invisible, and who, when all was over, amid the wreck and ruin of happy homes met with smiles the ragged remnant of a great army, knowing that they were companions of heroes.

It is due to the efforts of the U. D. C. that many objectionable terms have been removed from textbooks and that modern historians have corrected false statements, particularly with regard to the character of Jefferson Davis, removing at last from his name the stigma of "traitor" with the evidence that while a student at West Point he was taught the doctrine of supreme allegiance to the State; that a calmer estimate of the life of Robert E. Lee permits his statue to stand beside that of Washington in the National Capitol; and it is their hope that the time will come when the nation will with impartial favor, as did Greece when mourning her dead, erect monuments to the valor of her sons, whether they wore the blue or the gray.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy have placed memorial windows in the Confederate Museum, in old Blandford Church, in St. Paul's at Richmond, in the Church of the Redeemer at Biloxi; they have folded the wings of the "Angel of Grief" in marble above the Daughter of the Confederacy, Winnie Davis; they have placed Sam Davis, of Tennessee, and David Owen Dodd, of Arkansas, with Nathan Hale, making a triumvirate of heroic youth for the young American to admire and whose deeds some poet of the future will incorporate in a "Lyra Heroica."

They have given testimony to the faithfulness of slaves, without whose protecting care the helpless women and children could not have survived the horrors of civil strife. They have told of Southern warriors who fell at Chickamauga and Bloody Angle and Seven Pines and Malvern Hill and Shiloh with such desperate fighting that the Confederacy lost the largest percentage of soldiers in modern warfare.

They have written of the endurance of Southern gentlemen at Vicksburg who lay in vermin-infested trenches and could subsist upon a handful of peas and a portion of mule meat a day and maintain their integrity; of Southern poets who languished in prisons but sang of glory and not of shame.

They have made known a civilization which could produce such a type as Robert E. Lee and sent out almost from its nurseries such boy heroes as the Virginia cadets, "Little Giffen of Tennessee," and the four color bearers of South Carolina; and all the world has marveled.

It is a commonplace observation that the war was inevitable when two nations strove for a principle, the righteousness of one appearing as an iniquity to the other, and the Virginia poet voiced this thought when he wrote:

"In the future some historian shall come forth strong and wise
With a love of the republic and the truth before his eyes.
He will show the subtle causes of the War between the States;
He will go back in his studies far beyond our modern dates;
He will trace out hostile ideas as a miner does his lodes;
He will show the different habits born of different social codes;
He will show the Union riven, and the picture will deplore;
He will show it reunited and made stronger than before.
Slow and patient, fair and truthful must the coming teachers be
To show how the knife was sharpened that was ground to prune the tree.
He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise and blame,
And the South will stand the verdict, and stand it without shame."

5. *Memorial.*—The primal purpose of the memorial associations was to give a sepulcher to their dead. The great battles were fought on Southern territory, and the spring sun kisses to life violets that bloom upon the soil consecrated by the blood of heroes. The dead lay where they fell. Sometimes they were gathered in trenches, sometimes the dirt was loosely thrown above them, and sometimes after a battle was over the faithful women crept out and, with a devotion akin to that of Rizpah, suffered neither the "birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night," till stronger hands could dig a grave. When the great struggle ceased, the men who were left had to go to hard work. There was no time to think or grieve; they were making history, not writing it, and the dead lay where they fell. There were no cemeteries where Confederate dead could be buried, and there were no monuments to them.

Timrod in his "Memorial Ode" refers to this tardy recognition, but with a prophetic prescience he sings:

"Somewhere waiting for its birth
The shaft is in the stone."

And the women could not rest with the thought of their dead laid away with no word of prayer. A Virginia woman who saw the bones of two Confederate soldiers plowed up in a cornfield lay awake all night thinking of it. Stirred by these restless thoughts, the women of the South cried: "Give us back our dead! We claim the right to put them in consecrated ground or to mark the spot where they fell!"

Thus began that work which will not cease until every State and city and town records in marble and bronze the resting place of their heroes.

By patient toil and many sacrifices monuments have arisen till hundreds of them show where the soldiers lie. The great leaders have all been remembered. Lee and Jackson and Stuart and Davis and Hampton and others with lifelike features look down upon us, and the great column at Arlington and that to be at Shiloh will bear witness to the devotion of women to heroism.

If all record of the Confederacy should disappear from literature, the inscriptions on these monuments would tell the story; and if perchance the inscriptions should become obliterated, but those carven features still be left, future generations would know that the immortals once walked on earth as men.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy is a practical body and engaged in much active philanthropy, but the nature of its formation was such that much of its work deals with

"Old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago,"

for the defeated can only claim memory as their portion.

In the Corcoran Art Gallery hangs a wonderful picture by Detaille called "The Passing Regiment." You see the soldiers on their winding way; you can hear the fife and drum; the brave, earnest faces gaze upon you for a moment, and then the regiment has passed.

We have read and heard much of the thin gray line whose brave resistance changed history. It is thinner to-day than ever before, the step is slower, and the music of the band comes as a far-off strain through the pine trees. "The girl I left behind me" has become a white-haired woman, and we feel that in a few years the regiment will have passed and the last Confederate soldier will murmur:

"Breathe us across the foam.
It is o'er, the bitter strife.
At last the father cometh to the home,
The husband to the wife."

But we who are left will know that they are not forgotten, for the motto of our beloved organization is: "Love makes memory eternal."

The Cross of Honor.

The Southern soldier received no recompense of reward, and the feeling that he deserved it crystallized in the suggestion of Mrs. Ann Cobb Erwin, of Athens, Ga., that there should be bestowed upon him a cross of honor. At the convention which met in Hot Springs, Ark., in 1898 a committee was appointed to formulate plans, and at the Richmond convention in 1899 the design submitted by Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, of Atlanta, was accepted.

The cross is a small bronze emblem of no intrinsic value which the Daughters bestow upon veterans, soldiers, or sailors, or, they being dead, upon their widows or eldest lineal descendants. The rules and regulations are very strict, and there must be positive proof of honorable service. But it differs from all other crosses in that it is not given for any one special act of bravery, but to officer and private alike for endurance; and when this bit of bronze is placed upon a veteran's breast it means that he was faithful to the end and a part of that army that "Fate denied victory, but has crowned with a glorious immortality," and it means that he claims comradeship with Lee and Jackson and Stuart and all the throng who came up out of great tribulation. These crosses are bestowed upon Memorial Day, June 3, January 19, or any commemorative day between these dates which a State may select, and the ceremony is to be of befitting dignity.

The records of the veterans receiving the cross have been kept in a most careful manner by Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga., and now fill three large books, which have been deposited in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. She was succeeded in office by Mrs. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., who is no less faithful in the work.

A recipient of the cross of honor was Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver, whose father was on the staff of General Forrest.

No one but the veteran can ever wear the cross. If he is so unfortunate as to lose it, he may have it replaced once; if lost the second time, it cannot be replaced, but he may be given a certificate stating that he has been awarded a cross. No descendant or widow can have a second cross. It is estimated that nearly sixty thousand crosses have been given.

CONFEDERATE MONUMENT IN ST. LOUIS.

A magnificent memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, the result of ten years' work by the U. D. C. of St. Louis, has been placed in Forest Park of that city. The shaft of granite is thirty-two feet high. It faces the west, and on that side is a bronze tablet showing a group in high relief—a Confederate soldier leaving his family for the war. Above this group in low relief in the granite is the figure of an angel representing the "Spirit of the Confederacy." The granite blocks in the column are said to be the largest and most perfect ever used.

The memorial is located near the center of Forest Park and to the east of the Jefferson Memorial, where the dedicatory exercises were held on December 5. Capt. Frank Gaiennie was master of ceremonies. Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., made the leading address, paying special tribute to the service rendered the Confederacy by Missourians under those daring leaders, Shelby, Marmaduke, Cockrell, and Price, and he told how the command of F. M. Cockrell did more than its share on the bloody field of Franklin, where six hundred and fifty-seven Missourians went under fire, and only two hundred returned.

A short address was made by Mrs. H. N. Spencer, Chairman of the St. Louis Memorial Association, and another by Seymour Stewart, Commander in Chief S. C. V. Mrs. Mary Fairfax Childs read her poem on "The Boys Who Wore the Gray."

The exercises were concluded by marching to the monument, which was unveiled by Alex H. Major and Dean McDavid, Presidents of the two Chapters, Children of the Confederacy, in St. Louis. The designer of the monument was George Julian Zolnay, the well-known sculptor, now of Washington, D. C.

The principal inscription for the monument was written by Dr. R. C. Cave, noted lecturer and writer of St. Louis, and is as follows: "To the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Southern Confederacy, who fought to uphold the right declared by the pen of Jefferson and achieved by the sword of Washington. With sublime self-sacrifice they battled to preserve the independence of the States which was won from Great Britain and to perpetuate the constitutional government which was established by the fathers. Actuated by the purest patriotism, they performed deeds of prowess such as thrill the heart of mankind with admiration. 'Full in the front of war they stood' and displayed a courage so superb that they gave a new and brighter luster to the annals of valor. History contains no chronicle more illustrious than the story of their achievements; and although, worn out by ceaseless conflict and overwhelmed by numbers, they were finally forced to yield, their glory

"'On brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages
Shall go sounding down the ages.'"

"We had sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best even if we perished in the endeavor." (Robert E. Lee.)

Inscription on base of monument: "Erected to the memory of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederate States of America by the Daughters of the Confederacy of St. Louis."

The ladies who have been largely instrumental in raising the fund and who were specially honored in the dedicatory exercises are the following members of the Confederate Monument Board: President, Mrs. H. N. Spencer; First Vice President, Mrs. Robert McCulloch; Second Vice President, Mrs. Frank Gaiennie; Third Vice President, Mrs. John C. Roberts; Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Elizabeth Cocke; Treasurer, Mrs. W. G. Moore; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. E. Hickok; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. E. Morgan; Directors, Mesdames W. H. Hudson, Robert Funkhouser, G. A. Warner, and Waller Edwards.

An advisory board, composed of members of the U. C. V., was as follows: S. M. Kennard, John C. Roberts, Dr. Robert C. Atkinson, Dr. John J. Miller, Col. A. W. Moise, Dr. H. N. Spencer, Dr. William G. Moore, E. T. Campbell, Breckinridge Jones, Capt. Frank Gaiennie, the late Capt. Robert McCulloch, Marcus Bernheimer, and Phil Chew.

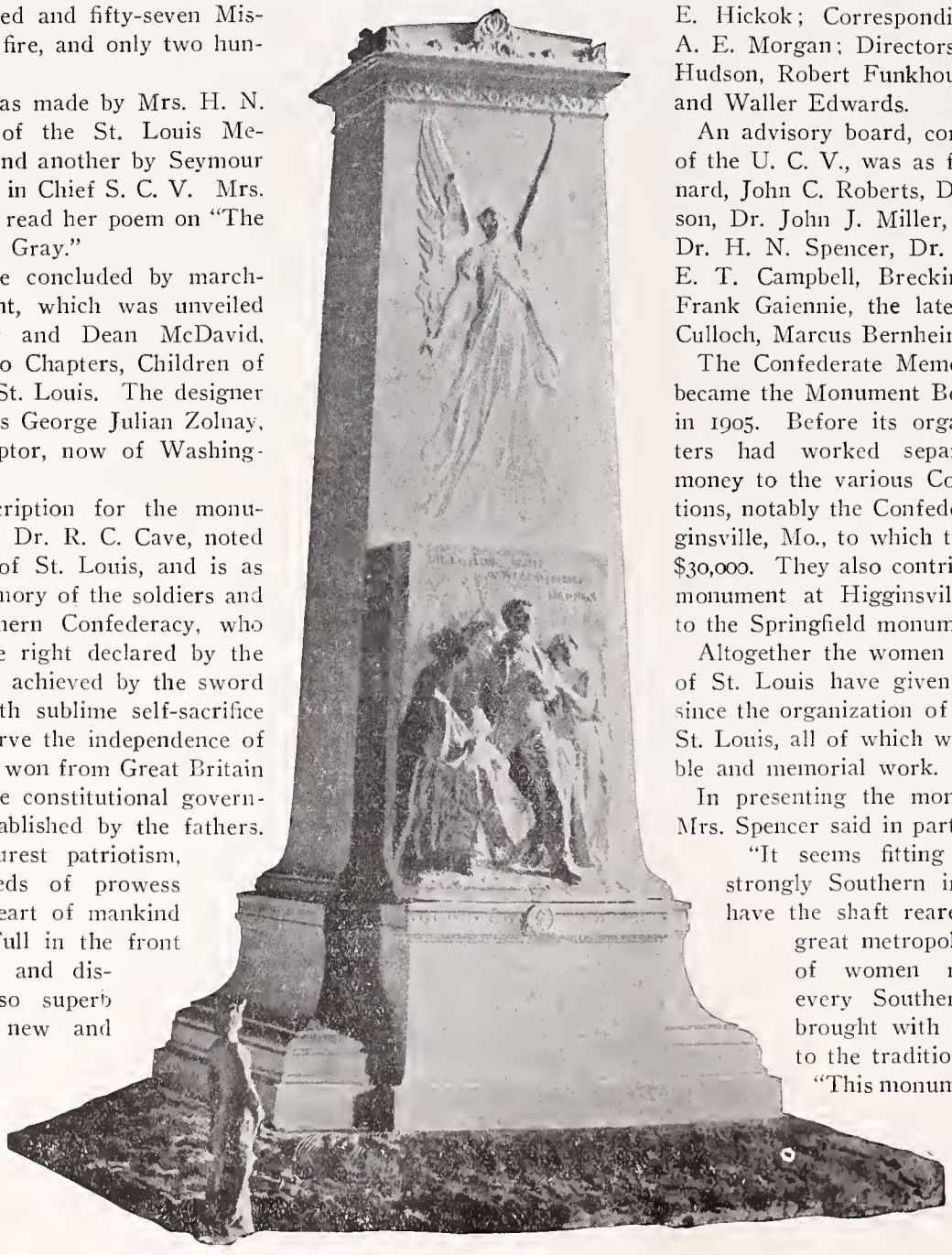
The Confederate Memorial Society, which became the Monument Board, was organized in 1905. Before its organization the Chapters had worked separately, contributing money to the various Confederate organizations, notably the Confederate Home at Higginsville, Mo., to which they gave more than $30,000. They also contributed largely to the monument at Higginsville and gave $5,000 to the Springfield monument fund.

Altogether the women of the Confederacy of St. Louis have given more than $70,000 since the organization of the first Chapter in St. Louis, all of which was used for charitable and memorial work.

In presenting the monument to the city, Mrs. Spencer said in part:

"It seems fitting that Missouri, so strongly Southern in sentiment, should have the shaft reared here in this her great metropolis. We are a band of women representing nearly every Southern State and have brought with us love and loyalty to the traditions of the South.

"This monument is ours; we can't relinquish it entirely, for it is the embodiment of our love. We ask that you will guard it as a sacred trust."

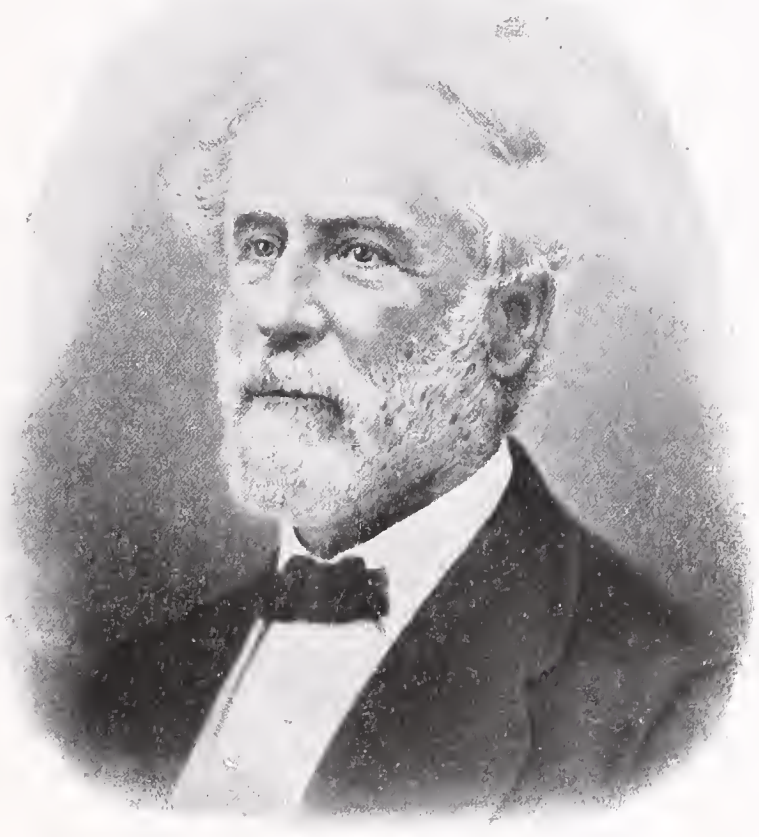


THE BEAUTIFUL ST. LOUIS MONUMENT.

GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

ADDRESS BY DR. ROBERT WALLER DEERING BEFORE THE U. D. C. AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, JANUARY 19, 1914.

Robert Edward Lee was born one hundred and seven years ago to-day at Stratford, Westmoreland County, Va., the third son of Col. Henry Lee and Anne Carter, his second wife. It matters little when and where a man is born, but it matters much of what stock he comes. In Lee's veins flowed the best blood of Virginia. Washington said: "I know of no country that can produce a family all distinguished, as clever men, as our Lees." His father was "Light Horse Harry" Lee, Washington's daring cavalry leader, the "eye and ear of his army," repeatedly praised by his commander for his "gallant conduct" and "his great resources of genius" and honored by a medal from Congress for "his remarkable prudence, address, and bravery"; a man who governed his State and stood high in the councils of his country. It was a cousin, Richard Henry Lee, "the Cicero of the American Revolution," who first proclaimed that "these colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States," and who but for the illness of his wife would have written the Declaration of Independence in Jefferson's stead. One ancester fought by the side of William the Conqueror at Hastings, another with Richard the Lion-Hearted in the third Crusade. His mother could trace her descent to King Robert Bruce of Scotland. On both sides of the house, then, are long lines of distinguished forbears — soldiers, scholars, statesmen, men and women of large wealth, of great influence, and, better still, of highest culture and character.



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE.

The death of his father and the absence of his brothers, the one at Harvard, the other in the navy, left him at the age of eleven the head of the household and the mainstay of his now invalid mother. He was her nurse and companion, her comrade, her idol; he hurried home from school to sit with her, to read to her, to take her in his arms to her carriage, to wait night and day upon her, whose lightest wish was his law. And she did even more for him, for she "planted him in the soil of truth, morality, and religion"; she made the child the father to the man he was to become. Her heart was his throne, and her frail hand was all along "molding that moral character that still stands unrivaled among us for serious purpose and devoted self-sacrifice."

This early training early bore its fruit. His teacher tells us that he was a most exemplary student, never failed in a single recitation, never broke a rule, and was always gentlemanly, unobtrusive, and respectful; that his specialty was finishing up everything he undertook; that "even the drawings on his slate, lettering and all, were made with as much care and finish as if they were to be engraved and printed." It was that same mother's training that from eighteen to twenty-two carried him through West Point and brought him back in 1829 a lieutenant of engineers, second in his class of forty-six, without a single breach of discipline or neglect of duty charged against him during the four years.

A few days after his return to her his gentle mother was taken away; but two years later another great woman came into his life when Mary Randolph Custis, the beautiful heiress of Arlington, the gifted great-granddaughter of Martha Washington, gave him her heart and her hand in marriage. Fate could not have been kinder, for she was the "one who by birth, education, and family tradition was best suited to be his life companion." We shall never know how much he owed to these two—his mother and his wife.

From 1829 to 1846 Lee gave himself in quiet devotion to his duty as engineer in the United States army, until the war with Mexico called him to the field of battle. Steadily he won his way in the regard of his superiors and rose in rank. He might have had a chair at West Point, but he modestly declined it, wishing to leave the position "to abler hands."

Throughout the war in Mexico, in the corps of engineers and on the staff of General Scott, he rendered most distinguished service, was thrice brevetted for gallantry in battle, and won golden opinions from his commander, who frankly said: "My success was largely due to the skill, valor, and undaunted courage of Capt. R. E. Lee."

Returning from Mexico, he spent a dozen busy years of effective service in the army as engineer, as Superintendent of West Point, and as cavalry leader in the West. On a brief leave of absence from Texas in October, 1859, he was ordered to Harper's Ferry, where he captured John Brown and delivered him to the authorities for trial.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, a week after the fall of Fort Sumter, Mr. Lincoln offered him the command of the Federal forces gathering for the invasion of the South. It was the greatest compliment the President could pay him, the highest possible tribute to his military genius and to his character as a man; yet, though opposed to secession and a real friend of the Union, he declined the flattering offer, because, he said, he "could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States." It forced upon him the most momentous decision of his life, but he made it without a moment's hesitation, resigned from the United States army, and accepted the command of the Virginia troops. He

had hoped the Southern States would not secede; but he knew they had the right, knew that the need had been growing ever stronger for fifty years, and saw that Mr. Lincoln had now given them every reason to do so. He knew that the right to withdraw was implied in the Constitution, had been accepted as a matter of course by the best statesmen of both North and South in the early decades of the republic, had been expressly taught to him by the government itself at West Point, and had been boldly proclaimed all over the North as early as 1804 and as late as 1860. He now saw that Mr. Lincoln had made the conflict inevitable, and he drew his sword in defense of Virginia, feeling, as his father before him had said: "No consideration on earth could induce me to act a part which could be construed into disregard or forgetfulness of this commonwealth." To him it was a clear duty; but he urged it upon no one else, not even on his own son, then a lieutenant in the United States army. To the boy's mother he wrote: "Tell Custis he must consult his own judgment, reason, and conscience as to the course he must take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong, let him do better. The present is a momentous question which every man must settle for himself and upon principle."

I cannot follow the great leader and his gallant men through the four years of that cruel, awful war. It is a thrilling story of brilliant victory won by master skill and dauntless courage against overwhelming odds, but victory that could not be followed up for lack of men and means; the melancholy story of repulse and defeat due to inferior numbers, mistaken orders, intercepted dispatches, unforeseen delay and accident, lack of arms and food, and inadequate transportation; the failure of exhausted men and of a holy but hopeless cause; the sad story of "cold and hunger and rags and weakness, of marching and fighting, of wounds and capture, of prison and death," of suffering and sacrifice that can never be told; the story of ruined homes and broken hearts, of "blight and blast and want in a country made desolate." Let us obey the divine command to forgive; let us forget its horrors if we can and remember only that it has shown the world to what sublime heights the soul of our people could rise in time of stress and storm.

The end at Appomattox came, as it had to come, when flesh and blood could bear no more. To an enveloping host of more than five times his numbers General Lee surrendered at last his less than eight thousand gaunt and ragged men, the shattered remnants of the Army of Northern Virginia. "There is nothing for me to do but to go to General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths." It broke his heart, but it could not break his fighting spirit. Before he went, he laid plans and issued orders by which, if Grant should refuse terms of surrender consistent with honor, that "ragged remnant" was to cut its way through the enemy's lines or fight till the last man fell. What it cost him to yield those "battle-stained and bullet-riddled banners" we can never know, but he saw his duty, and he did it. With him it was not a question of his fame or his future. He asked only: "Is it right to surrender this army?" It would have been so much easier to lead one more charge and find a soldier's death on the field, but he said: "It is our duty to live, for what will become of the women and children of the South if we are not here to support and protect them?" Nearly fifty years "have passed since then, yet no voice has been lifted save in approval" of his course, for greater love hath no man than this, that he take up his broken life again and live it for his people.

General Lee and his men returned to desolate homes in a land laid waste. It was their duty to live, yes, but how? There was so pitifully little to live on. Verily it is harder sometimes to live than to die. But various business concerns soon sought the General's services. One wealthy New York company offered him $50,000 for the use of his name. A nod of his head would have made him Governor of Virginia. More than one university offered him the presidency. He declined them all. His preference, he said, was "a quiet little house in the woods, where I can have shelter and my daily bread." Finally he accepted the headship of Washington College, in Lexington, Va. It is easy to see that "there was nothing in the offer to tempt him," for the institution, with its four professors and forty students, was very small and weak and poor. The rector of the college, who sought his acceptance, "had to borrow the money for his journey and even the very clothes he wore." So the position could bring neither fame nor fortune, all of his personal tastes and private interests prompted him to decline, but he did accept "out of a profound, deliberate sense of duty." To him it seemed "a door of providence," his opportunity to make up some of Virginia's awful loss by training unto Christian manhood some few of her sons that were left. The salary was very small ($1,500), but it gave him bread; so he refused to have it increased and declined the gift of a house and annuity of $3,000. He would not take more from his impoverished people.

Here in these quiet academic shades he spent the last five years of his life, years which, under the Federal policy of Reconstruction, were almost worse than the war itself; "but he showed himself the noble leader still when from his place of retirement he taught his countrymen how to practice the sublime duties of patience and submission under oppression."

He had some thought of writing the story of his campaigns, "not to vindicate myself nor to promote my own reputation, but that the world may know what my poor boys, with their small numbers and scant resources, succeeded in accomplishing." But he gave up his plan, and that was about the bravest thing a man could do in time of bitter and unjust accusation, to leave no vindication of himself or his course. And he knew that his men would still live in his country's affection when the world's "eyes had grown too dim to see the monument raised by the esteem of their commander."

His work for the college was quietly but most efficiently done; his heart was in it, and all his powers of mind were enlisted in the service. His students followed his leadership as his men had done in the field. Alas that such leadership so soon should cease! The end was near. A painful rheumatism in the region of the heart, which had distressed him since the campaign of '63, grew worse as time passed and became so acute in the spring of 1870 that he was persuaded to go South. In September he was again at his post, but he was failing fast. After a hard day's work on the 28th, he stood, as was his custom, at his table to ask God's blessing on the evening meal; but no word came from his lips. He sank into his chair with a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes that showed he had heard the summons from on high. He lingered for a while, but "as one who had already taken leave of this world." "He rarely spoke," says his wife, "except in his dreams, and then he wandered back to those dreadful battle fields." Toward the last he seemed back at Chancellorsville with Jackson, for, like that greatest of his captains, whose expiring utterance told "A. P. Hill to prepare for action," he too in death's delirium said: "Tell Hill he must come up." The end came in merciful unconsciousness on the

morning of October 12, 1870. He sleeps in the chapel of the college he loved and to whose title his own great name has since been added. I spare you the many eulogies spoken in his honor. He does not need them, nor do you.

In concluding this imperfect sketch of his life, let me emphasize some of the striking traits of his character. What General Lee was is greater, I think, than what he did. Even water cannot rise above its source, and men seldom as high as their ideals. So Lee's life was but the imperfect, because so greatly hindered, expression in action of the greater mind and heart and soul within the man.

He was a great soldier, yes; but what if he had had the numbers and equipment of his enemy? How much more would he have accomplished! And yet perhaps his real genius lay in his power to do so much with such slender means. General Scott, his old commander, said: "Lee is the greatest military genius of America and the best soldier I ever saw in the field. If opportunity offers, he will show himself the foremost captain of his time." He told Mr. Lincoln that he regarded him as "worth in himself an army of fifty thousand men." Stonewall Jackson thought of him as "a phenonemon; the only man I would be willing to follow blindfolded." Ex-President Roosevelt writes: "The world has never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee, and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without exception, the very greatest of all the great captains the English-speaking people has ever brought forth."

General Lee was more than a military genius; he was a great leader of his men. Perhaps it was born in him; surely it was, because he understood them, trusted them, loved them, and drew them to him by the simple dignity and frank sincerity of his own winning personality; because they saw that he cared for them and their comfort more than for himself; because he forgot himself to serve and help them. His letters to his wife are full of socks and mittens and shoes for his "boys," and he himself sometimes came back to camp loaded down with socks for their bare and frozen feet. His winter quarters were usually a small tent pitched among theirs, where he shared their privations. Delicacies sent by friends always went to his sick and wounded men. At Cold Harbor "one cracker to the men was luxury." One poor fellow, who had his shot out of his hand before he could eat it, cried: "Now, there, next time I'll put my cracker in a safe place down by the breastworks, where it won't get wounded. Poor thing!" Why didn't he bewail his lot and swear at his commander? Because he knew "Marse Robert" had no better fare. Some high officers, we are told, once came to dine in his tent. The dinner was a plate of boiled cabbage crowned by a very small piece of bacon. This last he gravely invited his guests to share, but its diminutive size led them to decline. It remained untouched; they ate the cabbage. Next day the hungry commander remembered that bacon and asked for it. With many bows and apologies his servant told him that it had been borrowed for "the company" the day before and had already been returned.

With rare wisdom he knew how to praise simply and sincerely. He seldom blamed anybody but himself, even for the fault or failure of others. At Gettysburg it was: "It is all my fault; it is I who have lost this fight, and you must help me out of it the best you can." At Appomattox: "I will take all the responsibility." Though in neither case was he to blame. No wonder Pickett's men went up Cemetery Hill; no wonder Longstreet's Texans rent the very heavens with their cheers when he headed their charge in the Wilderness, wouldn't budge a step till he was led back out of danger, and then went in and turned the tide of battle; no wonder that Gordon's Georgians and Virginians and Mississippians, moved by the same spirit a few days later, did the same thing when driving back from the Bloody Angle the solid masses of Hancock. Like Scipio's veterans, they were ready to die for him if he would only spare himself. And in peace as well as in war he remained the leader who, by precept and example, led his students to a higher manhood and his people to their highest victory, their victory over themselves, the victory of their duty in patience and forbearance during the trying time of Reconstruction. We may well apply to him that famous sentence of his father's in the memorial to Washington: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

General Lee was a great soldier because he trained his inborn gift by years of tireless study and rich expression; he was a great leader because of his personal magnetism, his fine poise and balance and self-control, his unselfish affection for those he led. But he was both, and no doubt in the last analysis chiefly, because he was also a great man. Next to a noble woman, above most things in this world the Anglo-Saxon honors a manly man. And here is one, if anywhere—a man that is big and broad and strong, earnest and honest and sane; a man of large vision, alert intelligence, rich experience, ripe judgment, fine enthusiasm, deep and generous feeling and sympathy; a man "who sought the truth without prejudice and spoke the truth without fear"; a man as gentle and kind and unselfish as he was big and brave and true; a man whose highest ambition was his duty, whose unfailing source of power was his unfaltering faith in Almighty God, "without whom there is no help and with whom there is no danger."

Those traits of General Lee's character which impress me most, perhaps, are his simplicity, his modesty, his devotion to duty, and his abiding faith in his Lord. Because genius is so often erratic, such a bizarre confusion of qualities, it is easy to think there must be something very complex in every great man, a mysterious something that enabled him to excel. Well, be that as it may, here at least is a man as profound as a philosopher, but as simple as a child. I think it was because he was so genuine, so sincere, so always concerned to be all that he seemed and to seem no more than he was—an honest man trying to do his best and to be therewith content.

When I speak of his modesty I mean also his unselfishness and but emphasize a lifelong habit of keeping himself in the background, of making no demands and accepting no favors for himself. He no doubt cared to be appreciated, but he cared less for praise than for the opportunity to serve; he never sought preferment, but avoided it when he could. His modesty is unselfishness, because in his endowment of power he saw only his equipment for service, and so he simply forgot himself in the work he was doing or the cause he was serving. He could boast of most distinguished ancestry, but he never did; he did not care to publish his genealogy, nor thought it worth the expense, but felt that the "money would be better spent relieving the poor." He begged his friends not to ask for any recognition of his services in Mexico: "Such as the President can conscientiously bestow I shall gratefully receive, and I have no doubt that it will exceed my deserts." He tried to decline the headship of West Point, because "I feel myself unable to realize your expectations," and accepted it only under orders from the Secretary of War. He declined to be Governor of Virginia, because "there are many men in the State more capable than I." The city of Richmond

gave him a house for his family, driven from Arlington; he declined it and asked that the money be given to the families of his soldiers, "who deserve it better than myself." He wrote his wife: "Such kindness makes me reflect how little I have done to deserve it and humbles me in my own eyes to a painful degree." His aid once on a bitter winter day built him a fire in a deserted house and greatly displeased him, for "he is never so uncomfortable as when comfortable."

His devotion to duty is perhaps best expressed in his own words to his son: "Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things. You cannot hope to do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part." The principle laid down for the son he followed himself all his life. He speaks of his sense of duty as "my only guide." I have shown you how he followed it without flinching when it was hardest to do so. And at the end he fell at his post still trying to "train young men to do their duty in life."

General Lee's deep and earnest religious feeling, his steadfast faith, his reverent submission of himself to God's will are too well known to need any emphasis of mine. It was no vague or general feeling that away off up there somewhere "God's in his heaven, and all's well with the world." It was a very clear, immediate, and personal relation. He simply put himself and his loved ones, his cause and his country into the hand of his Heavenly Father and with the faith of a child trusted Him "in whom is no variableness, nor shadow of turning" to direct his life. I doubt if you could find a letter to his wife which does not mention it. Even his military papers, letters and orders to his division commanders, to the Secretary of War, to President Davis, his addresses to his soldiers very often show it. As he grew older his faith grew stronger. It was a common thing to see him standing with bared, bowed head at prayer with his men, and he always ascribed to Providence the success of his arms. As college president he felt: "I shall fail in the leading object that brought me here unless these young men all become consistent Christians." The last work he did in this world was for his Church in Lexington; his last act as he sank into the shadow of death was an attempt to thank God for the food on his table at home.

Such was this man of whom I was to speak, this man who is called "great in his goodness and good in his greatness," a "character for balance, for charity, for affection, for gentleness, for sufficiency, for restraint, for silence, for simple piety, for unconscious greatness such as this world has seldom seen." If you think I am prejudiced, then take the word of one who surely was not. Lord Garnet Wolseley, commander in chief of the armies of Great Britain, writes: "I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of metal different from and finer than that of other men. I believe all will admit that Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe Lee will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy but as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen."

And now his statue does stand with Washington in Richmond, equally imposing, as the English prophet had foretold. In beautiful marble he sleeps in Lexington, so lifelike under the loving touch of Valentine's chisel that it almost seems that he might wake and speak again. And still, beautiful and inspiring as those figures are, there is another yet more beautiful, more inspiring, more enduring than even genius could cut in marble or cast in bronze. To me the grandest of all the Lee memorials is the mighty monument which he, unwitting artist, himself has wrought and left as a priceless legacy to a grateful people in the example of his noble life—a life that in ages yet to come will teach men how to live and show them how to die.

FORT STEADMAN AND SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLEY, ALA.

In the October number of the Veteran, page 460, the article on "Fort Steadman's Fall" contains so many inaccuracies that I deem it the duty of some one who took part in that engagement to correct some of these misstatements. No doubt Captain Carson gave the author a true account of this affair; but the writer, whoever he was, got things "mixed." He says that the events he is about to describe occurred about half a mile to the left of the Crater. Now, I visited this place a few years ago and walked over the ground and noted carefully everything, as events which were enacted there in 1865 made a vivid impression on my mind, and I was anxious to see the place where I fought and suffered so much when we knew that everything was lost to our cause save honor.

Our brigade (Gordon's), then commanded by Clement A. Evans, extended from the Crater to the left toward the Appomattox River across the railroad, and at the nearest point it was less than one hundred yards from this great fort. A short distance in front of our line was an abattis, which he describes, and beyond this was our line of rifle pits. On the other side of the willow branch, which he mentions, the enemy had a strong line of rifle pits in which they had five or six men every night, while we had but one man in each of ours. I should say that the Confederate and Federal pickets were not more than forty or fifty yards apart at this place. What obstructions were in front of the fort I cannot say, but I am sure they were formidable. I was one of the regular pickets whose duty it was to occupy these pits every night. We were divided into two reliefs, one of which went on at dusk under a salutation of Minie balls, and the other at midnight, to come in at dawn under the same kind of a farewell.

The night before this affair I was on the first watch and was exempt from duty the next day; but while trying to sleep in my underground bombproof I could hear the regiment getting ready for the assault, which was made by the entire brigade and not by the sharpshooters alone, as this writer would make it appear. What part these brave fellows took in this desperate enterprise I cannot say, but I am sure they acted with their usual dash and courage. Here I wish to correct another misstatement by saying that they were not "armed with the celebrated Whitworth rifle of the latest pattern." They were armed with Enfield rifles. Every short Enfield which came into possession of any of our men was taken away and given to these men; but there were not enough, and some of them had the common long Enfield. Both kinds had a long range and were very effective. The short guns were given them, as they were lighter and handier and because they were considered the picked men of the brigade, and nothing was too difficult for them to do. There were but two of the imported Whitworth guns given to our brigade. One of these was given to Irvin Spivey, a noted rifleman of the 26th. His

duty was to watch his opportunity and pick off Federal officers, but I cannot say how much of this he did. These men were selected from every company in the entire brigade in the winter of 1863 by General Gordon, and Captain Keller, a handsome and daring young officer of the 61st Regiment, was put in command of them. When he fell into the hands of the Federals at Martinsburg, Va., on the 18th of September, 1864, Captain Kaigler, of the 13th, took command. Later Captain Carson held the command.

The entire brigade rushed to the assault just before day; but as I was not in the rifle pits when the charge was made, I am obliged to rely upon what others told me and what I saw after I entered into the mêlée. Feeling that it perhaps was my duty to lend a helping hand, I came out of my underground bombproof and mounted the works and stopped a moment, gun in hand, to locate if possible in the haze of the morning and the smoke of battle the colors of my regiment. Almost before I could think a ball took my hat off and, I thought, my right ear with it. It was indeed a close call, and I decided that it would be better to be killed fighting bravely with my own men than as a spectator in the rear. With this in mind, I rushed forward to join our men, who had just captured the fort; but before I got to the Federal rifle pits I saw General Gordon talking to a well-dressed Yankee officer, and as I was passing a few feet away he reached out his hand and beckoned me to come to him. He then said to me: "This is General McLochlin, of Kentucky. I want you to take him to the iron railroad bridge, where he will be out of danger, and keep him there until after the battle is over. I want to talk to him. Be sure not to let any one else go with you. You are enough to guard him, and treat him with respect."

I had gone but a few steps when two of our men fell in with me and, in spite of my protest, went all the way with us until I delivered my prisoner to the proper authorities in Petersburg and got my receipt for him. The place General Gordon designated was an elevation to the south of the railroad bridge, a short distance from where the fighting was in progress. When we reached this place we found it anything but "a place of safety," and I said: "General, this is a dangerous place, and I think I had better take you somewhere else. I am afraid you will be killed here." He replied: "It does not matter with me whether I am killed or not. I have fallen into the hands of the Rebels, and I don't care what happens to me." This remark rather nettled me, and I violated orders by replying that he had fallen into the hands of civilized people, who would do as well by him as circumstances would permit. He said: "But wait a moment; I want to see the progress of the battle."

From this point we could see the vast numbers of the Federals gathering from every direction to drive off our weak detachments, which were in possession of Fort Steadman and were assaulting another fort to the right of it, while a scattered few were formed on the hill beyond Steadman to meet the vast host now assembling to attack them and recover the works. After viewing the battle a moment, he turned his back and, as we walked away, said: "O, it's only a matter of time when they will be driven back." As we entered the city we saw a number of soldiers coming from our left on another street with a dandy young Yankee officer, and when he was quite a distance from us he shouted: "Hello, General, have they got you too?" The General said: "Let me stop here a minute. I see they have got one of my staff. I want to talk with him."

We stopped on the corner, and when the officer came up he said: "General, how did they get you?" He replied: "This morning before day I heard a great mêlée in the —— Pennsylvania Regiment, and I got up with my sword and pistol in hand and rushed out there to see what was up, and I soon found myself among the Rebels."

The whole time the general, who seemed to be quite a gentleman and no doubt a brave man, appeared to be extremely mortified and angry at his misfortune. As our boys mounted those formidable works, which were made almost impregnable, and jumped down into the fort among the bayonets, in the darkness and confusion of the fighting the general met Lieutenant Gwynn, of our sharpshooters (as sheriff he was killed several years ago in Georgia by a desperado), who ordered him to surrender. This the general at first refused to do and asked him if he was an officer. To this Gwynn replied: "It does not matter, sir, whether I am or not; surrender or I will blow out your brains." And this he did.

If our brigade had been properly supported, they could have held these forts; but General Lee was now too weak to render assistance, and our men fell back with some loss to their original position, which they held until the night of April 2, 1865, when they evacuated the works. All these were captured or abandoned except a small part held by the Louisiana brigade of Gordon's Division on the right of the Crater sometime during the day. With two others I was left on guard in the works, which we had held so long under the most trying circumstances, with instructions to remain there until midnight, when we would be relieved.

The writer looked with peculiar sadness on the old regimental colors as they bore the flag away, its folds waving defiantly in the bright light of the full moon, and the thought came into his mind that now perhaps was the last time he would ever see it. He remained faithful to orders in the deathlike stillness of his surroundings, broken only now and then by an occasional shot along the enemy's line until the full moon had about reached the zenith. He now began to be more apprehensive and finally decided to leave his post and go to the sentinel on the left to consult with him about the situation. As I was much younger than either of the others, I thought it best to confer with them before leaving my post in the presence of the enemy. I found Haynes, who was a faithful soldier, at his place watching toward Steadman and asked him whether an officer had come around to give any further orders. He replied that he had not seen an officer, and after some discussion I suggested that we go to the right and see Williams. We found him at his post; but he had not seen an officer and did not know what to do. I then proposed to them that we leave our post, which, under ordinary circumstances, was a grave offense, and follow our regiment, as we knew that we were the only Confederates holding the works against Grant's army, a large force of whom were now less than a hundred yards away. They agreed with me, and it was well with us that they did, as we soon found out.

The Confederate commissary stores were on fire in Petersburg, and the flames were now leaping up high and illuminating the skies as we entered our zigzag way which led to a ravine and an open field to the rear. As we appeared in the moonshine, rising the hill beyond, we were in plain view of the enemy in the fort; and since we were too far to be reached by small arms, they opened on us with rifle cannon. At first we attempted to run and get out of range; but we soon found that we were so weak from hunger after our long confinement in the ditches that we could not, and we continued slowly on our way and let our former friends in Steadman give us their farewell salute. Their shells passed by us, but did us no harm, and we soon found ourselves in the city.

I suppose we had the distinction of being the last of Lee's army to give up the lines which had been held so stubbornly and for the capture of which the enemy had put forth their best effort and sacrificed so many thousands of lives. As we passed the houses in the city the women peeped out and said to us sadly: "Good-by, Rebels; we never expect to see you again." A little farther on we found lying across the sidewalk one of our soldiers who had been to the fire, where he had imbibed too freely of the old "apple jack" stored there. Poor fellow! I suppose he found himself a prisoner when he sobered up, if he did not swim the Appomattox that night. In the glare of the burning city I saw an old citizen coming toward us in a great hurry, pushing before him on the railroad track a hand car loaded with provisions from the burning commissaries. A barrel of flour rolled off, and its head fell out, spilling a quantity of its contents. I rushed up and filled my haversack and secured a piece of meat and then filled my canteen with sorghum sirup from a barrel near by. It was very fortunate for me and my comrades that I did this, as we were now about to enter upon a period of starvation which tested our endurance to the utmost. If we had had an idea at the time how hungry our boys were and how little we were going to live on for the next two weeks, we would have run the risk of being left on that side of the Appomattox and gone to the fire and loaded up with rations for them.

We now struck out for the bridge, and when we reached it we saw a man on the other side with a light in his hand, and he hallooed out: "Come on, boys; I am going to blow it up now. Hurry up." As we passed him we told him we had left others behind in the city and begged him to wait a little until they could come. When we reached the top of the hill on the other side, we heard a tremendous explosion, and, looking back, we saw the timbers of the bridge rising high in the blue sky, now beautifully illuminated by the full moon.

We sought a quiet place and slept a short while, then resumed our journey, and sometime that day rejoined our command. They were all glad to know that I had reached them safely, and especially glad to see my well-filled haversack, as they had not had anything to eat since they started on the march. Although hungry, our spirits began to revive when we felt that we were once more in the open country and clear of the ditches and the mortar shells which had been raining on us day and night for so long from Fort Steadman. For many weeks our rations had been only half a pound of corn bread and two ounces of meat a day, and consequently we were very weak to begin this retreat, in which the enemy made the greater effort to harass our progress and worry us in every way possible. After two days without rations, the situation became acute and began to tell on the strength and spirits of our men. Some manifested it by throwing away their guns, and others cast off their old ragged shoes; while others, whose homes were not far off from our line of march, deserted. No one could blame them now, since every one knew that all hope for the Confederacy had long since fled, and it was only a matter of a very few days when the whole army would have to surrender or die of starvation.

Bad as the condition of the men was, it was even worse with the poor horses and mules, which had always served us so faithfully. These poor creatures were so weak for want of food that the drivers in many cases dumped the contents of their wagons, and many abandoned vehicles were left standing by the roadside. The artillery horses were too weak to pull the ammunition wagons, and a great part of it was piled up in a field and exploded. I thought at the time that this was a great pity and that it would have been better if it had been expended in driving back the lines of the enemy, who were now pressing us so hard. Matters grew worse and worse from day to day; but a few of us held on to our guns and ammunition, determined to cut our way out, free ourselves from the enemy, and continue the fight to the bitter end unless we could secure some fruits of the long contest and the sacrifice of so many of our brave men who had died in defense of the South. Animated by this thought, we resisted the ever-present pangs of hunger, fatigue, and the efforts of the enemy to destroy us, with a faint hope that something would turn up to our advantage, as had often been the case before when fortune seemed to be against us.

Finally we came late in the night into a piece of woods near the little village of Appomattox C. H. and bivouacked. There was quite a number of stragglers from other commands with us; but we could only pity them, and we treated them kindly as they sat around our fires in their forlorn condition. Here cooking utensils were issued to us and some provisions that came from somewhere, and we were just preparing it when fighting of a severe character started in the little village near by. We were called to arms and marched to that point. Before we reached the scene of the engagement it was over with, and when we got into the little town we saw a number of pieces of artillery, which our men or the Federals had left there, standing silently without any one near. We remained here only a short while and marched back to our bivouac, where we had a few hours of sleep. Before day we were in line again on our way to the village, where we were to meet our old enemies for the last time in battle. The whole landscape was enveloped in a fog so thick that it was difficult to see but a short distance ahead of us. To the right of the road leading south from the courthouse was a battery of artillery firing down the road at the enemy. To the right of the artillery was General Rodes's old division, or what little there was left of it, formed in line of battle. When we saw the dim outline of these men lying there in the mist of the early morning, their glorious achievements on the many battle fields in which they had supported us on the right filled our minds, and we resolved to give the enemy once more a taste of what we had done for them so often before.

Our line was now formed on the left of the road, and Rodes's men were ordered forward. Glancing in that direction, I saw a handsome young artilleryman, standing bravely at the breech of his gun, fall dead, and the thought instinctively passed through my mind: What a pity! How many battles and dangers he has passed through, only to lose his life now at the end of it all!

Rodes's men moved forward in fine style, as usual, and when they had disappeared in the fog and smoke, driving everything ahead of them, we were ordered forward. Our old brigade moved with its old-time vigor and very soon developed the enemy's line, which broke as soon as it was opened upon and fell back, leaving in our hands a piece of artillery which our men turned on the fleeing foe. We were now in hot pursuit when word was passed along the line to cease firing. When some one suggested that General Lee had surrendered, many of our brave men, who had faced all kinds of danger and endured every hardship incident to war, wept like children. We were ordered to retrace our steps, and in doing so we could see the forces of the enemy assembling to make an attack on our left and rear. From the left we saw a Federal officer riding at full gallop into our lines, waving before him a red bandanna handkerchief. When he came near enough to be heard, he inquired who was in command, and

some one said: "General Gordon." He then went on, waving his handkerchief, until he met the General and had some conversation with him in connection with the surrender. When he galloped by us and in easy range, a brave soldier of the 31st Georgia Regiment, whose face was wet with tears, threw his gun up and said: "I'll get that scoundrel." But some one who was more thoughtful knocked his gun up and said: "Don't, John; it may be that the surrender has already taken place, and it may cause trouble." Thursby replied: "That's not a white flag, and I am not bound to respect it." But his comrades would not allow him to shoot, and Custer, the bloody tyrant (shall I use the word?), who had shed so much innocent blood and devastated the Valley of Virginia with the torch, rode on, not knowing how near he came to the expiation of his heartless cruelty, only to meet a fate later on which he richly deserved if the command, "Thou shalt not kill," means anything. We only hope that he repented and was forgiven before that event. He was one of those who chose to make war as cruel as possible and seemed to delight in riding rough-shod over a helpless and defenseless foe.

We never saw General Lee nor that apple tree of which so much has been said, for we were far in advance and had been thrown forward to cut through the Federals in a last effort to escape the net which Grant had been trying to place around us. We marched away some distance to the west of the road mentioned above and stacked our arms and went into camp. Sometime that day or the next two pounds of fresh beef were issued to us, and this was all we had to live on for the five days we were detained here. The first night of the surrender some one suggested that we take our arms (for we had not delivered them up), make a bold dash through the lines, escape to the mountains, and continue the war to the bitter end or until we obtained more satisfactory terms. Our old regimental colors, which had floated so defiantly over our heads in the smoke of many battles, was torn from the staff, and a small bit of it was given to each man to hide in his bosom as a memento of past deeds. The news of our intentions were conveyed by some one to General Gordon, and he came to us, mounted a wagon, and from it he made us a speech in which he dissuaded us from the undertaking, advising us to return peaceably to our homes and employ the same energy in restoring the prosperity of our country that we had displayed in its defense. A new battle flag that had never been baptized in the sulphurous smoke of battle was fastened to the staff, and all decided that it was better to take the counsel of our general, whom we loved so much, than to go into an enterprise so hazardous.

Our paroles were given us by our own officers, and we expected to be disbanded immediately; but we were detained here for five days, as I have already said, until we were nearly dead from starvation. Finally we were ordered to take our arms and were marched to the road referred to, and there on the east side and about a hundred feet from it was a long line of Yankee soldiers facing toward us. We were formed in front of them and stood quietly for some time. We were now so weak from our long fast that we could hardly stand up in ranks and were clothed in rags, so that our appearance made a poor contrast with that of our well-fed and well-clothed enemies. The silence was finally broken by some one in their ranks, and the whole line then began to curse and use the most opprobrious language. This continued for some time, when an officer, riding to and fro in the rear of their line, spoke to them and said: "These Confederate soldiers are brave men. If you were half as brave as they are, you would have conquered them long ago. If I hear another cowardly scoundrel curse these men again, I will break my sword over his head." We all now gave a shout for the major, and silence prevailed.

Colonel Low, Dr. J. A. Butts, our regimental surgeon, and Captain Walker, of Eufaula, Ala., who had ever since the organization of our regiment at Savannah been our commissary and quartermaster and later on had been General Lee's main dependence for securing supplies for his army, spoke to us when we had stacked our arms and said: "If you have anything on your person that belongs to the Confederacy, put it on the stack." When this was done, Captain Walker said: "Now, men, if you will follow us to-day, we will take you to a mill twenty-six miles from here, where you can get meal to-night; and if you will follow us again to-morrow, we will take you where you can get meal and meat." We were told to break ranks, and our officers rode slowly away; but we were so nearly dead that we could go only a short distance before we were exhausted and had to rest. Somehow we seemed to gain strength as we progressed, and a few kept ahead in sight of the officers, and at dusk we came in sight of the mill, which was in operation when we reached it. When the enemy was sorely pressing us on the retreat, I found a new frying pan which some one had thrown away, and, thinking perhaps I might have need of it in the future, I took it along. I also had a new tin cup. As soon as I could get through the crowd to where the meal was coming out I placed the cup under the spout, and when it was full I stepped just outside and got water, kindled a fire, and soon had a hoecake, the sweetest morsel I had ever tasted, I thought. The next day we were much stronger and made the journey much more easily to the next mill on our route to the nearest railroad point.

After this day our officers rode on, and we made it by easy stages to Danville, Va. Here we found an abundance of commissary stores, and while waiting for a train some of our men decided to go to the Confederate arsenal and get some of the powder, lead, and gun caps stored there to carry home. A great crowd of soldiers, citizens, little boys, and negroes were there helping themselves, when a small boy picked up an old army gun and snapped it to see if the thing was loaded. The powder scattered over the floor, ignited, and a tremendous explosion resulted which completely demolished the building and killed everybody in and near it. When the news of the surrender had reached this place, the provost guard refused any longer to respect the authority of the mayor, and all order ceased. Some of our brave men who had fought long and well lost their lives here in this unfortunate accident.

From this place we made our way partly on foot and partly over the railroads to our homes in Georgia and other States. The writer reached Albany, Ga., with others of his command, and found that the stage to Quincy, Fla., was about to depart on its last trip under its contract with the Confederate government. He secured passage on it and arrived safely at Bainbridge, Ga., his old boyhood home, from which he had gone to the war in 1861. He felt grateful to Divine Providence for preserving him through so many hardships and dangers while most of his comrades and schoolmates who had gone away with him were either maimed or sleeping beneath the sod.

Intrepid, brilliant Gordon brave,
The patriot, statesman, warrior grand;
Of Southern manhood highest type,
An honor to his native land.

—*O. T. Dozier.*

THE BATTLE OF FIRST MANASSAS.

BY JOHN COXE, GROVELAND, CAL.

In May, 1861, at the age of sixteen years and one month, I ran away from the home of my guardian, in Greenville, S. C., and joined Captain Austin's infantry company of Wade Hampton's Legion. Lieutenant Yeargin, of that company and a good friend, directed me how to find the company, then in camp at Grove, five miles below Greenville. Perrin Benson and I took the train at 4 A.M. and reached Grove at early dawn, and I could never forget the heartbreaking farewells between parents and sons, brothers and sisters, and sweethearts and friends as the company got aboard the train that was to take us to Columbia on our way to the seat of war in Virginia. Except Lieutenant Yeargin and Perrin Benson, I did not know another member of the company; but on the way down to Columbia Yeargin presented me to the other officers and men, and we had a jolly time and greatly enjoyed the blessings and cheers of the crowds that swarmed the towns and stations as our train flew past.

At Columbia Capt. C. L. Goodwin, quartermaster of the Legion, met us with baggage wagons, but we had to wait in the depot till the passing of a great thunderstorm that struck the city as our train pulled in. The rain packed down the sand in the road, and our march of three miles out to Camp Hampton was easy and pleasant. It was a fine place—beautiful oaks, a good spring, and spacious camp and parade grounds. We found Captain Conner's Charleston company already there, and during the next few days the companies of Captains Gary, Smith, and Manning arrived. Then came the two cavalry companies under Butler and Brooks and the artillery company under Lieutenant Hart. S. D. Lee was captain of the artillery company, but, being detained at Charleston on important military matters, he did not join his company till after the battle of First Manassas.



JOHN COXE.

At this camp the whole command, officers as well as privates, messed together. The bread was supplied by a bakery in Columbia, and negro cooks stewed fresh beef in huge camp kettles. We had sugar for our coffee, but no cream or milk. Severe company drills were inaugurated under the eyes of Lieutenant Colonel Johnston, Major Griffin, and Adjutant Barker, and the sick were looked after by Surgeons Darby and Taylor. The quartermaster's department was headed by Captain Goodwin and the commissary by Captain Beggs. Colonel Hampton usually took command at dress parades, and every evening fine ladies and gentlemen from the city came out to see us on parade. And we presented a fine appearance, for the Legion was made up of as fine a body of men and as brave as marched and fought under the Confederate flag. Officers and privates alike carried their trunks into camp and were particular about their apparel till after First Manassas, when trunks were stored and knapsacks introduced.

On the 28th of June we marched to Columbia and entrained for Virginia. At Charlotte we transferred to flat freight cars, and at Raleigh and Petersburg we were feasted by our noble women. Our permanent camp at Richmond was in the suburbs on the line of the York River Railroad and not far from the foot of Main Street, then known as "The Rockets." And here battalion drill was begun. About the 10th of July President Davis came out and presented our beautiful silk banner, which was made mostly from silk dresses of Surgeon Darby's wife, the daughter of General Preston. The infantry were drawn up in a hollow square, with cavalry and artillery on the flanks. After the usual artillery salute and music, the President, flanked by Hampton and other officers, advanced into the hollow square and made a fine speech. He had a ringing tenor voice and spoke without apparent effort. I recall him as rather tall, straight, and slender. He was clean-shaven, except a little beard far back under the chin. His hair was red, plentiful, and in front slightly reached down on his forehead on one side. After the ceremonies Colonel Hampton banqueted the President and party at the former's quarters.

Very early in the morning of the 19th of July our camp was aroused by the noise of newsboys from the city. The excited little fellows sang out, saying: "Latest news! Big battle at Manassas!" Immediately officers and men jumped out of tents, and very soon the newsboys were "cleaned out" of goods. Groups were formed, and the details of the heavy skirmish of the day before at Bull Run were read to gaping mouths and alert ears. About 9 A.M. orders were issued to strike tents, pack up, and be ready to march at 2 P.M. Afterwards these orders were changed to march at 8 P.M. We were told that all camp equipage would go right along with us, so we cooked no extra rations. It was 9 P.M. when we got to the depot of the Virginia Central Railroad in the city and found our train of box cars being made up; but we had to wait for an incoming train from Manassas, which did not arrive till after 10 P.M. There was a great crowd at the depot, and when the Manassas train pulled in there was much excitement, as a number of wounded from the fight of the 18th were tenderly lifted from the cars. Then it was said that our train couldn't carry our baggage and rations, so they were left in piles at the depot to follow us on the next train. Our cavalry and artillery were ordered to march along the ordinary roads and didn't get to Manassas till after the battle of the 21st.

It was near midnight when our train got away, and it went along very slowly. It began to rain, and at Hanover Court-

house our engineer got off and tinkered quite a while with his engine, which was said to be in bad order. Between jars and naps we got to Hanover Junction at 7 A.M. of the 20th, and here again our engineer worked on his engine. The rain continued till about 9 A.M., when the sun came out and made the fields look gay in their dresses of grain and clover. Our train got to Trevilians Station about 11 A.M. and sidetracked to meet another from Manassas Juncion, said to have been out of time. The little two-story depot was freshly painted, and over the door I read in bright letters, "Trevilians 15," which meant fifteenth station from Richmond. Here we waited and waited and were very hungry. Meanwhile the countryside people flocked in to see us, and a male quartet sang several patriotic songs, including "Dixie," then so new and fresh. About 1 P.M. news came that our train wouldn't get away till after 4 P.M., and then Colonel Hampton telegraphed to the tavern keeper at Gordonsville to prepare supper for six hundred to be there at 6 P.M. The attentions of our country friends helped us to pass the tedious hours. At 2 P.M. I saw Captain Beggs standing on the stairway making a low-toned speech to a semicircle of young country people on the floor below.

A little after 4 P.M. the train from Manassas rushed past, and soon afterwards our train slowly pulled out, reaching Gordonsville a little after six. But instead of a sumptuous supper awaiting us there we found only a few negro women standing about with pies, cakes, and sandwiches for sale. The place was small and couldn't get together such a big supper. As the big camel-back engine was being hooked to our train I saw Colonel Hampton come out of the little tavern with a very wry face. Our train switched to the O. and A. Railroad and soon was speeding through the pretty fields toward Bull Run. The last thing I noticed through the open side door of my car and the glimmering twilight before going to sleep was dark Cedar Mountain, off in the left front, and I didn't know anything more till all were waked by the long, loud whistle of our engine as it approached Manassas Junction. The train stopped in a cut, but it didn't take us long to climb up the left wall to the level ground of the Junction. As we disembarked some one inquired the time, and Lieutenant Lester pulled out his watch and said: "Half past two." And that was the morning of the memorable 21st of July, 1861. Fires were already burning, and it didn't take Captain Beggs long to requisition rations of flour, bacon, ham, and coffee from the great piles of stores lying all around, and soon slapjacks, meat, and coffee were cooking. We greatly enjoyed our feast, and by the time it was over day was breaking.

About 6 A.M. a slow cannonade began out about Bull Run, some three miles away. Ammunition that we brought from Columbia was issued to us hastily, and not long afterwards we took up the line of march east toward the Run. The rain of the day before had not reached up to the Junction section, and we found the roads very dusty. We marched in quick time and after about two miles halted at the end of some woods, while Captain Goodwin passed along the line and gave us the signal by which during the day we were to know and be known by our friends. This was by raising the right hand, palm front, to the right ear. This was strange news to us, and many hearts beat convulsively.

Rushing on, our next stop was near the famous Lewis house, in sight of Bull Run. There were some mounted officers at the house, and Colonel Hampton galloped down there. Returning, he moved us forward across a road leading down to the Run and into some woods of small oaks. We were now well in range of the booming Federal cannon on the height beyond the Run. One of the shells exploded near by, and we could hear the songs of the flying pieces, which had the effect of making many feel a little nervous and weak-kneed. I heard Colonel Hampton and some strange officers discussing the probability that the expected battle would take place down the Run on the right and that the Legion would be held in reserve for emergencies on the left. Little did we then think that within a short time the Legion would be in the thickest of the fight, which was to be fought all day right there on the left.

I think it was about eight o'clock when a section of artillery of two brass cannons came to us. The officers and men were dressed in blue with the letters "W. A." on the fronts of their caps. The officers talked with Hampton and then moved their guns forward up a slight hill through open woods of small pines and so out of our view. Soon after this the Legion moved into the same woods and halted at the foot of the southern slope of the ever-afterwards famous Henry and Robinson plateau. Up to this time nothing in the nature of a battle was heard save the occasional Federal cannon shot on the opposite side of the Run. But shortly after this our artillery opened rapid fire from the Henry house on the left, and we heard the hurtling shells explode in the distant front Then Hampton and other officers went up on the rim of the plateau to see what was going on, and some of us privates followed. We saw the Robinson house in front at the opposite rim of the plateau and the Henry house to the left on a little higher ground from which our artillery was firing.

In a field slightly to the right and some distance beyond the Robinson house we saw Federal infantry, and their bayonets flashed like silver in the bright sunshine. A moment later two Confederate shells from the Henry house exploded in quick succession right over them and made them double-quick into a near-by woods. Then Hampton ordered everybody back into ranks, and immediately after we heard crashes of small arms in front beyond the plateau. After a little while the musketry fire decreased, and then many Federal cannon opened in reply to ours at the Henry house.

At first and for quite a time the Federal shot and shell went wild, going high over us and dropping far beyond the Lewis house; but they soon got the range of our guns, and one of our artillerists was brought down to us with a shattered arm. Surgeons Darby and Taylor quickly dressed the wound and sent the poor fellow to the rear. Then came the order for the Legion to go forward up the hill, and as we reached the plateau Sergeant Cleveland, of my company, was hit in the stomach with a rifle ball and fell down to the left. The ball struck the big brass buckle of his belt and made a great noise. He was badly hurt, but not fatally. The legion rushed on toward the Robinson house, head of column to the front, and as we went we met many retreating stragglers and saw our artillery still firing near the Henry house.

By this time bullets were singing all about us. To get in front of the Robinson house we had to go through a big gateway, and as we did so we saw Hampton, Johnston, Barker, and Goodwin sitting their horses and directing the formation of a line of battle, while Federal bullets and shells were dropping thick and fast. The Warrenton Turnpike and a little stream were about a hundred yards down the hill in front, and the Federal infantry and batteries were in a field some distance beyond. We fired several rounds from this position, during which Colonel Hampton and Adjutant Barker were severely wounded and Lieutenant Colonel Johnston and Lieu-

tenant Yeargin, of my company, instantly killed. Many others fell there, and then Captains Conner and Gary, being the senior officers left in the field, took command and immediately ordered a charge forward. We rushed down through the Robinson garden, where Private Story, of my company, was killed, and took position behind a rock wall crowned by a picket fence immediately on the Warrenton Turnpike; and here, well protected, we fired many more rounds into the enemy, not far away. Then suddenly Conner shouted to fall back up the hill, and as I got up I loked to the left and saw our artillery and some troops falling back from the Henry house. Getting back to the Robinson house, we made another stand there and continued to fire into the enemy in our front. But it was a very hot place. Our men continued to fall, and apparently we were far in advance of any other Confederate troops. About that time Lieutenant Lester directed our company to take shelter behind a sort of latticework, but we found it flimsy and affording no protection at all.

By this time we didn't care much as to what happened. Our rifle fire sounded like the popping of caps, our throats were choked with powder, and we were burning up with thirst. At length, becoming alarmed at our isolated position, Conner shouted and said: "Fall back in good order, men!" And after we got back of the Robinson house there was a lull in the noise of battle. We got mixed up with many strange troops, apparently in panic and whom it was said that our fighting at the Warrenton Turnpike had saved, but just how we didn't know. After this the Legion fought in squads, sometimes under company officers, but more often alone.

Filtering down to the lower rim of the plateau, we found many mounted officers re-forming tangled lines and receiving fresh troops, now constantly arriving from Lower Bull Run. I saw many men and horses charging about the Henry house, and soon one of our batteries, a little to the right on the plateau, opened fire in that direction. Then a big, fine regiment arrived from below and in line of battle was sent through the edge of the pine woods on the left toward the Henry house. Then a big crowd of us went down into the pines and drank from a muddy pool and saw a squadron of our cavalry in line of battle with drawn sabers. As we returned to the plateau we heard a great volley of musketry about the Henry house and some cheering. By this time there were many Confederates on the plateau, and lines of battle were forming. I looked down the Run and saw many regiments hastening up to us with banners streaming. Then quickly the whole line on the plateau was ordered forward under direction of many mounted officers. One elderly officer with long white beard rode along the lines preaching a sort of sermon. He implored every man that could carry a gun to go forward to the Henry house and help retain the Yankee cannon that had just been taken there, and this news seemed to inspire all and explained why for some time no Federal shells had come our way. There was much cheering and a great rush forward. At one time our beautiful silk flag was lost by the falling of our color sergeant, completely exhausted, but soon afterwards it was recovered by Dr. Darby.

Our line of battle got near the Henry house in time to help drive back to the Warrenton Turnpike a Federal line which had tried to recapture the Henry Hill. The Federal cannon, about a dozen, stood there mixed up with dead and wounded men and horses. Down at the turnpike and farther back we could see masses of Federal infantry advancing and preparing to advance; but at the same time our own fresh troops were rushing up from the Run and shortly afterwards from the direction of the Junction also. A Confederate battery on the lower ground to our left and out of our view opened on the Federal lines at and beyond the turnpike and created considerable confusion among them, and from that time on the fight went on by tremendous crashes of musketry from the fresh troops arriving on both sides. The remnant of the Legion were entirely exhausted and could do little else than fire occassionally.

Toward sundown I threw myself down behind a cedar bush back of the Henry house, but the next moment all firing ceased suddenly, and I heard tremendous cheering down the slope of the Henry Hill. Next I heard some one say: "They are running." I didn't know which side and jumped up to see and just escaped being run over by a squadron of our cavalry charging to the front at Warrenton Turnpike. I went farther forward and saw the enemy running along the turnpike and through the fields toward Bull Run, and then, amid the deafening cheers of Southern tongues, I knew the South had won. But night was upon us, and there was still some uncertainty. And then there was the hideous battle field with its dead and dying of both armies all around us. But the night work of mercy was left to fresher men, and in irregular squads the remnant of Hampton's Legion made its way back to the Junction, where it found something to eat and, better, rest.

The next morning we waked in a drizzling rain, but it cleared away about noon. There were about about fifteen hundred Federal prisoners under a guard, and some of the captured Federal artillery was brought in and parked on a little hill near the Junction. There was tremendous rejoicing as the full particulars and extent of our victory became known, and Confederate enthusiasm went up to a high mark and remained there a long time.

The next day was beautiful, and at an early hour I went to the battle field as one of a detail to bury the dead and help the wounded in the field hospitals. As we started out we saw President Davis and Generals Johnston and Beauregard examining the captured cannon, and that was the last time I ever saw our President. Our detail rendezvoused at the Lewis house, then from cellar to garret full of wounded, mostly Federals. One day it fell to my lot to be present and help when a poor fellow's leg was amputated above the knee. We remained out there three days in our work of mercy. But the battle field presented a horrid spectacle—men and horses butchered in all sorts of ways. Never afterwards did the horrors of any battle field impress me so unfavorably. During the last day of our gruesome sojourn we went over the battle ground of the 18th and found a few unburied Federal dead on the opposite side of the Run.

In the battle of First Manassas the infantry arm of Hampton's Legion, between five hundred and six hundred strong on the battle field, lost about thirty-five killed and about one hundred and twenty wounded, which, in proportion to the numbers engaged, I think was a heavier loss than any other command sustained. I know that we of the survivors were very proud of the fact that the Legion was so conspicuous and did such good work in that first great conflict of the War between the States. And I have often wondered whether on either side any other command in the nature of a regiment turned out as many general officers during the war as did Hampton's Legion. I know of six—namely: Hampton, colonel, licutenant general; S. D. Lee, captain of artillery, lieutenant general; Butler, captain of cavalry, major general; Conner, captain of infantry, brigadier general; Gary, captain of infantry, brigadier general; Logan, lieutenant of infantry, brigadier general.

MONUMENT TO KENTUCKY HEROES.

ADDRESS BY W. T. ELLIS AT UNVEILING OF MONUMENT TO PERRYMAN POWELL AND WILLIAM THOMPSON AT ST. JOSEPH, KY., NOVEMBER 15, 1914.

Comrades and Friends: If you ask why we have gathered in this silent wayside inn, where so many we have known, loved, and lost are registered, I answer in the pathetic words of William Thompson, one of the young men in honor of whose memory these ceremonies are observed. On July 19, 1864, he wrote his father the following letter:

"MILITARY PRISON, LOUISVILLE, KY., July 19, 1864.

"*Dear Father:* I am here confined in this prison in irons and have been sentenced to be shot in Henderson, Ky., in retaliation for a man by the name of Poole, who was killed by Colonel Hollis's men sometime last month. Try to do something for me.

"Your affectionate son, WILLIAM THOMPSON."

The next day after this letter was written these young men were taken from that loathsome prison and sent on a journey which carried them to their death. In the course of that journey young Thompson seized upon his last opportunity again to communicate with his father and mother and wrote them as follows:

"STEAMER PALESTINE, July 20, 1864.

"*Dear Father and Mother:* I am on my road to be shot. Bear it patiently. Take care of yourself, dear father, and do not work too hard. Bear everything patiently. Take care of mother as long as you can and do not let her overpower her constitution. Ever since the officers told me I was to be shot I have been praying and fasting, that I might see you all once more in this world.

"Good-by and farewell. We part forever.

WILLIAM THOMPSON."

These two letters grimly foreshadowed the awful fate which was so swiftly to overtake those unfortunate but patriotic young men. Be it said to their honor that, like many another patriot, both of ancient and modern times, they met their fate uncomplainingly, bravely, and heroically.

At about five minutes before eight o'clock on the evening of July 22, 1864, the two young men to whom these patriotic Daughters of the Confederacy are erecting this monument gave up their lives and were shot to death in the town of Henderson, Ky. Were they given a trial? I answer, They were not. Were they confronted by witnesses to establish whether they had been guilty of any infraction of the civil, military, or moral law? I answer, They were not. Did they have a day in court or an opportunity to establish their innocence? I answer, They did not. Did they have counsel to advise them in the awful ordeal through which they were to pass? I answer, They did not. Was there any semblance of justice in the proceeding which consigned them to the grave? I answer, There was not. Was the dying request of these young men, as expressed in the letter of young Thompson, to see his father and mother once more in this life granted? I answer, It was not. There in the gloom of the gathering twilight which surrounded them as they went to the judgment seat was there an eye to pity or any hand to save? I answer, there was not. Verily, they were left to tread the wine press alone and to pass from this to another life without the aid or advice of a friend or the assistance of a spiritual adviser to guide them in their passage from this to that "something after death" which "makes us rather bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

Those innocent young men, all alone in that supreme hour, could truthfully have said: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but we have not where to rest our heads."

But now, after the lapse of fifty years, we come together here in this silent place solemnly to affirm that the lives of these two young men were not only ruthlessly and illegally taken, but that they were murdered in cold blood, heartlessly and cruelly. This doubtless sounds almost incredible to those who are not familiar with the facts. I fancy that those of our fellow citizens here who have arrived at the years of responsibility since these young men sacrificed their lives for a cause they believed to be just are asking themselves how such wanton brutality could ever have occurred in a country which our forefathers by their blood had made free.

Do you ask me how so terrible and wholly unjustifiable an act could have been performed on the soil of our native State? If so, I answer and call your attention to the fact that 1864 records one of the bloodiest years in Kentucky that marked the tragic events of the war between the North and the South.

William Thompson and Perryman Powell were young men. They believed the cause of the struggling South was a just cause, and they were willing to offer their lives upon the altar of the Old South and to assist it in maintaining its constitutional rights. They had enlisted in the Confederate army and were on their way to join the command of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, one of the most splendid military commands that graced the ranks of the Confederate army. Unfortunately for those young men and for the honor of Kentucky, they were captured and, as you have seen from the letters I have quoted, were confined in irons in a military prison and, without an accuser or the poor right of a trial, sentenced to death.

But why were the lives of these young men sacrificed? I answer: By an appeal to the history of our own State, from an examination of which you will see that during the year 1864 and while the great War between the States was raging, Kentucky had a military governor whose name is a disgrace not merely to our great State of Kentucky, but to all civilized lands. The name of that man was Stephen Burbridge. He was a tyrant, a heartless despot, an unfeeling monster in human shape. Believing himself to be unrestrained by the law of any civilized State, he issued a proclamation in which he declared that for the death of every Union man, no matter by whom committed or under what circumstances committed, there should be shot in retaliation four Confederate soldiers. It did not matter whether those innocent Confederate soldiers had had any participation in or knowledge of the death of any Union man, they were to be shot like dogs and denied Christian burial.

Such was the wicked decree of that heartless despot, Stephen Burbridge, under whose orders and by whose direction the young men at whose graves these patriotic women are placing markers to-day lost their lives and came to an untimely death. But let it be said to the credit of our native commonwealth that when the smoke and fire of battle had subsided and the sunlight of peace again dawned upon our State this tyrant, who had held his bloody assizes without the intervention of judge or jury and had sacrificed so many innocent lives, was obliged to flee from the State, to which, be it said to the credit of Kentucky and Kentuckians, he never again during all the days of his mortal life ventured to return. Dishonored and despised, he died in exile, and to-day in all the broad dominion of Kentucky he has not a single friend, and I venture

the belief here at the graves of two of his victims that nothing short of the atoning blood of the Man of Galilee could rescue him from the fate of those who deserve eternal punishment.

If you would know something of the loathsome character of the monster who was the author of the execution of the two young men who are buried here, I refer you to Smith's "History of Kentucky," in which he says: "Our space permits but brief mention of a few of the bloody executions and incidents which followed the issuance of General Burbridge's order for the execution of Confederate soldiers."

Under the order of this military tyrant two Confederate soldiers were shot to death at Russellville, four Confederate soldiers were murdered at Pleasureville, three were shot to death at Williamstown, two at Bloomfield, two at Franklin, four in Jeffersontown, ten at Munfordsville, three near Bloomfield, in Nelson County. Two were hanged at Lexington by the orders of this tyrant, six were shot to death in Green County, four were murdered at Brandenburg (one of whom was Frank Holmes, known, I have no doubt, to many in this audience), four were shot to death at Frankfort, and four at Midway. These young soldiers were all executed and came to their death pursuant to the decree of Stephen Burbridge when not one of them had been guilty of the violation of any law. From the close of the war to the day of his miserable death the blood of these brave soldiers whom he caused to be executed was on his hands. His foul and wicked acts followed him over the verge of years like a dark shadow every day and to the hour of his death.

But let us not dwell upon the unparalleled vengeance and unsurpassed wickedness of this bad man, for I have no doubt, though he escaped just punishment in this life, that he was certainly called to swift and sure accountability in that life which is to come. But the savage decree which that tyrant caused to be executed upon the two young men whose mortal dust sleeps beneath the sod where we are standing neither tainted their memory with crime nor left a shadow upon their good names. Through all the years that have come since their sad taking off their names have not been forgotten, and their memory has been honored. They were not traitors nor malfactors; they were not plunderers nor disturbers of the public peace; they were patriots and gave their lives in defense of a cause which all the world to-day concedes to have been a just cause. They were soldiers in an army whose splendid prowess and glorious deeds have been firmly anchored in the pages of our country's history.

As the years roll on the fame, the renown, and the glorious achievements of the Confederate army grow brighter. In all the great wars of the past no army ever displayed greater patriotism, truer devotion to a cause, nor more intrepid gallantry than that exhibited by Confederate soldiers. That was a splendid array of young men; and though battling against overwhelming numbers and resources, and though scantily fed and poorly clad, they followed with unflagging fidelity their cause for four of the stormiest years that mark the history of our common country. They wrote their names in blood on many a hotly contested field; they dashed through Grant's camp at Shiloh and drove his army like autumn leaves before a tempest; they stormed the rugged heights at Stone's River and charged with superb gallantry over Snodgrass Hill and Chickamauga, where they won a victory for Confederate arms which will live in history while the nation keeps the record of its heroes.

All the way from the battle field of Manassas to the final surrender at Appomattox the Confederate army proved the justice of its cause and the valor of those who defended it. As long as history faithfully keeps its records the student of that stormy period will agree that the great battles of the Wilderness, Antietam, Petersburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and Cold Harbor will rank with the great battles of ancient or modern times.

Do you ask me where those splendid young men who made up the ranks of the Confederate army are to-day? I answer that a large per cent of them has answered the last roll call and that only a thin rear guard remains. In a few short years the last one of them will have pitched his tent and passed to the other shore. Presently there will not be left a single survivor of the Confederate army

"To weep o'er his wounds and deeds of sorrow done
Or to shoulder his crutch and show how fields were won."

When the last Confederate is gone he will have no successor, and you will never see his like again.

Perryman Powell and William Thompson were worthy young men and an honor to the cause on whose altar they offered up their young lives. Let us here to-day "highly resolve" that their sacrifice was not in vain; let us solemnly declare that their names shall never be forgot

"While Fame her record keeps
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

But now let us rejoice in the fact that war and bloodshed no longer distract our fair and free land; that we are in the enjoyment of profound peace; that, while the British Isles and Continental Europe are engaged in the bloodiest struggle that marks the highways of history, free America can fly its flag on every sea and proudly exclaim:

"Hail, brightest banner that floats on the gale;
Flag of the land of Washington, hail!"

GENERAL JOHNSTON BEFORE FIRST MANASSAS.

C. W. Earle writes from Dodd City, Tex.:

"In the Veteran for April, page 186, Judge J. P. Leslie, of Sherman, Tex., mentions a speech said to have been made by Gen. J. E. Johnston to the troops in his command at Winchester the day before the battle of First Manassas. General Johnston made no speech to his command, but had us drawn up in line as on dress parade on the evening of July 18 and had an order read to each regiment in his command, which, as well as I can remember, was that the enemy were advancing on General Beauregard in superior numbers, that we were going to his relief, and he hoped we would bear cheerfully the hardships of an all-night march. To this we responded with a cheer and immediately started on the march. We marched all that night, part of the next day, and until after midnight the next night, and camped near Piedmont, where we took the train about eight or nine o'clock on the morning of the 20th, arriving at Manassas about one or two o'clock the same day. The battle was fought on Sunday, July 21, 1861.

"A few words now about Bee's Brigade. It was composed of the 1st Tennessee, 4th Alabama, 6th North Carolina, and 2d and 11th Mississippi Regiments. I belonged to Company G, 2d Mississippi. General Bee was killed leading the 4th Alabama and part of the 2d Mississippi about the time Gen. Kirby Smith attacked the enemy on their right."

RELIGION IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMIES.

BY REV. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.

It is somewhat remarkable that in the histories of the great war of 1861-65 between the sections of the United States, as far as I have seen, there is scarcely a reference, certainly not even a meager account, of one of the most wonderful features of the war—that is, the great revivals of religion that prevailed in the armies of the Confederacy, especially in 1863 and 1864. Yet these profound religious movements did more than anything else to support and encourage the devotion of our people to their cause amid sufferings and sacrifices, and the same religious spirit enabled them to bear with patience their defeat and to set themselves to rebuild the wastes and ruin of the war.

I have seen two detailed histories of these revivals—one by the late Rev. Dr. J. W. Jones, Chaplain General U. C. V., entitled "Christ in the Camp"; the other by Rev. Dr. W. W. Bennett, of Richmond, Va., called "A Narrative of the Great Revival Which Prevailed in the Southern Armies." These authors were chaplains in the Army of Northern Virginia. Both were distinguished ministers in the Baptist Church. While these histories are naturally largely taken up with the work in our Virginia Army, in which the writers served, by extensive correspondence and examination of newspapers they gathered a satisfactory account of the revivals in our Middle and Western Departments.

But in recent years doubts have been expressed in some newspapers as to the genuineness of the professed conversions and as to the type of piety resulting from those revivals, and also there have been aspersions on the character of the men who served as chaplains in the Southern armies. They have been charged with shirking dangers and hardships and seeking easy places about headquarters. So I propose to give a brief account of the great spiritual work of those days in which I personally took part.

My connection with the army began at Fort Donelson in the fall of 1861, just after my graduation at the theological school, and I was enlisted as a private soldier in the 49th Tennessee Regiment of Infantry. I was detailed to serve as chaplain and was without a commission until January, 1864, when I was commissioned by the War Department. I was with my regiment at Port Hudson, then in the campaign for the relief of Vicksburg, then at Mobile, then in the North Georgia campaign of 1864, and then in Hood's advance to and retreat from Tennessee, being in the rear guard of that disastrous retreat. In March, 1865, being partially blind, I was assigned to duty as chaplain of the post at Tuscaloosa, Ala., where I was paroled May 20, 1865. I lived the life of a private soldier, having my mess with the men. I went into every action with them. I preached at every opportunity and ministered to the sick and wounded in hospital, in camp, in the trenches, on the battle field, and I saw the effect on men's conduct of the religion of Jesus Christ when they accepted him as a personal Saviour.

Of course the ministers of the gospel as chaplains were the leaders in religious work. There were two classes of these: those commissioned by the government and those appointed as missionaries by the Churches. And all the denominations sent their best men to this service. The chaplains were under military orders and stayed with their commands. The missionaries went and came to various commands as needed. Let me say that, while occasionally one might be found who was lazy or shirking or self-seeking, I never saw a nobler body of men, earnest, devoted, consecrated, self-sacrificing for the welfare of the men. They preached the gospel in its purity and simplicity. Especially when we were in camp or in winter quarters they held services almost continuously, and they were diligent in hospitals and infirmaries, looking after the sick and the wounded. They secured religious literature for distribution among the men. Many of them became efficient helpers to the surgeons, especially after a battle. I carried my canteen of whisky, my bottle of morphia, and rolls of bandages, and on the field I could relieve pain, start reaction, and bind up a minor wound until the surgeon could attend it. The men appreciated a faithful chaplain. And, however careless and indifferent to religion a soldier might be, I never saw one but who was glad to see the preacher when he was seriously wounded.

An effective help to religious work were the influence, the example, and the active coöperation of many of our officers of every grade, from lieutenant to general in command. A very large proportion of our officers were men of piety, officers in their home Churches. Not only were Generals Lee and Jackson men of pronounced Christian character, but a great many generals in all of our armies were active workers for Christ and did all they could to promote the spiritual welfare of the men, giving every facility to the chaplains to hold services and themselves attending. Many of the officers were ministers of the gospel. Lieutenant General Polk, bishop of the Episcopal Church, several brigadier generals, many colonels, and captains were ready to preach on occasion.

There were a great many earnest, zealous Christians among the private soldiers, and they were very efficient helpers through their prayer meetings, Sunday schools, and singing, and they aroused and maintained interest in religion. They attended the regular preaching service in great numbers and spoke personally to their comrades, urging acceptance of Christ. One of my chief helpers was a giant who sang and by his singing gathered my congregation.

There was a delightful spirit of harmony among the ministers of all denominations, which also pervaded the ranks. As frequently as was convenient the chaplains met together to report their work and discuss plans and arrange to help each other. When we were in winter quarters or in camp for any considerable time certain places were designated for regular services, and there the men would build arbors or even large rooms, where they could meet not only for preaching but for reading, writing, discussions, or general comradeship. When we were in the trenches, as at Atlanta, services were held at night just in the rear of the lines. Sometimes men were killed in these congregations by stray bullets or shells. The order of service was much like that at an old-fashioned camp meeting—singing, prayer, preaching, exhortation, calling on those interested to rise, and personal counsel with the anxious. I have had fifteen hundred in the audience, and from two hundred to three hundred would rise asking for prayer.

Of course there were many professions which turned out in vain, and they soon went back to the old life; but I am confident that the large majority were really converted, and they showed it in their lives. Many were killed in battle or died in hospitals cheered by the eternal hope. Many went through the war and, returning home, became active members of the Churches, living and dying in the faith. A number of them became ministers of the gospel. The estimates of the total number of confessions of faith in Christ vary greatly. It has been placed as high as 150,000 and as low as 50,000. I believe that 100,000 would not be an excessive estimate.

While the Southern people bow in submission to the will of God in the defeat of their effort for an independent and separate government, we should find compensation in the evidences of God's favor in this mighty spiritual uplift.

GENERAL WHEELER'S LAST RAID.

BY WILL T. HALE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

While I was only seven years of age when Gen. Joseph Wheeler, returning from his raid through East Tennessee in 1864, passed through DeKalb County, Tenn., I distinctly recall a number of incidents connected with that raid. I resided at Liberty, which was the home of Gen. W. B. Stokes, of the 5th Tennessee Regiment of Federal Cavalry, and Col. Joseph H. Blackburn, of the 4th Regiment of Federal Mounted Infantry. It will be remembered that at the close of the war, when General Wheeler was visiting or on business in Nashville, he was attacked and clubbed by a former Federal soldier. His assailant was Colonel Blackburn, backed by three or four other ex-Federals from his county, who gave as an excuse that Wheeler's men in passing through Liberty and vicinity had taken from their relatives all the stock that could be carried away. At the time of the raid Liberty was occupied by a few of Stokes's men and Company G, of Garrett's 1st Federal Regiment of Mounted Infantry; that company also was made up of DeKalb Countians. All told, the Federals at Wheeler's approach numbered only seventy-five or a hundred. As that section has not received much notice in the histories of the big war outside of those by Gen. Basil Duke and Lieut. B. L. Ridley and my history of DeKalb County, I have thought that a letter just received from a friend now living in Anthony, Kans., Mr. James H. Fite, who was in Garrett's Regiment, may be received as an interesting contribution to history, notwithstanding the fact that the writer hereof was a sixteen-year-old boy in the Union army. Mr. Fite writes:

"Our regiment was mustered into service at Carthage, Tenn., in the early part of 1864. About May the different companies were sent to various places in the State for garrison duty and scouting after Champe Ferguson and other guerrilla organizations. A good part of Company G was made up of Liberty men under Capt. A. J. Garrison. Captain Garrison and Lieuts. L. N. Woodside and E. J. Bratten had formerly belonged to Stokes's Regiment. We were first sent to Granville, up the river from Carthage, to build a stockade. We finished it about August 1 and were then sent to Liberty to erect another. The latter was fairly started when early in September, late in the afternoon, General Wheeler's cavalry took the garrison by surprise, scattering the men in every direction. A good deal of firing was done; and while a dozen Federals were captured, no one was killed.

"The surprise came about this way: Gen. H. P. VanCleve, who was stationed at Murfreesboro from December, 1863, to August, 1865, sent word to our officers at Liberty that General Wheeler was reported to be coming through the Sequatchie Valley and suggested that a scouting party should be sent to learn if the report was correct. Instead of going eastward, a score of our men were sent through Lebanon, Cedar Glade, and Gainsville for some purpose. It was about two hours after our return to Liberty that Wheeler appeared and brought about the stampede.

"As it happened, I was not in the skirmish. On the expedition to Lebanon my horse had broken down, and I rode an animal belonging to one of Stokes's troops until I reached my home, a mile west of Liberty, on the Lebanon and Sparta Turnpike. Mother gave me a splendid supper. I recall particularly a peach cobbler. When I got up from the table, a comrade, Thomas G. Bratten, rode up to the gate with the information, 'They are fighting at Liberty,' and suggested that I mount my horse, and we would go and take part in it. When informed that I was then an infantryman, he rode on toward the village. Presently he came galloping back, pausing just long enough to tell me that the Confederates were approaching. I kept a lookout for the advance guard. Directly four of the enemy came in sight. Though very young, I refrained from firing on them, believing they might burn our home if I shot from the house. (I was under the impression that the raiders were Champe Ferguson's men.) So I retreated in fairly good order to a dense plum thicket in the rear.

"The four men rode inside the yard, bade my brother hold their horses, and finished what was left on the table, which had been set on the front porch. One who finished eating first walked to the back door from which I had just made my exit. Mother afterwards said she expected every moment I would shoot him; but I told her it had never been in my heart to shoot a man from the bushes, and I am glad to this day that I made no effort to kill him, believing that he too had a mother somewhere waiting for him.

"About sunset quite a bunch of Confederates stopped at our gate. Their officer proved to be a relative. He asked mother for a pillow for a wounded soldier. They had him in a buggy taken from one of our neighbors. She carried the pillow to the gate and asked who was in command. She was told that General Wheeler was, that the force numbered ten thousand men and would be a week in passing. When this news came to me, I was greatly relieved. With Wheeler I would be safe if captured; but I was certain that Ferguson would put me out of existence if I fell into his hands.

"The day following the skirmish at Liberty I decided to hide in a thicket on the creek that flowed back of our field. I didn't know where any of my scattered comrades were. For all my hiding, I had a narrow escape. Some Confederates came distressingly close to my retreat to go in bathing. In addition, just across the creek from me the enemy were as thick as blackbirds in the cornfield of a neighbor, Eli Vick. I remained lying down all day, scarcely moving. The enemy were also at the house, mother preparing food for them. In the afternoon a soldier went up to my home and told his comrades that they had killed a Federal soldier back of the field. I never knew the reason for this fib, but suppose somebody in the neighborhood told him to make that impression on my mother, and she would break down and thus give me away. But she didn't. My little brother, Robert, seeing her alone, whispered that he would go and see for himself.

"When the boy was within thirty feet of me, a Confederate asked where he was going. The boy replied that he was hunting a hole in the fence where hogs had broken in, when the inquirer went on to our 'ole swimmin' hole.' Robert presently found me and carried word back to mother that I was safe.

"The mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of both armies deserve as much credit as the soldiers in the field.

"After the last Confederate stragglers left, Champe Ferguson bringing up the rear, our boys got together and finished the stockade. We still occupied this fort when the battle of Nashville was fought. We were expecting Forrest to attack us. Need I say that we were glad he didn't?"

SERVICE IN THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.

BY P. H. GOODLOE, DALLAS, TEX.

I volunteered as a private in Company E, 12th Texas Cavalry, Col. William H. Parsons, commander. Our regiment, 1,250 strong, was organized in April, 1861. We were ordered to Houston to picket the railroad from Houston to Galveston, and we camped on Sims's Bayou, near a large German settlement, Union in sentiment. The beef issued to us was very poor, and these Germans had fine hogs running in the woods; so our boys slipped across the bayou and killed a fine shoat occasionally. Complaint was made to the colonel, and orders were read to us on dress parade threatening arrest and confinement. The boys slipped a fine ham to the colonel's cook, and no arrests were made. The Germans demanded payment. The colonel ordered the commissary to pay when the skins and ears were presented. We called this "chaparral bear meat."



P. H. GOODLOE.

Two companies of our regiment, camped at Virginia Point, near Galveston, assisted in the capture of the Harriet Lane gunboat which blockaded Galveston Harbor. The boys boarded her in the night, and in a hand-to-hand fight, armed with doublebarreled shot guns loaded with buck and ball, the most effective weapon in close quarters, they cleared the decks, and the enemy surrendered. This and the sinking of the Federal gunboats at Sabine Pass by Pat Dowling's Irish company were considered the most daring feats of the war.

In the spring of 1862 our regiment was ordered to report to General Beauregard at Corinth, Miss. When we reached Pine Bluff, Ark., the Federals had captured Island No. 10, above Memphis, and gunboats patrolled the water; so we were ordered to report to General Hindman at Little Rock. Our boys saddled their horses and swore they would swim the Mississippi River, but the colonel pacified them. A short time after our arrival news was wired to General Hindman that General Curtis was advancing from Cape Girardeau with three thousand Federals to capture Little Rock and that a commissary supply train was waiting at Cape Girardeau for Curtis, who was at Batesville. A detail of three hundred picked men was ordered to proceed at once with a limited supply of rations. Leaving in the evening, we rode all night, all day, and the next night, crossing White River twenty-five miles above Batesville. We fed our horses and parched corn in hot ashes for our breakfast. Securing a guide, we rode another day and night and overhauled the train about daylight in camp twenty miles above Batesville. The train was guarded by two companies of the 5th Wisconsin Cavalry. We divided our command and charged the camp from two sides. The officer commanding rushed out of his tent and, failing to rally his men, surrendered. Disarming the prisoners and placing a guard, we corraled the wagons in close order. Before firing the wagons our boys rummaged them, loading themselves with a lot of blue overcoats and filling their haversacks with canned goods, hard-tack, etc. The coats were dyed black afterwards. One of the wagons was loaded with arms and ammunition. We rolled that wagon out and fired the train, with the exception of one wagon with selected supplies. We hurriedly corraled the mules, mounted our prisoners, and crossed White River forty miles above Batesville.

When we arrived in Little Rock, General Hindman ordered the horses turned over to mount his conscript "buttermilk" cavalry, but our boys turned over their jaded stock and retained the captured horses. Cape Girardeau papers reported the loss to have been over ten thousand.

Having recuperated from his loss, General Curtis advanced on Little Rock, and we met him at Cotton Plant, east of Des Arc. Secreting ourselves in a cornfield, we fired into them as they passed, and they hurriedly retreated. We tumbled the advance pickets from their horses. We buried their dead and left the wounded in charge of local surgeons. In the fight we had three men killed and several wounded, among whom was Captain Neal, of Company C, a gallant officer, who died on our return to Des Arc.

General Curtis retreated to Memphis, Tenn., and our command fell back to Devall's Bluff, where it was reënforced by the 19th Texas Cavalry (Col. Nat Burford), the 21st Texas Cavalry (Col. George W. Carter), Morgan's Battalion, and Pratt's Battery. General Curtis, having recruited to five thousand, left Memphis for Little Rock, arriving at Clarendon, on White River, below Devall's Bluff. In attempting to put in a pontoon bridge Pratt's Battery was planted to shell the bridge, and our sharpshooters kept up a continual fire. Curtis retreated to Memphis. A detail of four hundred picked men crossed White River at Des Arc to harass Curtis on his retreat. Arriving at Bayou Longville, his main army crossed in the evening. The pontoon sprunk a leak, and the commissary train and a six-piece battery failed to cross.

We overtook the train about daylight and charged the camp. Our boys fired the train, reserving the ammunition, several thousand rounds. Mounting the prisoners, two companies of Wisconsin cavalry, we made a rapid retreat to Des Arc, again crossing White River in the night.

A new battery was organized under Major Pratt. We returned to Devall's Bluff, and in a few days our brigade, under command of General Parsons (who had been promoted), was ordered to Arkansas Post, which was then besieged by General Grant. The post surrendered before our arrival, so we remained in camp near there until ordered to reënforce Gen. Dick Taylor at Mansfield, Gen. E. Kirby Smith's headquarters being at Shreveport. General Banks, with ten thousand men, was advancing up Red River from New Orleans, and when we arrived within seven miles of Mansfield General Taylor was ordered to fall back to Shreveport. The ladies of Mansfield gave a ball and invited General Taylor and his officers to attend. The ladies fell down on their knees and begged General Taylor not to let Banks come to Mansfield. Being a gallant officer, General Taylor assured them that Banks would have to pass over his body before he got to Mansfield.

Returning to Camp, General Taylor ordered his bugler to sound officers' call and issued orders to advance to meet Banks, who was then camped at the lower edge of a large plantation. General Taylor's command consisted of Walker's and Polignac's Divisions and Gen. Tom Green's cavalry bri-

gade. Unfortunately, our brigade did not arrive in time to take part in this battle. At daylight General Taylor's command charged across the field with the Texas Rebel yell. Not expecting an attack before reaching Shreveport, General Banks was unprepared. Our boys overran the camp, capturing twenty-four pieces of artillery and a large amount of commissary stores. Banks hurriedly retreated to Pleasant Hill, eighteen miles below Mansfield, where he was reënforced by Smith's Army Corps, ten thousand Germans. They made a gallant stand in an open field; but with a reënforcement of artillery, our boys charged them, and, after several hours' hard fighting, Banks retreated. Our brigade arrived the next morning and, with Gen. Tom Green's brigade, pursued them in the direction of Natchitoches, La.

Before reaching that place we were notified that Banks's gunboats were aground at Blair's Landing, the river having fallen so that they could not advance farther. Our commands turned toward the river, dismounted, advanced across the large plantation, and attacked a gunboat aground in the bend. As we opened fire, General Green and staff galloped up on the bank in front of the boat, and a shell exploded over his head, killing him instantly. Being promoted to aid-de-camp on General Parsons' staff, I dismounted and helped to place General Green's body across his horse. The gunboats had opened fire from above and below and enfiladed the field with shot and shell, so we were forced to retreat. A number of our boys were killed and wounded in the battle. We left a detail to bury the dead, and the wounded were left in a near-by church to be treated by our surgeons. The next day our brigade, with General Green's, pursued Banks down Red River. For nineteen days we fought his rear from daylight until dark. The lovely valley, with its beautiful homes, was a blackened waste. The heavens were lit up by night with the burning of fine residences and sugar houses. The German element in Banks's army, the hirelings from Germany, vented their ferocity in the destruction of property.

For those nineteen days we lived on parched corn and sugar gleaned from burning sugar houses, not a ration being issued during the raid. At the mouth of Yellow Bayou, entering the Atchafalaya, transports had assembled to move the large commissary supplies of Banks's army, and during the transportation they made a stand at the lower edge of a large sugar plantation, where they were strongly intrenched. General Wharton, the ranking general of our army, had assumed command. Parsons's Brigade was on the left, Green's Brigade on the right. General Parsons watched the intrenched enemy all morning and then instructed me to notify General Wharton that an attack would result in great loss of our men. General Wharton replied to my notification with an oath: "Tell Parsons to charge the enemy at once, or I will prefer charges for disobeying orders." General Parsons was a brave, fearless officer; but as Banks was retreating as rapidly as possible, he wanted to save his men. The charge was ordered through an open field. Our men dismounted and charged the intrenched position. A drain ditch across the field a hundred yards in front saved our boys from annihilation, as they got in the ditch, and our artillery in the rear opened with shot and shell. The loss in killed and dying from effects of wounds in the two brigades was over five hundred in a ten-minute charge. Captain Ware, a brave, gallant officer, was killed in this charge. The firing ceased, our boys returned, and Polignac's Division was rushed into the charge. They lost heavily and failed to dislodge the enemy. The Federals left their dead on the field, and they were buried by our men.

This battle ended the war in the Trans-Mississippi Department. Our commands were compelled to fall back into Texas, and we were disbanded at Old Port Sullivan, on the Brazos River, after Lee's surrender.

DREAUX'S BATTALION.

BY CHARLES WARREN.

Charles Dreaux's battalion, or the 1st Louisiana Battalion, was about the first body of troops from the State of Louisiana and was composed of five companies, numbering about five hundred men. Three companies, the New Orleans Cadets, Crescent Rifles, and Louisiana Guards, were city organizations previous to the war, and the other two companies were called in from the country—the Shreveport Grays, from Shreveport, La., and the Grivout Guards, from Houma, La. Prominent men were elected by all of these companies as officers.

We were called to service sometime, I think, in April, 1861. We were enlisted for one year only, and all fully expected to be able to settle matters in two or three months at least. The command was organized into a battalion, and Charles Dreaux was made our colonel, of whom we were all proud and whom we greatly loved. We were first sent to Pensacola, Fla., to aid in protecting and holding our positions there and to prevent any invasion from that direction; but we were soon called to Richmond, Va., as it was thought the enemy intended to try to reach Richmond by way of Yorktown. The battle of Bethel was the result, in which the Confederates were successful. The battle was over before we got there, and no further demonstration was made at that time; but we were kept there during the whole term of our enlistment, one year. We were the only troops left there, and we were under the command of General Magruder. Nice winter quarters were built on the Peninsula and we fared well, as our people in Louisiana sent us supplies of food and clothing. We were near the James River, and our duty was to drill and march down to or in sight of Fortress Monroe and display ourselves about twice a week at different points in the effort to leave the impression that we were eight or ten battalions instead of one.

Soon after taking up camp at Bethel Church our colonel discovered that some marauding had been done by the Federals at Fortress Monroe. So he called for one hundred volunteers, twenty from each company, and we went out one fine night to capture them if possible. Colonel Dreaux made us a speech before starting and asked if any one wished to turn back; but all were keen for war, Yankees, and to smell powder for the first time. I was one of the twenty volunteers from the Grivout Guards. I remember that the colonel in his remarks said that he might be one of the first to bite the dust. We sallied forth to meet the enemy and went into ambush, but by some means they discovered our whereabouts and fired a round into where they thought we were. Our colonel was at the head of our command and had given the command: "Ready, aim!" They fired and caught the colonel with a bullet. We rushed for the enemy, but they were gone; so we improvised a wagon and hauled our loved colonel back to camp.

[A full account of the death of Colonel Dreaux, the first officer of note to fall during the war, was given in the VETERAN for July, 1907, by C. H. Allen, a member of the battalion.]

SUMNER A. CUNNINGHAM.

An Acrostic.

Sumner Cunningham, the Southland's friend,
Unselfish, loyal, and true to the end—
May his doctrine of peace and the brotherhood of man
Never cease till it spreads throughout the whole land!
Everywhere may the fires of hatred burn low,
Revealing a spirit of good will here below

And bringing together men once bitter foes!

Calling, a voice from that far-away shore
Upon our listening ears, hark! this message it bore:
Now "let rancor and discord be o'er."
Nearer and nearer the blue and the gray
In their march to eternity are wending their way.
No strife will be there in that heavenly home;
God in his mercy will call for his own.
Heaven, with its glories, will banish all fear,
And angels of love will wipe away every tear.
May this era of peace begin even here!

[A tribute to the memory of Mr. Sumner A. Cunningham on the first anniversary of his death, December 20, 1914, by Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of Mississippi.]

IN FRATERNAL SPIRIT.

[This letter came just after the late Editor of the Veteran was stricken with fatal illness, and its kind expressions did not reach the one to whom they were addressed. The sentiment is so admirable from one who fought on the other side that its publication will have only good effect.]

Col. J. A. Watrous wrote from Minneapolis, Minn., on December 16, 1913:

"*My Dear Friend:* I have just finished reading the December number of the Veteran and wish more earnestly than ever that some good soul had started a similar publication at the North twenty-one years ago and taken as much pains in rendering it valuable in the way of collecting history as you have done. This number alone is worth to any one who desires to be well informed pertaining to great events during the Civil War ten times as much as twelve numbers cost.

"I was deeply impressed with the first article. How easy it is for our friends to think that we are in business if we are publishers of papers or magazines for their particular pleasure and benefit without any effort to repay on their part! I cannot imagine how any of the old Confederates who can spare a dollar or any members of their family can dispense with the Veteran. Your splendid publication has had a larger part in perpetuating the memory of distinguished generals, as well as that of the great rank and file of the old army, than all other instrumentalities combined. You have given better history of marches and battles and other war experiences down South than any history has yet done.

"In the future, and I hope it will be a long time before it will be deemed necessary, the people of the South, and particularly the Daughters of the Confederacy, will see to it that there is erected to your memory a monument of great value and great beauty.

"Now that the war is over both North and South, how easy it is for us, the veterans of the South and the North, to see commendable things in each other and to say kindly things of one another!" * * *

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Loved, honored, and respected by all the men and women of the South and by thousands of the best people of the North, S. A. Cunningham gave the best that was in him to perpetuate the true history of the Confederacy. His desire to have the truth known as to the courage and sacrifices of the men in gray and the loyalty and fidelity of the women of the Southland became a call and vision to which he gave all the powers that God had bestowed upon him.

His death caused universal grief, and instantly there arose throughout the South the desire to erect a monument to show the appreciation of all the people of the South for what this one man had done. It was thought that he would wish a memorial built by small gifts from a large number of those who loved him. This plan has now been tried for a year, and the result has not been satisfactory; so it has been decided to withdraw the limit that had been put on subscriptions. At the least the memorial to this friend of the South should not cost less than $5,000. Suggestions have come to the committee that those who loved Colonel Cunningham most would like to increase their offerings, and the committee will now be glad to receive for the memorial any sum that the generosity and affection of his admirers may prompt them to give.

The undersigned, composing the Finance Committee, were charged with the duty of securing the funds necessary to erect a suitable memorial. Remittances should be sent to the Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.

John P. Hickman, M. B. Morton, M. A. Spurr, committee; Miss E. D. Pope, Treasurer.

Additional Contributions.

(Some duplication in names reduced the amount previously reported by $12.27.)

Previously reported	$2,264 05
Dr. W. R. Stevenson, Winsboro, Tex	1 00
Mrs. R. T. Bennett, Wadesboro, N. C	1 00
James G. Terhune, Buffalo, Ky	1 00
Sara J. Hornady Chapter, U. D. C., Ellaville, Ga	2 00
Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., San Diego, Cal.	2 00
George E. Pickett Chapter, U. D. C., Kansas City, Mo.	5 00
Mrs. R. A. Blackford, Martin's Ferry, Ohio	1 00
Miss B. J. Carter, Georgiana, Fla	2 00
Tom W. Neal, Dyersburg, Tenn	1 00
H. B. Osborne, Kalamazoo, Mich	1 00
Company A, C. V., Memphis, Tenn	5 00
Walter E. Perkins, Baltimore, Md	1 00
B. L. Wynne, Charleston, Miss	1 00
Mrs. H. H. Neill, San Antonio, Tex	5 00
J. H. Wood, Eaton, Colo	1 00
Mrs. E. H. Rutherford, Versailles, Ky	3 00
Gen. J. R. Gibbons, Bauxite, Ark	5 00
Mrs. W. T. Moore, McKinney, Tex	1 00
Mrs. H. A. Chambers and friend, Chattanooga, Tenn.	3 50
Total	$2,306 05

Mrs. M. D. Goodwin, Treasurer Stonewall Jackson Chapter, U. D. C., San Diego, Cal., in sending contribution from the Chapter, writes: "We are glad of the opportunity and privilege of contributing anything to perpetuate the memory of this great and grand man and friend of our dear Southland, and I hope the amount will soon be raised, for there is no respect and honor too great for us to show to the memory of his noble life."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., Past Commander in Chief.

COMMITTEES.

Historical Committee: ——, Chairman.
Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: A. L. Yates, Chairman, Columbia, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, E. Hening Smith, Montgomery, Ala., Member R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, A. D. Black, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, J. A. Gallagher, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, John Clifton Elder, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

Comrades A. L. Gaston, Commander of the South Carolina Division, reports that his Division has been divided into three Brigades, comprised of counties as follows:

First Brigade: Horry, Georgetown, Berkeley, Charleston, Williamsburg, Colleton, Hampton, Beaufort, Barnwell, Bamberg, Orangeburg, Clarendon, and Dorchester.

Brigade Commander, G. Cullen Sullivan, Anderson, S. C.

Second Brigade: Lancaster, Chesterfield, Marlboro, Marion, Florence, Darlington, Sumter, Kershaw, Richland, Saluda, Lexington, Aiken, Edgefield, Calhoun, and Lee.

Brigade Commander, Weller Rothrock, Aiken, S. C.

Third Brigade: Pickens, Greenville, Anderson, Abbeville, Laurens, Spartanburg, Cherokee, Union, York, Chester, Fairfield, Greenwood, and Newberry.

Brigade Commander, D. A. Spivey, Conway, S. C.

An active campaign is being made by the officers in this Division to increase the membership, and they expect to report double the number of Camps at Richmond.

REVERIE OF A CONFEDERATE SOLDIER—1861-1914.

[Awakened by the sound of martial music on the streets of St. Louis December 5, 1914, when the monument in memory of Confederate soldiers and sailors erected in Forest Park by the United Daughters of the Confederacy was unveiled.]

What sound is that? The bugle pealing
That stirs my heart with martial feeling?
The drum! Calls it again to battle?
To cannon's roar and rifles' rattle?

Where am I? Where the threatening foe
'Gainst whom our strength we're called to throw?
Hark! Hear the bugle loudly calling!
Come, let us into ranks be falling!

A dream! A vision quickly fleeting!
And yet—it must be—drums are beating,
And those who've borne the battles' brunt
Again are marching to the front.

Ah, yes! I see I have been dreaming.
That marching host before me streaming
Is not the gray-clad sons of Mars,
Led by the fluttering Stars and Bars.

But is not that a wondrous sight
That greets the evening's waning light?
An army by some strange caprice
Marching beneath the flag of peace!

What mean those peaceful marching bands
Bearing no rifles in their hands,
A host of mothers, daughters, wives,
Whetting no swords for human lives?

Ah! can it be that I have slumbered
While time full fifty years has numbered
Since blue and gray as bitter foes
Each other faced with ringing blows?

So long since, numbered with the slain,
On Shiloh's grim, ensanguined plain
Our Johnston fell, to rise no more,
His requiem the cannon's roar.

So long since Stonewall Jackson prayed
Before he drew his flashing blade?
Or Forrest's troopers laughed with glee
In dashing raids through Tennessee?

So long since daring death and hell,
Uttering their dreaded Rebel yell,
Pickett's Brigade 'gainst Round Top hurled,
Stirred the deep pulses of the world?

So long since nations turned to see
The Southern hero R. E. Lee,
Or marked where smoke and wreckage trailed
The track the Alabama sailed?

So long since Johnston's Fabian way
In bloody combat day by day
Withstood the shock of Sherman's corps
From Lookout to Atlanta's doors?

Yes, it is true! I see at last
That half a century has passed
Since Appomattox's fatal field
Saw Southern grit to numbers yield.

And now on this December day
Another army takes its way,
Confederate daughters, gray-haired mothers,
To honor fathers, sons, and brothers.

Behold that shaft its form uprearing,
While blue and gray are loudly cheering!
Those flags that waved in strife infernal
Now joined in fellowship fraternal.

Though true the mills of God grind slowly,
No cause is lost, however lowly;
And they who fell in gloom defeated
Shall not of their fair name be cheated.

Hail to the shaft by Daughters given,
Rearing its solid spire to heaven!
This theme for ages still to cherish,
They die who live, they live who perish.

—*R. F. Chew, Kirkwood, Mo.*

ADDRESS BY SEYMOUR STEWART, COMMANDER IN CHIEF S. C. V., AT UNVEILING OF THE ST. LOUIS MONUMENT.

Madam President, Ladies, and Gentlemen: To-day we stand where in September last we laid a corner stone. This is the fruition of the hopes and dreams of a distant yesterday, the realization of the faith of September. While we went on our way the hand of genius gloriously wrought for us this fabric of granite and bronze. At its four corners stand no guns, on its base no bas relief of battle. No winged victory spreads her pinions o'er the whole; but lifted high, that unbegotten generations may read and meditate, is the carven picture of a home, one of ten thousand such in the cities and hamlets of the Confederacy.

No effort is made here to portray the classic pillars of a Southern mansion, nor yet a cottage of the poor. The family here are gathered underneath the sky, the roof tree of planter and peasant. The story told is the common tale of every home in that fair land. Not as in the Egypt of Scripture were our doorposts splashed with blood that the angel of death might pass by, but in our stricken country every lintel of every door was incarnadined with the lifeblood of our first-born, and the angel of death rested.

If such a story had come to sculptor or painter of some other world, would this matchless group which enthralls us to-day have been his conception? Would not rather the scene have pictured fear and anguish as, with averted gaze and backward turn of palm, those stricken ones push from them a cup whose bitterness is more than they can quaff? All the wormwood of the world's sorrows and tragedies are concentrated in that draft.

But those who knew the spirit of those spacious days breathed the truth into the sympathetic ear of genius, and wonder is the result. The benediction of the parent standing here is more glorious than mothers in Israel ever knew, dedicating their first-born to Jehovah. The impassioned permission of the wife expresses a nobler sacrifice than all the legends of heroic mythology. Such is the picture of the South's travail and how she met it.

What of the man going forth to war? What cause impelled him to leave his home, dowered as it is with the love of mother, of wife, of son? Can mortal man expect more blessings than are here represented? What seeks he with that determined yet distant look? This man came of a race that would sacrifice its all for one thing—duty. This race prized above all things, above happiness, above wealth, above comfort, one treasure—liberty. His native land was invaded; the oppressor's heel was at his door. His liberty was assailed, and duty called him to action. No sacrificial love here dedicating him to an unholy cause, but the spirit of freedom, inherited from his ancestors, sent him forth. My friends, the issue has long passed; by the arbitrament of the sword the right of secession has vanished. Perfectly compatible with the purest loyalty to American institutions as they are is a profound belief that our fathers were right in their interpretation of institutions and conditions as they were. This man goes forth, then, dedicated to a just and holy cause by a love as pure and enlightened as the world in its best eras has seen displayed.

What of the morrow of this picture? How did this man acquit himself? Let Shiloh and Gettysburg, with its charge more sublime than Balaklava, the gory Wilderness, the Crater, the retreat from Richmond—let the history of a hundred battle fields attest that this man was not only as brave as the French at their best, as steady as the English at Waterloo, as fearsome as the Prussians in advance, as dangerous as the sons of Nippon in their absolute devotion, but he grew to be a soldier of the highest intelligence and of the utmost resource. And what of the end? In that dread hour when, all her armies crushed, the South sank underneath the last blow, ragged and barefoot, this soldier returned to a ruined home. What was his behavior? Did he retire vanquished yet sullen? Did he inspire rebellion, excite insurrection, urge guerrilla warfare? Not he! Within a shorter time than history has recorded in similar cases the soldier became the farmer, the clerk, the merchant, the teacher, the laborer, the professional man. What a metamorphosis!

All honor indeed to the wonderful poise of the American that a million Northern soldiers, against all precedent, could be silently and quickly absorbed into the national life! But this is beyond record, out of all presumption, that a high-tempered people, whose woes were partly the result of their haughtiness, could and did, without malice, without contention, lay down their arms and the hostile spirit which bore them. That this was not the result of a crushed spirit, but rather sprang responsive to the highest ethical principles, was abundantly demonstrated in that movement during the Reconstruction period which freed the Saxon from negro domination.

Of this soldier may be used those words which refer so fittingly to the Father of his country: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen."

And what of the woman who stayed at home, the negatives and silences of whose days were tragedies greater, perhaps, than those of battle? Removed from those fields of action which inspire immediate applause, she knitted, she sewed, she patched, and, almost impossible of belief, she, with a few faithful house servants, managed the plantation. She taught her children. How well the groundwork was laid let our present-day orators, statesmen, and writers attest. When I think of her magnificent deeds, I feel that she is entitled to the most beautiful monument that can be erected; not a column of granite and bronze, but a temple, a shrine of the whitest marble, its entrance as chaste as the Propylæa of the Acropolis, this temple to be erected on a high mountain peak,

like Lookout Mountain, from whose summit can be seen the battle fields immortalized by her dear ones, the peaceful, quiet valley, and, mirrored in the center, the winding Tennessee, which gathers its waters even from the mountains of Virginia and the rugged hills of North Georgia.

Centuries ago there was erected in India the most exquisite memorial ever dedicated to woman. It is, indeed, the frozen music of the poet. Shrine of all lovers of beauty and art, this incomparable structure was erected by a barbaric king to honor the devotion of his consort.

The temple I wot of is a nobler Taj, dedicated to the loyalty of the Southern woman, for those sublimer royalties, her soldier and her fatherland. In the springtime the gentle Southern breezes will bring within its sacred arches the sweet perfumes of many flowers—orange blossoms, consecrated to brides; white and pink roses, emblems of youthful innocence and beauty; fragrant violets, typical of love and loyalty; the glorious magnolia, with its soft, white petals of velvet, on which the slightest touch will leave a stain; and hundreds of others that, each in its turn, make our country a land of flowers. This shrine, as elegant, as chaste, as beautiful as man's genius can devise, will be nothing more than a tithe of what we owe to her who suffered all things, endured all things for the sacredness of her home, her family, and her country.

And so this soldier went forth to battle for a cause that is not dead, nor shall it ever perish while men esteem simple justice and truth; he died or lived to become a pillar of the restored State. This woman whose darkened days were a living death nevertheless acquitted herself of all the burdens that fell to her lot. This was the noble partnership of a golden age, where a question was never raised as to the province of the one or the other. Each went the steadfast way, illumined by that white light which shines about the Lord's elect.

Let this group symbolize to a restless age the unity and permanence of the Southern home, and its last lesson shall be its best.

The man and the woman of the South! These made yesterday glorious, its memory hallowed, and are the earnest of greater achievements on the morrow.

LIST OF S. C. V. CAMPS IN GOOD STANDING NOVEMBER 15, 1914.

ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA DEPARTMENT.

Kentucky.

No.	*Camp.*	*Address.*	*Commander.*	*Adjutant.*
182	W. T. Ellis,	Owensboro;	C. W. Kimberline,	T. J. Levy.
603	H. W. Adcock,	Carrollton;	F. M. Gaines,	A. W. Cox.
705	J. C. Breckinridge,	Falmouth;	E. L. Hendricks,	Dr. W. A. McKenney.

North Carolina.

735	Cabanus,	Concord;	M. H. Caldwell,	G. Ed Kestler.
756	Hoke-Grimes,	Raleigh;	C. B. Denson,	A. L. Cox.

South Carolina.

7	W. W. Humphries,	Anderson;	J. W. Quattlebaum,	C. C. Langston.
35	J. M. Kinard,	Newberry;	H. W. Dominick,	T. P. Johnson.
40	W. D. Simpson,	Laurens;	H. G. Simpson,	W. D. Ferguson.
115	S. G. Godfrey,	Cheraw;	William Godfrey,	S. G. Godfrey.
118	William Beattie,	Greenville;	Perry Beattie,	D. C. Durham.
132	Litchfield,	Conway;	D. A. Spivey,	C. J. Epps.
589	South Carolina,	Blackville;	P. B. Hagood,	R. B. Cole.
602	Chester County,	Chester;	A. M. Aiken,	J. Y. Murphy.
611	Gregg,	Mullins;	L. L. Rogers,	Rich Winstead.
689	B. B. Kirkland,	Meyers' Mill;	G. D. Kirkland,	W. A. Meyer.
710	Barnard E. Bee,	Aiken;	W. Rothrock,	J. L. McCarter.
762	William Youth,	Easley;	J. A. Hinton,	T. T. Barton.

Virginia.

No.	*Camp.*	*Address.*	*Commander.*	*Adjutant.*
1	R. E. Lee,	Richmond;	J. Bernard Robb,	T. Gray Hadden.
2	R. S. Chew,	Fredericksburg;	M. B. Rowe,	M. G. Willis.
3	A. S. Johnston,	Roanoke;	Thomas W. Spindle;	Tom Darnell
9	Pickett-Buchanan,	Norfolk;	Garland P. Peed,	W. McK Woodhouse.
10	Turner Ashby,	Harrisonburg;	E. C. Martz,	J. Robert Switzer
167	A. P. Hill,	Petersburg;	Harry C. Southall, Jr.,	Dr. A. C Jones.
326	J. E. B. Stuart,	Newport News;	Dr. Clarence P. Jones,	G. E McCorkle.
380	Stonewall,	Portsmouth;	R. J. Neely,	B. S. Herndon.
448	Neimeyer-Shaw,	Norfolk;	Harry J. Etheridge,	J. P. Baker.
490	Summers-Koontz,	Luray;	F. T. Amiss,	A. A. Grove.
510	Cabell-Graves,	Danville;	James T. Kilby,	W. P. Ruffin.
581	J. M. Jordan,	South Boston;	E. N. Hardy,	S. L. Adams.
585	S. D. Lee,	Irvington;	William McD. Lee,	O. J. Shelton.
595	E. M. Ingles,	Radford;	W. A. Earhart,	Wise Worrell.
726	Powhatan,	Powhatan;	J. F. Fentress,	J. R. Weisiger, Clayville, Va.
749	Carpenter's Battery,	Clifton Forge;	A. B. Davies,	B. M. Fontaine.
761	Jeff Davis,	Franklin;	W. B. Abbitt.	
778	R. K. Curtis,	Hampton;	A. T. Ransone,	T. L. Schater.
779	Shenandoah,	Woodstock;	W. B. Allen,	J. G. Gravely.
780	Black Horse,	Warrenton;	J. Edward Beale,	F. D. Gaskins.

West Virginia.

148	Beirne Chapman,	Union;	A. S. Johnston,	J. T. Miller.
201	Stonewall Jackson,	Charles Town;	D. B. Gibson,	C. L Haines.
505	Gus Bailey,	Fayetteville;	R. J. Thrift,	A. D. Smith, Jr.
576	Bob Christian,	Hinton;	W. T. Ball,	W. H. Boude.
582	Randolph,	Elkins;	Ralph Darden,	G. N. Wilson.
628	A. G. Jenkins,	Huntingdon;	G. W. Sidebotton,	T. W. Peyton
717	Mercer, Jr.,	Bluefield;	G. A. Matthews,	J. D. French.

District of Columbia.

305	Washington,	Washington;	J. Roy Price,	E. W. R. Ewing.

New York.

758	New York,	New York;	John D. Bower,	John Clifton Elder.

ARMY TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT.

Alabama.

361	J. T. Morgan,	Attalla;	J. E. Johnston,	Dr. R. F. McConnell.
408	G. E. Dixon,	Mobile;	H. T. Hartwell,	G. B. McKnight.
432	H. D. Clayton,	Birmingham;	Thomas Dozier,	A. S. Elliott.
433	Hutto, Jr.,	Jasper;	L. B. Musgrove,	T. J. Amiss.
478	J. B. Gordon,	Florence;	B. A. Rogers,	R. L. Glenn.
764	Huntsville,	Huntsville;	W. J. Byrne,	W. P. Monroe.
768	Gaines C. Smith,	Athens;	M. K. Clements,	J. E. Gray.

Florida.

83	Stonewall Jackson,	Jacksonville;	J. W. Dodge,	A. E. Adamson.
285	E. A. Perry,	Pensacola;	J. E. Reed,	R. P. Reese.
556	J. J. Dickinson,	Tampa;	S. L. Lowry,	A. C. Harill.
659	F. P. Fleming,	Gainesville;	J. L. Kelley,	C. Matheson.
696	Chipley,	Chipley;	——,	Walter Cook.
703	R. H. M. Davidson,	Quincy;	P. S. Thomson,	C. S. Curtis.
720	Bloxham,	St. Petersburg;	R. S. Ashley,	C. L. Lutz.
730	John M. Martin,	Ocala;	W. W. Harriss,	W. T. Gary.
731	E. Kirby Smith,	Lakeland;	J. B. Smith,	John F. Cox.
732	John W. Whidden,	Arcadia;	John W. Burton,	H. M. L. Martin.
736	Geiger,	Mayo;	Leslie E. Bryan,	G. N. Trawick.
737	Tallahassee,	Tallahassee;	H. E. Palmer,	Thomas S. Trantham.
739	Alfred H. Colquitt,	Micanopy;	E. A. Hickson,	J. James Jones
740	P. B. Bird,	Monticello;	D. B. Bird,	M. H. Wilson.
741	Lake County,	Tavares;	J. W. Hunter,	W. G. Long.
742	John S. Ferrell,	Crawfordsville;	C. J. Ferrell,	C. K. Allen.
743	David P. Newson,	Williston;	C. C. Epperson,	O. F. Hester.
744	Hately,	Jasper;	C. A. Stephens,	M. P. Hunter.
745	W. D. Ballantine,	Fernandina;	W. A. McDearmid,	J. U Googe.
746	A. Livingston,	Madison;	Columbus B. Smith,	C. L. Morrow.

No.	Camp.	Address.	Commander.	Adjutant.
48	Gordon,	Kissimmee;	N. C. Bryan,	W. G. Hankins.
51	Raphael Semmes,	Palmetto;	J. O. Brown;	J. E. Weatherall.
52	John T. Lesley,	Seffner;	Hugh Gallagher,	J. W. Gallagher.
53	Kemp,	Greensboro;	J. T. Spivey,	M. C. Gardner.
55	Jeff Davis,	Inverness;	H. J. Dame,	Raymond de Muro.
57	E. Kirby Smith,	Palatka;	F. D. Wattles,	Charles Burt.
55	Sewanee River,	White Springs;	L. C. Williamson,	B. D. Statnaker.
57	Moore-Spencer,	Wellborn;	E. H. Pichard,	W. P. Moore.
70	Gen. David Lang,	Trenton;	W. E. Bell,	R. C. Lang.
31	Santa Rosa,	Milton;	Dr. P. M. Bruner,	R. G. Payne.

GEORGIA.

18	Thomas Hardeman,	Macon;	Augustin Daly,	J. L. Schaub.
46	J. B. Gordon,	Atlanta;	J. M. S. Woods,	John Ashley Jones.
93	F. S. Barstow,	Savannah;	T. S. Clay,	Leon J. Michel.
59	Floyd County,	Rome;	James Maddox,	H. J. Hine, Jr.
07	Chattanooga,	Summerville;	E. N. Martin,	B. H. Edmondson.
09	J. B. Gordon,	Lafayette;	J. H. Halloman,	D. W. Herndon.
59	Cave Springs,	Cave Springs;	J. M. Sims,	Ben Watts.
70	W. T. Wofford,	Cartersville;	C. M. Milam,	R. C. Freeman.
73	Jeff Head,	Buchanan;	Johnson L. Head,	M. Bullard.
31	A. S. Cutts,	Americus;	G. W. Walters,	F. J. Payne.
34	Crisp County,	Cordele;	Dr. A. L. McArthur,	H. Lassiter.
38	D. B. Sanford,	Milledgeville;	J. E. Pottle,	D. S. Sanford.
94	Y. G. Rust,	Albany;	R. N. Ferrell,	——.
00	Kennesaw,	Marietta;	Fred Morris,	J. T. Dorsey.
47	William J. Hardee,	St. Mary's;	S. C. Townsend,	F. T. Rudulph, Jr.

LOUISIANA.

30	Beauregard,	New Orleans;	E. A. Christy,	G. K. Renaud.
26	J. McEnery,	Monroe;	J. W. McWilliams,	B. K. Fluker.
51	Fitzhugh Lee,	Lake Charles;	Samuel Levy,	H. K. Ramsey.
50	J. S. Moulton,	Lafayette;	C. J. McNaspy,	A. A. McBride.

MISSISSIPPI.

13	Mildred Humphreys,	Greenwood;	Monroe McClurg,	——.
20	L. C. Q. Lamar,	Oxford;	W. P. Shinault,	G. G. Hurst.
55	W. S. Davis,	Waynesboro;	Alex Powe,	W. S. Davis.
34	M. A. Metts,	Louisville;	J. D. Doss,	J. P. Cagle.
38	Issaquena,	Mayersville;	M. M. Spears,	Dr. W. H. Scudder.
00	Natchez,	Natchez;	E. E. Brown,	A. C. Register.
91	J. F. Sessions,	Meadville;	J. H. McGehee,	E. B. Byrd.
35	Jeff Davis,	Jackson;	J. O. Fuller,	D. L. Thompson.
45	Harrisburg,	Tupelo;	W. P. Long,	Dr. E. Douglas Hood.
59	Philadelphia,	Philadelphia;	J. B. Hillman,	L. J. Catledge.

TENNESSEE.

28	J. E. Johnston,	Nashville;	D. E. C. Ray,	Rich I. M. Glearen.
29	Maury Bivouac,	Columbia;	W. B. Turner,	Fred Latta.
33	Stone River,	Murfreesboro;	A. C. Johnson,	W. W. McLemore.
05	N. B. Forrest,	Memphis;	L. D. Scott,	R. I. Moore.
09	J. B. Freeman,	Jackson;	William Holland,	C. E. Pigford.
09	Jonathan W. Bachman,	Chattanooga;	Charles S. Coffey,	Earle N. Wester.
56	S. P. Reed,	Dyer;	J. P. Sandling,	E. S. Byers.

ARMY TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

ARKANSAS.

05	William E. Moore,	Helena;	Robert Gordon, Jr.,	H. D. Crebs.
07	Robert C. Newton,	Little Rock;	A. J. Wilson,	R. W. Polk.
01	Sparks-Walton,	Fort Smith;	G. E. Berson,	Frank Parke.
08	Norwood,	Locksburg;	R. M. Grady,	J. P. Norwood.
05	Resse B. Hogins,	Russellville;	Ardis Tyson, Atkins, Ark.,	Resse Candle.
05	A. S. Morgan,	Camden;	G. W. Hays,	Waterman Lide.
08	J. S. Roane,	Pine Bluff;	Creed Caldwell,	J. H. Tucker, Jr.
02	J. H. Berry,	Rogers;	W. H. McNeill,	E. M. Fowler.
06	Shaver,	Mena;	J. H. Hamilton,	W. R. Bryant.
08	J. M. Keller,	Hot Springs;	Dr. L. R. Ellis,	D. Hotchkiss.

MISSOURI.

05	Sterling Price,	St. Louis;	F. M. Curlee,	Stephen R. Brown.
06	F. M. Cockrell,	East Prairie;	R. A. Doyle,	C. D. Mitchell.
598	D. Y. Pankey,	Kennett;	T. J. Douglas,	Caruth, Mo., O. S. Harrison.
633	G. M. Francisco,	Marshall;	J. T. Fisher,	A. T. Swisher, Jr.
660	Biffle,	Cottonwood Point;	Thomas L. Haile,	J. L. Fogarty.

OKLAHOMA.

655	Albert Pike,	Ada;	——,	R. M. Roddie.
664	Stanwaitte,	Tulsa:	S. R. Lewis,	J. D. Porter.
729	Jesse Mooney,	McLoud;	Dr. J. Mooney,	S. J. Whitson.
733	Radium,	Claremore;	E. J. Humphreys,	H. T. Kight.
734	Abner Bruce,	Sapulpa;	C. W. Lively,	Abner Brucc.
738	Tate Brady,	Chelsea;	W. G. Milam,	John B. Davis.
754	Throckmorton.	Okmulgee;	G. W. Mabrey,	J. D. Campbell.
759	Woodrow Wilson,	Shawnee;	G. S. Baxter;	J. G. Hudiburg.
760	D. M. Hailey,	Oklahoma City;	W. F. Gilmer,	
763	Vianna Griggsby,	Chickasha;	Oscar Simpson,	Wade H. LaBoon.
771	Webb Vann,	Pryor Creek;	T. B. Downing,	W. E. Butler.
772	Wagoner,	Wagoner.		
773	Stigler,	Stigler;	W. L. Crittenden.	
774	Checotah,	Checotah.		
775	McAlester,	McAlester.		
776	Muskogee,	Muckogee.		
777	Altus,	Altus.		

TEXAS.

100	J. D. Sayers,	Temple;	W. S. Lemly,	W. D. Shaw.
529	Phil Pearson,	Bay City;	J. C. Carrington,	Rowland Rugeley.
553	James G. Storey,	Lockhart;	E. M. Storey,	W. H. Whitmore.
606	W. R. Scurry,	Wichita Falls;	G. D. Anderson,	J. S. Stone.
623	Beaumont,	Beaumont;	Thomas N. Hill,	R. M. Glinn.
724	Hill County,	Hillsboro;	James P. Cox, Jr.,	C. D. Works.
725	J. H. Reagan,	Jacksonville;	J. C. Box,	E. H. Blalock.
727	Dallas,	Dallas;	W. M. Timmerman,	W. M. Pierson.
728	R. T. Lee,	Childress;	W. D. Cope,	J. C. Thomas.

COLORADO.

676	Sterling Price,	Denver;	A. D. Marshall,	George P. Lingenfelter.

WASHINGTON.

587	R. E. Lee,	Seattle;	Bo. Sweeney,	James Barr, Sr.

CALIFORNIA.

688	Los Angeles,	Los Angeles;	A. B. Ellis,	J. Randolph Coffman.

HARD SERVICE AT HOME.

Mr. W. M. Francis, of Sallisaw, Okla., writes: "I was not in the war, but I was old enough to see it, to hear the cannon, and to take the old mare and tie her in the thicket until the Yankees were out of the settlement. I sat upon an old rail fence and watched the soldiers take the corn that my mother, brother, and I had made to live on, and they did not pay us one penny for it. I saw the times so hard that we had to dig up the dirt in the old log smokehouse, where the meat had dripped for years, and boil it down to get brine and salt to put in our bread—corn bread at that, for we could not get any flour. We had to parch corn bran to make coffee for mother and grandmother. I plaited the straw of the wheat and oats which mother made into hats for us. I also helped to spin the thread to make our plow lines and carded the bats for mother to put in the quilts. I had to sit on the beam of the old loom and hand the thread through the sley to mother in order to get me a new pair of pants and a good shirt. The shirt was heavy and coarse, but it was all right. 'Me and mother' had made it. We did hate to have to dig up the roots and gather the leaves of the walnut trees with which to dye the thread for our pants; but when mother told us that we had to get them for her before we could get our trousers, we went willingly. * * * Yours for success. I was sorry to hear of the death of the VETERAN's editor—a grand man. Long live the VETERAN!"

THE LAST ROLL

IN MEMORIAM.

BY MATILDA WEIDEMEYER GANTT.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is
For gift or grace surpassing this:
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

In September last there passed into eternal rest a beautiful character of the olden times, Mrs. Margaret Ann Cox Harris, a lady of ante-bellum days; one who lived through the troublous times of the War between the States, but who never forgot her Southern hospitality; one who had so much of the "milk of human kindness" in her nature that, strong as she was in her love of the Confederacy and the heroes of that mighty conflict, she never cherished in her heart a bitter thought of those on the other side. Although her home in Osceola, Mo., was reduced to ashes, her family silver and old mahogany furniture scattered to the four winds, she was never known to murmur or complain. Her irreparable loss as a result of that war was the passing away of her gallant husband, who served the Confederacy as a surgeon and died from exposure in the army. She remained true to his memory and to his Confederate principles and taught her children to revere the cause and the land for which he gave his life.

Mrs. Harris was a loyal Daughter of the Confederacy, a constant reader of the VETERAN, and had a deep appreciation of the valuable work it is doing in publishing and preserving the true history of our boys in gray.

She passed away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Johnson, who, with one other daughter, Mrs. Sara E. Conrad, is left to cherish her memory. Her body rests beside her loved ones in the quiet little cemetery on the hill of her native town, Osceola, there to await the "touch of the finger of God," when she will awake from her sleep.

DAVIS HALL BRYANT.

In the seventy-fifth year of his age, Davis Hall Bryant passed away at his home, in Orlando, Fla., on May 24, 1914. He was born in Savannah, Ga., September 5, 1839, the son of Col. James W. Bryant, of Charlestown, Mass., and Rebecca Hawthorne Hall, of Boston.

While of Northern parentage and justly proud of his ancestry, he was by birth, by choice, and by nature a true Southerner. His love of the South and her people, her customs and traditions was one of the strongest elements that contributed toward a personality of unusual charm and sterling worth. His father was born at the old Bryant home on Bunker Hill, Mass., where General Lafayette and other prominent men of the day were entertained. His mother was the granddaughter of Gen. Amasa Davis (who is buried on Boston Common), captain in the Revolutionary army and afterwards Quartermaster General of Massachusetts Commonwealth.

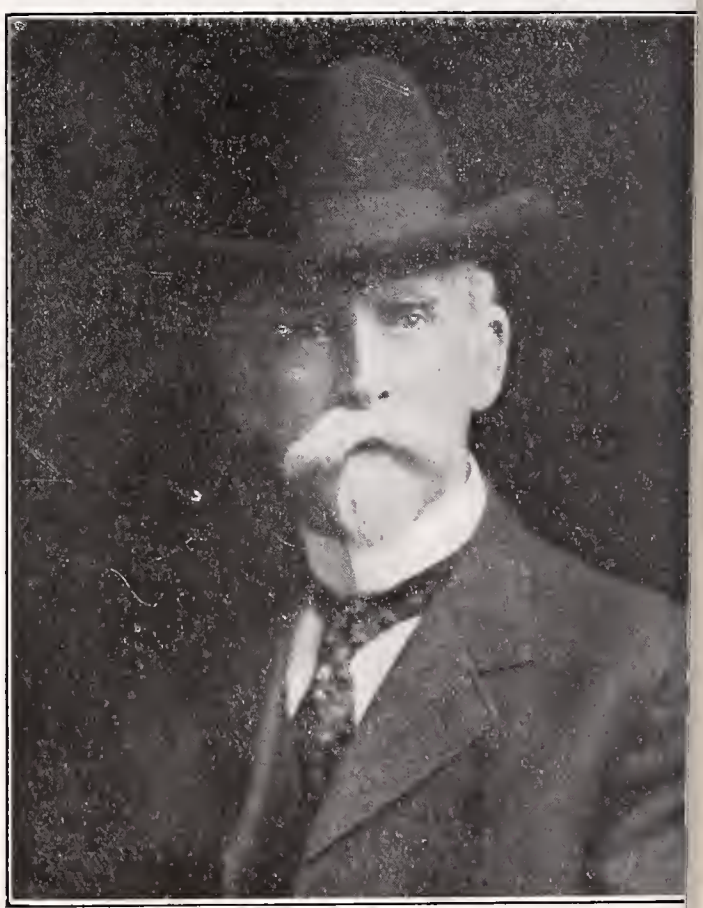
Mr. Bryant's parents moved to Jacksonville, Fla., while he was but a child, and his youth was passed in that State, with the exception of the time given to his education in Boston. The family spent much time on a country estate on th St. John's River, where the four brothers and a sister en joyed the advantages of rural life and sports. He became r markably familiar with all that pertained to Florida—its hi tory, its beauty, and its possibilities—and cherished for th State a deep affection.

When the war broke out, he at once enlisted, first as member of the Jacksonville Light Artillery and later in th 2d Florida Cavalry, and for the entire four years he was the service of the Confederacy, having during this time ma thrilling experiences as scout, special messenger, and in th ranks, where he fought under Gen. Joseph Finegan and Ge Patten Anderson and saw particularly hard service in th battle of Olustee.

At the close of the war he went to New York, where few years later he married Miss Lucy Spiers, of North Car lina, who, with one daughter, Mrs. Edward F. Geer, Brooklyn, survives him. His brother, Henry H. Bryant, al a veteran, still resides at Welaka, Fla.

Comrade Bryant engaged in business in New York Ci until his retirement, seven years ago, when he returned to t State he loved, making his home in Orlando, Fla. He was member of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York a was anticipating with peculiar interest attending the Reuni at Jacksonville when stricken with a fatal illness. As a s dier he was plucky and steadfast, with the highest sense honor, duty, and fidelity. As a man he clung always to t finest ideals—a true gentleman of the old school, whose co tesy and courtly manner, whose fine temperament and ra magnetism, drew to him all, of high or low estate, with wh he came in contact.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church, a man of stro but simple faith, whose life was an example and whose pr ence radiated kindness and good will toward all men.



DAVIS HALL BRYANT.

James W. Blackmore.

James W. Blackmore, son of W. M. and Rachel Barry Blackmore, was born March 9, 1843, in Gallatin, Tenn., where he answered to the last roll call on the morning of May 11, 1914. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company I, 2d Tennessee Infantry, of which regiment Gen. W. B. Bate was first colonel. Comrade Blackmore served with his regiment four years to a day, first being ordered to Virginia. After participating in the various maneuvers of the army before the battle of Manassas, in which the regiment was engaged, it was ordered to join the Army of Tennessee at Corinth, Miss., and got there in time to do gallant fighting at Shiloh.

To tell the story of Comrade Blackmore's army service would be to give the story of the Army of Tennessee through Richmond and Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the entire Georgia campaign from Dalton to Atlanta, the advance and retreat of General Hood, the transfer to North Carolina of the remnant of the army, and its final surrender at Greensboro under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Throughout these campaigns his record as a gallant soldier and true gentleman was without spot or blemish. A great part of his service was as ordnance sergeant of his regiment, from which he was promoted to brigade ordnance officer with the rank of lieutenant of artillery just before the surrender.

It is not my purpose to speak of the matchless citizenship of my friend and comrade from the time he returned to Gallatin to take up the duties that confronted him till his death. His history would be but that of the upbuilding of his native town and State and has been told by those with whom he was associated in his noble work. As friend and comrade I knew and loved him, and during the close intimacy of our army service I never heard him utter a word that would have caused a lady to blush. Partaking of the same mess, however short the ration, the same gentle courtesy and propriety were observed by him as would be accorded a guest at his table at home.

More is the life of such a man than walls of lasting stone.

[Sketch by William J. Durbin, Norfolk, Va.]

Charles W. Carter.

Comrade Charles W. Carter, a gallant Confederate soldier and Christian gentleman, died at his residence, Norfolk, Va., July 22, 1914, in the seventieth year of his age. Early in the sixties he enlisted in the 13th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, Chambliss's Brigade, W. H. F. Lee's division, A. N. V. While Grant's army was around Petersburg he was detailed as relay courier for Gen. R. E. Lee, and in this daring service in the enemy's lines he was captured and carried a prisoner to Newport News, Va., from which place he escaped, crossing the James River at night in a small boat.

Comrade Carter was a member of A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate Veterans, and a member of Petersburg Lodge, A. F. and A. M., both of which paid their last tribute of respect to his memory when he was laid to rest in old Blandford Cemetery, Petersburg, Va.

Thomas Vigis.

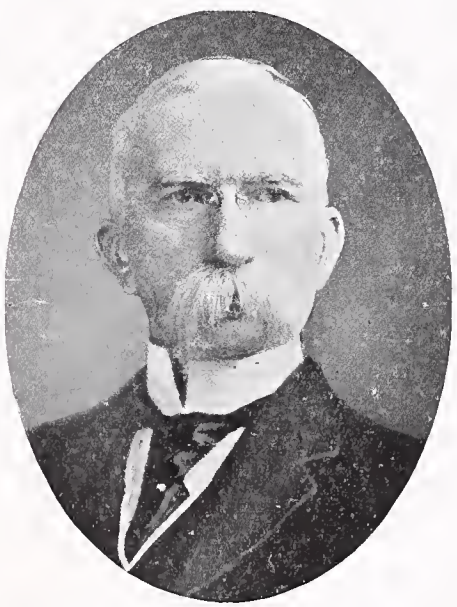
Thomas Vigis died at Hawlin, Va., October 29, 1914. He was born January 28, 1838, in Parish Little Munden, Hertfordshire, England. Coming to this country in 1860, he was in Atlanta, Ga., when the war came on and joined the Fulton Dragoons, Cobb's Legion, Hampton's Brigade. During the war he met Miss Fisher, of Rappahannock County, Va., whom he later married. After the war he settled at Hawlin, Va., where he was a popular and successful merchant, as he had been a faithful and true soldier, beloved and respected by all who came in contact with him as a true man, a consistent Christian, and a devoted parent. He leaves a wife and two children. He was buried in the Episcopal cemetery of the Church in which he had been a faithful member and worker for fifty years. Daughters of the Confederacy placed Confederate flags over his bier, and his loved ones pinned his cross of honor on his breast. As his former pastor I can testify to his true and faithful devotion to duty.

[Sketch by Rev. Arthur P. Gray, Jr.]

Lorenzo Star Brown.

Camp No. 171, U. C. V., of Washington, D. C., announces with deep regret the death of an honored member, Lorenzo Star Brown, late General Agent of the Southern Railway, who died in Washington September 12, 1914. Of this comrade and friend, Magnus S. Thompson writes:

"Lorenzo Star Brown was born in Covington, Ga., in 1847, and as a mere boy entered the Confederate army as color bearer of Company F, 64th Georgia Infantry, serving in Florida, Georgia, and Virginia to the close of the war. He was captured in the battle of Olustee, Fla., but later escaped and rejoined his command, which was subsequently transferred to Virginia and attached to Wright's Brigade, Mahone's Division, A. P. Hill's corps. He participated in the repulse of the enemy at the time of the explosion of the crater at Petersburg and endured the hardships and shared the dangers in the trenches about the besieged city, surrendering finally with the army at Appomattox.



LORENZO STAR BROWN.

"Returning to his devastated State, Lorenzo Brown went to work on his farm, but later accepted a position as agent of the Southern Express Company at Montgomery, Ala. Subsequently he entered the service of various railroads, such as the Georgia Pacific, Virginia Midland, Baltimore and Ohio, Norfolk and Western, and finally the Southern, which he served to the date of his death as general agent. He rose rapidly in the various positions he held and was widely known throughout the country for his ability and lovable personality. He was commissioned colonel on the staff of the Governor of Georgia in 1896, although a resident of Washington since 1886.

"He married Miss Mary Ruth McDaniel, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., who survives him, their four children having been taken away some years ago.

"A braver soldier or better citizen never lived, and in his death this Camp and this community suffer an irreparable loss."

Capt. James A. Maxwell.

Capt. James A. Maxwell passed "over the river" on the 13th of September, 1914. He was born in Polk County, Ga., in January, 1842, and enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 as a member of Company D, 1st Alabama Cavalry. He was afterwards transferred to Company G, 12th Alabama Regiment, and served with the Army of Tennessee as part of Wheeler's Cavalry, taking part in the battle of Corinth, Miss., and also in the raid into Kentucky under General Bragg. He was in the battle of Chickamauga and in the engagements from there to Jonesboro. His command followed Sherman to the sea and into North Carolina, surrendering at Bentonville. Captain Maxwell refused to surrender and, with five or six of his men, made his way back to his home, in Cleburne County, Ala. The trip was full of adventures. They hid in the woods through the day, sometimes so close to the road that they could see the Yankee scouts, and at one time the Yankees opened fire upon them. Captain Maxwell and his men returned the compliment and then ran, making their escape. They reached home safely with horses and army equipments.

Captain Maxwell went in as a private, but rose to the command of his company. He went to Texas in 1869 to begin life anew. He began farming and prospered. His home was always open to all friends, and especially to old Confederates, and he lent a helping hand to the needy and distressed.

Captain Maxwell was First Lieutenant of the Roxton Camp, U. C. V., and his death was deeply mourned by his comrades and other friends.

Gen. Thomas L. Singleton.

Thomas Lewis Singleton, Major General U. C. V., died at his home, in Los Angeles, Cal., on November 17, 1914.

Thomas Singleton enlisted in MacDonald's 10th Missouri Regiment at the age of seventeen and served throughout the war. He was wounded in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., and left on the battle field as dead. After he had recovered, he was promoted to color sergeant and was actively engaged in all the important Western battles, and throughout he served gallantly.

At the close of the war he operated a freight caravan between Denver, Colo., and St. Joseph, Mo., and became known along the transcontinental trails as a noted Indian fighter. Later he emigrated to Northern California in a prairie schooner. He went to Los Angeles with his family about three years ago.

Major General Singleton descended from Revolutionary stock. His ancestors were among the first of the white race to enter Kentucky, having emigrated there with Daniel Boone's first expedition. Several years ago he organized the Pap Price Camp of the United Confederate Veterans at Colusa, Cal.

He was buried in the colors of the cause for which he fought—the Confederate flag across his breast. He is survived by his wife and three sons.

H. B. Brittain.

H. B. Brittain died November 10, 1914, at the home of his nephew, O. D. Brittain, at Kemp, Tex. He suffered for many years from acute chronic rheumatism, by which he was rendered helpless at the last; but he had the tender care of his devoted nephew and family. Comrade Brittain enlisted in the Confederate army at Prairieville, Tex., joining the 7th Texas Infantry, and served without furlough until the close of the war. He was in twenty-seven regular engagements and was captured twice, the last time being carried to New York in the hull of a vessel without ventilation only as air was pumped down. Notwithstanding scurvy and other diseases, which carried away many, he was spared to return to his home, in Texas, after hostilities ceased.

Comrade Brittain was a member of the Masonic Fraternity from 1870 and a faithful member of the Missionary Baptist Church. He was anxious to join the U. C. V. Camp at Kemp, Tex., but was never able to attend the meetings. Confederate comrades, fellow Masons, and other friends followed his body to the grave, where the services were conducted by the Masons, and he was laid to rest till the morn of resurrection.

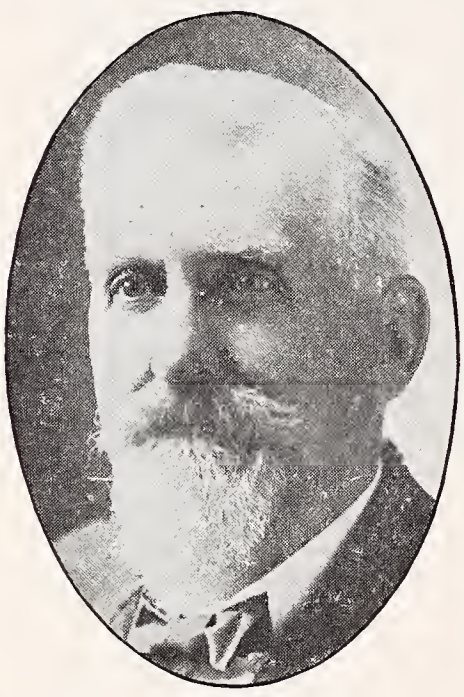
William T. Darracott.

William T. Darracott, of Studley, Hanover County, Va., answered the last roll call on August 14, 1914. He was a member of Sturdivant's Battery of Light Artillery, A. N. V., having enlisted in April, 1862, and was paroled in Hanover County in May, 1865. By industry and economy Comrade Darracott accumulated considerable property. He was a highly respected citizen of his community. He was a brave soldier, and in recognition of his faithful service the Hanover Chapter, U. D. C., awarded him the cross of honor last year. His funeral took place from Immanuel Episcopal Church, Henrico County, August 16, conducted by his pastor, Rev. E E. Osgood, in the presence of many friends and loved ones.

Deaths in Ewell Camp, C. V.

[Commander Westwood Hutchison, of Ewell Camp, C. V., Manassas, Va., reports the loss of two worthy members.]

Henry Fairfax Lynn was born in Loudoun County November 8, 1842, but his parents removed to Prince William County when he was seven years old, and his boyhood was spent on the farm. At the breaking out of the War between the States he enlisted in Prince William Cavalry and was taken prisoner at Fairfax Courthouse in one of the first engagements of the war. During the summer following he was exchanged and returned to his command and was wounded at Chancellorsville. Recovering from his wound, he again entered active service and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox.



HENRY FAIRFAX LYNN.

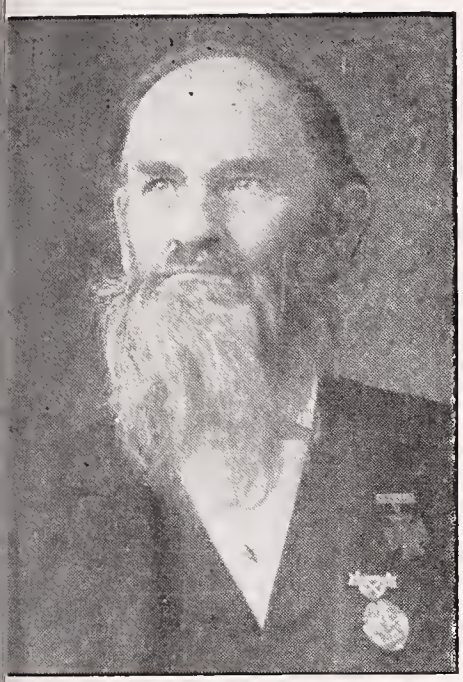
Comrade Lynn put into his soldier life those elements of energy and pluck which in after years marked him as a successful business man. He was married to Miss Mollie Holmes in November, 1869. At the death of his father, in 1870, he took charge of his father's estate, and he was soon recognized as a man of fine business ability. When the National Bank of Manassas was organized, in 1895, he

was selected as its President and so continued to the time of his death, October 5, 1914.

Comrade Lynn was one of the charter members of Ewell Camp, C. V., and a member of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Manassas.

George William Johnson.

George William Johnson, son of Col. Joseph Johnson and Emily (Wheatly) Johnson, was born October 22, 1845. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in Company H, 4th Virginia Cavalry, known as the Black Horse Cavalry. His record as a soldier, like that of his citizenship, was loyal and true.



G. W. JOHNSON.

In 1864 he was honorably discharged on account of disabilities caused by injuries received at Gettysburg.

For a number of years Comrade Johnson was Treasurer of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Manassas and also Treasurer of Ewell Camp, U. C. V., which office he held at the time of his death. Both of these organizations have lost a valuable member, one who could always be counted on.

John H. Archer.

John H. Archer died at his home, near Mount Calm, Tex., November 13, 1914. He was one of the pioneer settlers of Limestone County, Tex., and his thrift, energy, and influence went a long way toward making that a peaceful and prosperous community. It was then an open cattle country, and herds of thousands of cattle dotted its expansive prairies, which time and civilization have transferred into beautiful homes and farms and communities of intelligent and prosperous people. His home was the stopping place of the wayfarer and traveler. They were always welcome. He was universally loved and respected, and many came to him for advice and counsel. His home, with the grounds surrounding it, is probably about the only one in the county that has retained through all the years since its settlement its old-fashioned pioneer appearance.

Mr. Archer was a Confederate veteran and a member of Joe Johnston Camp at Mexia. He was a corporal in Company F, 36th Mississippi Regiment, Sears's Brigade, French's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of the Gulf. He was captured near the end of the war and sent to Ship Island, and remained a prisoner to the end.

He was born in Henry County, Ga., in 1830, and went to Texas directly after the war. He married first Miss Lemmons, of Mississippi. His second wife was Mrs. Sarah L. (Crist) Chaffin-Anglin. By his first marriage there were five children.

Capt. Edward S. Parker.

Capt. E. S. Parker was born in Cumberland County, N. C., June 14, 1838, and died in Graham, N. C., July 27, 1914. He was practicing law in Goldsboro, N. C., at the beginning of the War between the States. He joined the Goldsboro Rifles, which was ordered to Fort Macon and, with other companies of the State, took possession of the fort. Later Captain Parker became a member of Company H, 2d Regiment of North Carolina Troops. He went with his regiment to Virginia, remaining until 1862, when he was made commissary of the 50th Regiment, with the rank of captain. While with his regiment in North Carolina he was taken prisoner and carried to old Fort Norfolk and held in close confinement. After several weeks, he and his fellow prisoners—ninety-odd Confederate officers—were put upon the transport Maple Leaf and, guarded by a company of Federal soldiers, started for Fort Delaware. Scarcely out of sight of Fortress Monroe, these prisoners captured the entire company and took possession of the vessel. Some of the prisoners were suffering from sickness and wounds received in battle, so only seventy-six escaped. These seventy-six officers were put ashore south of Cape Henry Lighthouse. Reaching Currituck Sound, in North Carolina, they soon found that their escape had been reported and that Federal cavalry were after them. The loyal people of Northeastern North Carolina concealed them by day in the forests and piloted them by night in the direction of the Confederate lines. They were in three squads under different guides. After two weeks, they reached safety, meeting in Weldon, N. C., not a man missing, and parted for their several commands.

Captain Parker was the first sentinel posted in North Carolina. After the war he resumed the practice of law, locating in Alamance County, N. C., where he resided until his death.

Should this sketch be read by any survivors of the Maple Leaf, the Graham Chapter, U. D. C., at Graham, N. C., would be glad to communicate with them.

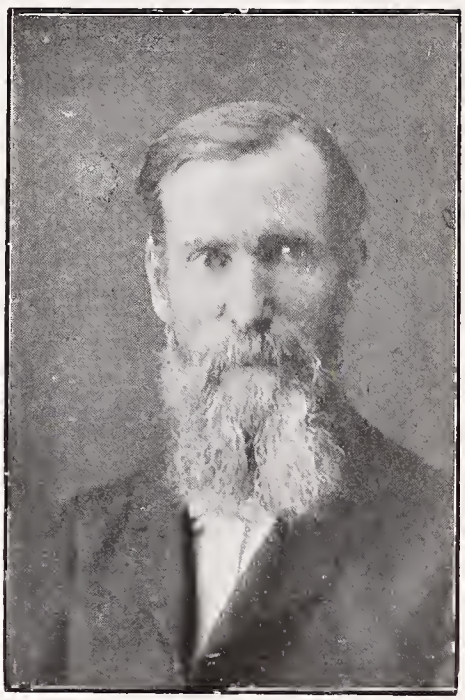
James E. Clarke.

James E. Clarke, one of Cumberland County's oldest and most highly esteemed citizens, passed away at his home, in Sunny Side, Va., on the 29th of July, 1914. He was the son of Thomas B. and Anne Palmore Clarke. He was born April 27, 1840, and his early education was under the best private tutors of the day. He entered the senior class at Emory and Henry College, Virginia, in 1860, to fit himself for the medical profession; but in answer to the first call of his country, in 1861, he joined Company G, 44th Virginia Infantry, and remained with that command until ill health disqualified him for that arm of the service. He was then transferred to Company G, 3d Virginia Cavalry, under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, and joined that command at the White House. He remained with that company all through the trying scenes of a cavalryman's experiences until April 1, 1865, when he was captured in the sharpshooters' line at Five Forks, Dinwiddie County, Va., and was taken to Point Lookout as a prisoner of war. He was discharged in June, 1865, after four years in the service of his country as a gallant, faithful, and courageous soldier.

Comrade Clarke was an active and earnest worker in his Church, and as a prominent citizen he took part in all movements pertaining to the uplift of his fellow men. In his home the strength and beauty of his life and character were expressed in greatest fullness. As husband and father he was the embodiment of the highest ideals. He is survived by his wife and ten children.

Capt. R. P. McClain.

Capt. R. P. McClain passed away on December 5 at his home, in Lebanon, Tenn., aged seventy-seven years. He was born and reared in Wilson County. He was a graduate of both the literary and law departments of Cumberland University and engaged in the practice of law. He was also clerk and master for his town and county court clerk for sixteen years. He represented Wilson County in the legislature and had served as special judge of the chancery and circuit courts. He was a trustee of Cumberland University and for sixteen years president of the board of directors of the Lebanon public schools. Captain McClain was Sunday school superintendent for over forty years, was president of the board of stewards, and was chairman of the joint board of finance of the Tennessee Conference for a like period.



CAPT. R. P. M'CLAIN.

At the beginning of the war Captain McClain volunteered in Company H, 7th Tennessee Regiment, and was made quartermaster sergeant, then quartermaster of the 7th Tennessee Regiment; afterwards he was made brigade quartermaster. At the close of the war he was paymaster-general for A. P. Hill's corps. Captain McClain was always interested in anything that affected his old comrades. He was Adjutant of the A. G. Shepherd Camp, attending all the Confederate Reunions, and he was an honorary member of the Lebanon Chapter, U. D. C.

Captain McClain married Miss Hester Jefferson McKensie, and together they made the highest type of Christian home until her death, four years ago. He leaves a son and two daughters. The members of the A. G. Shepherd Camp of Confederate Veterans acted as honorary pallbearers, and acting with them were the Daughters of the Confederacy of Lebanon Chapter and the stewards of the Methodist Church

Thomas H. Robinson.

Thomas H. Robinson died at his home, near Spring City, Tenn., on December 4, 1914, after a long period of suffering.

During the year 1861 he joined the Confederate army under Capt. Burton Lenty, Company A, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. James E. Carter. In the four years of his service he never intentionally missed a roll call or shirked a single duty, it mattered not how arduous, dangerous, or difficult. He was always in the thickest of the fight, always did his share or more than his share of the fighting, and it was not his fault in a single instance that our cause failed to triumph. He had kept his parole as a cherished possession.

He was a Christian gentleman, a good citizen, a good husband, a good neighbor, and a splendid specimen of brave, courageous manhood, and his comrades who served with him during those perilous times will sadly miss him.

Deaths in Joe Johnston Camp.

Adjt. H. W. Williams has reported the following deaths in Joe Johnston Camp, No. 94, Mexia, Tex., from July, 1912, to July, 1914:

Stephen Finley Bond, born near Knoxville, Tenn., died at Mexia, Tex., aged seventy-eight years; private in Company G, Texas State Troops.

John Butler, born in North Carolina, died at Mexia, Tex., aged seventy-five years; private in Company A, 5th Alabama Infantry.

Fielding Yeager Dake, born at Danville, Ky., died at Corsicana, Tex., aged seventy-eight years; captain of Company F, 9th Missouri Infantry.

Henry Clay Joiner, born in Henry County, Ala., died at Groesbeck, Tex., aged seventy years; orderly sergeant Company E, 19th Texas Infantry.

Jacob Parsons, born in North Carolina, died at Groesbeck, Tex., aged seventy-seven years; private in Company G, 4th Georgia Cavalry.

George Washington Ross, born in Kentucky, died near Mexia, Tex., aged eighty-two years; private in Company H, 4th Missouri Cavalry.

Jasper Stedman, born in Alabama, died at Wortham, Tex., aged seventy-three years; private in Company C, 5th Alabama Infantry.

Richard P. Ward, born in Henry County, Ga., died at Mexia, Tex., aged sixty-four years; private in Company F, 12th Texas Cavalry.

Marion Adams, born in Obion County, Tenn., died at Mexia, Tex., aged eighty-six years; first lieutenant of Company D, 20th Texas Infantry.

William L. Adams, born in DeKalb County, Tenn., died near Mexia, Tex., aged seventy-six years; private in Company B, 10th Texas Infantry.

A. W. Burford, born in Jefferson County, Ala., died at Fort Worth, Tex., aged sixty-eight years; private in Company A, 7th Alabama Cavalry.

Thomas J. Gibson, born in Baldwin County, Ga., died in Mexia, Tex., aged seventy-one years; private in Company B, 12th Georgia Infantry.

A. M. Nabors, born in Shelby County, Ala., died near Mart, Tex., aged sixty-seven years; sergeant of Company H, 49th Alabama Infantry.

M. L. Priddy, born in Alabama, died near Groesbeck, Tex., aged seventy-eight years; sergeant of Company F, 31st Mississippi Infantry.

J. J. Henderson.

J. J. Henderson was born August 23, 1845, in Newton County, Ga., and died at his home, in Alexandria, Ala., March 8, 1914. He served as a soldier in Company H, 14th Alabama Regiment of Volunteers, from 1861 to 1865, and was paroled at Appomattox. In 1867 he married Miss Permelia A. Giles, and to them were born five children, three of whom survive. His second wife was Mrs. Maggie Wakefield, of Alexandria.

Comrade Henderson enlisted in Company H, 14th Alabama, in 1862, and was a faithful soldier to the close of the war. His comrades of Camp No. 246, U. C. V., have paid tribute to his memory by resolutions of respect and appreciation through the committee composed of J. B. Stapp, Dr. J. W. Heacock, and Dr. O'Hara. He was a deacon in the Baptist Church. His home was one of hospitality and cheerfulness.

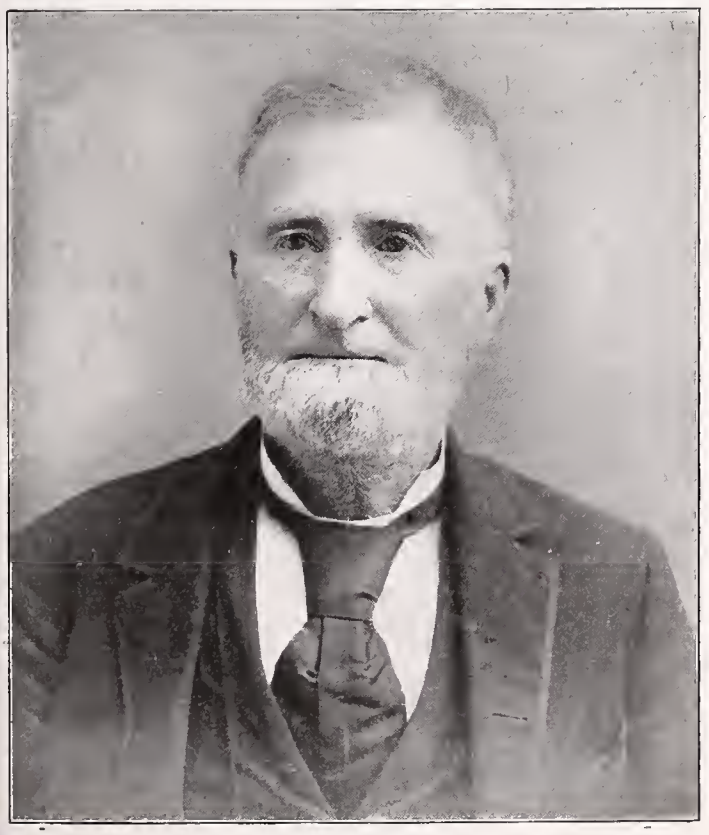
COL. EDWARDS JEREMIAH GURLEY.

BY J. C. SMITH, WACO, TEX.

On July 4, 1914, Col. Edwards J. Gurley passed over the river to "rest under the shade of the trees." At the breaking out of the War between the States E. J. Gurley at Richmond was given a commission by President Davis to raise and organize a regiment of cavalry in Texas to serve the Southern Confederacy. Proceeding to Texas, in a short while young Gurley succeeded in raising a regiment of cavalry consisting of ten companies of one hundred men each, the flower of young Texas manhood. Refusing to take advantage of the commission that he held, when the regiment rendezvoused near Waco the first act was an election of officers. E. J. Gurley was enthusiastically elected colonel; N. W. Battle, lieutenant colonel; —— Davenport, major; O. H. Leland, adjutant; Henry Robinson, sergeant major.

This regiment was known as the 30th Texas Cavalry, and the company commanders were: Company A, Capt. T. K. Lillard, who is now living near Waco and is a successful farmer; Company B, Capt. Pat Morris; Company C, Capt. Oscar J. Downs; Company D, Captain Strayhorn; Company E, Captain Caruthers; Company F, Captain McCurry; Company G, Captain Frost; Company H, Capt. Jack Puckett; Company I, Capt. Lafayette Smith, of Dallas County; Company J, Capt. L. W. Goodrich. The regiment was assigned to the Trans-Mississippi Department and served in the Indian Territory, Arkansas, and Texas.

Colonel Gurley commanded the respect and love of all his officers and men. Personally, each and every one was his warm friend both during the war and afterwards. He was one of them; they had his love and sympathy. Even the lowliest private or teamster could approach him with confidence that his grievance would be listened to and his wrongs righted, and yet he demanded implicit obedience and discipline from his men. His character was remarkable in that he at all times before, during, and after the war commanded the respect, love, and confidence of his fellow men in all walks of life. With a heart always ready to respond to the cry of distress and a hand ever reaching out to help the unfortunate, his sterling worth and unexcelled legal ability placed him above reproach.



COL. E. J. GURLEY.

While Colonel Gurley was brave, gentle, and kind, yet when it came to asserting and defending his rights he was a lion. This trait in his character was demonstrated when the brigade to which his regiment was attached lost its commander. Colonel Gurley was the senior regimental commander; but General Magruder sent Colonel Bankhead, who was Colonel Gurley's junior, to the brigade with orders to all regimental commanders to report to him as colonel commanding. This Colonel Gurley declined to do and was promptly arrested and ordered before a court-martial. He was taken to Galveston and Houston for trial and was triumphantly vindicated and later was colonel commanding a brigade.

It was my misfortune to be too young to enter the service until near the close of the war in 1864. Colonel Gurley administered the oath of a soldier to J. L. Robinson and me on September 13, 1864, one mile north of Waco, and we went on and joined the regiment where South McAlester is now in Oklahoma. The regiment went into winter quarters at the mouth of Mill Creek, near Rocky Comfort, Ark., and it was disbanded near Hempstead, Tex., under Gen. W. H. ("Wild Bill") Parsons.

On returning home Colonel Gurley resumed his law practice, succeeding in clearing up titles to large land grants in McLennon, Falls, and Williamson Counties, thus accumulating large and fertile tracts of land. His land holdings could at one time be compared to a dukedom. Colonel Gurley had emigrated to Texas from Alabama in 1852 and became a practicing attorney of the celebrated firm of Gurley & Blocker at Waco, Tex. His practice consisted largely of land litigation, in which he was remarkably successful. It became necessary during his practice to come in contact with the most desperate and fearless men in Texas, men who had no regard for life; but he never faltered in the discharge of his duties, often arguing cases before the court with his hand on his six-shooter ready for action.

Colonel Gurley was an intensely religious man, and yet he was a free thinker, reasoning things out himself. He died in Christ, passing away like a child dropping into dreamless sleep. I should like to speak of his services to the State and society during the dark days of Reconstruction, which were thrilling and untiring. The last year or two of his life were spent as an invalid. While his body was confined, his wonderful brain was ever active, and by his great reasoning qualities he elucidated and demonstrated many abstruse problems in science and psychology.

Colonel Gurley is survived by his wife and three children. Mrs. M. A. Brooks, of Waco, Tex., and Mrs. W. B. Taft, of Seattle, Wash., are the two daughters. John Gurley, the only son living, is a farmer at Gurley Station, fifteen miles below Waco, where he manages one of his father's tracts of land of over three thousand acres. He is considered one of the most successful and prosperous farmers in Texas.

A touching feature of the funeral was the presence of some of his old slaves, who brought a handsome floral tribute and mingled their tears with those of the family. They had never forgotten his kindness when they were nominally his slaves, but practically his children, for he treated them as such. Their being free made no difference, for when they needed assistance they never appealed to their old master in vain.

A BOY'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

(Continued from page 7.)

There was one feature of that great battle while it was raging in the nighttime that impressed me very much. Various sounds, that were at once weird and distressing, came up out of the darkness. Officers giving commands to the troops, wounded men calling for help, cattle lowing, horses whinnying, mules braying, dogs howling and barking—all this added to the general uproar of the battle.

Another feature which I remember distinctly was that from the flash of the guns in the night you could see how the soldiers continually overshot each other. This was especially true when the fighting was close to the breastworks, where the flashes almost crossed each other.

THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM AT RICHMOND, VA.

There was recently unveiled at the Confederate Museum in Richmond, Va., the model of Sir Moses Ezekiel's statue, "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," which was designed to commemorate the gallant Virginia Military Institute boys in the battle of New Market. Being the work of such a world-famed sculptor, it needs no words of praise to establish its merit. This beautiful bronze model from Sir Moses' studio in Rome recalls the bravery of those V. M. I. cadets for which history has no parallel. Sir Moses Ezekiel was one of those boys and a Virginian. Now he has given to the Confederate Museum this touchingly sad and beautiful statue, feeling that its most suitable place is within those portals, where so much that is priceless pertaining to Confederate history is cared for by loyal Southern women.

With the anniversary of Gen. R. E. Lee's birth on January 19 drawing near, our thoughts and feelings turn to our great leader and his heroic troops. Monuments have been reared attesting loyalty to the Southern cause, yet there is still a demand upon our loyalty which should no longer be delayed. That demand is the endowment of this Confederate Museum, which was once the White House of the Confederacy and which now belongs, room by room, to all of the original Southern States. The responsibility for and ownership of this historic building rests equally upon each State. With its vast array of Confederate relics, its invaluable collection of original manuscripts and newspaper clippings of that period, we treasure within its walls our history, general and personal. That this historic repository for such treasures, sent from all of the Southern States, should have existed nearly twenty years without a suitable endowment fund is scarcely credited by the thousands who yearly visit this Museum. Its twenty-five-cent door fees and annual $1 membership fees are more than absorbed by the expenses of heat, janitor, insurance, house regent, repairs, etc. (No official of the society in charge has ever received one cent of compensation for the work done.) The society, ever struggling to keep its expenses down, is now anxiously awaiting the time when an endowment fund, established by each State for its own room, will lift the Confederate Museum from its struggling existence into the rank of all other museums, which are either in private hands or else endowed as national or State possessions. To realize that its treasures are continually increasing we have only to note this recent gift.

With such priceless memorials in the South's keeping, should we not hasten this endowment fund, which each State has begun, but which few have pushed forward even to a prospect of completion? Should we not make this our special aim? What we fail to do we cannot expect others to accomplish. A strong, united effort of the South's Sons of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy can easily and quickly settle upon the Museum a fund that will forever make it and its unrivaled treasures a perpetual memorial to the most heroic soldiers, from officers to privates, that the world has ever known. Our soldiers never faltered nor shirked the fire of battle. Surely we can do this much for their memory, thus establishing a memorial to the whole South, for by their work in and for it the women also would thus have a memorial to their loyalty, past and present.

THEIR GOLDEN YEARS.

Dr. Alfred Jones and Miss Maxie Harris were married in Cornersville, Marshall County, Tenn., on July 8, 1862. This picture was taken July 8, 1912, on their golden wedding day.



DR. AND MRS. JONES ON THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

Dr. Jones was a faithful soldier during the entire four years of the war. He enlisted with the 3d Tennessee Regiment in May, 1861, under Col. John C. Brown, and was captured at Fort Donelson and carried to Camp Chase. He made his escape, getting to Corinth on the second day of the battle. He was placed in the medical department of the 17th and 23d Tennessee Regiments, in which capacity he served until the close of the war, going to Richmond with General Longstreet's command. He had been dangerously sick and was in the officers' hospital when General Lee surrendered.

After the surrender Dr. Jones returned to his farm, at Cornersville, Tenn., and resumed the practice of medicine, in which he quickly achieved success and an enviable reputation as a surgeon. His success as a farmer also enabled him to do a great deal of charity practice, a benevolence that delighted the heart of this big-hearted, broad-minded humanitarian. Later political honors were thrust upon him, and three times he was elected to the State Senate and once to the Lower House.

Three "worthy sons of a worthy sire" have blessed this union, all now worthy residents of Marshall County. To-day,

surrounded by a beloved wife and loyal sons, loved and respected by a large circle of friends, Dr. Jones is rounding out a life spent in untiring service for others.

"WITH SABER AND SCALPEL."

An Autobiography of a Soldier and Surgeon. By John Allan Wyeth, M.D., LL.D. Harper & Brothers, publishers, New York. Price, $3 net.

This is the life story of one of the most remarkable and distinguished men of this generation. It is an inspiring account of the progress of a boy from an old Southern plantation through the experiences of a Confederate cavalryman, student of medicine, manager of a cotton plantation, cattle buyer, building contractor, steamboat pilot, New York doctor, to the position of one of the greatest surgeons of the world, scientist and philanthropist, founder of the Philanthropic Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital of New York. It is a story of wonderful achievements, of marvelous and varied attainments, and reveals a character worthy of the highest admiration, an inspiration to generous and noble ambition. And withal the story is told with an artless simplicity, an evident sincerity, a boyish enthusiasm, a breezy freshness, and a genial humor that make it one of the most delightful books I have ever read.

Years ago I read one of Sir Samuel Baker's books which was dedicated to "All Boys between Eight and Eighty"; and as I read this autobiography and recalled the memories of the old days, of fun and frolic, of marching and fighting, I felt that here is a book by a "boy" of seventy that is enjoyed by another of the old "boys" of nearly eighty and should appeal to all boys of fewer years.

I had read Dr. Wyeth's life of General Forrest and was ready to welcome anything from a writer of such clearness, force, and literary charm. It would require half of this number of the VETERAN to do justice to this book. It represents with vividness the life of the Old South, its various characters, both the plain people and the so-called aristocracy. It portrays the negro life and character and the kindly relations of the races. It tells of the abolition fanaticism that brought on the War between the States, and it has a special and valuable chapter on that murderer and thief, John Brown, and the effort of Kansas to perpetuate his memory as a hero and martyr.

The story of the boy soldier entering the army at seventeen and for three years facing the hardships and dangers of the camp, the march, and the battle field, and of his enduring the horrors of a Federal prison, is thrilling in its courage and patience. Then when the outrage of Reconstruction came upon the South the story of his struggles to gain the means to secure a medical education by faithful service in various lines of work shows the strength of the man's character. Then as a surgeon in New York his work, step by step, led him to the highest point of his profession and gave him a world-wide fame and enabled him to found and successfully conduct the medical school and hospital, the polyclinic for postgraduate work. All this shows a noble soul devoted to the highest interests of humanity.

The last page of the book is a brief account of his wonderful discoveries and operations in surgery. This is followed by a few poems published by the author in various magazines, and these show that he could have shone brilliantly in the higher walks of literature if he had given his great powers that direction. He is a man of wondrous versatility and accomplishments.

Surely the Old South has no reason to be ashamed of the race or of the civilization that produced such splendid characters as Robert E. Lee, Dr. J. Marion Sims, Dr. John Allan Wyeth, and the long roll of their comrades, men who feared God, reverenced womanhood, and loved their country at the sacrifice of life when duty called. These are they

> "Who kept the lamp of chivalry
> Alight in hearts of gold."

John Allan Wyeth, descended on both sides from ancestors who were prominent and worthy in the settlement and defense of the country, was born and brought up in the pioneer village of Guntersville, Ala., on the Tennessee River. His parents were Louis Weiss Wyeth, a lawyer and Presbyterian elder, and Euphemia, daughter of Rev. John Allan, for many years pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Huntsville. His life on the plantation was varied by occasional visits to the fine society of Huntsville. After a few years in the county schools, he spent one year in LaGrange Military Academy and then in the army and in prison until the close of the war. Dr. Wyeth was born May 25, 1845. After securing his medical education through many difficulties, he settled in New York, where he has become the head of his profession. On April 10, 1886, he was married to Florence Nightingale Sims, daughter of the great surgeon J. Marion Sims. One daughter and two sons inherit his name and fame.

Once in a while through his book Dr. Wyeth refers humorously to the Westminster Confession of Faith and its influence in his bringing up. I trust he will pardon an old Confederate soldier who has preached the doctrines of that confession for over fifty years if he should think that that venerable standard of the faith, duly enforced in his youth, had much to do in making him the grand man he is. May he be spared many years to enrich science and literature and to bless humanity by his work!

JAMES H. MCNEILLY, D.D.

A STONEWALL JACKSON CALENDAR.

In its effort to raise funds for the erection of a monument to Stonewall Jackson in the town of his birth, Clarksburg, W. Va., Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 1333, U. D. C., is issuing this year an entirely new calendar for 1915.

This calendar consists of four leaves besides the cover, 7x11 inches in size, and is printed on gray post card stock of a soft, velvety finish. It contains the favorite portrait of General Jackson, surrounded by an old-fashioned oval frame, a sketch of his birthplace, a picture of the bronze tablet erected by the local Chapter on the site of his old home, a view of the historic Jackson Cemetery (the proposed site for the erection of the monument), showing the graves of Jackson's father and sister, and a photograph of the plaster cast submitted by Fred M. Torey for the proposed monument to Stonewall Jackson in Clarksburg.

The purchasers of these calendars will not only have an attractive souvenir of the beloved general, but will enjoy also the privilege of sharing in the honoring of his memory.

The calendar will cost only 50 cents, and we are asking you to order one or more, to exhibit them, and to further their sale by any means in your power.

All orders should be addressed to Mrs. Florence B. Ogden, Treasurer Stonewall Jackson Monument Fund, 221 West Main Street, Clarksburg, W. Va.

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J. F. SHIPP, Q. M. Gen., U. C. V.
Chattanooga, Tennessee

Mrs. Aaron Green, of Shelbyville, Tenn., makes inquiry for some information of her father's record. Abraham Rosenthal, a German, was a shoemaker by trade and enlisted somewhere in Georgia. He was under Stonewall Jackson and was present when Jackson was killed. He was taken prisoner at Richmond, Va., but escaped. Any information would be gladly received.

WANTED

Will pay cash for the following pistols and guns: I want a Fayetteville C. S. A. horse pistol; Harper's Ferry pistols of any date; Springfield Model and date 1818; Virginia Manufactory pistol, 1806; a Cook & Brothers carbine, made at New Orleans or Athens, Ga.; a Tyler, Tex., C. S. musket; a Pulaski, Tenn., 1861, musket; a Dickson, Nelson & Co. C. S. Alabama, 1865, musket; a Lindsay two-hammer horse pistol.

If any reader of the VETERAN has any of the above weapons, write me, giving "marks" on all or any of the arms and their condition. Address

C. E. TRIBBETT, DARLINGTON, IND.

J. W. Homer, of Company C, 69th Ohio Infantry, wants to locate the knapsack he lost on the last day of December, 1862. In the early morning of December 31 the 69th Ohio was commanded to stack knapsacks. Soon after this the great battle of Stone's River commenced, and the regiment retired in somewhat of a hurry and did not halt until it reached the railroad cut. Whoever got it knows by the letters it contained to whom it belonged. He would be glad to get it back. Address him at Box 48, Louisville, Kans.

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E. D. Brazier, of Franklin, Tex., would like to communicate with any of the comrades of Jacob Parsons, who served in Company G, 4th Georgia Cavalry.

Mrs. Henry B. Nettles, of Romeo, Fla., wants to know if there are any living comrades of her husband, Henry B. (Bull) Nettles, who was a member of Company H, Old Hampton Legion.

C. W. Ford, of Tulia, Tex., wishes to communicate with some surviving comrade who can testify to the war record of G. W. Kegans, of Captain Doty's company, Randall's Regiment. He enlisted from Leon County, Tex. His wife is seeking a pension.

Mrs. Amanda Dufford, wishing to get a pension, inquires for some surviving comrade of her husband, Eugene Dufford, a Frenchman, who enlisted October 26, 1861, in Company E, 1st South Carolina Cavalry. He was wounded in the battle of Shiloh and also in some other battle. The roll of his company dated December 1, 1864, reports him as present. Address Mrs. Dufford in care of L. C. Arnold, Union City, Tenn.



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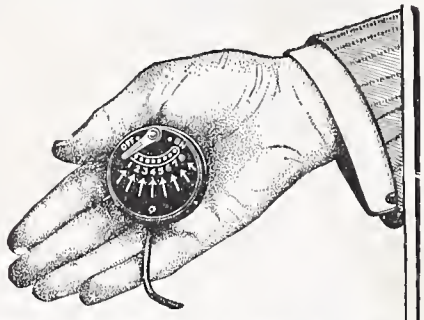
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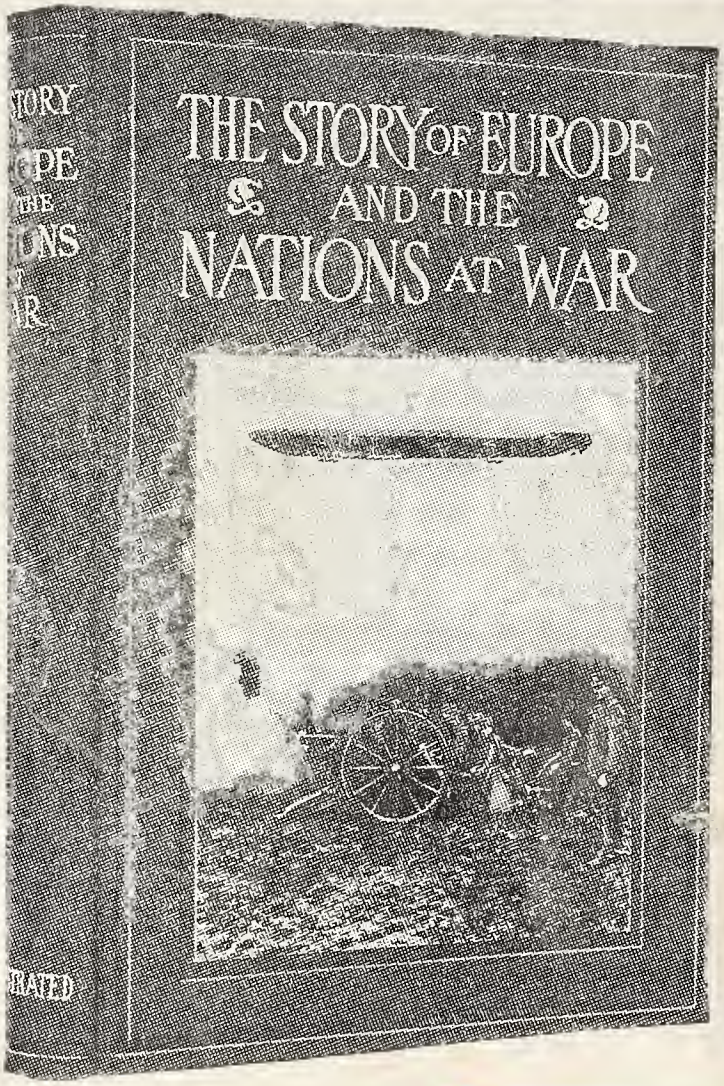
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There was a tender friendship between the late editor of the VETERAN and the veteran leader of minstrelsy, Mr. Al G. Field; and out of a generous heart the author is giving a large share of the sales to help the fund for building a monument to his friend of many years. Of this book, Mr. Cunningham himself wrote: "If Al G. Field had determined upon this book when a boy and had given years of study to the subject, a finer production could not have been expected. It is as unique throughout as is the title, 'Watch Yourself Go By.' Open it anywhere, regardless of what precedes, and soon you will be fascinated." And he offered a year's subscription to the VETERAN to all who bought the book and were not satisfied.

The *New York Clipper* says: "From beginning to end this book will hold the attention of the reader with its intermingling of mirth and pathos, in which is entwined the record of a busy life. The boyhood scenes and the peculiar characters and incidents recorded are particularly amusing and instructive."

Many other notices could be quoted in praise of Mr. Field's book, written to give pleasure to others. The author himself says: "If those who peruse this book extract half the pleasure from reading its pages that has come to me while writing them, my desires will be satisfied."

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G. H. Mitchell, of New Castle, Ky., was one of the men who met President Davis in North Carolina after the surrender of Lee and was a member of the selected bodyguard for Mr. Davis from there to Washington, Ga. He would like to know if there are others of this bodyguard now living.

J. Kelly Smith, of Clinton, Ky., wishes to establish the war record of John W. Calbert and would like to correspond with some of his surviving comrades. Mr. Calbert was a member of Company I, 2d Tennessee Regiment, and was wounded three times during the war, at Murfreesboro, Perryville, and Atlanta.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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CENTENARY OF THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

History tells us that the United States began to be regarded with respect as a world power after the brilliant victory of American arms in the battle of New Orleans, fought on the plains of Chalmette January 8, 1815. Be that as it may, it marked the beginning of a hundred years of peace between the English-speaking nations, and neither one has yet shown any anxiety to break it.

Two large cities of our country have especially observed the centenary of this battle, in which Andrew Jackson, with his six thousand "hunting shirt" men, untrained and untried troops from Tennessee and Kentucky, assisted by the Louisiana Brigade, gave the British such a taste of gunpowder that they very willingly withdrew to their ships and relinquished the idea of invading Louisiana. The British loss of two thousand men, including their commander, Sir Edward Pakenham, within twenty-five minutes, was a tribute to the deadly marksmanship of the backwoods riflemen. The Americans lost only seventy-one killed and wounded. This was the worst defeat the British had sustained, yet in their ranks were seasoned troops who had fought and defeated Napoleon in Spain and were destined to face him again on the fatal field of Waterloo later in that year.

New Orleans sent a special invitation to the United States Congress to attend her celebration; and resolutions were passed by both branches of Congress commending the patriotic spirit of the people of Louisiana in properly celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the great victory achieved on the field of Chalmette under the leadership of Andrew Jackson, where heroic valor was displayed on both sides.

The celebration began in the city of New Orleans on the 8th of January by a salute of twenty-one guns, closing at the exact ending of that battle, 8:20 A.M. An interesting ceremony of the day was the formal greeting arranged between the representatives of the United States and Great Britain, to whom gold reproductions of the medal authorized by Congress and presented to Andrew Jackson were given. After this international greeting a monument to General Jackson was unveiled on the spot where he had his standard during the battle. The drum used by one of Jackson's command was loaned by the Louisiana Historical Society on which to beat the "long roll." Many other features of the three days' celebration were carried out at sites and in buildings made famous by historical incidents of a hundred years or more ago.

By adoption Tennessee claims the hero of New Orleans as her own. Andrew Jackson settled in Nashville in the early days of the community, and his life is interwoven with the history of the State of Tennessee. And Tennessee furnished nearly half of the troops that won the signal victory for American arms and fame for Jackson. His magnificent estate, the Hermitage, near Nashville, is still visited by people from every part of the country. The mansion and twenty-five acres of ground are under the control of the Ladies' Hermitage Association, and a brilliant ball is given by this Association every year on the anniversary of the battle.

The close association of General Jackson with Nashville made it peculiarly appropriate that the city should commemorate the anniversary of his greatest triumph as a soldier. A grand parade, of which the patriotic organizations of the city were a part, was the opening feature of the celebration. The uniformed companies of Confederate veterans were in line and later successfully defended the cotton bale breastworks on Capitol Boulevard in the sham battle which portrayed the historic defense of New Orleans. Patriotic addresses were made by the Governor and other prominent people, after which the statue of Jackson, on the Capitol grounds, was decorated with wreaths presented by different patriotic associations. Members of the Daughters of 1812 visited the Hermitage on the following day and placed wreaths upon the tomb where Jackson rests beside his beloved Rachel.

The observance of this day revived interest for a memorial that will fittingly honor Tennessee's greatest man, and at the brilliant banquet which closed the celebration on the night of January 8 the movement was commended by many prominent speakers.

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR.—The War Department at Washington, D. C., desires information regarding the graves of Confederate prisoners of war who died while in the hands of Union forces, as the purpose is to give national attention to all such graves. Those who have such information will please write to Dr. S. E. Lewis, Commissioner, at the Army Medical Library Building, Washington, D. C., giving the name of the soldier or sailor and the burial place.

MONUMENT AT FORT DONELSON.

BY MRS. HERBERT N. LEECH, PRESIDENT TENN. DIV., U. D. C.

Fifty-three years ago this February the first decisive battle of the War between the States was gallantly fought and lost only because the commanding general was afraid of to-morrow. At least the men who fought for the South will tell you: "We'd already killed a thousand more of them than they had of us, their own records show, and would have kept it up, and Grant and Lew Wallace both said the work of our water battery was the most brilliant action of the whole war." Fearing annihilation by attempting to fight three to one, the Federal troops having been reënforced to that extent, General Buckner won the reluctant consent of his officers (except General Forrest) to surrender. "And so," says a Northern writer, "they lost the Cumberland, and the backbone of the Confederacy was broken."

Thirty years after, in May, 1892, the Tennesseeans who surrendered, though preferring death to the sufferings and indignities of a bleak Northern prison, held a reunion on this battle field; and Col. John F. House, the grand old man of Montgomery County, assured them that the South would never forget them nor Fort Donelson.

A woman who had spent her childhood in listening to the tales of her own people, of their fights from Bull Run to Galveston Bay, went with her little son and an old soldier past some of the rifle pits, wonderfully preserved by the Japanese clover, which had made a sod over the clay, and up to the magnificent cliffs where the water battery had stood, then back to Dover and up the broad government highway to the beautiful cemetery with its grass, trees, monuments, simple headstones, and, anon, a captured Confederate gun, established and maintained by a government able and anxious to honor its soldiers. "Now, uncle," said the little boy, "show us where our soldiers are buried." "Son," said he, "I am ashamed to. Ever since we were loaded on those gunboats and shipped to Camp Douglas, leaving the very flower of Southern youth and courage dead on this battle field, we have been too poor to do anything for the comrades we left here." They went with aching hearts and looked at the long trenches overgrown with scrub timber and briers. The little boy looked up with faith in his eyes and said: "Mamma, we must do something for them."

Many times in the busy years since then has the thought, "We must do something for them," come to this woman; and last year, when the United Daughters of the Confederacy gave to her a place of trust and honor, she felt that an opportunity had come to bring afresh to the memory of the South this unmarked battle field of Fort Donelson. Many and kind were the messages from Daughters of the States having troops there and from the soldiers themselves in response to the hope expressed in her first letter to the Daughters that while she was President of the Tennessee Division the work for a monument should begin.

In November, 1913, from the U. D. C. convention in New Orleans, Mr. Cunningham sent for her a message to the veterans who were holding a reunion at Clarksville that they must help to build a monument at Fort Donelson. They were glad to pledge their aid. Mr. Cunningham, always so kind to the Daughters, said, "The Veteran will help in the work," and was deeply gratified that it had been taken up.

The "mother of the U. D. C.," who heard the thunder of the guns and helped to nurse the wounded who were brought to Clarksville, was very happy to know that a beginning had been made toward building this monument while she was still living.

A few years ago a Federal army man, returning from a visit to his dead so beautifully cared for there, said: "Why don't you Southerners mark the place where your soldiers are buried at Fort Donelson? More than fifteen hundred lie there. I helped to bury in one trench three hundred of the handsomest young men I ever saw in my life and would gladly give a hundred dollars toward marking the place where they lie." This is a fine instance of the brother spirit in all true soldiers. There is a long list of Southerners from the States having troops there—Alabama, Kentucky, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas, and Virginia—who want to help.

One of the ablest of all the U. D. C., Mrs. Bennett D. Bell, of Gallatin, Tenn., whose heart is full of this work, has consented to act as chairman of the Fort Donelson monument. The Daughters are indeed fortunate to have her in this place. All contributions and inquiries should be addressed to her.

CHAPLAIN GENERAL U. C. V.

Dr. H. M. Hamill, Chaplain General United Confederate Veterans, died at Tate Springs, Tenn., on the 21st of January, 1915. Funeral services were held in Nashville, at McKendree Church, on Sunday afternoon, January 24, conducted by Bishop E. E. Hoss, of the M. E. Church, South; and there were special tributes by Marion Lawrance, General Secretary of the International Sunday School Association, and Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans. The remains were taken to Mexico, Mo., his old home, for interment.



DR. H. M. HAMILL.

Howard M. Hamill, son of Rev. Edward Joseph and Ann Janes Hamill, was born in Lowndesboro, Ala., August 10, 1847. His boyhood and young manhood were spent at Auburn and Opelika. He graduated from the school at Auburn, now known as the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and was President of the Alumni Association at the time of his death.

In the early part of 1864, when a mere lad, he entered the Confederate service as a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia, under Gen. R. E. Lee, and it was his pride to recall that he had for one day acted as courier for General Lee. He was paroled at Appomattox. His love for the cause of the Confederacy was enduring, and no honor had come to him in late years which he appreciated more than his appointment in 1913 as Chaplain General U. C. V. He was a close personal friend of the late editor of the VETERAN.

Returning to school after the war, in his early manhood Dr. Hamill became a teacher, and for many years he occupied prominent positions in the schools of Missouri and Illinois. In 1881 he was elected President of the State Teachers' Association of Missouri. In 1885 he entered the ministry of the M. E. Church as a member of the Illinois Conference, and some years later he organized the first Teacher-Training Department, which was then known as the Normal Department of the Illinois Sunday School Association. He served as superintendent of this work until 1896, when he was made International Sunday School Field Secretary. In 1901 he became Superintendent of Teacher-Training in the Sunday School Department of the M. E. Church, South, with headquarters at Nashville, and in 1914 he was elected President of the International Sunday School Association. To all of his work Dr. Hamill gave devoted interest, energy, and efficiency, and his strong personality was always felt. He was a writer of ability and the author of several valuable works on Bible study and Sunday school methods, also of a beautiful little monograph, "The Old South," which has been widely read, both in the North and in the South. Several years ago Dr. Hamill joined the Alabama Conference, of which his father was a member for over forty years.

Dr. Hamill is survived by his wife, who was Miss Ada L. Tuman, of Jacksonville, Ill., and by a son of his first marriage, Frank Hamill, who lives in Chicago. Dr. Hamill's death leaves but one of the large family of eight children, Mrs. Julia Hamill Gillespie, of Cullman, Ala.

THE AFTERMATH OF OUR WARS.

BY CAPT. PERRY M. DE LEON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The following data, compiled from official sources, should well give pause ere our country plunges into war, showing as they do that, in addition to the waste and expense incurred during hostilities, our wars entail an aftermath of enormous magnitude in the payment of war pensions for scores of years after peace once more spreads her white wings. In proof thereof the following facts are submitted:

The "Official Records" show that there are now on the pension rolls of the United States 785,239 men and widows, who received for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, the sum of $172,408,518.

WAR OF 1812.

Leaving out of account our war for independence, we find that for the War of 1812, all the soldiers having passed away, there are one hundred and seventy widows drawing $27,532, or an average of about $13.30 per month. As this war ended one hundred years ago, very young women must have married very old men.

WAR WITH MEXICO, 1846-48.

Eight hundred and ninety-three veterans of this war now surviving are drawing $354,799, an average of about $33 per month; but there are on the pension rolls 4,699 widows drawing $705,727, or an average of about $13.50 per month.

INDIAN WARS.

Our Indian wars show 915 veterans, drawing $225,665, an average of about $20.55 per month; the widows number 2,182, to whom are paid $334,582, an average of about $12.77 per month.

REGULAR ARMY AND NAVY.

Pensioned soldiers and sailors of the regular army and navy number 14,919 and are paid $2,581,190, an average of about $14.42 per month; while 4,422 widows draw pensions amounting to $993,956, an average of about $18.36 per month. The larger average paid widows of the regular army and navy is due to the fact that many of them were wives of deceased officers and receive pensions of $30 and upward per month, among them being the widows of some of the most distinguished officers of the War between the States, who draw pensions in some cases of $100 per month and over.

WAR OF 1861-65.

We now come to our unhappy War between the States, the saddest episode in our history, which entailed upon our country its greatest burden both during the period it raged and for the fifty years since it ended. On July 1, 1913, there were 466,884 veterans of this war on the rolls, to whom was paid $119,618,623, an average of about $21.53 per month. On July 1, 1914, there were only 433,884 of this class on the rolls, death having reduced the number by 33,147. On July 1, 1913, there were 295,453 Civil War widows on the rolls, who were paid $43,758,927, an average of about $12.34 per month. On July 1, 1914, there was shown a decrease in this class of but 1,061; but for the six years from 1909 to 1914, inclusive, deaths of veterans and widows of all classes amounted to 207,070, or nearly 35,000 per annum, showing how rapidly they are passing away.

WAR WITH SPAIN.

In our war with Spain about 210,000 men were called to the colors, of whom certainly not more than 30,000 saw service in Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. In the first two countries it was a walk-over, not a war, the battle of Santiago being the only land fight that can be dignified by the name of battle. In the Philippines, however, there was fighting and much hardship and suffering.

As a result of this war with Spain we now have on the pension rolls 24,160 men, drawing $3,132,372, or an average of about $10.80 per month, and 4,856 widows, who are paid $775,137, or about $13.30 per month. Thus it will be seen that there are 29,015 pensioners on this roll, a number largely in excess of those who were on the firing line.

Query: Why should a man or widow of a man who never heard the sound of an enemy's gun be paid a pension unless invalidity is due to service, especially as the length of his service was but a few months? One out of every seven of these self-styled "veterans" is now on the pension rolls, while 3,517 are in the national homes, where they are supported by the government and, in addition thereto, are allowed a pension. It is to be hoped that Congress will call a halt in placing on the pension roll for life men of this class and will extend aid only to those, whether they were in battle or not, whose claim for consideration is beyond question.

REMARKS.

The foregoing data show that our country is providing for its veterans and widows more liberally than any other country has done in all history. There are unquestionably many worthy men and women on the pension roll who deserve all that they receive; *per contra,* there are others whose names should be stricken off if, as many believe, their names are upon the roll through fraud. This the Pension Bureau realizes, and through its field examiners it has eliminated many from the roll who got upon it by fraud and falsehood. It is still employed in this very proper investigation.

In 1906 the government appropriated $138,250,100 for the payment of pensions, but in 1907 Congress increased the rate paid and broadened the field; so that in 1909 it was necessary to appropriate $163,053,000, but in 1912 only $153,682,000 was necessary. In this year, however, old age and service pensions were granted which necessitated an appropriation of $180,300,000. This, however, has been reduced to $169,150,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1915, and will not exceed $165,000,000 for the fiscal year ending 1916.

From 1865 to 1914, inclusive, pensions and expenses of administration have cost the government $4,761,450,399.50. The erection, equipment, and maintenance of ten national homes for disabled volunteer soldiers has cost $120,577,397.66. In addition to this, the aid granted by the government to territorial and State homes amounts to $23,379,241.75, a total of $4,905,407,020.91, or nearly five billion dollars, a huge sum truly. Of this, over a billion and a half has been disbursed in the last ten years from 1906 to 1915, inclusive.

Other interesting facts are that the last pensioned soldier of the Revolution was Daniel Frederick Brakeman, of New York, who died April 5, 1869, and the last widow of the Revolution was Esther S., widow of Noah Damon, who died April 5, 1906—that is to say, one hundred and twenty-three years after the Revolutionary War ended. This indicates that, while in a few years there will be but few left of the veterans and widows of the war of the sixties, it will probably be fifty years or more ere the last survivor "crosses the river and rests under the shade of the trees." The average age of the veteran is now between seventy-two and seventy-three years; that of the widow, perhaps five to fifteen years less.

By a wise provision of Congress designing women who were marrying old men to benefit by their pensions when they died are denied any pension unless the marriage was solemnized prior to 1890, a very necessary enactment.

The first soldier of the War between the States pensioned on account of wounds was Leopold Charrier, 12th New York State Troops, and the first sailor was George Scott, of the United States steamship Monticello, wounded at Sewell's Point, Va. The first army widow in this war to receive a pension was Caroline, widow of Martin Ohl, District of Columbia. The first naval widow pensioned was Sarah, widow of Lieut. Commander Otway H. Berryman, of Virginia, who died April 2, 1861, while acting commander of the United States ship Wyandotte.

The figures given above show that our wars have cost us in pensions a sum several times in excess of that we expended during hostilities. The humanitarianism so characteristic of the American people is most commendable, but it does seem that it has been rather carried to excess. Congressmen are too prone to offer bills for the relief of people who do not deserve pensions, and it would seem that the pension committees of the House and Senate should hereafter more closely scrutinize claims presented for their consideration.

A BILL TO PROVIDE A NATIONAL HOME FOR DISABLED EX-CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS, THEIR WIVES AND WIDOWS.

[This bill, framed by Capt. Perry M. de Leon, Confederate veteran, was offered in the Senate on December 19, 1914, by Senator Works, of California, a prominent Republican.]

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled:

SECTION 1. That the managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers of the United States shall as early as possible distribute the inmates now at the Mountain Branch Home, Johnson City, Tenn., among the other branches, and that said Mountain Branch Home shall be turned over by or before July 1, 1915, to a board of five managers to be elected by Congress to be used as a Home for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers, their wives and widows, and that the sum of $400,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated for this purpose.

Sec. 2. That a branch Home be rented at Washington, D. C., for disabled ex-Confederate soldiers, their wives and widows, residing in the District of Columbia and for the same class of persons living in States where there are no Confederate Homes, and that the sum of $50,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated for this purpose and shall be available as soon as this act becomes a law.

Sec. 3. That the sum of $300,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated to aid the Confederate Homes of the South, extending the same aid *per capita* as is now extended to the State and territorial Homes of the North.

Sec. 4. That the managers elected under this act shall proceed as soon as possible to frame such laws and regulations for the government of said Home and shall appoint such officials and employ such persons as they may deem necessary at a reasonable compensation, the aggregate not to exceed $20,000, which shall be available as soon as this act becomes a law, all of which shall be subject to the approval of the Secretary of War.

Sec. 5. That the Home hereby created and the managers thereof shall be independent of the managers of the National Home for disabled United States volunteers, but in all other respects shall be subject to the laws and regulations that govern the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers of the United States.

Sec. 6. That the title to all property that may be acquired under this act shall be vested in the United States.

Sec. 3. That the sum of $300,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated to meet the preliminary expenses necessary to carry out the above enactments and shall be available as soon as this act becomes a law.

A CORRECTION.

Rev. James H. McNeilly writes: "In my article on 'Religion in the Confederate Armies,' which appeared in the January VETERAN, I referred to a book by Rev. Dr. W. W. Bennett on that subject and spoke of him as a distinguished member of the Baptist Church. I have just received a note from W. L. Austin, M.D., of Waco, Tex., who knew Dr. Bennett well, and he informs me that Dr. Bennett was a Methodist minister, editor of the Richmond Christian Advocate, and also President of Randolph-Macon College.

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE, U. D. C.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER.

Alabama: Florence Chapter, $5; Charter Chapter, Camden, $5; Pelham Chapter, Birmingham, $2; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, Luverne, $2; John Ryan Chapter, Greenville, $5; Barbour County Chapter, Eufaula, $5; W. H. Forney Chapter, Anniston, $2; Sophia Bibb Chapter, Montgomery, $2; Franklin Chapter, $2; Clayton Chapter, $2; Mrs. Adams, $1; Lowndes Chapter, Fort Deposit, $2; Union Springs Chapter, $5; Stonewall Chapter, Ensley, $1; Merrill Pratt Chapter, Prattville, $2; Shiloh papers sold by Mrs. C. D. Martin, 65 cents; A. E. Powell Chapter, Northport, 59 cents; W. H. Forney Chapter, Anniston, $2; Tuscumbia Chapter, $5; John H. Turpin Chapter, Newbern, $1; "Heroes in Gray" commissions, 40 cents; Bessemer Chapter, $5; Charter Chapter, Camden, $1; Avondale Chapter, $2; Secession Chapter, $2; Clayton Chapter, $2; Yancey Chapter, $2; Virginia Clay-Clopton Chapter, Huntsville, $3; William Brigham Chapter, $1; "Heroes in Gray" and post cards, 14 cents; Mrs. A. L. Barnes (personal), Tuscaloosa, $1; Pelham Chapter, $2; Mrs. W. A. Hill (personal), $2; Mrs. C. D. Martin (commission on book), 40 cents; S. L. Dent, Jr. (personal), $3; W. Terry Hodge Chapter, Odenville, $1; Troy Chapter, $5; Mrs. Bashinsky (personal), Troy, $5; R. E. Rodes Chapter, $3; John H. Forney Chapter, $5; S. S. Gailard Chapter, $1; Dixie Chapter, $1; Sumter Chapter, $2; Barbour County Chapter, $2; Father Ryan Chapter, $5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, $1; Selma Chapter, $5; Sophia Bibb Chapter, $2; Josiah Gorgas Chapter, $1; Miss Sarah L. Phelan (personal), Montrell, $5; Aliza T. Porter Chapter, $1; Stonewall Chapter, $2; Franklin Chapter, $1; Mrs. James Montgomery (personal), Anniston, $1. Total, $128.09.

Arizona: Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter (post cards), Bisbee, $6.50. Total, $6.50.

Arkansas: C. E. Royston Chapter, Fulton, $1; Henry G. Bunn Chapter, Eldorado, $5; T. J. Churchill Chapter, Little Rock, $5; D. C. Govan Chapter, Marianna, $5; John R. Homer Scott Chapter, Russellville, $5; Elliott Fletcher Chapter, Blytheville, $10; Hiram Grinstead Chapter, Camden, $10; Charles Bowen Chapter, Osceola, $5; J. M. Kellar Chapter, Little Rock, $10; Mildred Lee Chapter, Fayetteville, $5; Sidney Johnston Chapter, Batesville, $5; Robert A. Dowdle Chapter, Morrillton, $5; Margaret Rose Chapter, Little Rock, $5; Mary Graham Chapter, C. of C., Camden, $5; Harris Flanagin Chapter, Arkadelphia, $1; John B. Gordon Chapter, Paragould, $1; John C. Darr Chapter, Atkins, $2.50; Margaret Rose Chapter, C. of C., Little Rock, $5; J. R. H. Scott Chapter, Russellville, $2; James H. Flanagin Fagan Chapter, Benton, $1; R. D. Shaver Chapter, Black Rock, $2; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Conway, $5; Hot Springs Chapter, $5; Charlie Coffin Chapter, Walnut Ridge, $3; Pat Cleburne Chapter, Hope, $5; Hot Springs Chapter, $5. Total, $118.50.

California: Gen. Tyree H. Bell Chapter, $5; Gen. Joseph Wheeler Chapter, $2; Joseph LeConte Chapter (members and friends), $10; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, $6.50; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, $25; Fresno Chapter, $4; Jefferson Davis Chapter, $25; Mrs. S. C. Dunlap (in memory of her grandfather, Gen. Tyree H. Bell), Los Angeles, $5; Southland Chapter, $5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, $1; Los Angeles Chapter, $10; Robert E. Lee Chapter, $10; Sterling Price Chapter, $5; John H. Ragan Chapter, $5; Wade Hampton Chapter, $10; Emma Sansom Chapter, $2; Robert E. Lee Chapter (payment on California Division pledge), $15; balance California Division pledge, $10. Total, $165.50.

Colorado: M. H. D. Hayes Chapter, Denver, $10; R. E. Lee Chapter, Denver, $5.75; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, $2. Total, $17.75.

District of Columbia: District of Columbia Division, $10. Total, $10.

Florida: Mrs. Orman (Apalachicola Chapter), $1; Mrs. J. F. Burnett (Kirby Smith Chapter), Gainesville, $1; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Dade City, $5; Stars and Bars Chapter, Greenwood, $2; New Smyrna Chapter, $5; Confederate Gray Chapter, Leesburg, $5; John B. Gordon Chapter, Muscogee, $5; Elizabeth Harris Chapter, Madison, $5; Patton Anderson Chapter, Palatka, $5; Annie Coleman Chapter, Orlando, $5; Brooksville Chapter, $5; Daniel Tedder Chapter, Live Oak, $5; Dixie Chapter, St. Petersburg, $5; Anna Jackson Chapter, Tallahassee, $5; Martha Reid Chapter, Jacksonville, $25; interest, 24 cents; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., $5; Mary Custis Lee Chapter, $3; Annie Carter Lee Chapter, $3; Dade City Chapter, $5; Mrs. Martha D. Hoff, $1; Mrs. George Couler, $1; Mrs. William Mickler, $1; Mrs. Jack Flatserby, $1; Sister Esther Carlotta, $2; General Loring Chapter, $2; memorial to Muriel Tribble, $1; J. J. Finley Chapter, $5; Flora Stewart Chapter, $2; Fannie Gary Chapter, C. of C., $3; Kirby Smith Chapter, $10; Tampa Chapter, $15; sale of booklet, "Life of Stonewall Jackson," 98 cents. Total, $153.22.

Georgia: Newnan Chapter, $5; Taccoa Chapter, $1; Eastman Chapter, $4; Lizzie Rutherford Chapter, Columbus, $10; Hartwell Chapter, $1; Oconee Chapter, Dublin, $3; Adaline Baum Chapter, Dublin, $2; Daugherty County Chapter, Albany, $10; Lucy Garnet Chapter, C. of C., Sylvania, $1; Sherman of Upton Chapter, Thomaston, $2; Newnan Chapter, $5; Charles T. Zachry Chapter, McDonough, $1; John B. Gordon Chapter, Thomasville, $5; Winnie Davis Chapter, C. of C., Savannah, $5; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cuthbert, $3; Oglethorpe Chapter, Lexington, $5; Mary Brantley Chapter, Dawson, $2.50; Lucy Garnet Chapter, C. of C., Sylvania, $1; Atlanta Chapter, $50; Moultrie Chapter, $5; Cordele Chapter, $2.50; Hawkinsville Chapter, $2.50; Fort Tyler Chapter, West Point, $2; Chapter A, Augusta, $25; Savannah Chapter, $25; Cochran Chapter, $2.50; C. A. Evans Chapter, Brunswick, $5; Salsburger Chapter, Springfield, $3; Alexander Stephens Chapter, Crawfordsville, $1; Tifton Chapter, $1; Pelham Chapter, $3; Wallace Edwards Chapter, Butler, $1; Laura Rutherford Chapter, Athens, $20; Robert E. Lee Chapter, Douglas, $2.50; Susie Smith Chapter, C. of C., Ellaville, $2.50; F. S. Bartow Chapter, Waycross, $10. Total, $230.

Illinois: Chicago Chapter, $25; Stonewall Chapter, $25; Committee on Ryte-Me-Calendar of Stonewall Chapter, $6; silver tea, Stonewall Chapter, $3.20. Total, $59.20.

Indiana: Capt. Lee Howell (personal), Evansville, $5. Total, $5.

Kentucky: K. M. Breckinridge Chapter, Danville, $5; Mrs. Basil Duke Chapter, Fort Thomas, $10; Tom Barrett Chapter, Ghent, $10; Paducah Chapter (Lee picture), $2.50; Gen. Basil W. Duke Chapter, Henderson, $10; Maj. O. S. Tenny Chapter, Lexington, $5; Mrs. Horace Luten ("Heroes in Gray"), Fulton, 80 cents; Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, $5.40; Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, Lawrenceburg, $3; Christian County Chapter, Hopkinsville, $5; Joseph H. Lewis Chapter, Frankfort, $5; Crepps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, $2.55; Caldwell Camp, U. C. V., Russellville, $25; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Fulton, $1; Mayfield Chapter, $2.45; Maj. O. S. Tenney Chapter, Lexington, $10; Avery Winston Auxiliary, C. of C., Lexington, $2.50; J. N. Williams Chapter.

(Continued on page 89.)

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE HEART OF THE SOUTH.

But Lee has a thousand graves
In a thousand hearts, I ween;
And teardrops shall fall from our eyes in waves
That will keep his memory green. —*Father Ryan.*

The 19th of January is a day of loving tribute from the people of the South to the memory of the soldier and Christian gentleman whose greatness has been indelibly impressed upon their hearts. The fame of Robert E. Lee can never be dimmed by the mists of time; rather will it grow with the years as the attributes of the man are more and more known. His nature knew not the aggrandizement of self, and he never strove for high position. When it was thrust upon him, he felt that there were others more worthy to fill it. Truly were the elements of greatness so combined in his character as to make him great even in defeat, accepting its consequences with a spirit that made him all the greater.

The general observance of this day should have its influence upon the young people of the present, who have about them more of the commercial spirit than characterized the life of the Old South. Especially commendable is its observance by schools in giving a part of the day to exercises in which the character of General Lee is the theme. The example of such a life will help to make better men and women of the future.

In many Southern States, and it should be in all, the 19th of January is a legal holiday. The U. D. C. has been active in bringing about this general observance of the anniversary of General Lee's birth. A unique feature is connected with the legislation which made the day a legal holiday in Mississippi. The movement originated with the Vicksburg Chapter, U. D. C., and the bill to be introduced in the legislature was written by a woman. It was sent to Representative Thomas R. Foster, who attached it as written (stationery and handwriting) to the orthodox sheet of paper, and it was thus passed by both branches of the legislature without debate or obstruction, passed the engrossing and enrolling committees in the same shape, *verbatim et literatim,* and as prepared, was duly signed by Governor Noel on March 30, 1910.

The act, brief and to the point, is as follows:

"Be it enacted by the legislature of the State of Mississippi that January 19, the birthday of our beloved chieftain and Southern hero, Gen. Robert Edward Lee, be made a legal holiday throughout the State of Mississippi.

"Section 2. That this act take effect and be in force from and after its passage."

"HISTORY OF THE BATTLE OF SHILOH."

All survivors of both armies who took part in the battle of Shiloh will be sent a copy of the history of that battle, written by Maj. D. W. Reed, on making request of the Secretary and Superintendent of the Shiloh National Military Park, Pittsburg Landing, Tenn. This privilege is also extended to widows and descendants of soldiers who fought in this battle.

PAID IN THEIR OWN COIN.

The following special order will be of interest in the "promise to pay" for services rendered in the sixties:

"Headquarters United Confederate Veterans,
New Orleans, La., December 15, 1914.

"Special Orders No. 32.

"Col. J. M. Williams, of Memphis, Tenn., Assistant Paymaster General, is, on account of valuable services, hereby promoted to Paymaster-General, with the rank of Brigadier General. He will immediately enter upon the discharge of his duties and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.

"He will at once set about securing enough Confederate currency to pay each Confederate soldier who attends the Richmond Reunion one month's pay. In any event, he will give to each veteran who may be present in Richmond one Confederate bill as a souvenir of this great gathering. Officers and men are urged to assist Brigadier General Williams in his commendable work.

By command of
Bennett H. Young,
General Commanding;
Wm. E. Mickle,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

GEN. BUSHROD JOHNSON'S SWORD.

The Veteran has lately been in communication with the present owner of a handsome sword which was presented to Gen. Bushrod Johnson by the cadets of the Western Military Institute in 1858-59 and by him used during the War between the States. The sword is very valuable aside from the sentiment attached. The hilt and scabbard are of gold, finely chased. On the sheath is engraved: "Presented to Col. B. R. Johnson by the corps of cadets of the Western Military Institute, session 1858-59, as a token of their appreciation of his talents as an instructor and his gentlemanly bearing as Superintendent." On one side of the double-edged blade, which is of silvered steel, is engraved: "Presented to Col. B. R. Johnson by the cadets of 1858-59 as a token of their respect and esteem." On the other side appears: "Draw me not without occasion, nor sheathe me without honor."

This valuable relic should be preserved in some museum of the South, and it is hoped that some survivor of General Johnson's command will be interested in procuring the sword for preservation in this way. The owner came into possession of it through his connection with the heirs of General Johnson, all of whom are now dead.

THE CUNNINGHAM MONUMENT FUND.

Many friends of the late editor of the Veteran have been deeply interested in the memorial that will be erected to commemorate his work for the truth of Southern history. For the benefit of this monument fund Mr. Al G. Field has generously donated a third of the receipts from the sale of his book, "Watch Yourself Go By," an advertisement of which has been appearing in the Veteran. He also pays for this advertisement and thus helps the Veteran too. It is hoped that other friends will be as generous in ordering copies of the book. He who buys a copy also renders twofold service—he gives himself pleasure in reading the book and benefits the monument fund by its sale. Send for a copy at once. The Veteran supplies it.

SOUTH CAROLINA TABLET IN OLD BLANDFORD CHURCH.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch reports that the Ladies' Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va., at its meeting on January 8 approved a proposition coming from South Carolina for the placing in Old Blandford Church of a tablet to the memory of the soldiers of Elliott's South Carolina Brigade who fell in the battle of the Crater on July 30, 1864. Elliott's Brigade was composed of the 17th, 18th, and 22d Regiments of South Carolina Volunteers and, with Mahone's Virginia Brigade, Wright's Georgia Brigade, and Saunders's Alabama Brigade, formed the principal force that recaptured the Crater salient after the mine explosion and its capture by the Federals. Handsome tablets commemorating the brave services of Mahone's, Wright's, and Saunders's Brigades have already been placed in Old Blandford Church, and the South Carolina brigade will now be honored in the same way. This tablet will be of brass or marble and will contain the names of officers and privates (about 250) who were killed in the battle. It will be one of the largest and handsomest in the church, with the following inscription: "Erected by the State of South Carolina to the memory of her sons who lost their lives in the defense of their country in the battle of the Crater, July 30, 1864. Elliott's Brigade, Brig. Gen. Stephen Elliott, commander."

Maj. Gen. Bushrod Johnson, commanding the Confederate forces in the battle of the Crater, in his report paid the following tribute to the South Carolina soldiers: "In the events of the 30th of July there will perhaps be found nothing more heroic or worthy of higher admiration than the conduct of the South Carolina regiments."

In addition to these and other tablets, each Southern State has erected in Old Blandford Church a beautiful memorial window in commemoration of its sons who fell in defense of their country in the War between the States, and the church has been made one of the most splendid memorials in the country.

A Battle Abbey for Petersburg, Va.

The A. P. Hill Camp, U. C. V., of Petersburg, Va., has under consideration the erection of a building wherein to collect and preserve the historical data and relics connected with the record of that city in the wars of the nation, and especially the War between the States. The idea is to have a building of moderate cost, with an auditorium for the use of the different patriotic organizations, with smaller rooms for the storage of relics and data. The suggestion for this, made by Senator P. H. Drewry, Past Commander of the Camp, was heartily approved by the Camp at their meeting on the 8th of January, and the Commander was authorized to appoint committees to confer with other associations on the subject.

THE DUMDUM BULLETS.

BY E. GUTHRIE, GLENSIDE, PA.

Isn't it a fact that Confederates and Federals alike used the dumdum (soft, flat-nosed) bullets? As to poisoned bullets referred to by Mr. Calhoun in the December Veteran, while I do not recall those to which he alludes, I have seen a number of musket balls picked up around Atlanta, Ga., which were a diabolical contrivance. At the base was inserted a washer made of zinc, which would cut like a knife and poison the flesh. It was claimed by the Federals that the zinc washer was intended to keep the barrel of the gun clean, which it doubtless did, at the same time playing havoc with the man it struck. Several years ago, on the occasion of a State fair or other gathering together of strangers in Atlanta, the Constitution had a box filled with bullets, pieces of shell, etc., in its business office to be taken as souvenirs by all who cared to have them, and among these there was always a goodly quantity of the "zincers."

I think the steel-jacketed bullet was unknown during the sixties.

Rifled Cannon at Sumter.

I lately became involved in a discussion as to whether the Confederates used rifled cannon at the bombardment of Fort Sumter at the beginning of the war. I finally wrote the commander of West Point Military Academy. A letter from the librarian quotes Moore's "Rebellion Records," which says: "The fire from the rifled guns of the Confederates' iron battery became very accurate and effective on Friday," etc. That was the first use of rifled artillery in America.

A LARGE FAMILY OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

Many prominent families of the South were fully represented in the Confederate army, but the record of one family of Augusta County, Va., can hardly be equaled. The Richmond Times-Dispatch some years ago referred to this family as having the largest representation known in the army of the Confederacy. The record is taken from Waddell's "Annals of Augusta County," as follows:

"James Bell, of Long Glade, had seven sons, of whom six served in the Confederate army. Alexander died of disease contracted in the army; Addison was killed at Chancellorsville in 1862; Luther died from disease in the service; William was severely wounded at Kernstown in 1862; Daniel was wounded at Gettysburg; Frank was also wounded; Samuel, the youngest son, was too young to join even the home guard. The first, second, fifth, and sixth brothers were members of Company C, 5th Virginia Regiment, Stonewall Brigade. The third brother belonged to the 52d Regiment, and the fourth to the Liberty Hall company, 4th Regiment.

"The Bell boys came from fighting stock. An uncle, William Bell, was killed in the Revolutionary War; Capt. David Bell served in the War of 1812; James Bell served in the 5th Virginia Regiment and died at Swift Run Gap. His son, Brownice Bell, of the 25th Regiment, was taken prisoner and died at Fort Delaware in 1863.

"John Bell, brother of James and son of Capt. David Bell, had seven sons, all of whom entered the Confederate service. David, Company C, 5th Regiment, died in the hospital at Lynchburg; Elisha, Carpenter's Battery, was wounded at Antietam; William, Company C, 5th Regiment, was wounded at Cedar Creek; Alexander, of the same company, was taken prisoner at Antietam and died at Fort Delaware; Henderson, of the same company, was severely wounded at Gettysburg.

"Thomas Bell, a third brother, had two sons in the same regiment, one of whom, Thomas M., was mortally wounded at Chancellorsville, and the other, James A., died of wounds received at Kernstown. A cousin, Thomas A., was killed at Spottsylvania Courthouse; another cousin, Thomas R., was mortally wounded at Hatcher's Run; while his brother John served in Fitzhugh Lee's cavalry.

"Thus we have the extraordinary record of eighteen of the descendants of James and Agnes Bell serving in the Confederate army, most of them in the same company of the 5th Regiment. Five were killed in battle or died of wounds, while six died of disease contracted in the army."

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: My last letter to you contained all requests that I have to make of you just now. In my next I hope to tell you something of the exact date of the 1915 General Convention and the laying of the corner stone of Shiloh monument. I call your attention to the following, urging you to become interested in the sale of the booklet at once:

"History of the Arlington Confederate Monument."

"Washington, D. C., February 1, 1915.

"*Dear Madam Chapter President:* It is my pleasure to call your attention to the above booklet, which contains a full description of the monument, from the corner stone laying to the unveiling, written by Col. Hilary A. Herbert, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Arlington Confederate Monument Association, with beautiful pictures of the monument from its four sides, looking to the south, to the north, the east, and the west, and pictures of the Presidents General, the directors, the officers of the Executive Committee, and pictures as well as addresses of those who spoke at the laying of the corner stone and at the unveiling, in the latter group of which is the President of the United States. The concluding chapter of this booklet is especially interesting, for it is a study of the monument, portraying its meaning in full.

"The Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held at Savannah, Ga., in November, 1914, voted that this booklet should be sold to pay, as far as it goes, the amount of money that is equitably due to Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, for the splendid work he performed, in which he expended far more money than he received. It is hoped you will call the attention of all the members of your Chapter to this booklet (price, 25 cents a copy, postage 5 cents extra), to be obtained from Miss Mary R. Wilcox, 2019 N Street N. W., Washington, D. C. Orders of one hundred, $21, prepaid.

"Sincerely yours, Mary R. Wilcox,
Chairman Publication Committee Arlington Confederate Monument Association."

It gives me pleasure to announce to you that I have appointed Mrs. L. C. Perkins, of Meridian, Miss., as editor of the U. D. C. Department in the Veteran. Mrs. Perkins is a writer of ability, energetic in whatever she undertakes, and has been connected with several prominent daily newspapers. I feel sure the appointment will prove a happy one.

Faithfully, Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General U. D. C.

OUR DEPARTED DAUGHTERS.

BY MRS. LILLIE SCALES SLAUGHTER, PRESIDENT MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

It is the silent hour, the hour when duty, care, and pleasure alike stand outside the locked portals of our hearts. They open only to the keys of memory, and no presence save that of love can enter there. The air is heavy with incense, mingled with the perfume of rosemary and of rue.

It is meet that you and I should pause and clasp hands over the biers of those who are bound to us by all the ties of love and loyalty. And though death, the great leveler, has removed them far from our mortal ken, he stands powerless before a bond that is, in the nature of things, eternal. There are so many who are dear to us on the other side, so many who have walked to meet the night "that soon shall shape and shadow o'erflow," that through them you and I can claim a closer kinship with things immortal.

It is a privilege, which we indeed count dearer than all else, that we have with us yet a guard of those who wore the gray. The horrors of war, brought so graphically before us, cause us to appreciate as never before our own veterans, whom we cherish in life and honor in death. Each year takes its toll of these and of those who are proud to be known as the Daughters of the Confederacy. And though we mourn their loss, a great truth is brought home to us, that no individual is necessary to the divine plan and that the spirit of our organization transcends any human loss; so that even in "the valley of the shadow" hope sees a star and faith hears the flutter of an angel's wing.

"We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps."

It would indeed be a selfish thought to wish them back, even those to whom we feel life's fullest meed had not been given, and certainly not those who with patient eyes have watched the shadows grow long at their feet. It is to them a blessed release, and let us thank God that they faced the sunset in a land of peace.

"What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?
He giveth his beloved sleep."

[This beautiful tribute was read by Mrs. Slaughter during the memorial hour of the General U. D. C. Convention at Savannah, Ga.]

CHRISTMAS CHEER AT CONFEDERATE HOMES.

The Louisiana Division.

[Mrs. Charles Granger, President New Orleans Chapter.]

An event that gives the Louisiana Division more pleasure than anything else throughout the year is the annual Christmas celebration at the Soldiers' Home on beautiful Bayou St. John, New Orleans. These celebrations are usually started with a big dinner a few days after Christmas; but this year the Daughters decided to have the dinner on Christmas Day, followed a few days later by their annual Christmas tree, thus having two gala occasions instead of one, much to the delight of the veterans. The dinner was furnished by the entire Division and was of the very best viands, no expense or trouble being spared to give these dear and venerable men a real Christmas feast. On December 29 the Daughters from the three local Chapters met to distribute gifts from the large tree placed in the library, which was in charge of Mesdames J. H. Page, J. J. Prowell, and L. E. Montegue. The tree and ornaments were donated by the Times-Picayune. For each man there was a Christmas package, daintily wrapped and tied with ribbon and card, containing pipe, tobacco, and candy. These packages of Christmas cheer and love made happy the one hundred and seven veterans in the Home. The building was elaborately decorated from kitchen to infirmary, and in the latter there was a small tree in charge of Mesdames Prudhomme, J. J. Richard, and James Rainey, who looked tenderly after the veterans unable to join their comrades in the library. Holly and Christmas greens of various kinds, intertwined with gay ribbons, the colors of the flag which these men followed to the end at Appomattox, greeted the eye everywhere.

A special feature of this occasion was the presence of the President General U. D. C., Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, who addressed the veterans, telling what it means to be a Daughter of the Confederacy—everything that is educational, progressive, and benevolent—and that as long as there is one remaining veteran the Daughters would see that he had the best our organization could give. Mrs. Stevens was presented an exquisite piece of wood handiwork made by Mr. Hymel, a veteran in the Home, who gave it in the name of Camp Nicholls.

The program was in charge of the Division officers, with Miss Doriska Gautreaux, President, presiding. After prayer by Rev. Father Vincent, there was a recitation by Miss Skinner. Little Miss B. Bernard delighted the audience with her graceful dancing and well-rendered violin selection. Vocal selections were given by Miss Mouton, of Lafayette, Mrs. J. Ritayack, and little Beverly Favrot, who comes every year from Baton Rouge to sing for the veterans at Christmas. Little Miss Stevens, daughter of the President General, gave a violin solo. The singing of "Dixie" amid cheers and yells closed the entertainment.

This entertainment was under the direction of Miss Lise Allain, Custodian of the Soldiers' Home for the Louisiana Division, U. D. C., who gives her untiring efforts to anything that promotes the happiness of the men who wore the gray.

A donation which came as a pleasant surprise was from the Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans at Lake Charles. The Daughters always appreciate the coöperation of the Sons.

A portrait of Mr. S. O. Hart was presented to the Home by Mr. B. P. Sullivan. Mr. Hart has endeared himself by his many acts of kindness to the veterans. It was through his efforts that seven of the men from the Home were given free trips to the reunion at Lafayette last October, and he sees that they get their share of every pleasure and amusement. Another presentation was of a set of the "Memoirs of Jefferson Davis," by Mrs. Davis, given to the Home by Mrs. A. Roberts.

The Tennessee Division.

[Report by Mrs. W. W. Hargrave, Nashville Chapter, No 1.]

As is their custom, the ladies of the Soldiers' Home Committee of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., made sure that the old soldiers were not forgotten on Christmas Day. Everything was looked after carefully, and a most delicious dinner was served at the Home. In gathering the wherewithals it was fully realized that the "Elks" were still a company of "Good Fellows," who, as in former years, furnished an abundant supply of turkeys, cranberries, and celery. The Bate Chapter of Nashville furnished a nice box of oranges.

For several weeks before Christmas boxes, barrels, and packages of all kinds came in from the various Chapters of the State Division, containing preserves, canned fruits, candy, cereals, vegetables, tobacco, clothing, household linen, blankets, etc., these being extra Christmas offerings for the Home and hospital. The committee has established a storeroom at the Home, in which all such articles are stored, to be distributed by the chairman as may be needed by the inmates.

A few days before Christmas Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Restine, of Knoxville, Tenn., came over to pay a visit to the Home, to which they were accompanied by the committee and a delegation from Nashville Chapter No. 1, consisting of Mrs. Ross Handly, Mrs. A. H. Perdue, and Miss Virginia Claybrooke. They personally distributed the presents sent by the Knoxville Chapter, which were in separate packages fixed up in Christmas style and marked with the names of the individual recipients.

The committee wish particularly to thank Mrs. Jackson, of Murfreesboro, for the coop of young chickens which she sent for the use of the hospital.

Members of the Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, of Nashville, spent the day after Christmas at the Home, entertaining the old soldiers and distributing Christmas cheer generally. This Chapter conceived the happy thought of mailing a Christmas card to each person at the Home, including the employees. Members of the A. J. Harris Chapter also gave a day of cheer at the Home during the week.

Mrs. Herbert, chairman, and several members of the committee went out to the Home on New Year's Day, taking oysters, apples, and oranges to add to the bill of fare for the dinner.

It has been so arranged that two members of the committee shall visit the Home at least once every week to see that everything is going on all right and to be sure that every comfort their means will allow is being received by the inmates of the Home and hospital.

Among other gifts from persons not directly connected with the U. D. C. was a most generous supply of cigars and nuts donated by Mr. H. G. Carson, General Manager of the N., C. & St. L. Railway, through Nashville Chapter No. 1, a gift that was thoroughly enjoyed by the men of the Home.

In her report as Treasurer General to the Savannah Convention, Mrs. C. B. Tate stressed the importance of having correct reports from Division Treasurers and strongly advised the election of only the most competent business women in their membership to the position of Treasurer in Divisions and Chapters and to keep them in office. The advantage of having Treasurers of practical experience is apparent.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. AGATHA A. WOODSON, AUGUSTA, GA.

President, Miss Alice M. Earle, Columbia.
First Vice President, Mrs. J. L. McWhirter, Jonesville.
Second Vice President, Mrs. J. D. Holstein, Edgefield.
Third Vice President, Miss Mary Williams, Yorkville.
Fourth Vice President, Mrs. A. G. Sinclair, Bennettsville.
Recording Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Mixson, Union.
Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Cely, Greenville.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mollie J. Perry, Lancaster.
Historian, Mrs. Carrie McC. Patrick, Anderson.
Registrar, Mrs. T. R. Trimmier, Spartanburg.
Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. John Cart, Orangeburg.
Auditor, Mrs. Anna Calhoun Ancrum, Camden.

South Carolina brings a greeting for the new year to all Divisions and Chapters, U. D. C., united to honor the men who wore the gray and to hand down to future generations the true history of the War between the States.

It was with a feeling of pride that I accepted the appointment by our State President as Editor for the South Carolina Division, to send notes of our activity to the VETERAN. It gives me great pleasure to venture on this work, and I feel sure that each Chapter of the Division will uphold the honor of our State by giving me such information, that I may be able to make creditable reports.

The annual convention of the South Carolina Division was held at Yorkville December 2-4. The convention was called to order by our State President, Miss Alice M. Earle, of Columbia, a most gracious presiding officer. Welcome addresses were delivered by the Mayor of Yorkville, by Miss Lessie Witherspoon for the Winnie Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of Yorkville, Mrs. R. M. Bratton, of the King's Mountain Chapter, D. A. R., and Miss Mary Stokes, of the Asbury Coward Chapter, C. of C., with response by Mrs. E. C. Graham, of Greenville, former State President. Greetings were extended the U. D. C. by the South Carolina Federation of Woman's Clubs, the South Carolina Confederate Veterans, and the Sons of Veterans.

The President's address, one long to be remembered, with the memorial service and a musical program, formed a part of the morning session. Luncheon was served to the entire delegation by the King's Mountain Chapter, D. A. R.

The Historical Night of this convention was most interesting, with a magnificent address on "The Plea of the Priceless" by Dr. Howard Lee Jones, President of Coker College. "Our Birthright" was the subject of a brilliant address by Mrs. William H. Overman, of Anderson, former State President of the North Carolina U. D. C. Musical selections and readings added to the enjoyment of the evening.

The afternoon of the second day was devoted to the Children of the Confederacy, whose work reflects great credit upon themselves and their able leader, Miss Pemberton. A beautiful reception was given the convention by the Winnie Davis Chapter of Yorkville.

The last day of the convention was devoted to business, the election of officers concluding the session. Invitations were received, but the meeting place of the next convention was not decided upon.

The historical work of the South Carolina Division has taken on great activity during the past year. Many of the Chapters have sent in original papers to the State Historian, Mrs. C. McC. Patrick, of Anderson, who has been a fine, progressive leader along these lines. She is a woman of broad views and well upholds the honor of the Palmetto State.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

The Albemarle Chapter, always foremost in good works, at Christmas sent to each Albemarle veteran in the Soldiers' Home in Richmond a gift of money, and it can well be imagined how gratefully this thoughtful remembrance was received. Several Albemarle veterans who do not wish to enter the Soldiers' Home because they desire to remain among their friends are cared for at the County Home, and the Albemarle Chapter sends to them each year a generous contribution. Miss Hill and Mrs. Moorman were the committee to visit the Home this year, and they took an abundance of good things to all the inmates, with special boxes and presents for the veterans in addition. Miss Doswell, formerly Chapter President, has collected clothing for distribution among needy veterans, who may apply to the district nurse for it.



MRS. C. B. TATE, TREAS. GEN. U. D. C.

Diana Mills Chapter has held a charming historical meeting, the program for which was arranged by Miss Patteson. This Chapter has successfully followed Miss Preston's program and has found it most interesting. Much benevolent work is done in Buckingham County by Diana Mills Chapter, and a fine report is always made to the State convention.

The annual dinner at the Soldiers' Home in Richmond, contributed to by many Chapters and supervised and supplemented by the Richmond Chapter, was a happy occasion for all the inmates. Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Third Vice President of the Virginia Division, was chairman of the efficient committee which prepared and served the tempting menu.

The programs for auxiliaries arranged by the Fourth Vice President, Mrs. Cabell Smith, have been distributed, and they afford the young people an opportunity to acquire a great deal of valuable information.

Farmville Chapter held a memorial service in December in honor of Sumner Archibald Cunningham, late editor of the VETERAN, and expressed great appreciation of the work which he accomplished.

The site of the Jackson monument to be erected in Richmond has been located on Monument Avenue at the intersection of the Boulevard. The city appropriated $10,000 for the monument.

The cotton ball for the relief fund of the Virginia Division given by Richmond Chapter was a brilliant success. Receiving with Mrs. N. V. Randolph, President of the Chapter, was a distinguished line of women prominent in Richmond society, and the Masonic Temple was gay with Confederate flags, which formed a picturesque background to the attractive costumes worn.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. JOHN D. LEAK, WADESBORO.

The Savannah convention instructed each State Division to appoint an editor to report its work to the VETERAN, and Mrs. R. F. Little, Division President, has commissioned me to do this. I am happy to report that North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy are full of enthusiasm and doing splendid work, with a monument just unveiled at Greenville, the Kinston Chapter making a point of coöperating with the county teachers, the Charlotte Children's Chapter giving a fair and a party to the veterans, Junior Bethel Heroes working hard for the Watson banner, and almost every Chapter in the State hard at work locally and for our general causes.

Our President General lays special stress on work among all Southern children and increased attention to our veterans. Some of our Chapters have adopted a plan for dividing into "circles," which has helped their work greatly, bringing fresh interest and a little rivalry, often very stimulating, into action.

Our State thinks that the space given the U. D. C. in the VETERAN will prove very helpful to our cause, provoking us all to "emulation and to good works."

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO DIVISION TREASURERS.

"Each Chapter shall, on or before the first day of March, pay into the general treasury, through the Division Treasurer, the annual *per capita* fee of ten cents for every member who shall at that time be in good standing on the Chapter roll." (Article IX., Section 2, Constitution.)

1. Note that taxes are due on or before March 1.
2. Note that all taxes are to be paid through Division Treasurers.
3. Where there is no Division, taxes may be sent directly to the Treasurer General by the Chapter.
4. Division Treasurers will please accompany all remittances by one of the proper forms, showing distribution of tax.
5. It will often be necessary to use more than one of the distribution sheets. In such cases the Treasurers will please write the words, "amount forward," instead of "total" at the bottom of each sheet save the last and will enter the proper amount at the head of the next sheet.
6. Be sure to fill in all of the heads called for.
7. Do not neglect the head "Year." The current year began November, 1914, but is referred to as 1915. Back taxes will be received and should be so marked. Advance taxes will not be received—that is, no 1916 tax will be received during 1915. If a Treasurer remits part of a Chapter's tax at one time and part at another, this fact should be indicated in the second remittance by the use of the word "additional" under the column headed "Year."

Your strict adherence to the above suggestions will enable your General Treasurer to exhibit tangible evidence of the amount of money received by her.

MRS. C. B. TATE, *Treasurer General U. D. C.*

DID THE WAR SAVE THE UNION?

BY MARY D. CARTER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Is the preachment true that war never has and never will settle anything, but only complicates matters and makes future settlements more difficult, or are there exceptions to the rule? And is war sometimes a constructive force? If so, was our War between the States one of them? Is this excuse for the war that it saved the Union a valid one?

No one at the present time will deny that prior to the war of the sixties there were patriotic, clear-sighted men on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, men who realized the vital importance of preserving the Union; neither will any one acquainted with the ease with which the Constitution can be amended, as witnessed by the two recent additions to it, deny that the present legal status of the Federal government could have been brought about by amendments to that article or, what would amount to the same thing, a different interpretation by the Supreme Court of our national bill of rights. Then what is the explanation of this hue and cry about the war having saved the Union? What are the principal elements that enter into all wars, especially civil ones? Murder, outrage, incendiarism, hatred, revenge. Do these elements ever make for peace, for patriotism, for unity, for union?

Now for a little history. There was not a State in the Southern Confederacy that did not have a large number of Union men in it; there were twenty-five Northern men who fought as officers in the Confederate army and many Southern men who were officers and privates in the Northern army. Why were the men of the States divided up into four camps—*i. e.*, Southern men who loved the Union and fought against the Union forces; Southern men who, while still admitting States' rights as a *sine qua non* of a stable, equilibrated Union, fought with the Union forces; Northern men who loved the Union yet fought with the Southern forces; Northern men who, while admitting State's rights as a basic principle of the Union, fought against the Southern forces? Why does no less an authority than Henry Cabot Lodge say, "Both Grant and Lee gained what they fought for, the former Federalism and the latter States' rights"? The reason is not far to seek. The war issue was not clear-cut; the positions of both sides were illogical (untenable). No, the tragedy of the War between the States was that conscientious men on both sides sacrificed their lives in fighting against (in part) their own convictions, and in its final analysis the so-called "Union victory" was in part a Union defeat that had to be remedied by constructive legislation which has been going on ever since the war and is still going on, undoing what the Union soldiers died to accomplish. Given the issue, even the infinitely just One could not decide the war equitably, and so its decision was left to the arbitrament of numbers.

Now, as the war did not and could not in the nature of what war is save the Union, what has saved it? For to-day it stands forth in all its glory a nation admired and loved above all the nations of the world. Why, the thing that has saved our country in the past and will continue to save it, for it has to be saved not once only but all the time, is the Christian patriotism of a majority of our people—a patriotism that is broader than State or section, a patriotism that has saved the Union in spite of all the hosts of evil forces evoked by the war and its culminating horror, the Reconstruction period.

If, then, we would that our Union abide for aye, let us hold up as ideals to the rising generations not those men who are the exponents of the destructive, disuniting forces of war, but those whose all-embracing patriotism, like that of Robert E. Lee, has a place in its heart, even in the stress and strain of war, for "our friends the enemy," or who, like that other patriot, William McKinley, treats with loving reverence and honor alike the memories of both blue and gray.

THE HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

PLEASE READ TO CHAPTER.

We are indebted to Miss Jeanette Aglionby, of Charlestown, W. Va., for these programs.

During the U. D. C. Convention in Savannah, realizing what could be accomplished by a systematic study of history by all of the Chapters, as suggested by the Historian General before the Historical Committee, she asked the privilege of giving a check for $50 for a series of programs during the twelve months' study along historical lines. This amount will give, when printed in the simplest and least expensive style, about 2,500 copies, and when distributed among the 1,500 Chapters there will not be two copies to a Chapter.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN has agreed to give a page to the Historian General each month, so that the program, with some historical helps, may be ready for the Chapters. This arrangement begins with the February number. Let us urge that every Daughter subscribe for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN at once, remembering that it is our Mr. Cunningham's memorial.

It is suggested also that, in case the public libraries of the city do not have the reference books given, a committee from the Chapter be appointed to ask that some of these books be added to the libraries as soon as possible.

Again it is suggested that, in case the Historian will not or cannot take the time or trouble to carry out this program or prepare a better one, the President of the Chapter be empowered to appoint some one else to take charge of the matter, so the work can progress. If we will only realize that a familiarity with these historical questions will better fit us to pass judgment upon the textbooks our children are studying, I am sure all will be willing to devote a short time to their study, no matter how much we think we already know.

Again let me suggest that all papers read before the Chapter be written upon the authorized size of paper for binding (7x9¼ inches), with one-inch margin, punched like sample of paper sent to State Historians, so that they may be preserved and sent to your Historian General for your own State volume. (See minutes of Savannah Convention.)

Let me also suggest that the first hour of your meeting be devoted to the historical program. Begin on time, close on time, invite outsiders, serve refreshments if you think this is wise at close of the hour, then begin the business part of your program promptly on time. Arrange for fully two and a half or three hours to be devoted to your U. D. C. meeting.

Invite the veterans to meet with you often, for you may thus get them to decide for you many perplexing problems. At any rate, it will give them a great deal of pleasure.

Invite the children frequently to take part in your programs by a song or a recitation. Encourage them in their work.

Your Historian General will not send out an open letter this year, feeling that a reference to any of the three former ones will be sufficient to guide your work, and she asks new Historians to send for a copy of one of these, if none has been given her, to begin the work.

The questions and answers will be found in large part in the Savannah speech, "Wrongs of History Righted." Upon application, with stamps inclosed (one cent each copy), as many copies of the speech as desired will be sent. There will be sent to your Chapter Historian through your State Historian a copy of the Savannah speech and a program.

Two historical matters I should like to stress:

1. Do not forget to have sketches of our Confederate surgeons, who are connected in any way with members of your Chapter, written and sent to me for the volume called "Surgeons of the Confederacy."

2. Do not fail to send a pledge from your Chapter to me as Chairman or to Dr. Samuel E. Lewis as Treasurer for the monument to be erected to the surgeons at Richmond. This is to be a very simple monument and must not interfere with the contributions to Shiloh, Arlington, or Stone Mountain.

3. Be sure to stress the importance of that chair of Southern history at the Peabody Teachers' College, at Nashville, Tenn. If our teachers are not taught Southern history, how can we expect our children to know it? This is the only teachers' college we have at present in the South.

4. Please send as often as you discover one the name of any book in fiction that can be recommended for a Southern library. Be very careful in your recommendations. Mrs. Watson, the Chairman of Southern Literature, will publish the names of books recommended by this committee.

5. Send names of all authors from your State and list of their works to be put into your State volume. If those names are missing, you will be to blame. One final word: Stress your State Day. Teach all that can be taught in regard to your State flag and seal. Urge all members to wear the State flag to the U. D. C. meeting that month. If the history of the flag and the seal has not been sent to the Historian General, see that it is done at once. May the year be one full of good works!

In loving coöperation,

MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD,
Historian General U. D. C.

MONTHLY PROGRAMS FOR U. D. C. CHAPTERS.

PREPARED BY THE HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

(Answers found in "Wrongs of History Righted," the Historian General's speech before the U. D. C. Convention in Savannah in November, 1914.)

1. What was the Missouri Compromise? By whom proposed? By whom amended?

2. How did the Missouri Compromise violate the Constitution and interfere with States' rights?

3. Why were the tariff acts of 1828, 1832, and 1833 unjust to the South and a violation of the Constitution?

4. Who was called the "Nullifier," and why?

5. Had nullification been threatened before, and by whom?

6. When was the "child of secession" said to have been born?

7. Give short sketches of John C. Calhoun and Robert Y. Hayne.

8. What trouble did the war with Mexico cause?

9. What was the Omnibus Bill? Why unjust to the South?

10. How was the disbursement of the money in the United States Treasury at this time unjust?

11. What greatly increased the abolition sentiment in the North? Why was this unjust to the South?

12. Who was Harriet Beecher Stowe? Who was John Brown, of Kansas? Who was Dred Scott?

13. What were the "Personal Liberty Bills"? Why were they an interference with States' rights?

14. What party elected Abraham Lincoln? What was the platform of the Anti-South, or Republican, party?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song, "Bonny Blue Flag."

2. Paper. Give origin of "Bonny Blue Flag."

3. Song, "Maryland, My Maryland."

4. Paper. Sketch of James R. Randall and origin of "Maryland, My Maryland."

5. Reading, "Robert Y. Hayne."

MONTHLY PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY AUXILIARIES.

PREPARED BY THE HISTORIAN GENERAL, U. D. C.

Secession and the Result.

Responsive service.

Song, "Bonny Blue Flag."

1. How many States formed the Southern Confederacy in 1861? Why did the States secede?

2. When did your State secede? Was secession rebellion?

3. Why did Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas wait?

4. Why were Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland prevented from voting on secession?

5. How was war declared?

6. Did the States in seceding have any thought of war?

7. Tell some good reasons why they did not wish war.

8. How long did the war last?

9. How many men were in the Southern army? How many in the Northern army?

10. Was the war fought to hold the slaves?

11. How many slaveholders were in the Northern army? How many in the Southern army?

(Answers to questions found in "Wrongs of History Righted.")

12. Song, "Maryland, My Maryland."

Origin of the "Bonny Blue Flag."

Harry McCarthy, a Confederate soldier and an Irish comedian, appeared on the stage of the Academy of Music in New Orleans in September, 1861, and sang a song which he had written. The house was filled with Confederate soldiers from Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas on their way to the battle front. He was accompanied by his sister, Marion, who, in honor of the Texans present, bore in her hand a large flag of dark blue silk with one white star in the center. Then it was that McCarthy sang his "Bonny Blue Flag" for the first time. This brought to the soldiers the memory of home so vividly that they could not repress their feelings. They yelled, they waved their hats, they jumped up on the seats, and the excitement became so great that the police had to be called in to check it.

When General Butler was in command at New Orleans he issued an order that any man, woman, or child that sang that song, whistled or played it, should be fined twenty-five dollars. He had A. E. Blackmar, the publisher of the music, arrested, fined him five hundred dollars, and ordered every copy of the song destroyed; but "Bonny Blue Flag" was in the hearts of the people and could not be destroyed. It was sung from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the night McCarthy sang it it became the Marseillaise of the South.

Mrs. Annie Chambers-Ketchum, of Kentucky, wrote other words to the music, and for this reason it has been said she claimed to have written the original song.

It must be remembered that Joanna Troutman, of Crawford County, Ga., made a white silk flag with a blue star on it which she presented to the Georgia boys from Macon, who fought so bravely at Goliad, Tex., in 1836. The flag was destroyed in that defense. The State of Texas selected a blue silk flag with one white star as their State flag in honor of Miss Troutman's suggestion. Governor Colquitt in 1914 placed in the Capitol at Austin a large oil portrait of Miss Troutman. The artist is Miss Marie Cronin, of Palestine, Tex.

Origin of "Maryland, My Maryland."

James Ryder Randall, born at Baltimore, Md., in 1839, was the author of "Maryland, My Maryland," that thrilling war lyric, one of the master works that are destined never to die. "In its life Mr. Randall lives, and he will continue to live as long as literature has a place among the inhabitants of the globe." Oliver Wendell Holmes said that it was the best poem produced on either side during the War between the States.

Its author was of English and French ancestry, "with a dash of Irish." His father was John K. Randall. James was educated at the Roman Catholic College in Georgetown, D. C., and received the degree of LL.D. at Notre Dame, Ind. In 1860 he went to New Orleans, the most picturesque city of the South, to engage in journalistic work and later was appointed to a professorship at Poydras College, Pointe Coupee, La. While there one night he arose from a feverish dream and wrote the words of "Maryland, My Maryland." The poem was sent to the New Orleans Delta, and, like Byron, Randall awoke one morning to find himself famous.

The following is the story of its being set to music: Frederic Berat chose the tune "Ma Normandie," but later the lovely German "Tannebaum, O Tannebaum" was selected as being more spirited. After the battle of Manassas, General Beauregard invited some Maryland ladies to visit his headquarters, and while there the Washington Artillery of New Orleans serenaded them. The "boys in gray" asked for a song, and Miss Jennie Cary, standing at the door of the tent, sang "Maryland, My Maryland." The soldiers caught up the refrain, and the whole camp rang with the beautiful melody. As the last notes died away "three cheers and a tiger" were given. It was said that there was not a dry eye in the tent and not a rim upon a cap outside. From that time "Maryland" became a national war song of the South.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Dear Memorial Women: During the Christmas and New-Year holidays my heart was gladdened by the loving greetings received from the dear memorial women. These sweet messages assured me of your coöperation in all that tends to cherish the memories of our glorious Southland, and I wish to express my sincere thanks to one and all through the medium of our official organ. We are, indeed, a band of sisters in whose loyal hearts the heroic deeds of our departed heroes will live forever.

The date of the Richmond Reunion has been fixed for June 1, 2, 3. The closing day will be the anniversary of the birth of our beloved President Jefferson Davis. What a great privilege it is for us to have the opportunity of meeting on that day in the capital of the Confederacy!

Let me urge upon each association to be represented on that occasion. The work in which you are engaged is one that appeals in a special manner to the brave and tender-hearted veterans with whom we have the honor of uniting in memory of the Confederate dead. I am looking forward to a large and enthusiastic convention at Richmond. Remember this will be election year, and you will be called upon to choose your general officers for another term of three years. Be faithful to your trust and continue to devote your efforts to the upbuilding of the work that lies so close to our hearts.

Faithfully yours, Mrs. W. J. Behan, *President General.*

ESCAPE FROM FORT DONELSON.

BY L. J. BAILEY, MARIETTA, OKLA.

At the age of sixteen I enlisted under Capt. T. B. Graham in Scott County, Miss., and on June 17, 1861, we went to Iuka, Miss., and were mustered into the 20th Mississippi Regiment, Company F. In a few days we were sent to Lynchburg, Va., where we drew uniforms and guns, and almost every man in the regiment drew a bad case of measles. As soon as the boys were able to march we were conveyed on cars to Green River and then in three or four days' march to the top of Sewell Mountain, where we saw our first enemy; and as they did not like us as neighbors, they left. We followed to Cotton Hill and on to Petersburg, where we went into quarters, as we thought, for the winter; but in January we were transferred, including Floyd's Brigade, to Bowling Green, Ky., and in the early part of February we landed at Fort Donelson. We went immediately into the ditches, and the first night snow began to fall, continuing at intervals all the next day, Thursday. We had nothing but small stick fires in the ditches, and the mud worked up to our shoe tops.

About twelve o'clock at night we had orders to fall back under a hill, where we found a detail with big log fires down in the cañons cooking. My first thought was to get close to the fire and warm. Our orders were to draw three days' rations of crackers and boiled bacon, and with this stored in our haversacks we continued our close relation to the big fire until near day. We were then ordered into line, and let me say here that the common soldier knew but little of the things ahead until they happened. We started back toward the ditches, not where we had left them, but more to the left, and went on over and into the timber, then out into an old field, where we were formed in line, and I noticed other lines just in our front. I could see men on horses riding down the lines and talking to the soldiers. Presently our Major Brown came riding down our line, talking in a low tone to the boys, for we were near the enemy. I soon understood what was up. We moved out quietly and struck their picket line. They fired on us and ran. We moved up in quick time for some distance and were then ordered to charge, which we did with yells that woke the sleepers for miles. There was but little resistance from the first line. They broke in wild confusion, some without shoes or hats, leaving blankets, guns, knapsacks, haversacks, hot coffee on the fires, and many were made prisoners. The day was beautiful, cold and clear; four inches of snow covered the earth, and it was not uncommon to see the blood-stained finger prints where the wounded and dying had gathered snow to satisfy their thirst.

The second line of battle showed fight, but the first charge moved them, and throughout the day, up to three o'clock in the afternoon, our lines moved forward. When firing ceased, it was found that our boys were out of ammunition, and that night Grant came in with ten thousand fresh troops. An effort was made to get boats down to take us out, but only two small ones came, and our army was left helpless. We were taken to the landing early in the night, expecting boats, but they failed to come. I had three brothers in my company, all older, and I pleaded with them that we try to get out; that we could not make it worse than to be caught. But my arguments had no effect. It was now getting daylight, and I went again to my brothers, but without avail; so I said "good-by" and went to the bank of the river. Looking downstream, I saw some one coming from the opposite side in a small boat. Before I could get to his landing, he had gotten out of the boat and started up the bank, with the paddle on his shoulder. I saw that he was a negro, and he said he was going after his young master. I told him to leave the paddle, but he said he couldn't. I leveled my gun on him and told him that I thought he could, and he thought so too.

I got in the boat and soon landed on the opposite shore. The river had been rising for several days, and I had gone but a short distance when I came to a slough. Seeing buggy and horse tracks, I concluded it was not deep; and as time was precious, in I went. By the third step I went under and left my gun on the bottom. When I reached the surface, I swam to the other side, some thirty feet. When I got opposite to where I left the boys, I stepped to the edge of the bank to look over; but the boys in blue saw me, and a fog of smoke and the song of a Minie ball near my head convinced me that lower land would suit me better, so I ducked for the rear.

By this time my wet clothes began to freeze, and, with no chance for fire, it was move out lively or freeze. The sun was now getting up—I could feel its warm rays—and by noon much of the snow had melted, and my clothes were partially dried. At sundown I came to a ferry where there were eighteen men in the boat waiting for the ferryman. I suggested that we need not wait; but they said they were afraid the current would take them downstream if they tried to cross, and they were expecting a gunboat at any time. Boy as I was, I told them I was going across and began to unwind the chain that held the boat, when all walked off but three. They pulled the oars, and I guided the boat across. We struck the shore fifty feet above the landing, stepped out, and moved on. Near midnight we came to an old house where the floor had been taken out, and there was a big fire burning which had been started by the boys who had gotten out and come up the river on the south side and had then gone on. I never saw a place look better, so we turned in and stayed until day. We then went on and came to the road from Fort Donelson, leading in the direction of Russellville, the route by which Forrest and many others came out, and why we all did not get out the same way I do not know. I told my companions that we had better take a country road in the direction of Nashville; that we would be safer. They said no; but at the first road we came to leading south I bade them good-by and in three days was in Nashville. I went home, stayed two weeks, and then went to Forrest, served with him seven months, then back to my regiment, which had been exchanged. I was in every engagement with my regiment up to July 17, 1864, when I was wounded at Peachtree Creek, near Atlanta; so I did not serve under General Hood. Johnston and I quit the same day. I reported on my crutches and was in Macon, Ga., at the surrender.

A. H. Plecker, of Lynchburg, Va., calls attention to the article in the VETERAN for April, page 171, by Hon. Pat Henry, of Mississippi, on the war record of Gen. John S. Bowen, in which he states that General Bowen fought the battle at Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863, with detached troops from Arkansas, the 6th Mississippi, a section of Hudson's Battery, and Tracy's Brigade—5,500 all told. Of this Mr. Plecker says: "Mr. Henry overlooks the fact that Anderson's Virginia Battery, with six guns, had a part in that little affair, and that its loss was heavy in officers, men, guns, and horses. In fact, the howitzer section on the left of the lines was in a manner annihilated. Three men escaped. I was one of them. Let's have correct history."

VIRGINIA'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MISS MARGARET L. VON DER AU, ATHENS, GA.

Character of Virginia and the Virginians Previous to the War—The Institution of Slavery.

Geographically, the State of Virginia is divided into two main parts: the eastern lowlands, rich and fertile, drained by the rivers flowing into Chesapeake Bay, and frequently called in picturesque language Tidewater Virginia; and Western Virginia, rugged with the upjutting peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in whose fastnesses generations of Scotch-Irish people have passed their lives. Between these two sections existed from their earliest history a wide difference in customs and ideals which was probably never more strongly marked than it was during the struggle of 1861, when, most naturally, the inhabitants of these regions arrayed themselves on opposite sides of the question at issue.

"Nowhere else on our continent previous to the War of Secession had the current of local tradition, custom, habit, thought, and feeling glided on with so little change of character from the date of the earliest settlement as in those counties of Virginia which are washed in bay or river by the daily flow and ebb of the ocean tides."

During the two centuries between the founding of Virginia and the birth of her illustrious son, Robert E. Lee, this community had undergone little change in its institutions, its religious and social life; and its government, though changed from that of a colony under the crown to a commonwealth recognizing no jurisdiction higher than its own, remained a government of people firmly intrenched in their own political views. That these views were not inflexible and that from the first years of the government of the United States Virginia's sons were capable of making and executing laws for a country in the plastic stages of its development is shown by the efforts put forth by her Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall in building and maintaining the government of the young nation. That the customs of this commonwealth were capable of modification in accordance with modern evolutionary ideas is proved by the fact that one of her institutions, that of slavery, was bitterly deplored by that great Virginian, Thomas Jefferson, and that, regardless of the immediate financial loss which the abolishing of this institution would mean to Virginia, there had existed in the State a strong antislavery movement from 1829 to 1833. It is safe to surmise in view of this that, left to her own wise judgment, Virginia would have gradually worked out her own problem regarding slavery, a problem which became restricted to this and the other Southern States only when it had been found that the employment and maintenance of negro slaves in the North was an economic failure.

The difference in customs and institutions, in the entire social organism—in fact, of the Northern and Southern States previous to the war—was due as much, perhaps, to climate, geographical situation, and topography as to any radical differences in the people themselves, though these existed in a marked degree. In the North the situation was favorable to manufacturing interests, and townships sprang up and flourished, developing gradually into large cities. In the South the climate and great untenanted tracts of land made agriculture the leading industry, and the plantation system prevailed. Upon these plantations the slaves could be employed with great financial benefit to the landowners.

What that life and civilization of Old Virginia meant we must gather from the recollections of those who were a part of it, whose memories and traditions are handed down to their children as a priceless heritage. This life may have seemed to others restricted and conventional; in its very essence it may have deplored innovations and turned its back upon radical changes while looking far ahead to the betterment of the State; but we can be sure that this civilization embodied a reverence for religion, for personal honor, and the country's highest good not surpassed by any civilization of the world.

The Virginians were a freedom-loving people. When the yoke of England's power became irksome to the American colonies, it was Virginia that first asserted her independence. "By her instructions her representatives in the General Congress introduced a resolution to declare the colonies independent States, and the Declaration itself was written by one of her sons."

"When the Articles of Confederation were shown to be inadequate to secure peace and tranquility at home and respect abroad, Virginia first moved to bring about a more perfect Union."

When the designation, "free and independent States," was given to these newly created bodies, it is not to be wondered at that Virginia, among others, interpreted it literally, at the same time observing the letter and the spirit in which the instrument of freedom had been conceived.

According to the interpretation of Hon. John J. Allen, the powers granted under the Constitution were derived from the people of each State, acting for themselves, to be resumed or taken back by the people of the State who were then granting them sway.

The right to hold slaves was claimed by the people of Virginia as well as the right to abolish the institution within their own State. Robert E. Lee, then a soldier of the United States army, in a letter to his wife written in 1856, says: "In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country. It is useless to expatiate on its disadvantages." He says further: "The blacks are immeasurably better off here than in Africa, morally, socially, and physically. The painful discipline they are undergoing is necessary for their instruction as a race and, I hope, will prepare and lead them to better things. How long their subjection may be necessary is known and ordered by a wise and merciful Providence. While we see the course of the final abolition of slavery is onward, and we give it the aid of our prayers and all justifiable means in our power, we must leave the progress as well as the results in His hands who sees the end and who chooses to work by slow things and with whom a thousand years are but as a single day. Although the abolitionist must know this and must see that he has neither the right nor the power of operating except by moral means and suasion, if he means well to the slave he must not create angry feelings in the master; that, although he may not approve the mode by which it pleases Providence to accomplish its purposes, the result will ever be the same; that the reasons he gives for interference in what he has no concern holds good for every kind of interference with our neighbors when we disapprove their conduct."

It was just this "interference" which Virginia resented. Daniel Webster in 1850 deplored the fact that the existence of abolition societies in the North, employing measures distasteful to the South, should have placed an effectual check upon steps which Virginia in 1832 had discussed relative to

the gradual emancipation of slaves. With the growth of the aggressive abolitionists the sentiment among the border States of the South favoring emancipation underwent a decline, and the Virginian, used by generations of freedom to do as he wished with his own, brooking no interference where his personal rights were concerned, showed no willingness to act according to the dictates of Northern extremists.

It is quite true that the final abolition of slaves was inevitable, as probably a change in our present social order is inevitable; but the economists whose brains and hands are engaged in solving the problems of to-day realize, as the thoughtful Virginians of the past realized, that time is necessary for a gradual and natural change to take place and that a noble superstructure cannot be safely built before a firm foundation is laid. Upon this foundation the statesmen of Virginia were working when the impassioned actions and advice of their Northern brothers placed a check upon their labors.

The fanaticism of many of the leaders in the abolition movement was not shared by the North as a section, much as the existence of slavery was condemned. But matters were precipitated in Virginia when the arsenal at Harper's Ferry was seized by John Brown. A Kentuckian by birth, he had moved to the territory of Kansas, the abolition battle field, and it was there that he decided that Virginia, the place where Dutch vessels had landed the first African slaves in America, should be the proper objective for the carrying out of his plans. These involved the arousing and arming of the negroes against their masters, their equipment coming from the United States arsenal. The rebellion occurred on Sunday afternoon, October 16, 1859. Robert E. Lee, of the Second Cavalry, was appointed to represent the government. At his service was placed a battalion of marines from the navy yard at Washington, and, with the aid of troops from Fortress Monroe, Brown was captured. Having been tried and convicted, he was hanged on December 2, 1859. What the effect of these events upon the right-thinking people of the North was we may conjecture. There can be little doubt that the bitter lamentation over the fate of John Brown could have arisen only from those who shared his fanatical zeal and misplaced enthusiasm. The effect upon the South as a whole was to spread alarm and dismay and to arouse intense fear of the successful carrying out of plans such as had been inaugurated at Harper's Ferry. These things tended to a still wider separation of the sections, which had for years been growing more and more apart.

Secession—Virginia in the Confederacy.

The election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency in 1860 marked the triumph of a party pronouncing freedom national and slavery sectional. This election, with its attendant issues, precipitated the passing of ordinances of secession by the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi. Louisiana seceded in January, 1861, and Texas in February. The question of a State's right to secede was one of enormous import. The Constitution was not explicit on this point, and each section felt the right to construe it in its own way.

In Virginia's ratification of the Constitution these words occur: "We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, do declare and make known that the powers granted under the Constitution, being derived from the people of the United States, may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression, and that every power not granted thereby remains with them and at their will." There was little, if any, question in the minds of Virginians as to their State's right to secede. The question was, Had the time come for the exercise of this privilege?

Although Virginia believed in the abstract right to secede, her temper seemed to oppose secession. This view of the case was shared by such men as Jubal A. Early and William C. Wickham, of Hanover. According to their construction of the national Constitution, Virginians believed that the general government had no right, legal or moral, to coerce a seceding State. A convention assembled in Richmond in the spring of 1861 to consider the question of secession proved that the people of Virginia did not regard the election of Lincoln as sufficient cause for taking so decisive a step. But when on April 14, 1861, the President of the United States called forth the militia of the several States of the Union, to the number of seventy-five thousand, to suppress the combinations of the seceded States, Virginia, who was taxed to send 2,340 men, was brought to an immediate choice between obedience to this call and obedience to the strong sense of loyalty which she felt to her sister States of the South. Her choice was made when the Virginia Convention on April 17, 1861, unanimously passed the ordinance of secession, and when it was referred to the people on the fourth Thursday in May there was an overwhelming majority of favoring votes cast. This action was not made known in Washington till April 19.

One of Virginia's first acts after the adoption of the ordinance of secession was the passing of Ordinance No. 9 on the same day. This authorized the Governor to call for the retirement of all "efficient and worthy Virginians" and residents of Virginia then in the army and navy of the United States and an invitation to them to enter the service of Virginia with rank relative or at least equivalent to that held in the service of the United States. To repel invasion of the State $100,000 was appropriated. By ordinance of April 19, 1861, a commander in chief of military and naval forces of the State, with the rank of major general, was authorized. With the severing of ties between State and Union, the oath to support the Constitution of the United States was declared inoperative and void, and all statutory provisions giving efficacy to that oath were repealed.

It must not be believed that Virginia's secession did not cause her anguish of spirit. Her sentiments favored the Union of States as long as that Union was one of harmony. The South had played its part in the building of the new nation, and not for a mere whim nor for the simple exercise of a right to secede did this group of States elect to sever its connection with the Union and form a separate government of its own.

"It is true that the South parted in bitterness, but it was in sadness of spirit also. She did not wish it—certainly Virginia did not desire it—if she could maintain her rights within the Union."

The seceded States had organized themselves into the Confederate States of America on February 4, 1861, with the capital at Montgomery, Ala., Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was elected President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice President. On April 24, seven days after the State of Virginia had passed the ordinance of secession, in a convention between Virginia and the Confederate States it was provided that until the union between the State and Confederacy was fully completed the whole military and naval operations of the State should be under the chief control and direction of the President of the Confederate States. After

the completion of said union the State would then turn over to the Confederacy all public property, naval stores, munitions of war, etc., then in her possession. Whatever expenditures the State might incur were to be met and provided for by the Confederate States. Ordinance No. 56, adopted June 19, 1861, proclaimed the Constitution of the Confederacy binding on the people of Virginia. Ten days later the seat of the Confederate government was moved from Montgomery to Richmond.

Preparation for War—Virginia in the Army and Navy of the Confederacy—Some Representative Virginians.

At the time of Virginia's secession Robert E. Lee was serving at Gen. Winfield Scott's headquarters. He had already distinguished himself by splendid service in the United States army in the war with Mexico, and, in addition to his great powers as an active military man, he had impressed General Scott with his ability as an organizer.

Personally, Lee did not regret the freeing of slaves as a result of war. He had set free his own slaves, as had his father-in-law, Mr. Custis. His services to the Union in the capacity of engineer and soldier had forged between them strong ties of love and respect, and he would have sacrificed much to the cause of the Union. But when, through the influence of General Scott, he was offered the command of the active army of the United States he refused the honor, and of the interview concerning it he wrote: "I declined the offer he (Mr. Francis Preston Blair) made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and as courteously as I could that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States."

On April 20, 1861, he tendered his resignation of office in the United States army and two days later accepted the command of the Virginia forces.

The ratification of his appointment was attended by exercises of imposing ceremony in the hall of the House of Representatives. Mr. John Janney, the President, addressed the newly appointed commander. He said in part: "When necessity became apparent of having a leader for our forces, all hearts and eyes, by the impulse of an instinct which is a surer guide than reason itself, turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We knew how prolific she had been in other days of heroes and statesmen. We knew she had given birth to the father of his country, to Richard Henry Lee, to Monroe, and last, though not least, to your own gallant father; and we knew well by your deeds that her productive power was not yet exhausted." His address continued in this vein. Though Lee made no attempt to respond in kind, the words of his reply were chosen with characteristic simplicity. In a speech of few words he closed by saying: "Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword." With such lofty principles as his governing motive did Virginia's military commander assume his responsibilities.

Though Virginia had not then joined the Confederacy, her convention had given to the Confederate government control of the military operations within her borders. Thus Lee's command was extended to include not only Virginia's immediate forces but all Confederate troops as soon as they arrived in Virginia. His letters are expressive of the deep conviction of right which he felt in thus joining his strength to that of his State.

It would have been difficult for Virginia to have selected a saner, more conservative military leader. He felt no right to an optimistic attitude in regard to a peaceable adjustment of the grievances between the North and the South, for in a letter to his wife dated May 13, 1861, he wrote: "Do not put faith in rumors of adjustment. I see no prospect of it. If Virginia is invaded, which appears to be designed, the main routes through the country will in all probability be infested and passage interrupted." In this letter he expresses further his desire that the Southern newspapers take a firm, dignified course, free from bravado and boasting.

After the fall of Fort Sumter into the hands of the Confederacy and the subsequent secession of Virginia came the withdrawal from the Union of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas. Hostilities had now begun in earnest, and in Virginia it meant the enlistment of every gentleman not wholly incapable of rendering service.

From every occupation and profession the sons of Virginia rallied to the support of their mother State. Nine-tenths of the young men at the University of Virginia put aside their books and joined the ranks. The boys in training at the Military Institute at Lexington joined their efforts to those of the West Point officers at Virginia's command in the drilling and preparation for service of the raw recruits. Camps of instruction were organized at Richmond and Ashland, and here the inexperienced volunteers, many of whom were unused to discipline, were taught the rudiments of military theory.

As soon as a company was drilled sufficiently to enter active service it was assigned to a regiment at the front. The sixty infantry and cavalry regiments which Lee dispatched to the front contained not less than forty thousand Virginians.

The undisciplined nature of the aristocratic young Virginian was amenable to control. Rigid military training was the order of the day, and many a lesson of obedience was learned by those youths, who quickly came to recognize the authority of their superior officers, and in many instances this obedience was coupled with a love and respect amounting to reverence. The instinctive love which they felt for Virginia through generations of loyal ancestry was increased by the admiration which they felt for her unselfishness—an unselfishness which showed the true spirit of self-sacrifice—for, as we have seen, Virginia was battling, not for the perpetuation of an institution which she knew must sooner or later be abolished, but for the rights which she felt to be hers as a sovereign State. In so doing she realized that she was yielding her own soil as the battle ground for the contending forces. What havoc was to be wrought by the deadly conflict of brother against brother could in those early days of the struggle be only faintly imagined. Upon no other State could the blow have fallen more heavily. To no other State could the visage of war have appeared in more tragic mask. Her borders, north and west, if not hostile, were at least unsympathetic, for the mountainous regions of Western Virginia had on the secession of the State organized a Union government and become constituted and recognized as a State of the Union, and Maryland and Kentucky were not seceded States. Differences of opinion existed between members of the same family on opposite sides of the border, and classmates at West Point and comrades of the war with Mexico found themselves compelled to take up arms against one another.

To the Confederacy Virginia could have contributed no

amount of money sufficient to equal the magnificent heroism of men like Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Jubal A. Early, J. E. B. Stuart, Thomas J. Jackson, and a host of others—men who might have retained high rank in the army of the United States, but who chose to share their fortunes with those of their own State. Into the armies of Virginia and into those of other States where Virginians may have carried arms the fine infusion of Virginia's spirit was poured, and this counted for more than numbers alone.

In accordance with an agreement between Virginia and the Confederate States, Lee on June 8, 1861, turned over to the Confederate government the command of the military and naval forces of the State. His powers as an organizer were allowed to overshadow his ability as a soldier, and until the summer of 1862 he did not take active part in the great military operations.

The Confederate government depended upon the arsenals of Alabama, South Carolina, and Georgia, with about forty thousand muskets belonging to Virginia State. It is interesting to know something of the means which were employed to equip an army under conditions most unfavorable and lacking the resources of a standing army. Joseph E. Johnston says that cartridges were made of powder furnished by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, and lead found at the place or procured in the neighborhood. Caps in small quantities were smuggled from Baltimore. Caissons were constructed roughly by fixing ammunition chests on the running parts of farm wagons. Horses and harness of various kinds for the artillery and wagons and teams for field transportation were collected in the surrounding country.

Among the resources of Virginia at the command of the Confederacy was the navy yard at Norfolk. This was one of the oldest and most valuable in the United States. From its stocks were launched two ships of the line, one frigate, four sloops of war, one brig, four screw steamers, and one side-wheel steamer, besides doing a vast amount of refitting and rebuilding. In the report of the Secretary of the Confederate Navy of 1864 Capt. S. S. Lee reports that the mines of the vicinity of Richmond were ample to supply the demand for Richmond and the naval works at Charlotte. He also reports that the naval rope works at Petersburg, erected to supply cordage for the use of the navy, had proved adequate, having paid all expenses, with considerable profit.

The Norfolk Navy Yard fell into the hands of Virginia on April 20, 1861. It was three-fourths of a mile long and one-fourth wide. The total property had been valued by the United States Navy Department at $9,760,181. Of this property, much was destroyed, but a vast amount of great value to the Confederate States was saved. In a report made to the Governor of Virginia William H. Peters says: "The total value, including territory, buildings, and improvements, vessels, engines, and machinery, is $4,810,056.68."

On April 27 an ordinance was passed establishing the navy of Virginia. This was to consist of two thousand seamen and marines, with their proper officers, who were those officers late of the United States navy availing themselves of the invitation embodied in Ordinance No. 9. Pay, rations, etc., were to be the same as those of their former offices. This ordinance called for a term of enlistment of three years for seamen and five years for marines. In the medical department, which was directed to be organized, only surgeons and assistant surgeons formerly of the United States navy were to be appointed.

A naval school at Richmond, under the superintendence of Lieut. William H. Parker, was established by Secretary of the Navy Stephen R. Mallory. In this academy were trained many of the younger officers who subsequently acquired distinction in the service of the Confederacy.

Commodore French Forrest, having resigned his commission in the United States navy, was, according to Ordinance No. 9, appointed to the Virginia navy. He was assigned to duty as flag officer at the Norfolk Navy Yard. Capt. Arthur Sinclair was appointed to like rank in the Virginia navy, commanding Fort Norfolk. On April 18, 1861, Robert B. Pegram and C. A. R. Jones were appointed captains in the Virginia navy, and Rochelle a lieutenant. These were ordered to Norfolk. Lieut. John M. Brooke was assigned to duty as aid-de-camp at the headquarters of Maj. Gen. Robert E. Lee. Commander M. F. Maury was attached to the advisory council of the State of Virginia. William L. Maury and William Taylor Smith, lieutenants in the Virginia navy, were assigned to duty under Gen. Philip St. George Cocke on the Potomac. Capt. William C. Whittle was assigned to duty at Gloucester Point. Capt. Thomas F. Page was aid-de-camp to Governor Letcher. Capt. William F. Lynch was stationed on the Potomac. Commander A. B. Fairfax was ordnance officer at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and Lieut. H. H. Lewis was on the Rappahannock. This statement of the arrangement of forces, as given by Scharf, shows how systematic was the attempt to defend the State from invasion by water.

The Ordnance bureau at Richmond sent to New Orleans alone from May, 1861, to May, 1862, two hundred and twenty heavy guns. This department was greatly strengthened by the Bureau of Ordnance and Hydrography under Commander George Minor, of the Confederate States navy, Lieut. Robert D. Minor, Confederate States navy, and Commander John M. Brooke, whose banded guns manufactured under his supervision at the Tredegar Iron Works, Richmond, proved so efficient during the war. He later had charge of this valuable branch of the navy.

To Virginia, through John M. Brooke, is due credit for introducing the iron-clad vessel into naval warfare. Lieutenant Brooke had originated a plan to convert the hull of the Merrimac into a shot-proof steam battery with iron-plated sides and submerged ends. These plates were constructed at the Tredegar Iron Works. This reconstructed vessel was named the Virginia and became a part of the squadron in the James River commanded by Captain Buchanan. The experiment tried by this boat met with great success. Only when the Federal fleet could meet it with another ironsides was it evenly matched, and the fight between the Virginia and the Monitor in Hampton Roads on March 8 and 9, 1862, though undecisive, revolutionized modern battleship construction. The Monitor was designed by John Ericsson.

In a report addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, C. S. A., dated November 1, 1864, appears an interesting description of a vessel. This report is made by John L. Porter, chief constructor of the Confederate States navy: "At Richmond an iron-clad steamer has just been launched, two hundred and sixteen feet in length, to mount four heavy guns under a short citadel, which is to be plated with an armor six inches thick." The value of the iron-clad steamer had been proved.

It was of the greatest importance that the naval defenses of Virginia should be strengthened, since Richmond, the Confederate capital, was the objective of attack by the Union forces, and several avenues of approach were wholly or partly by water.

Not all Virginians were permitted to stay and defend their own State. As Confederates they were subject to call from any part of the Confederacy. As many a regiment from other States poured into Virginia to become part of her armies, so some Virginians were called to fight on other soil. Dabney H. Maury, a true Virginian and Confederate soldier, says: "In February, 1862, Gen. Earl Van Dorn was made commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and I was ordered to proceed at once and report to him as chief of staff of the department. While a distinguished honor, this was a sore trial to me; for it took me far away from my wife and mother and from my native State, Virginia, when my chief ambition was to fight for her." Some Virginia troops which served in armies other than that of Virginia were the 54th Virginia Regiment, in Colonel Twiggs's brigade, Preston's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Tennessee, and the 63d Virginia Regiment, in Kelly's Brigade, of the same army.

The number of Virginia regiments in Confederate service are given as follows: Cavalry, 19; infantry, 64; artillery, 4; battalions, artillery and cavalry, 15. Three of these were disbanded. The 30th Virginia Regiment (mounted) was the first and only mounted regiment which the State of Virginia organized up to the time of the first battle of Manassas. It was commanded by Col. R. C. W. Radford.

One of the strongest organizations of the Confederacy was the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Gen. Robert E. Lee. Its reorganization on June 1, 1863, preparatory to the great campaign which was to carry the center of military activity out of the State and up into Pennsylvania, divided the army into three parts. The 1st Corps, under Lieut. Gen. James Longstreet, consisted of four brigades in McLaws's Division, five brigades in Pickett's Division, and four brigades in Hood's Division. The 2d Corps, under Lieut. Gen. R. S. Ewell, consisted of four brigades in Johnston's Division, four brigades in Early's Division, and five brigades of Rodes's Division. The 3d Corps, under Lieut. Gen. A. P. Hill, was composed of five brigades of Anderson's Division, four brigades of Heth's Division, and four brigades of Pender's Division.

The artillery of this army was composed of twenty-one companies of the 1st Corps, under Col. J. B. Walton, carrying eighty-three pieces of artillery; twenty companies of the 2d Corps, under Col. S. Crutchfield, carrying eighty-two pieces; and nineteen companies of the 3d Corps, under Col. R. Lindsay Walker, carrying eighty-three pieces. The total strength of this army at the time of the Pennsylvania campaign was about twenty-five thousand in each corps, irrespective of cavalry.

Virginia's representation in the Confederate States army commanded by G. T. Beauregard on May 21, 1864, is reported as follows: Of Johnston's Division, the 4th Brigade, under Brigadier General Wise, was composed entirely of the 26th, 34th, 46th, and 59th Virginia Volunteers.

It hardly seems fair in recounting the names of those Virginians who contributed to the strength of the Confederacy from offices of high rank to omit a tribute to those in the humbler ranks whose names, though unknown to history, are honored in the memories of the comparatively few who knew their worth. Without the solid phalanx of private soldiers the armies of the Confederacy would have been of small significance in the four years' struggle.

The Confederate roster shows a long line of illustrious Virginia names among the officers of the Southern armies. There is the name of Thomas J. Jackson, who died on May 10, 1863, at Fredericksburg, amid the rejoicings over the victory of Chancellorsville. He was in command of the 2d Corps, Army of Northern Virginia, to which Richard S. Ewell succeeded.

It has been said that Stonewall Jackson was the most enthusiastically loved man, except Lee, in the army. His fame was first secured in the Valley Campaign in 1862. Again, in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, in the battle of Second Manassas, and in the battle of the Wilderness, he added to his fame a still higher degree of luster. His rigid Calvinistic code of morals and his intensely religious nature gave to him a strength of character and determination which marked him for a great leader of men. His record as a soldier is almost unbelievable when one reads of the enormous amount which he was able to accomplish in a very short time. He was a man of strict integrity and an officer of the keenest knowledge of the situations which he was called upon to face. His untimely death, caused by circumstances of peculiar sadness, was a loss to the Confederacy from which it could not fully recover.

The Confederate cavalry in Virginia was commanded by J. E. B. Stuart. Though he was able at Chancellorsville to take Stonewall Jackson's place and successfully handle infantry, he loved cavalry service better and well deserved the name "Chevalier of the Southern Cause." He was untiring in the service and inspired his men with a devotion that made them willing to share the dangers into which his exacting orders carried them. It has been said that the supreme compliment to a company was its assignment to extra hazardous or fatiguing duty. The love between him and his men was a personal affection. His wish that he might be killed leading a cavalry charge was almost literally granted. He died May 12, 1864, of wounds received at the head of his troopers in an encounter on the road to Richmond May 10 between Stuart's Cavalry and a portion of Sheridan's command under Custer and Merrill. What wonder that the memories of his meteor-like flights haunted the dreams of John Esten Cooke's "Surrey," and he exclaimed in his vision: "How the ghost of Stuart rides!"

Pollard pays to the Virginia cavalry and to Fitzhugh Lee, who succeeded Stuart in the cavalry, a high tribute of praise. He says: "Lee's command fought nine consecutive days and in that time lost one-half of its numbers in killed and wounded, its loss in prisoners in the same time being not more than thirty. His command was composed of Virginians, save one gallant company from Maryland. The simple inscription of the fact that we have related is an undying title of glory for the cavalry of Virginia, testifying as it does to a courage and devotion the parallels of which are scarcely to be found out of the pages of fabulous history."

Pickett's charge at Gettysburg has given to this leader and his gallant division of Virginia troops a lasting name for bravery and unflinching courage in the midst of deadly ordeal. This division was composed of three brigades, numbering less than five thousand men. Associated with this division on that awful day in July, 1863, was Heth's Division, commanded by Pettigrew, of Hill's Corps, and Wilcox's Brigade, of McLaws's Corps. But Pickett's Division was almost solidly Virginian. Straight through the shot and shell of the enemy's fire those Virginians pressed nearer the goal, again and again raising the Confederate flag, only to be exposed at last to such an attack as overwhelmed the small numbers of their division. Every brigadier was either killed or wounded. Garnett and Kemper, at the head of their brigades, were shot down, and Armistead was mortally wounded. This was the courage which characterized so many sons of Virginia in those trying days.

When, at the beginning of the war, it was realized that the object of greatest importance to the Union side was the capture of the Confederate capital, Lee was confronted by the problem of its protection, knowing well that it was accessible by many routes. One of them, that by the upper Potomac at Harper's Ferry, was guarded by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who assumed command of the Army of the Shenandoah May 23, 1861. With him was Col. E. Kirby Smith. Johnston had a little less than 9,000 men in his army, and the Army of the Potomac, under Beauregard, had 21,833 men.

The approach by Norfolk was guarded by Gen. Benjamin Huger, late of the United States army. Approaches by the Potomac were guarded by forces under General Holmes near Fredericksburg.

It is touching to notice here the unselfishness of General Lee in giving to others the active operations, when it would have been a joy to him to have offered his strength to resist the first Union invasion of his native State.

While the South was wild with joy over the victory at Manassas, Lee wrote to his wife from Richmond on July 27, 1861: "That, indeed, was a glorious victory and has lightened the pressure upon us amazingly. I wished to participate in the former struggle and am mortified at my absence. But the President thought it more important that I should be here. So the work is done, I care not by whom it is done."

General Johnston's "bad habit of getting himself wounded" brought Lee to the front. One of his own Virginia brothers has said: "Our faith in his wisdom and his patriotism was equally perfect, and from the day on which he escorted McClellan to his gunboats till the hour of his surrender at Appomattox there was never a time when he might not have usurped all the powers of government without exciting a murmur."

Of this first great battle we have the following report from General Beauregard: "While glorious for our people and of crushing effect upon the morale of our hitherto confident and overweening adversary as were the events of the battle of Manassas, the field was only won by stout fighting and with much loss. The killed outright numbered 269; wounded, 1,483. Among the captured Federalists were officers and men of forty-seven regiments of volunteers, besides from some nine different regiments of regular troops, detachments of which were engaged."

It is not possible in a paper of so limited scope to trace the course of the war in detail. It would be of interest to examine the records of those battles in which Virginians fought: but, though we studied ever so closely and at great length those records which have survived, we would find that the same spirit which Virginia gave so freely to the Confederacy at Manassas animated Southern armies in Virginia to the end.

One of the last official writings of the Confederate President was in compliment to the State of Virginia: "I must beg permission to bear witness to the uncalculating, unhesitating spirit with which Virginia has from the moment when she first drew the sword consecrated the blood of her children and all her material resources to the achievement of the object of our struggle."

It has been estimated that during the War between the States, through the Manassas Campaign, the Peninsular Campaign, Second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Petersburg, all of which were fought on Virginia soil, from July, 1861, to April, 1865, the killed in this State numbered about 50,000 and those dying of wounds and disease probably 100,000.

But though numbers are interesting if only as a matter of statistics, the thing for which these numbers stand is far more vital. The spirit which inspired the men of Virginia to lay by their occupations at the first call of duty made them reluctant to lay down their arms when the cause was lost, even when that laying down meant a return to their homes.

On the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, "after four years of arduous service marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude," the soldiers, "survivors of so many hard-fought battles," paraded for the last time at Appomattox Courthouse, where about 7,500 men laid down their arms The war was over. Virginia's best had been offered for the common cause of the Confederate States, and she who had lost so much of precious life in battle now received to her sore and aching heart the lonely survivors of the defeated army.

But brief mention has been made of the Virginians who were leaders in the struggle, and only a few representatives have been named of all that gallant company; but through these honor is paid to every son of Virginia who, in his willingness to serve his State and the Confederacy, enrolled himself as a champion of the Confederate cause.

The Contribution of Virginia's Women.

"The real sorrows of war," says a Southern writer, "always fall most heavily upon women."

Last week (April, 1914) a great mass meeting of women was called at Cooper Union, in New York City, to protest against the impending war with Mexico. We feel that this is woman's privilege, since to her the terrors of war appear most sinister. Every man who goes to the front is followed by the loving anxiety of some woman, whether mother, wife, or sister; for to some woman he is her all. We are glad that the time has come when women can ask that their part in the sufferings of war be considered, and that so far as peace is compatible with the honor of our country it may prevail.

But the devotion of the Southern women to the Confederate cause did not show itself in any plea for consideration of their sufferings. When the war broke out, wives and mothers sent their husbands and sons to the battle field with a bravery not excelled by the brave soldiers themselves, and all through the dreary years of the war their cheer and encouragement reached out from the hearthstone to the camp and united men and women in one strong bond of love and loyalty to the Confederacy of Southern States.

Whatever cry of protest against the cruelties of war may have welled up from their woman's hearts, it never found utterance, and only God might hear the soul's anguished "How long, O Lord, how long?"

There are many touching stories recalled by the survivors of the war—stories of the Richmond women who constituted themselves nurses when the hospitals were full and attention difficult to obtain for so many wounded soldiers. And that they saved hundreds of lives is testified to by the surgeons in charge. There is an incident related of a dear woman who made it a practice to write a weekly note of cheer and encouragement to every soldier of her acquaintance, knowing what a pleasure the unexpected message would be. Is it any wonder that an officer was heard to exclaim, "God bless these Virginia women; they're worth a regiment apiece"?

The wonder of these women's bravery is increased by the thought that they never knew at what hour the news might come that their loved one was among the dead. But they were as heroic in the face of this inexpressible grief as they

were in times of greatest triumph. A widow said to the soldier who had brought the news of her husband's death: "It is the death I would have chosen for him. I loved him for his manliness; and now that he has shown that manliness by dying as a hero dies, I mourn, but am not broken-hearted."

Defeat could have been no greater disappointment to the men than to the women, but they were dignified and courageous even in defeat.

The memory of the soldiers of the Southern cause is perpetuated all over the South to-day. As long as the Daughters of the Confederacy and the Ladies' Memorial Associations exist as organizations, on every April 26, the Memorial Day of the South, the graves of those who fell in the Confederate cause will be marked, and services will be held, not to perpetuate any spirit of bitterness toward any section of our reunited country, but to honor the memories of those who laid down their lives for the principles which they held to be right.

Conclusion.

Virginia, a great State of wonderful achievement and unmeasured opportunities, has recovered from the ravages of war. But a land which has reeked with the blood of her sons cannot forget their sacrifice. While she looks forward to an ever-increasing greatness in the future, Virginia is also a land of memories. She treasures these memories of the past, not to the embittering of her spirit against her sister States, for Virginia can have no enemies save the common enemies of her nation, but to the enduring honor of those whom she so freely gave to the South in her hour of greatest need. Virginia could have made no greater contribution to the Confederacy than the lives of her men, the loyal faithfulness of her women, and the spirit of mutual helpfulness of men and women alike.

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WINNER OF THE U. D. C. PRIZE IN 1914.

Miss Margaret L. Von der Au, winner of the $100 prize given by the U. D. C. to a student of Teachers' College, Columbia University, for the best essay on a given subject, is a Georgia girl, living at Athens, where she graduated from Lucy Cobb Institute in 1903. After teaching for several years, she was a student at Teachers' College in 1913-14, making such a record that her instructor wrote this of her: "I am glad a girl like this got the prize. Her work was A-1, and her letters show culture and appreciation." Miss Von der Au wrote to Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, Chairman of the U. D. C. Committee, expressing her thanks and telling of her pleasure in writing on a subject so interesting to her as a daughter of the South. "I feel that the time given to it," she said, "was profitably spent, and the Daughters of the Confederacy may be assured that such work is of great educational value to all who may come within its influence as contestants for their prize."

ON THE BATTLE FIELD OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

Frank P. Firey, postmaster at Pomona, Cal., writes of having seen a copy of the Veteran which aroused his recollection of some incidents connected with the battle of South Mountain. He says:

"I was born and grew up on the battle field of Antietam, in Maryland, and have a vivid recollection of those stirring times. I witnessed the battle of South Mountain, which was fought a day or so before Antietam, in September, 1862. In visiting the field of South Mountain the morning after the battle my father came upon the body of a magnificent specimen of manhood, which proved to be Colonel James, of a South Carolina regiment. Before having him buried, my father cut several buttons from Colonel James's uniform, and my sister had a jeweler arrange one of the large ones for a breastpin and two smaller ones for ear bobs.

"In the latter part of June, 1863, as Lee's army was marching to Gettysburg, passing by our farm in Maryland, my father chanced to talk with several Confederate soldiers of a South Carolina Regiment who had asked for a drink of water, and he told them of having buried a South Carolina colonel who fell in the battle of South Mountain—a Colonel James. With one voice they exclaimed: 'Colonel James! My God! He was the colonel of our regiment, and his brother is the captain of our company.' They immediately ran for the ranks and in a few moments returned with their captain, a tall, muscular man with blue eyes and wearing a handsome gray uniform. As he talked with my father about his brother the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his tall frame shook with emotion. My father chanced to mention having cut the buttons from Colonel James's uniform, when Captain James said: 'Mr. Firey, do you think your daughter would let me have those buttons?' My father replied: 'Why, certainly, Captain James; she would be more than pleased to let you have them.' My sister brought the buttons and placed them in his hand, and he gazed on them tenderly, weeping like a child.' He then folded them in his handkerchief and placed them in his inside breast pocket. Captain James wished to take up the remains of his brother and send them home for burial, but at the time the battle field of South Mountain was in the Union lines. So Captain James said: 'When we return from Pennsylvania or when the war is over, I will, with your kind assistance, secure the remains of my brother and

take them home for burial.' With a courteous farewell, for he was a polished gentleman, he resumed his position at the head of his company and moved on with the marching army.

"On its return from Gettysburg Lee's army marched diagonally through our farm in Maryland. Captain James was not among the hosts that passed by, and the poor fellow never returned for the remains of his brother; so I suppose he may have fallen in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

"I remember seeing General Longstreet, Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and others. General Longstreet wore his hair long and had a full wavy beard of chestnut brown. Gen. Fitzhugh Lee was a slim young fellow about twenty-five or twenty-seven years old with a black mustache, and he rode a fine dapple-gray horse. He must have been partial to dapple-grays, for I was told by one who served under him in Cuba that he rode a dapple-gray there.

"At the time above referred to, on the battle field of South Mountain, my father found the body of a fair-haired, beardless boy, about eighteen years old. A Minie ball had struck him in the center of his forehead. In the breast pocket of his coat there was a letter from his sister in Georgia, in which she urged him to 'Hurry up and whip the Yankees and come home.' That poor girl, I presume, never knew just how her brother met his death."

WHEN ASHBY WAS KILLED.

BY JAMES BAUMGARDNER, JR., STAUNTON, VA.

An article in the VETERAN for November by Cleon Moore concludes as follows: "Major Henderson, in his 'Life of Stonewall Jackson,' gives this company the credit for repulsing the enemy and saving its wagons. On that day the battle of Cross Keys was fought, when Gen. Turner Ashby was killed. On the next day General Jackson concentrated his forces and drove General Shields down the valley." In fact, Gen. Turner Ashby was not killed on the "day when the battle of Cross Keys was fought" and was not killed at or during "the battle of Cross Keys." The truth in regard to the death of General Ashby is this:

On the 6th of June, 1862, General Jackson's army marched through Harrisonburg and along the valley turnpike to the point where the road from Harrisonburg to Cross Keys leaves the turnpike and thence along the latter road toward Cross Keys. The cavalry, commanded by General Ashby, was the rear guard of General Jackson's army and was supported on that occasion by the brigade of infantry afterwards known in the Army of Northern Virginia as "Early's Old Brigade."

On the march in question the rear guard halted at the eastern foot of a wooded ridge about two and one-half miles from Harrisonburg, the cavalry in line of battle on both sides of the road to Cross Keys and the supporting infantry brigade in line of march in the same road. While in this position Sir Percy Wyndham, in command of a Federal regiment of cavalry, rode out of Harrisonburg, boasting that he was going out to bag Ashby and his command. The regiment to which I belonged was lying in the road a short distance in the rear of the line of cavalry. My attention was aroused by a sharp command given by General Ashby to the cavalry in the field on the south side of the road, and immediately afterwards I saw General Ashby gallop up to the high stake-and-rider fence between the field and road. The splendid stallion on which Ashby was mounted leaped the fence and landed in the road a few feet in front of me, then leaped over the fence into the field on the north of the road. General Ashby galloped to the center and front of the cavalry there and gave the command to move forward. The cavalry started forward, first in a walk, then in a trot, then in a gallop, and then disappeared from my sight as they entered the woods on the slope of the hill, and next was heard his ringing voice as he commanded the charge. For a few minutes the supporting infantry in the road heard wild yells and shouts, the cracking of pistols, and the clanking of sabers, and then all was quiet. A few minutes afterwards Sir Percy Wyndham and a part of his command passed along the road occupied by the supporting infantry as prisoners of war. This was the last time I saw General Ashby alive.

Later in the evening the Federals attacked the rear guard of Jackson's army with cavalry and infantry. General Ashby called up the supporting infantry, part of which was placed on the front line and another part, including the 52d Virginia Infantry, was placed in the rear in reserve. There was a desperate fight, with heavy loss on both sides, but the Federal attack was repulsed.

Just after the close of the action four mounted cavalrymen, riding abreast and bearing a dead body covered with a gum blanket and resting on the necks of their horses in front of the riders, passed immediately by. Captain Garber, of Company A, 52d Virginia Infantry, to which company I belonged, asked them who it was they were taking to the rear. The reply was: "It is General Ashby." The bearers of the dead General were all in tears and so overcome with emotion that they could hardly respond intelligently to the question.

If the writer of the article had consulted Henderson's "Life of Jackson," Volume I., pages 361 and 362, he would have seen that the action there described was on June 6, 1862. The battle of Cross Keys was on June 8 and of Port Republic on the 9th of June, 1862.

After the encounter between Ashby's Cavalry and the regiment commanded by Sir Percy Wyndham, who rode out of Harrisonburg for the express purpose of bagging Ashby, the Federal prisoners and their guard passed along the road, which was full of the infantry support, and as they were moving by my company a man named Sheets, who is still living, noticed Wyndham's very striking appearance, differing from any Federal prisoner that we Confederates had ever seen. He was very tall, elegantly dressed, wearing every ornament permissible under regulations. His low-topped boots had gold tassels hanging in front. As he passed by, Sheets, pointing to him, called out: "Look yonder boys; there is a Yankee colonel!" This was the straw that broke the camel's back. Instead of bagging Ashby, he was going to prison under guard along a line of ragged, shabby-looking Rebels, one of whom had actually called him a Yankee. He, a titled Enlishman, descended from a Crusader, to be called a Yankee by a stupid, ragged Rebel! He stopped and turned to poor Sheets and, with a withering look of scorn, said: "I am not a Yankee, you —— Rebel fool." Sheets did not drop on his knees and make a humble apology. Wyndham's indignant assertion that he was not a Yankee met with a roar of laughter. He swore, O how he swore! The louder he swore, the louder the —— Rebels laughed. His guards moved him along with their other prisoners, and he went on swearing and kept on swearing as long as his voice was audible to the Rebels who filled the road.

This incident is told in "Surrey of Eagle's Nest," by John Esten Cooke. The story as told in the novel is so nearly in accordance with the facts that the author must have gotten it from an actual witness of the scene.

INDIAN TRIBES IN CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

BY R. B. COLEMAN, NORTH M'ALESTER, OKLA.

On the 27th of July, 1861, the Cherokees met at Old Fort Wayne, Delaware District, Cherokee Nation, and enrolled twelve hundred men for the Confederate service, and elected Stand Watie, colonel; Thomas F. Taylor, lieutenant colonel; Elias C. Foudinot, major; Charles F. Watie, adjutant; George W. Adair, quartermaster; Joseph M. Starr, Sr., commissary; W. T. Adair, surgeon; W. D. Polson, assistant surgeon; Rev. N. J. Slover, chaplain; George W. West, sergeant major. They then separated the men into twelve companies and elected the following captains: Company A, Captain Buzzard; Company F, Robert C. Parks; Company C, Daniel H. Cooley; Company D, James M. Bell; Company E, Joseph F. Thompson; Company F, Joseph E. Smallwood; Company G, George H. Starr; Company H, John Thompson Mayes; Company I, Bluford West Alberty; Company J, J. Porum Davis; Company K, Jack Spears; Company L, James Thompson.

This famous Cherokee regiment and the first Indian regiment ever organized as a military troop took part in many battles and skirmishes, some of which were: Wilson Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861, where the Federal general, Nathaniel Lyon, was killed and his troops routed; Newtonia, Short Creek, Neosho, Mo. (twice); Fort Wayne, Cherokee Nation, Grove Creek, Cabin Creek (twice), Bird Creek, Fort Gibson, Bayou, Mo.; Manard, Ind. Ter.; Barren Fork and Camp Creek, Mo: Webbers Falls and Honey Springs, Ind. Ter.; Pea Ridge, Mo.; Prairie Grove, Mazzard Prairie, Poison Springs, Marks Mills, Ark.; and many small skirmishes. They served to the final surrender, disbanded, and returned to their homes in the Cherokee Nation.



BRIG. GEN. STAND WATIE.

Col. Stand Watie was commissioned brigadier general and commanded the Indian Brigade, composed of the 1st and 2d Cherokee, the 1st and 2d Creek, and the 1st Seminole Battalion. His command belonged to Gen. Albert Pike's division, afterwards to S. F. Maxey's Texas division, all cavalry.

The 2d Cherokee Regiment was organized in September, 1861, near Fort Gibson, in the Cherokee Nation, near where the city of Muskogee now is, on Grave Creek, and James M. Bell was elected colonel of this regiment, which was a portion of the Indian Brigade commanded by Gen. Stand Watie.

The 1st Creek Regiment was organized in August, 1861, near Eufaula, Creek Nation. D. N. Mackintosh was elected colonel of this regiment of ten companies. The colonel was a Baptist preacher and a three-fourths Creek Indian; Fred B. Severs was elected quartermaster. This regiment belonged to the Indian Brigade.

The 2d Creek Regiment of ten companies was organized in September, 1861, near Eufaula, and Chillie Mackintosh, a brother to D. N. Mackintosh and also a Baptist preacher, was elected colonel. Pink Hawkins, a full-blooded Creek, was elected lieutenant colonel; George Hamilton, adjutant. Capt. George W. Grayson commanded a company in this regiment, and he is still living.

The 1st Seminole Battalion was organized in September, 1861, and it was attached to the Indian Brigade under Gen. Stand Watie. John Jump was elected lieutenant colonel. These troops participated in all the battles in which the brigade was engaged except Wilson Creek, Mo., which was fought on the 10th of August, 1861, before the organization of any Indian troops except the 1st Cherokee.

The 1st Choctaw Battalion was organized near old Sculleyville, Choctaw Nation, of five companies, and Tandy C. Walker, Sr., was elected lieutenant colonel. It was consolidated with five other companies of white troops raised by Douglass H. Cooper, and it became better known as Cooper's Regiment of Indian Troops.

The 1st Choctaw Regiment was organized near where the town of Atoka now stands, in the Choctaw Nation, and was composed of ten companies, with Samson Folsom as colonel: David F. Harkins, lieutenant colonel; Sylvester Durant, major; William L. Byrd, adjutant; and Thomas Edward, sergeant major. The companies were commanded as follows: Company A, Fi-ha-ta, killed in battle; Company B, Joseph Moore; Company C, Alfred Wade; Company D, Coleman Nelson; Company F, Ok-la-be; Company F, Shu-man-ta; Company G, Sumti Nowa; Company H, Martin Folsom, killed at Neosho, Mo.; Company I, Green W. Thompson; Company K, Edmond Gordon. This regiment belonged to what was known as Cooper's Brigade of Choctaws and Chickasaws, commanded by Gen. Douglass H. Cooper.

The 2d Choctaw Regiment was organized in the fall of 1861 and was composed of ten companies. David F. Harkins was elected colonel; Samson Loring, lieutenant colonel. This regiment belonged to Cooper's Brigade.

The 2d Choctaw Battalion was organized in 1862 of five companies, and Jackson F. McCurtain was elected lieutenant colonel. It was attached to Gen. Douglass H. Cooper's brigade of Indian troops and served to the end of the war, participating in all of the engagements of the brigade and at Nigger Creek besides.

The 1st Chickasaw Battalion was organized in the fall of 1861 and was composed of five companies. D. J. Harris was elected lieutenant colonel and James McClish major. Lemuel W. Reynolds served as one of the captains, and after the wounding of Colonel Harris he was elected lieutenant colonel of the battalion and M. Campbell major. This command served to the close of the war, taking part in all the engagements of the brigade, and it was also at Nigger Creek. The last large engagement of the brigade was at Poison Springs, Ark., against the Federal General Steele.

The Douglass H. Cooper Brigade was composed of Cooper's Battalion of white troops and Tandy Walker's battalion of Choctaws consolidated, creating the Cooper Regiment, with the 1st and 2d Choctaw Regiments, the 2d Choctaw Battalion and the Chickasaw Battalion, and belonged to Sam Bell Maxey's Texas division of cavalry.

All of these regiments and battalions did heroic service for the Southern cause and should have a place in history.

The Oklahoma Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has now undertaken the erection of a suitable monument to the memory of Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, to be placed

at the old capital of the Cherokee Nation, Tahlequah. They have adopted the 12th of December as Stand Watie Day, and at their meeting in McAlester a good sum was secured by volunteer subscriptions. The address of the day was by Brig. Gen. James J. McAlester, U. C. V., now Lieutenant Governor of the State of Oklahoma. He was captain of Company B, 22d Arkansas Infantry, during the war and led his company across Graveyard Hill at Helena, Ark., on July 4, 1863, when General (Granny) Holmes fought the battle of Helena to try to distract Grant from Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

A NOBLE SOUTHERN WOMAN.

BY LUCY M'GREGOR, TEMPLE, TEX.

Mrs. Lavinia Porter Talley, born April 11, 1844, at Chestnut Mountain, Ga., the daughter of Benjamin F. and Delana Bell Porter, is a descendant of illustrious ancestors of colonial and Revolutionary fame. All her childhood and young womanhood was spent in her native State, where she was educated in the schools of Camp Call and Gainesville and at Miss Haygood's finishing school in Atlanta. She left there just before the city fell into the hands of the Federals on Sherman's dreadful march to the sea.



MRS. TALLEY AND HER LITTLE GRANDDAUGHTER, CURTIS MITCHELL.

When the call to arms rang out over our peaceful hills and valleys, every member of her immediate family who could do service enlisted either in the military or civil service, and all other relatives followed the standard of the Stars and Bars. Her father, who was in the civil service, bore a large share of the expense of equipping two companies. One brother also entered the civil service. Three brothers went to the front to give the best of their young manhood for their country's cause. Two returned at the end of the long and bitter struggle broken in health but bearing honorable scars; the third sleeps in an unknown grave on a lonely battle field.

It was while living in Gainesville that Miss Porter, then a schoolgirl, went with the patriotic women of the city to the courthouse to make uniforms for the soldiers, school being suspended for two weeks in order that all might help. Many a seam was stitched with a prayer, and every gray coat was christened with beauty's tears. After the fall of Atlanta, Miss Porter was a member of the committee to receive the wounded soldiers as they were brought in from Dalton, Marietta, Resaca, and all along the line of Sherman's devastating march. With her mother and sisters, she went every day to the hospitals. After she returned home from Atlanta, she gathered supplies for the hospitals and became a ministering angel to the sick and wounded.

At last, when the war was over and "the Stars and Bars went down forever in a flood of tears," with fortune swept away, and new conditions prevailing throughout the country, with other Southern women who nobly took up the broken threads of life, Miss Porter did her part bravely. She opened a school for small children in Camp Call, and she was teaching there when she met the gallant young hospital surgeon, Dr. Ratliff Palmer Talley, to whom she was married on January 8, 1867. The next year they turned their faces to the West and went to Texas, going first to Milam County and then to Bell County in 1877, and in Belton their children were reared and educated. In 1890 they removed to Temple, which has since been their home and where Mrs. Talley has been the inspiration of the Confederate veterans and Daughters. Through her efforts there was organized in 1897 the Lavinia Porter Talley Chapter, U. D. C., unanimously named in her honor, and of which she was made Life President. In every undertaking by the local Camp of Veterans she is the strong arm on which they lean, and her service is given willingly, cheerfully, and lovingly. Mrs. Talley was the first to start the fund for the handsome monument on our Confederate lot in the City Cemetery. She is prominent not only in the local work but also in the State conventions and as a member of the Davis, Arlington, and Shiloh Monument Committees.

As in the dark and bitter days of 1861-65 when, a young woman, she went forth to minister to the sick and wounded soldiers, so to-day in the sunset of life she goes to the two large hospitals seeking out the penniless, the sick, and the dying Confederates. Upon the bier of every brave knight who followed the Southern Cross she places a Confederate wreath and flag, and on every Memorial Day she leads the remnant of the boys in gray and their loving daughters to that little cemetery where every soldier's grave is strewn with flowers and guarded again with their loved battle flag.

Her beloved life partner answered the last roll a few years ago, and in memory of him and other loved ones who have gone into the "far country," she "scatters flowers of tenderness and breaks her alabaster boxes of sympathy and affection."

The dedication of the Confederate monument at Temple was the culmination of a labor of love started by the Lavinia Porter Talley Chapter some years before. An interesting program was carried out, with an address by Hon. James M. Furman, of Belton. Little girls in attractive costumes represented the Confederate States, and two other little maids drew the cords that released the veil from the monument.



THE MONUMENT AT TEMPLE, TEX.

GETTYSBURG AND ITS EFFECT UPON THE FORTUNES OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ERNEST MACPHERSON, IN LOUISVILLE COURIER-JOURNAL.

A great deal has been written and spoken about the battles of Gettysburg. A majority, perhaps, of these writers and speakers characterize and seem to think that what took place there in 1863 was the crisis and the controlling conflict of the War of Secession. Time and good feeling are now afforded calmly to consider and adjudge the military results of Gettysburg and to answer the question: "Were the battles of Gettysburg decisive locally or otherwise?"

Creasy, in his famous classic, describes fifteen decisive battles of the world from Marathon to Waterloo. In the preface he states that he was led to the consideration of the subject by Hallam's definition: "Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." This definition would have to be much tabloided to make it fit as a correct designation of the battles of Gettysburg.

Cromwell liked and others love the word "strenuous." It has special aptness when applied to the doings at Gettysburg. The rank and file were, although mostly veterans, somewhat excited. It is well known that of about twenty-seven thousand muskets picked up on the battle fields twenty-four thousand were loaded. Half contained two charges, one-fourth had from three to ten charges, and one held twenty-three cartridges. Somewhat excited or enthusiastic also are those who now assert that the Gettysburg battles were decisive or the decisive battles of the war.

After Chancellorsville, which, although not decisive, was a great victory and was the tactical masterpiece of the nineteenth century, it was open to General Lee to dictate the general locality of the next inevitable battle between the Army of Northern Virginia and that of the Army of the Potomac. The decision to invade Pennsylvania enabled the planters of Northern Virginia and the valley to put in a crop and enjoy a measure of respite from war. In many military and material ways the army and people also could be and were benefited by the invasion.

Neither of the opposing commanders planned to fight at Gettysburg; but there or near that place there was severe fighting for three days—July 1, 2, and 3, 1863. Was Lee's army hurt more than that of Meade? No trustworthy statistics justify the claim. Was Lee driven from the field? He remained with his army on the battle field for over twenty-four hours after the fighting had ceased and practically without serious interference (Lincoln said "at his leisure") returned to his own country. No one may deny that before recrossing the Potomac Lee again formed for fight and that Meade declined the challenge not only on the advice of his corps commanders but also, as he afterwards wrote, because he believed the result to his army would have been "disastrous."

The war went on actively for nearly two years after the battles at Gettysburg, a thing most strange if the results there were in any way decisive.

The premium on gold shows that commercial and business men did not regard Gettysburg or Vicksburg as decisive of the contest. The price of gold on August 25, 1863, was 122⅛; its highest price was 285 on July 11, 1864.

If Meade, who was really one of the very best of the Federal generals, had decisively whipped Lee, why was he superseded by General Grant?

Gettysburg did not, as some have claimed, prevent any further invasion of the North. Lee, many months after Gettysburg, even with his depleted army, detached and sent Early into Maryland and Pennsylvania, and he had little difficulty in going there. Early's maneuvers were not insignificant. Not in sportiveness, but in all seriousness and probably without thought of punning, did Grant write in his "Memoirs" (Volume II., page 306): "If Early had been but one day earlier, he might have entered the capital before the arrival of the reënforcements I had sent."

There is now at Gettysburg a stone which is supposed to mark the high tide of Confederate invasion of the North. It truly expresses only a statement as to the places where the charges of Pickett's and Pettigrew's (Heth's) Divisions ended in that particular terrain. Geographically speaking, the inscription is inaccurate. There is a monument in Ohio which proclaims the truth that the "highest north" was reached by Morgan's Cavalry, and every one knows that Lee's army immediately approached and retired from the battle fields from the north or northwest.

Long after Gettysburg Grant got into the battles of the Wilderness and Cold Harbor against Lee and his army. As to Grant's feelings then, read this extract from "Under the Old Flag" (Volume I., page 390), written by his great friend and admirer, Gen. James Harrison Wilson: "But when all proper measures had been taken, and there was nothing further to do but to wait, both Rawlins and Bowers concurred in the statement that Grant went into his tent and, throwing himself face downward on his cot, gave way to the greatest emotion, but without uttering any word of doubt or discouragement. What was in his heart can only be inferred; but from what they said nothing can be more certain than that he was stirred to the very depths of his soul." At this very time the records of the army published by the government show that Lee, "decisively" (?) defeated at Gettysburg, was preparing to give Grant again such a beating as that his generals and soldiers refused to obey his orders.

In his "Memoirs," Volume II., pages 125 and 126, Grant describes the general situation when, in 1864, he was appointed to the chief command of the armies of the United States: "In the east the opposing forces stood in substantially the same relations toward each other as three years before, or when the war began; they were both between the Federal and Confederate capitals. It is true that footholds had been secured by us on the seacoast, in Virginia and North Carolina, but beyond that no substantial advantage had been gained by either side. Battles had been fought, of as great severity as had ever been known in war, over ground from the James River and Chickahominy, near Richmond, to Gettysburg and Chambersburg, in Pennsylvania, with indecisive results, sometimes favorable to the national army, sometimes to the Confederate army, but in every instance, I believe, claimed as victories for the South by the Southern press, if not by the Southern generals." In Volume I., page 567, he gave his opinion that "the fate of the Confederacy was sealed when Vicksburg fell."

Meade had no contemporaneous delusions on the subject of Gettysburg. After the Gettysburg and Vicksburg battles, he dispatched to General Halleck from Middletown July 9, 1863: "I think the decisive battle of the war will be fought in a few days. In view of its momentous consequences, I desire to adopt such measures as, in my judgment, will tend to insure success, even though these may be deemed tardy." ("Life and Letters of General Meade," Volume II., page 310.)

Inclosing to his home the communication announcing his appointment as brigadier general in the regular army, which Halleck had forwarded to him complimenting Gettysburg as

a victory, Meade on July 8, 1863, wrote: "I send you a document received yesterday afternoon. It will give you pleasure, I know. Preserve it, because the terms in which the general in chief speaks of the battle are stronger than any I have deemed it proper to use myself. I never claimed a victory, though I stated that Lee was defeated in his efforts to destroy my army." (Meade, Volume II., page 133.)

Not to quote Lee as an authority, but about the same time (July 12, 1863) he wrote to his wife from Hagerstown a letter in which he said, "In fact, we failed to drive the enemy from his position" ("Recollections of General Lee," by his son, page 101), thus showing a perfect harmony of views at the time as to the results of the battles on the part of the generals who commanded the opposing armies.

McClellan, from New York, July 11, 1863, extending his congratulations to General Meade, wrote: "You have done all that could be done, and the Army of the Potomac has supported you nobly. I don't know that, situated as I am, my opinion is worth much to any of you, but I can trust saying that I felt very proud of you and my old army. I don't flatter myself that your work is over. I believe that you have another severe battle to fight, but I am confident that you will win. That God may bless you and your army in its future conflicts is the prayer of your sincere friend." ("Meade's Life," Volume II., page 312.)

President Lincoln's views may be of interest. It is the fashion nowadays to regard his statements upon any question as entitled to great respect, if not as imparting absolute verity. On July 14, 1863, he wrote, though he did not send, to Meade this letter: "I have just seen your dispatch to General Halleck asking to be relieved of your command because of a supposed censure of mine. I am very, very grateful to you for the magnificent success you gave the cause of the country at Gettysburg, and I am sorry now to be the author of the slightest pain to you. But I was in such deep distress myself that I could not restrain some expression of it. I have been oppressed nearly ever since the battles of Gettysburg by what appeared to be evidences that yourself and General Couch and General Smith were not seeking a collision with the enemy, but were trying to get him across the river without another battle. What these evidences were, if you please, I hope to tell you at some time when we both shall feel better. The case, summarily stated, is this: You fought and beat the enemy at Gettysburg, and of course, to say the least, his loss was as great as yours. He retreated, and you did not, as it seemed to me, pressingly pursue him; but a flood in the river detained him till, by slow degrees, you were again upon him. You had at least twenty thousand veteran troops directly with you and as many more raw ones within supporting distance, all in addition to those who fought with you at Gettysburg, while it was not possible that he had received a single recruit, and yet you stood and let the flood run down, bridges be built, and the enemy move at his leisure without attacking him. And Couch and Smith! The latter left Carlisle in time upon all ordinary calculations to have aided you in the last battle at Gettysburg, but he did not arrive. At the end of more than ten days (I believe twelve), under constant urging, he reached Hagerstown from Carlisle, which is not an inch over fifty-five miles, if so much, and Couch's movement was very little different. Again, my dear General, I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within your easy grasp, and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely. If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river when you can take with you very few more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect, and I do not expect, that you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it. I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had learned that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best kindly to tell you why." ("Lincoln's Complete Works," Volume II., page 368.)

Why was this letter of Lincoln's withheld? Was he persuaded that it was the improvident or hasty expression of dissatisfaction and disappointment by one not certainly or perhaps ill informed of the actual conditions and situation? Accepting that amiable suggestion as explanatory, it must be admitted that he had full time to find out the true facts before the delivery of his dedicatory address in which he doubtless conveyed his mature conclusions. In that speech occur these clauses: "We are met on a great battle field of that war. * * * It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced." He also spoke of "the great task remaining before us."

The "magnificent success" of Meade at Gettysburg for which the President was grateful consisted in nothing more than remaining on the field when his adversary retired. No matter what the results of the battles, they would have remained indecisive in closing the war. Lee could not have remained north of the Potomac. The Confederate States had great naval officers like Franklin Buchanan, Raphael Semmes, and others, but had no real navy. Lee's lines of communication could in no way have been safely guarded. There was no possibility of reconstructing and playing the rôle of Hannibal; the conditions and facts were not fitted for the play even by so masterful a performer as Robert E. Lee.

After the battles there was among some of the Federal generals therein participant a fiery controversy, the embers of which sometimes still glow, as to whether a retreat from or abandonment of the field was ever considered by Meade or any of his chief generals. At a council of war in the night of the second day several propositions or questions were propounded: "First, under existing circumstances, is it advisable for this army to remain in its present position or to retire to another nearer its base of supplies?"

Laying to one side this question as having been intended and treated solely as a satirical suggestion or preliminary pleasantry commonly introduced in councils of war on occasions when headquarters are under fire, but assuming that on the third day Meade's army had been driven from the field or had retired to another nearer its base of supplies, what then?

A favorite phrase with some people is that had Lee won at Gettysburg he could have entered Washington and from the Capitol of the nation dictated his own terms. Have these same enthusiasts ever taken the trouble to investigate the facts and to learn that Washington City at the particular time was a formidable fortress? that before Lee's arrival it was, or could have been, easily occupied and garrisoned by a force larger than any army that Lee could have brought to the siege, leaving out of all thought any remnant of Meade's troops that had been employed at Gettysburg? How uncomplimentary to Meade's brave soldiers, still outnumbering those of Lee, is the fancy that during the siege of Washington they would have remained as merely disinterested observers! Why, in order to give a fictitious or exaggerated importance to the

fights at Gettysburg, assume that the loyal citizens and defenders of Washington City would have been less determined, zealous, or efficient than were those of the opposing side in their defense of Richmond?

Then, again, there is that persistent dogmatism that victory by Lee at Gettysburg would have insured European recognition and intervention. There never existed any facts which, according to the principles of international law so-called then or now prevalent, could have justified intervention, and at the time European countries had troubles enough of their own. Recognition of the South could have given it no help whatever. The Compte de Paris, in his "Civil War in America," Volume III., page 404, was right when he wrote that "this diplomatic act in itself would have made no change in their [the Southern States'] military condition, in the blockade which fettered their movements, or in the privileges enjoyed by their ships as belligerents."

Before he became commander of the Army of the Potomac, Meade formulated a theory as to the correct manner of winning the war. On April 18, 1863, he wrote to his family: "We might as well make up our minds to the fact that our only hope of peace is in the complete overpowering of the military force of the South, and to do this we must have immense armies to outnumber them everywhere. I fear, however, that this plain dictate of common sense will never have its proper influence." ("Life and Letters of General Meade," Volume I., page 367.) When this theory was put into practice by Grant and Sherman, the war was won.

SAVED THE DAY AT MONOCACY.

BY JAMES A. HUTCHESON, STAUNTON, VA.

In the article appearing in the VETERAN for October on "Early's Demonstration against Washington in 1864," by I. G. Bradwell, in which the battle of Monocacy was described, the writer gives credit for all of the fighting to Evans's Brigade and writes disparagingly of the reënforcements sent to help Evans's men. He said the Louisianians were good enough men and soldiers, but too weak (about two hundred strong) to do anything; that they did not render much help, and finally another small force was sent, but they became panic-stricken for some cause and broke and fled from the field.

Now, as to the above statement, your correspondent is in error and greatly so. Evans's Brigade wasn't the "whole cheese" at Monocacy that day. I don't know how that little force of Louisianians did that day, but they must have done their duty and done it well from what occurred not long after they went on the field. The little force that he says was weaker yet and became panic-stricken and broke and fled from the field did not do any such thing; but, on the contrary, they went to their work as all good Confederate soldiers went. When they came to the Monocacy, their brigade commander, Gen. William Terry, told them to take off their shoes and wade the stream. When we reached the opposite bank, he said: "Put on your shoes and be in a hurry about it, but take time to tie them well." This being done, it requiring only a few moments, we formed in line of battle, facing north. There was fighting going on then to our right, and we were ordered forward. We had gone only a few steps when we came in view of the enemy lying behind a post-and-rail fence, about one hundred and twenty-five yards in front. We started then at a double-quick, when General Terry said: 'Stop running and walk, or you will break yourselves down and will not be able to fight the enemy when you get to them." We slowed down and walked to the fence, the enemy still lying on the ground behind it, shooting at us for all they knew how. We stuck our guns between the rails and put a volley into them, and those that didn't get shot jumped up and ran like wildfire, and we went over the fence after them. But that volley settled the Monocacy fight.

I think those Louisianians must have been crowding them about that time, for it was about fifteen or twenty minutes from the time we drove them from the fence till the whole force was in full retreat. We had one hundred and fifty-three men in the fight, and we had fifty-nine killed and wounded; but we drove the enemy from the field and camped that evening and night on the battle ground. We had plenty of Uncle Sam's coffee, sugar, pickled pork, and beans and crackers to do us several days.

Your writer further states that after driving the enemy back to the road Evans's Brigade was too weak to drive them any farther, and, having no officers to command them, the most of their men just wandered off and left only about a dozen on their firing line; that the Federals still holding the road finally ran away and left us in peaceable possession of the road. Now, after those men, who, he says, became panic-stricken and fled, had driven the enemy from the fence and the field and started for the road, then the enemy left, and in a hurry at that.

But the little force paid dearly for their possession of the field. It was the remnant of the old Stonewall Brigade, composed of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 27th, and 33d Virginia Regiments.

SEVENTH TEXAS REGIMENT IN GREGG'S BRIGADE.

BY C. W. TRICE, COMPANY A, 7TH TEXAS REGIMENT.

Referring to the mention of this noted brigade in the VETERAN for March, 1914, I want to say a word about the injustice done a part of this gallant brigade, the 7th Texas Regiment, Gregg's old regiment. In the battle of Raymond, Miss., in May, 1862, the 7th Texas was in the thickest of the fight. It was with a detachment of about thirty-five men of Companies A and B which was sent to hold a bridge across the creek on the right of the line, which we did successfully against a whole brigade of the enemy until the fight was over. Next day the newspapers had quite a complimentary notice of Gregg's Tennessee Brigade, but no mention of the 7th Texas.

In the battle of Chickamauga, September, 1862, Gregg's Tennessee Brigade carried everything before it from the Brotherton house on through the Dyer field, where we captured about seventeen cannons and to the top of Snodgrass Hill, where we slept that night among the dead. The next day the newspapers published the wonderful achievement of Gregg's Tennessee Brigade, but failed to say a word about the 7th Texas; and there are now on that battle field splendid granite monuments to show what point each regiment reached, except the 7th Texas. There is nothing there to show that such a regiment was in existence.

I do not want to detract one bit from the honor of this noble brigade, for they were surely a grand set of men and deserve all the praise and more than they got; but the 7th Texas was there too and should be recognized. I remember the next night our regiment held an indignation meeting and decided that if something was not done we would quit and go home, and something was done. A new brigade was formed, composed of the 6th, 7th, and 10th Texas Infantry, and the 15th, 17th, 18th, 24th, and 25th Texas Dismounted Cavalry, and our old colonel, H. B. Granbury, put in command, in Gen. Pat Cleburne's division, and after that we got due credit for what we did.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., Past Commander in Chief.

COMMITTEES.

Historical Committee: ——, Chairman.
Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: A. L. Yates, Chairman, Columbia, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, E. Henry Smith, Montgomery, Ala., Member R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, A. D. Black, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, J. A. Gallagher, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, John Clifton Elder, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

OBJECTS AND PURPOSES OF THE S. C. V.

The Sons of Confederate Veterans was organized in 1896 for the purpose of aiding the Confederate veterans and their widows and orphans and to collect and preserve a history of the deeds of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy. Prior to that date a number of camps of young men had been organized, each pledged to assist in preserving the history of the War between the States, to aid in the relief of the needy Confederates and their widows, and to join with the women of the South in the erection of suitable monuments to commemorate the deeds of the Confederate soldier. Believing that a general confederation of all such organizations would assist materially in the accomplishment of the purposes for with each Camp was formed and bring together more closely the veterans and their descendants, the organization was effected at a convention held at Richmond, Va., on July 1, 1896. The confederation was formed on the model of the United Confederate Veterans, which had been organized in 1889, and the "objects and purposes" on which the juniors predicated their reasons for existence are taken, with only slight verbal alteration, from the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans.

The organization has no part in keeping alive sectional hate or feeling of bitterness. It stands for the truth alone, and the work should appeal to every loyal son and grandson of a Confederate veteran.

HISTORICAL OBJECTS.

1. To unite in one general confederation all associations of Sons of Confederate Veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed, and to aid and assist the United Confederate Veterans and all Veteran Camps.

2. To cultivate the ties of friendship that should exist among those whose ancestors have shared common dangers, sufferings, and privations.

3. To encourage the writing by participants therein of accounts, narratives, memoirs, histories of battles, episodes, and occurrences of the War between the States.

4. To gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side; to collect and preserve relics and mementos of the war; to make and perpetuate a record of the service of every member of the United Confederate Veterans and all other living Confederate veterans and, as far as possible, of those of their comrades who have preceded them into eternity.

5. To see that the disabled are cared for, that a helping hand is extended to the needy, and that needy Confederate veterans' widows and orphans are protected and assisted.

6. To urge and aid the erection of enduring monuments to our great leaders and heroic soldiers, sailors, and people, and to mark with suitable headstones the graves of Confederate dead wherever found.

7. To instill into our descendants a proper veneration for the spirit and the glory of our fathers and to bring them into association with our confederation, that they may aid us in accomplishing our objects and purposes and finally succeed us and take up our work where we may leave it.

Since the organization in 1896 seven hundred and eighty-one Camps have been formed and chartered throughout the South, and much relief and historical work has been accomplished by these Camps. All lineal male descendants of Confederate soldiers and sailors are eligible to membership and are earnestly invited to join the organization, that they may do their share in perpetuating the memory of the deeds of their own fathers.

Believing in the principles for which our fathers fought, principles that are alive to-day, it is the purpose of the Sons of Confederate Veterans to organize Camps in every town in the South, so that through the agency of these Camps we may aid the few remaining veterans and collect from them the facts and truths of history.

HEADQUARTERS IN MEMPHIS.

The general headquarters of the confederation have been established at Memphis, and the organization is accumulating there a mass of data which will be invaluable to the future historians of the South and which will enable these historians to write an absolutely correct history of the war. Through the influence of the Sons' organization many of the histories now in use throughout the country have been corrected, for it is the purpose of the Sons to see that the truth alone is taught not only in the South but also in all sections of the country.

While adhering to a complete belief in the rights of our fathers and in the justice of their cause, the organization does not seek to stir up sectional feeling and gives others the same right to believe in the justice of their cause.

WHY YOU SHOULD BECOME A MEMBER.

That you may show to the world that you love and honor your father and the cause he thought right.

That you may prove that you do not look upon your father as a rebel and a traitor.

That you may give of your worldly goods a little toward making the pathway of some of your fathers' comrades less hard or prevent the doors of a poorhouse from closing on a man who perhaps shared his last crust with your own father in the days that tried men's souls.

That you may meet and affiliate with men who think as you do, who have a common heritage with you, a heritage of which you and they should be and are proud.

Camps may be organized with ten members; and as not only sons but grandsons are eligible, there is not a town in the South where a Camp might not be formed. All parties desiring to organize Camps can secure the necessary papers by writing Adjutant in Chief Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STATE DIVISIONS.

HEADQUARTERS TENNESSEE DIVISION, S. C. V.,
MEMPHIS, TENN., December 29, 1914.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

Having been appointed Commander of the Tennessee Division, Sons of Confederate Veterans, by virtue of said authority I hereby announce the following staff appointments for the year ending June 1, 1915:

Adjutant in Chief, Vanden J. Willey, Memphis, Tenn.
Inspector in Chief, A. Y. Burrows, Knoxville.
Quartermaster in Chief, R. Henry Lake, Memphis.
Commissary in Chief, George W. Young, Ripley.
Judge Advocate in Chief, C. E. Pigford, Jackson.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. L. Seay, Whitwell.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. W. D. Buckner, Memphis.
Historian in Chief, Prof. Wharton S. Jones, Memphis.

The foregoing appointments are made on suitable recommendation and upon reliable information as to the qualifications of the comrades for the places assigned. They will be expected to faithfully, cheerfully, and promptly perform their several duties.

It is expressly understood and ordered that no staff position whatever shall in any way interfere with or prevent the holding of committee assignments or office or position by such appointees in their respective Camps. The paramount duty of a staff officer is to see that there is a live Camp of Sons in his local town and that the Camp is in good standing at general headquarters.

By order of

THOMAS B. HOOKER, *Commander Tennessee Division.*

Official:

VANDEN J. WILLEY, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.*

ARKANSAS DIVISION, S. C. V.

C. M. Philpot, Commander of the Arkansas Division, announces the following appointments in his Division:

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, Hunter H. Know, Pine Bluff.
Second Brigade, Wallace Davis, Little Rock.
Third Brigade, U. L. Meade, Russellville.
Fourth Brigade, Adolph Felsenthal, Camden.
Fifth Brigade, H. D. Palmer, Star City.

The Division is divided into the following:

First Brigade: Counties of Jefferson, Arkansas, Monroe, Prairie, Phillips, Lee, St. Francis, Crittenden, Cross, Poinsett, Mississippi, Craighead, Jackson, Greene, Clay, Woodruff.

Second Brigade: Counties of Pulaski, Perry, Lonoke, Saline, Grant, Hot Springs, Garland, Montgomery, Polk, Scott, Sebastian, Logan, Franklin, Crawford, Washington, Henton, White.

Third Brigade: Counties of Pope, Yell, Johnson, Conway, Faulkner, Cleburne, Independence, Lawrence, Randolph, Sharp, Izard, Fulton, Baxter, Marion, Boone, Pearcy, Stone. Van Buren, Newton, Carroll, Madison.

Fourth Brigade: Counties of Ouachita, Calhoun, Union, Columbia, Lafayette, Miller, Nevada, Hempstead, Clark, Pike. Howard, Sevier, Little River.

Fifth Brigade: Counties of Lincoln, Cleveland, Bradley, Ashley, Drew, Chicot, Desha, Dallas.

Adolph Felsenthal, Commander Fifth Arkansas Brigade, has made a stirring appeal to the comrades of his Brigade to coöperate with him in the reorganization of the Brigade and is actively at work trying to organize new Camps and reinstate the old ones. He reports the following staff appointments:

Brigade Adjutant, Hon. Samuel D. McGill, Lewisville. Assistants: Eldridge Greening, Hope; W. M. Hardy, El Dorado; Jeff D. Sanderson, Texarkana; Samuel E. Munn, Prescott.

Brigade Inspector, Hon. Charles H. Murphy, El Dorado, Assistants: Carl C. Ramsey, Nashville; Bonnie Davis, Emerson; Carl McDaniel, Arkadelphia; Enoree Blakely, Prescott; Luther Tribble, DeQueen; Junius B. Stone, Hope.

Brigade Judge Advocate, John T. Sifford, Camden. Assistants: J. C. Pinnix, Murfreesboro; Joe Mahoney, El Dorado; George R. Haynie, Prescott; Dugald McMillan, Arkadelphia; Joe McKnight, Hampton; A. A. Dulaney, Ashdown; Abe Collins, DeQueen.

Brigade Commissary, Hon. Howard Beasley, Texarkana. Assistants: W. S. Hearin, Gurdon; Jacob Brown, DeQueen; Ed Mendenhall, McNeil; John Barham, Prescott.

Brigade Surgeon, Dr. J. W. Meek, Camden. Assistants: Gray Ferguson, Arkadelphia; E. L. Beck, Texarkana.

Brigade Judge Advocate, John T. Sifford Camden. Assistants: Rev. R. H. Cannon, Stephens; Nicholas Righter. Hope.

The Robert C. Newton Camp, at Little Rock, advise that they are increasing the membership and expect to have a large delegation at the Richmond Reunion. The present officers of this Camp are: A. J. Wilson, Commander; R. W. Polk, Adjutant.

KENTUCKY DIVISION, S. C. V.

Frank B. Adcock, of Carrollton, Ky., Commander of the Kentucky Division, is actively at work reorganizing his Division, and he advises that he has made the following appointments:

Brigade Commanders.

First Brigade, J. T. DeMint, Carrollton.
Second Brigade, E. L. Hendricks, Falmouth.
Third Brigade, Logan N. Rock, Louisville.
Fourth Brigade, C. W. Kimberlin, Owensboro.
Fifth Brigade, Fred Nahm, Bowling Green.

Staff.

Inspector in Chief, Alvin Steger, Owenton.
Judge Advocate in Chief, V. F. Bradley, Georgetown.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Frank Beard, Shelbyville.

Assistants.

Assistant Inspectors in Chief: T. R. Morgan, Lexington; J. W. Mayo, Ashland; J. C. Noble, Benton; W. D. Dickinson, Glasgow; James Shearer, Carrollton.

Assistant Quartermaster in Chief, J. B. Taulbee, Mount Sterling.

Assistant Commissary in Chief, W. H. Lail, Cynthiana.

Assistant Judge Advocates in Chief: B. A. Allen, Harrodsburg; Eli H. Brown, Bardstown.

Assistant Surgeons in Chief: Dr. W. S. Pryor, Crestwood; Dr. Sam Brown, Jr., Ghent; Dr. Frank Gaines, Carrollton.

Assistant Chaplain in Chief, Rev. Percy Pilor, Hazard.

The Division has been divided into Brigades, as follows:

First Brigade: Counties of Carroll, Trimble, Gallatin, Boone, Kenton, Campbell, Owen, Scott, Fayette, Woodford, Henry, Oldham, Garrard, Madison, Anderson, Mercer, Boyle, Lincoln, Rockcastle, Clark, Montgomery, Powell, Estelle, Lee, Jackson, Owsley, Perry, Lesley, Clay, Laurel, Knox, Whitley, Pulaski, Casey, McCreary, Bell, Jassaminc, Bourbon.

Second Brigade: Counties of Pendleton, Grant, Harrison, Bracken, Mason, Robertson, Nicholas, Bath, Rowen, Fleming, Lewis, Greenup, Carter, Boyd, Lawrence, Elliott, Morgan, Johnson, Martin, Pike, Knott, Letcher, McGeffin, Breathitt, Wolf, Floyd, Menifee, Harlan.

Third Brigade: Counties of Jefferson, Shelby, Spencer, Bullitt, Nelson, Washington, Marion, Franklin, Taylor, Larue, Hardin, Meade.

Fourth Brigade: Counties of Davies, Hancock, Henderson, Union, Webster, McLean, Hopkins, Christian, Trigg, Lyon, Caldwell, Crittenden, Livingston, Marshall, Calloway, Graves, McCracken, Ballard, Carlisle, Hickman, Fulton.

Fifth Brigade: Counties of Barren, Metcalf, Green, Hart, Grayson, Breckinridge, Ohio, Muhlenburg, Todd, Logan, Butler, Edmondson, Warren, Simpson, Allen, Monroe, Cumberland, Clinton, Wayne, Russell, Adair.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, KENTUCKY DIVISION, S. C. V., OWENSBORO, KY.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

1. By virtue of my election as Commander of the Fourth Brigade, Kentucky Division, S. C. V., I hereby assume command of the Brigade and establish headquarters in the city of Owensboro, Ky.

2. The Commandant of each of the Camps in this Brigade will report to me at once as to the condition of his Camp and the general outlook for increasing its membership.

3. The Brigade Commander announces the appointment of the following comrades as members of his staff, who will be respected and obeyed accordingly:

Brigade Adjutant and Chief of Staff, J. M. Rudy, Owensboro, Ky.; Inspector, J. B. Wicliffe, Wicliffe; Quartermaster, Ed Crossland, Mayfield; Surgeon, Dr. A. Kirk, Philpot; Judge Advocate, J. D. Moquet, Paducah; Commissary, C. B. Bingham, Cadiz; Chaplain, J. C. Noble, Benton.

4. Staff officers are earnestly requested to do all in their power to build up and make more effective the organization in their Brigade, also to report to headquarters all matters of interest affecting same.

5. For all information pertaining to this Brigade, address these headquarters.

By order of C. W. KIMBERLIN,
Commander Fourth Kentucky Brigade, S. C. V.

Official:

J. M. RUDY, *Brigade Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

GEORGIA DIVISION, S. C. V.

W. M. Wilder, Commander of the Fifth Georgia Brigade, advises the appointment of the following officers:

Aids, J. J. West and J. W. Armstrong, Jr., Albany.
Brigade Adjutant, Daniel A. McIntosh, Albany.
Brigade Inspector, R. L. Wylly, Thomasville.
Brigade Quartermaster, T. O. Young, Columbus.
Brigade Commissary, J. Thad Oliver, Shellman.
Brigade Judge Advocate, J. A. Fort, Americus.
Brigade Surgeon, Dr. J. R. McMichael, Quitman.
Brigade Chaplain, F. M. Grissett, Albany.

Commander Wilder is actively at work to reorganize his Brigade and expects to report a number of new Camps at the Richmond Reunion.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

Past Commander Garland P. Peed, Virginia Division, S. C. V., asks publication of the following statement of the accomplishment of this Division during the past year, and he thinks the results were achieved because the affairs of the Division were run on a business instead of an honorary basis. The official positions were looked upon as obligations instead of marks of honor.

The real results obtained were as follows: Increase of membership in the Division, over five hundred; increase of payment of *per capita* tax to Memphis headquarters, thirty-nine per cent; increase in payment of *per capita* tax to Division headquarters, sixty per cent. The increase in membership of over five hundred was distributed among new Camps, with the exception of one hundred and four increase in membership of old active Camps. The reorganized Camps added one hundred and forty-eight new members. This shows activity along all lines, new members secured for old Camps, reorganization of old Camps with the addition of new members, and new Camps organized.

The report for this Division in the December VETERAN contained some errors which the above statement sets right.

CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.

The Washington Camp, Washington, D. C., is one of the most active in the confederation and is rapidly becoming a power in that city. The officers of the Camp, in connection with Division Commander J. Roy Price, are making special efforts to increase the membership and are adding new members at each of their monthly meetings. Recent additions to the Camp are: William C. Gorgas (surgeon-general U. S. A.), Wade Hampton Cooper, Burgess W. Marshall, McCarthy Hanger, James H. Roper, Dr. C. N. McBride, W. S. Stamper, Robert W. Baines, Samuel B. Ragland, Jr., and Paul W. Garrett.

The Camp has decided to hold a series of historical and musical evenings during the remainder of the season, which will add materially to the interest and which will bring them before the public. In October the Camp gave a reception and dance in honor of its sponsor, Miss Sallie Williams, daughter of Senator John Sharp Williams, and the maid of honor, Miss Italy Carter, daughter of Representative Carter, of Oklahoma, which proved one of the most enjoyable affairs of the season. The matrons of honor for the occasion included Mrs. John Sharp Williams, Mrs. Charles D. Carter, Mrs. Albert Burleson, Mrs. Joseph W. Bailey, and Mrs. John Knight Shields.

The Camp, in connection with its official ladies, also took a prominent part in the recent international cotton reception given in the Pan-American Building.

HONOR A UNION VETERAN.

A graceful tribute was paid to a former foe by the action of Issaquena Camp, S. C. V., at Mayersville, Miss., in joint session with the members of Nat H. Harris Camp, U. C. V. A called meeting of the two Camps was held, at which W. Howard Scudder, Jr., a member of Issaquena Camp, was appointed as a special guard of honor to accompany the remains of Charles Frankman, a worthy Union veteran, to their last resting place in the National Cemetery at Vicksburg.

This seems to be the first instance on record where any Confederate organization alone has taken such action, and it shows that the hearts of our people are free from any animosity engendered by the war between the sections.

In the resolution introduced at the special meeting of these Camps it was brought out that one of the "chief objects of our organization is to join in the care of the needy Confederate veteran during life and to give him decent burial after death, and we deem it a sacred privilege to go even farther and to extend similar honor to worthy Union veterans."

"JINE THE CAVALRY."

I remember how we of the infantry, rather boasting that we did all the hard fighting, used to guy the horsemen as they marched past us: "Sonny, did any of you get hurt in your last battle?" But they of the "critter company" came back at us, who so often were ordered to lie down to escape the enemy's fire: "Dry up, web feet. You'd better lie down; I'm going to pop a cap." A Roland for our Oliver.

Still, numbers of the "web feet" were eager to "jine the cavalry." One of them, when asked why he wished to change, said: "Well, Parson, when we have to git up and git, the fellows on horses can git furder and git faster than we can to save our lives."—*J. H. McNeilly, D.D.*

COMMANDER TENNESSEE DIVISION, S. C. V.

Thomas Benjamin Hooker, Commander Tennessee Division, S. C. V., and member of N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 215, Memphis, Tenn., is a son of the late Lieut. T. H. Hooker, a gallant soldier of Tyler's 23d Arkansas Regiment. Lieutenant Hooker's grandfather, Thomas Wyms, commanded a sea vessel during the Revolution, and his father, J. F. Hooker, fought bravely under General Jackson at New Orleans. Lieutenant Hooker was captured at Port Hudson on July 9, 1863, and sent to Johnson's Island, where he was imprisoned for over fifteen months. After the war he served the South no less nobly as a citizen until his death, in 1892.



THOMAS B. HOOKER.

COMMANDER TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, S. C. V.

Philip J. Mullen is a charter member of Floyd County Camp, S. C. V., Rome, Ga., and Adjutant General of the Georgia Division. He was appointed Commander of the Georgia Division in 1912, elected Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department at the Chattanooga Reunion, and reëlected at Jacksonville. He is a son of James E. Mullen, who enlisted at Rome, Ga., June 24, 1861, in Floyd's Sharpshooters, under Capt. Algernon S. Hamilton, later Company B, 21st Georgia Volunteer Infantry. He served as a private until promoted to second sergeant, then to first sergeant. He surrendered at Appomattox. The following is taken from H. W. Thomas's "History of the Doles-Cook Brigade":



PHILIP J. MULLEN.

"One instance of fidelity to the Southern cause stands out in such bold relief, when compared with some others that might be mentioned, that we wish to make perpetual record of it here.

"A private, James Mullen, whose home before the commencement of the war was at Harrisburg, Pa., came South and joined Company B, of the 21st Georgia, when it was organized at Rome. During the entire progress of the war he proved to be one of the bravest, most dauntless soldiers in the Confederate army, participating in every battle with his regiment from the beginning to the close of the war. While our army was in Pennsylvania, near Carlisle and within twenty miles of where his father and mother lived, he was severely punished for the supposed infraction of some order. Being entirely innocent and having been so unjustly punished, every one supposed that he would certainly return to his home. He did not do so, but remained with the cause he espoused as true as truth itself to the day of the surrender. On our retreat from Petersburg, when some one intimated that General Lee would have to surrender, he became frantic with rage and declared that if he was in General Lee's place he would have every man in the army die fighting with gun in hand before he would surrender; and when General Lee did surrender he cried like a child. After the surrender he went to Rome, Ga., with the remnant of his old company, and has resided there ever since, an honored and upright citizen.

"The by-laws of the Doles-Cook Brigade Survivors' Association require that the Commander of the Association shall be elected annually and that the Regiments shall furnish the Commander in their numerical order. When the time came for the 21st to furnish the Commander, James Mullen was unanimously elected to that honored distinction."

THE LAST ROLL

"'Tis the hush of the night, 'tis the drum's tattoo,
'Tis the roll call deep and clear;
And the mounds that billow the grassy slope,
'Neath the violets, answer, 'Here!'"

Col. D. H. Lee Martz.

Col. D. H. Lee Martz, for twenty-seven years clerk of the circuit court of Rockingham County, Va., gallant Confederate soldier, and one of the best-known citizens of the county, died suddenly at his home, in Harrisonburg, Va., on October 20, 1914. He was born March 23, 1837. His father, the late Hiram Martz, was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates for four terms previous to the War between the States.

The early life of Colonel Martz was spent on the farm, after which he engaged in the mercantile business in Harrisonburg. In 1859 he became a member of the Valley Guards, a military company organized in the latter fifties, and as orderly sergeant he accompanied the organization to Charlestown (now West Virginia), where it was a part of the militia guard at the trial and execution of John Brown, the Kansas abolitionist. When the call for volunteers came in 1861, the Valley Guards offered their services and, with five other companies from Rockingham, formed the nucleus of that famous regiment, the 10th Virginia Infantry, commanded by Col. S. B. Gibbons. Sergeant Martz was successively promoted to lieutenant and then to the command of the Valley Guards, which became Company G, the color company of the regiment. With this regiment he participated in the battle of McDowell, in May, 1862, where Colonel Gibbons was killed. He was also in the first battle of Winchester, at Port Republic, and in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, at Cedar Mountain, and Second Manassas. Captain Martz was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, and after the battle he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He had not recovered from his wounds when the battle of Gettysburg took place in July, 1863, but rejoined his regiment in time to participate in the battle at Mine Run (Frazier's Farm) in November, 1863.



COL. D. H. LEE MARTZ.

In May, 1864, when General Grant began moving the Army of the Potomac, the first important battle of the campaign took place near Petersburg. Colonel Warren and Maj. I. G. Coffman were killed, leaving Colonel Martz the only field officer of the regiment. On May 12 General Hancock made his famous assault on the Confederate breastworks, and nearly all of the 10th Virginia, including Colonel Martz, were captured. The remnant of the command continued in the fighting under Capt. William B. Yancey until he was disabled by a severe wound. Colonel Martz was imprisoned at Fort Delaware, from which place he was sent to Hilton's Head and to Morris Island, with other Confederate officers, to be exposed to the shells of his own compatriots. He was exchanged in August, 1864, and rejoined his command, taking part in the third battle of Winchester, September 19, 1864, the 10th then being with Gen. Jubal Early's valley army, which was opposing Sheridan's raids.

When Terry's Brigade, of which the 10th was then a part, was sent to General Lee at Petersburg, Colonel Martz was placed in command of the 10th, 23d, and 37th Virginia Regiments. When General Lee surrendered at Appomattox, there were only eight or ten men of the gallant 10th left. The old battle flag of the regiment was never surrendered, Lieutenant Miller, then in command, hiding it under his coat, and it is still preserved in the archives of S. B. Gibbons Camp, of Harrisonburg.

A striking feature of his funeral cortege was the honorary guard of forty Confederate veterans, in command of T. L. Williamson, Adjutant of S. B. Gibbons Camp, many of whom had served under Colonel Martz during the war. At the head of the guard, draped with crape, was carried the powder-stained and bullet-rent flag of the 10th Virginia, and each veteran carried a large floral tribute.

After the war Colonel Martz returned to Harrisonburg and again engaged in business. He was made deputy circuit clerk in 1875, and in 1887 he was elected circuit clerk, and ever since he had been the unanimous choice of the voters of Rockingham.

On November 14, 1860, Colonel Martz and Miss Mary Nicholas Carter, of Nelson County, were married. She survives him with two children, a son and a daughter.

For many years Colonel Martz had been an official member of the Methodist Church in Harrisonburg and an active leader in its work. When S. B. Gibbons Camp was organized in 1893, Colonel Martz was elected its first Commander. He had served in that capacity ever since and was always actively interested. His death was a great loss. His efficiency in office, his unfailing courtesy, his Christian citizenship made him a striking figure in the affairs of Rockingham County. Few men have been held in so high esteem by all classes of people.

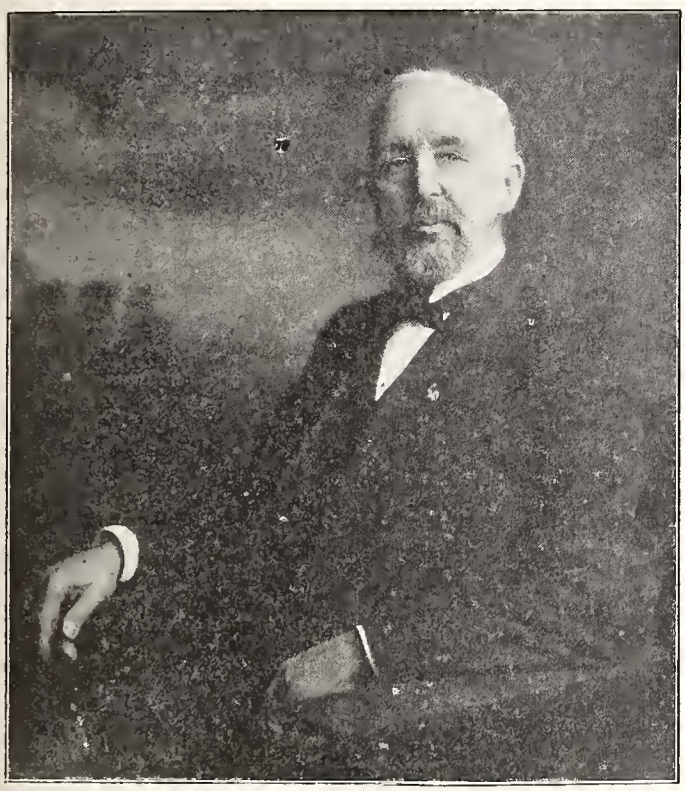
Judge Julius C. Folsom.

Judge Julius C. Folsom, the last survivor of the Choctaws, who went from Mississippi with his people to the Indian Territory, crossed the "silent river" into the "happy hunting ground" at his home in Atoka, Okla., December 23, 1914, after a brief illness, at the age of eighty-five years.

Judge Folsom was a remarkable man. He was a leader among his people and a Confederate veteran, having served in the War between the States under Green Cooper, and he personally knew and loved Gen. Stand Watie. He was the Commander of the Judge Julius C. Folsom Camp, No. 1774, U. C. V., at Atoka, named in his honor. He proudly wore the little bronze cross of honor, bestowed by Standley Posey Chapter, U. D. C., on his suit of Confederate gray at the State reunions. He rests beneath the furled banner on the breast of his beloved Southland till the last roll call.

James H. Baker.

On January 31, 1914, James H. Baker, a Confederate veteran and a man prominently identified with the iron and steel interests of Pittsburgh, Pa., suddenly passed away. He was born near Strasburg, Va., August 15, 1843. In February, 1862, as a volunteer he enlisted in Company C, of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, under Col. Turner Ashby, who was then stationed twelve miles north of his home. As the enemy's picket lines were within sight of their camp, active service began at once for him and continued throughout the war, with the exception of three confinements in Union prisons.



JAMES H. BAKER.

It was in the early part of 1862 that Stonewall Jackson's famous Valley Campaign began; and as he was on special duty for Jackson, Mr. Baker found himself in many perilous positions. One of these was when they were retreating and he was sent to the rear to burn the bridge under the enemy's fire. He was dismounted at the enemy's end of the bridge, taken by the hands between two cavalrymen, dragged several miles, and threatened with death; but as he was found to be in full Confederate uniform, he was finally paroled. Another capture was effected in June, 1863, when alone he was sent beyond the outward lines to reconnoiter and ran into a detachment of the 1st New York Cavalry. He outran the advance body with the exception of Captain Otto, of Company L, who, after a mile's pursuit, overtook him. Mr. Baker drew rein, wheeled, and thought to kill the enemy's horse, but his carbine missed fire. He was knocked senseless, sent to Camp Chase, and there held until April, 1863, when he was exchanged and rejoined his regiment. The division was then detailed to defend the gaps in the Blue Ridge Mountains against the advance of the Union forces. He was in a number of battles, among them Kernstown and Gettysburg, but actual service ended for him in February, 1864, when he was again captured by the 1st New York Cavalry and sent to Fort Delaware, being released on June 15, after the close of the war.

In 1867 James Baker was married to Eliza F. Little, of Warren County, Va., and removed to Westville, Ohio, where as a blacksmith he began a business career—first, by hand, forging plows and wagon hardware, then the Baker wagons, and on to building machines for forging, proving himself the pioneer in his line of work. In 1887 he removed to Pittsburgh and promoted the Baker Chain and Wagon Iron Manufacturing Company, whose goods were handled by all heavy hardware dealers in the United States. Later he organized the Baker Forge Company and again the James H. Baker Manufacturing Company.

In the meantime his papers on forging, chain-making, heat-treating, car wheel forging, etc., were solicited by the various trade journals at home and abroad, and his inventions and improved methods along these lines are being used throughout the country. His wife died in 1911, and in 1913 he married Mrs. Janetta C. Wierman, of East Pittsburgh, who, with his five daughters, survives him.

While he was a loyal supporter of the government, James Baker still cherished the devotion and self-sacrifice of the men of the South. Appreciating this sentiment, a Confederate flag was sought to cover his bier along with the Stars and Stripes, but none could be found. A Mrs. Fisher, a Southern woman then in Pittsburgh, heard of the quest, and knowing him and his devotion to the South, she purchased the silk and made a beautiful emblem and sent to his family to be used. Four Union veterans, prominent citizens of Pittsburgh, in honor of the brotherly feeling existing between them, escorted his remains to their last resting place. These men were Col. Daniel Ashworth, James Lowrie, and F. P. Kohen, of the 123d Pennsylvania Regiment, and H. J. Westerman, of the 193d Pennsylvania Regiment.

And so a man whose motto was the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man" and whose potent but quiet force for human welfare will manifest itself in many directions and generations to come is at rest in the valley of peace.

Capt. W. J. Gamble.

Capt. W. J. Gamble was born and reared in Williamson County, Tenn., but removed to Wilson County soon after becoming of age. As a young man he entered the employ of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad and soon held a responsible position in the company. He continued in its employ for over forty years, being retired on a pension some ten or twelve years ago. At the outbreak of the War between the States he was in the employ of the railroad, but enlisted in Company B, 20th Tennessee Infantry, Colonel Beattie's regiment. In the fall of 1862 he was put in charge of a train as conductor and ran this train all over the South. The close of the war found him and his train in South Carolina. Captain Gamble took part in the battles of Fishing Creek and Shiloh, in both of which he distinguished himself.

When President Cleveland visited Nashville, Maj. John W. Thomas, President of the N., C. & St. L. Railway, selected Captain Gamble as the best man in his service to put in charge of the President's special train from Nashville to Chattanooga, and so well did he perform this duty that he received the personal thanks of President Cleveland.

Early in life Captain Gamble united with the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, and he died in full assurance that he could "read his title clear." He was twice married, and by the first marriage there were three children, all of whom are dead. His second wife was Miss Lou Hanks, who survives him. Their silver wedding anniversary would have been cele-

brated in February. Captain Gamble's death occurred on Christmas Eve night, and he was buried on the afternoon of Christmas Day. Revs. G. G. Hallburton, of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, B. S. Lyle, of the Methodist Church, and G. W. Farnin, of the Christian Church, officiated, and comrades of the S. G. Shepherd Camp, U. C. V., of Lebanon, were the pallbearers.

Captain Gamble always stood for the right, and in his death the city and county have lost one of their best citizens, and the Camp of Confederate Veterans a loyal and enthusiastic member.

Morgan S. Gilmer.

Morgan S. Gilmer was born in Lowndes County, Ala., November 30, 1846, a son of George N. and Caroline Smith Gilmer, and died September 16, 1914, in Brevard, N. C., where he had gone to spend the summer in search of health. He was a resident of Montgomery, Ala., and a member of the Court Street Methodist Church, of which he was a trustee. His life was one of consecrated piety. He was married twice, his first wife being Pattie Barton, and his second, her sister, Helen Barton, who, with one daughter, Mrs. Pattie Gilmer Owen, survives him.

Morgan Gilmer left the University of Alabama in the early days of 1864 with a company of cadets who were anxious to fight for their country, although they were only sixteen or seventeen years old.

As first lieutenant in the same company, the writer can truthfully say that Comrade Gilmer made a gallant soldier, always ready for duty, however arduous or perilous. He did not know the meaning of the word "fear." Several years before his death he organized a band of children, the sons and daughters of Confederate veterans, twenty-six in number, and named them "The Yaller-Hammers," the nickname of the Alabama soldiers in the war. Comrade Gilmer was proud of this little band and took them to every Confederate reunion, where they were always accorded a place in the parades and attracted their full share of attention. The Yaller-Hammers met with one of the saddest losses of their lives when their beloved commander died; for they loved him, and he loved them.

Morgan S. Gilmer was elected to the office of assessor of taxes for Montgomery County, Ala., and was serving his second term when he died. He was loved by all who knew him well and was regarded as a model Christian.

S. L. Lamkin.

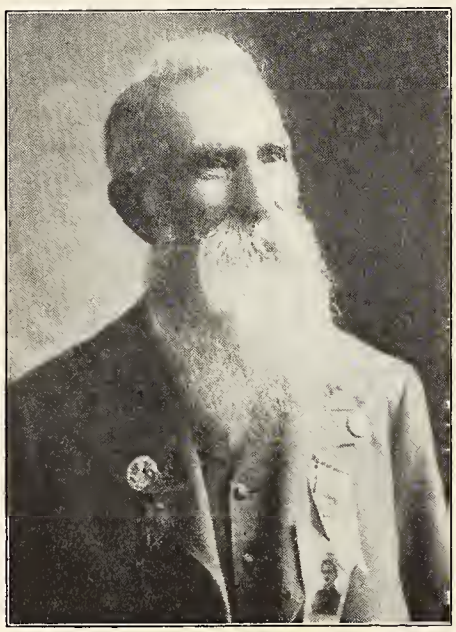
S. L. Lamkin, President of the Confederate Memorial Association of Hagerstown, Md., died on December 24, 1914, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was born in Westmoreland County, Va., and lived there until the great War between the States began, when, at the age of seventeen, he enlisted in the Confederate service and for four years helped to fight the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia. He had two brothers killed on the field of action. Comrade Lamkin served as a member of the 40th Virginia Regiment, Brockenbrough's Brigade, Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's corps. On the 1st of July, 1863, he was with the advance skirmish line which opened the great three days' battle of Gettysburg. He was greatly interested in everything Confederate and loved to talk about those fiery days of the sixties.

Comrade Lamkin had been a resident of Hagerstown for about thirty years, and as a contractor he had erected many of the principal buildings, which will stand as monuments to his skill. He was a good and true man, and his memory will live in the hearts of the many friends he left. He has joined the great commanders on the other side.

Dr. T. R. Wingo.

Dr. T. R. Wingo was born in Nottaway County, Va., October 12, 1826. In 1835 his father moved to Middle Tennessee, near the Hermitage, and later to Carroll County, West Tennessee. His father and several brothers were in the War of 1812; so Dr. Wingo had a right to claim, as he often did, that he "came of old Virginia fighting stock."

In 1848 he entered Union University and was connected with that institution as student and teacher about ten years.



DR. T. R. WINGO.

He entered the Medical Department of the University of Nashville in 1859, and in 1860 he went to Jefferson Medical College, graduating in 1861. Soon thereafter he joined the Confederate army and was made assistant surgeon of the 27th Tennessee Regiment. In 1863 he was promoted to full surgeon. Near the close of the war Gen. Tyree H. Bell asked General Cheatham for a good surgeon to act as his brigade surgeon, and Dr. Wingo was assigned to the place.

Dr. Wingo did a large practice after the war; but, being a great lover of the farm, he gradually withdrew from medicine and devoted himself to farming. Often when looking at growing crops he would say: "Moses never viewed a more magnificent scene from Pisgah's heights." In later years, when his family tried to influence him not to attend the reunions, he would say: "It is as near heaven from a reunion as anywhere." He took a lively interest in the European war and read the news to within a few hours of his death.

Clad in his gray uniform and resting in a casket of gray, the "clay tenement" of the grand old Christian soldier was lowered by loving hands into the bosom of mother earth, there to await the glorious dawn of the resurrection morn.

Deaths in Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V.

Dr. J. B. Stinson, Commander of Mildred Lee Camp, U. C. V., of Sherman, Tex., reports the following loss in membership for 1914: M. W. Bowles, Company B, 11th Tennessee Infantry; T. P. Collins, Bowen's Company, Stone's Regiment; R. I. Cunningham, Company D, 7th South Carolina Infantry; Capt. L. F. Ely; Capt. W. S. Grant, Company B, 5th Arkansas Infantry; Lieut. B. F. Hopson, Company B, Martin's Regiment of Cavalry; I. I. Kimberlin, Shelby's Brigade; Capt. J. H. Littellier, Company K, 24th Virginia Infantry. In addition to these members of the Camp, they have buried two other comrades who were not members.

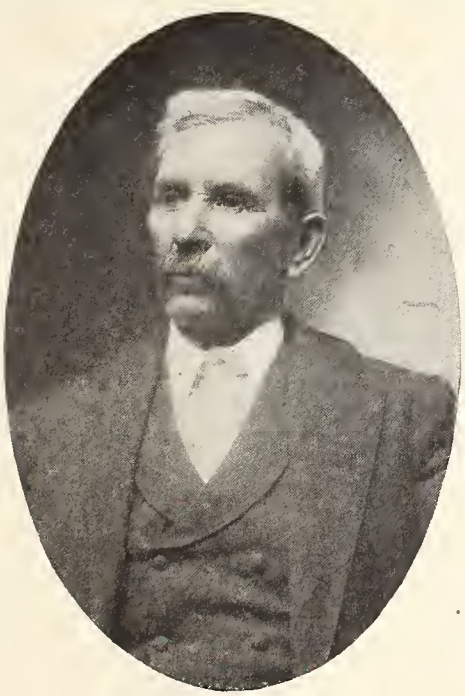
Deaths in General Pegram Camp, U. C. V.

J. L. Coff, Adjutant, reports the following deaths in membership of General Pegram Camp, No. 1602, U. C. V., of Valley Head, W. Va., since its organization, in 1906: S. B. Kittle, Company A, 62d Virginia Infantry; W. C. S. Jordan, Company G, 18th Virginia Cavalry; M. N. Pullin, Company E, 31st Virginia Infantry; John Varner, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry; E. B. Ward, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry; Josiah Vandevender, Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry; F. H. Dowell, J. D. Warner, and W. J. Hamner, Company B, 25th Virginia Infantry; S. G. Ferrell, Company E, 20th Virginia Cavalry; T. M. Moore, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry; J. N. C. Bell, Company I, 19th Virginia Cavalry; F. M. Hill, Company K, 31st Virginia Infantry; J. B. Hammers, Chew's Battery; George Beaty, Company G, 18th Virginia Cavalry; B. T. Ware, Company C, 20th Virginia Cavalry; G. W. Painter, Company I, 49th Virginia Infantry, and Commander of Pegram Camp; G. W. Salsbury, Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry; A. E. Folks, Company F, 31st Virginia Infantry; W. P. Smith, Company C, 6th Virginia Cavalry; J. M. Miller, Company K, 52d Virginia Infantry.

Hon. David M. Faulkner.

On the 2d of August, 1914, at St. John's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., death came to the Hon. David M. Faulkner at the age of seventy-two years. He was the son of Franklin Faulkner, who went from Tennessee to the Indian Territory, later marrying Aursakie Potts, a full-blooded Cherokee. They settled on a farm near Stilwell, Okla., where Mrs. Faulkner died in 1845.

David Faulkner was reared on a farm. At the beginning of the War between the States he cast his lot with the Confederacy, enlisting in the service under Capt. Thomas Lewis, whose company formed the bodyguard of Gen. Albert Pike while he was negotiating with the Five Civilized Tribes in behalf of the Southern Confederacy. Captain Lewis's command was later merved into various Confederate organizations. David Faulkner joined the regiment commanded by Col. William Penn Adair, Stand Watie's brigade, afterwards famous as the 2d Cherokee. His military service consisted in garrisoning, scouting, and harassing the enemy in the Indian country, and he also took part in the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark. In May, 1865, he was honorably discharged from the service. In April, 1867, he married Miss Rachel Adair, the daughter of a leading family of the Cherokee Nation, and established his home at Hanson, Sequoyah County, Okla., and engaged in farming and the cattle business.



HON. D. M. FAULKNER.

Early in life David Faulkner manifested a keen interest in the political affairs of his people, and he soon beeame a leading figure in their national affairs, serving two years in the National Counell and eight years in the National Senate and also as a delegate to Washington, where he represented the Cherokee interests before Congress and the departments. Subsequently he was eleeted assistant chief, whieh position he held with distinetion until the final dissolution of the Cherokee Nation, June 30, 1914.

With the admission of the State of Oklahoma into the Union he at onee beeame active in political affairs of the new State as a Demoerat and was recognized by the party in many ways upon important delegations and eommittees. He was an active and prominent member of the Masonic Lodge, Order of the Eastern Star, and Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and also for many years a consistent member of the M. E. Church, South. His first wife died in 1899, and in 1900 he was married to Miss Emma Winford, a white woman of strong character and attainments, who survives him with their two sons and two daughters, their home being at Claremore, Okla. Of the first marriage there were four sons and five daughters, all surviving except one daughter.

Deaths in Camp at Selma, Ala.

T. B. Creagh, Adjutant, reports the following members of Camp Catesby Ap R. Jones, No. 317, U. C. V., Selma, Ala., who have died since June, 1913:

John Thomas Hardaway, Safford, Ala.; G. F. Ellis, Orrville, Ala.; J. M. Rhodes, Company E, 1st Alabama Cavalry; Charles Campbell, Company H, 9th Battalion Alabama Infantry; J. Charles Jones, Company G, 5th Regiment; Albert S. Fisher, Company C, 3d Alabama Infantry; Calvin Young, Company H, 2d Battalion of Mississippi Infantry; H. C. Lea, Company K, 11th Alabama Infantry; H. G. Thompson, Burnsville, Ala.; J. S. Watts, Company D, 19th Arkansas Infantry.

Deaths in James A. Jackson Camp, U. C. V.

The following members of Camp James A. Jackson, Monticello, Ark., have died during the past year, as reported by Dr. W. A. Brown, Adjutant:

Capt. W. H. Isom, Company B, 9th Arkansas Infantry; T. G. Brown, Company G, 3d South Carolina Infantry; G. W. McVay, Company F, 2d Louisiana Cavalry; Steve Gaster, Owen's Arkansas Battery; T. B. Gill, Company B, 9th Arkansas Infantry; J. E. Padden, Company H, 56th Georgia Infantry; Capt. D. E. Barker, Company G, 3d Arkansas Infantry; J. R. Dye, Boon's Louisiana Artillery.

Deaths in Stand Watie Camp, U. C. V.

J. W. Weaver, Commander of Stand Watie Camp, No. 514, U. C. V., of Muldrow, Okla., reports the loss of the following members: Dr. Caswell W. Bruton, William J. Watts, Andrew J. Watts, N. F. N. Wasson, David M. Faulkner, John W. Breedlove, John Faulkner, Thomas Thomas, William Miller, William H. Bellow, A. M. McClode, Lafayette Norrid, Louis Blalack. All were good, honorable, and upright citizens.

Mrs. J. S. Murrow.

Mrs. J. S. Murrow, the beloved wife of Rev. J. S. Murrow, State Chaplain U. C. V. of Oklahoma, died in Atoka January 7, 1915, and was buried from the Baptist church of that city. She went to that section as a missionary to the Indians nearly forty years ago and was beloved by all who knew her. She was of Northern blood, but loved the South and its people.

Mrs. S. R. Hawley.

The Alexander H. Stephens Chapter, U. D. C., of Birmingham, Ala., through a committee composed of Mrs. E. M. Franks, Mrs. W. C. Grant, Mrs. J. W. Beasley, expresses in appropriate resolutions its tribute to Mrs. S. R. Hawley, who had been an officer and active member of the Chapter since its organization. These resolutions bear testimony to her beautiful Christian character and express the deep sense of loss and bereavement that is felt by the members of the Chapter, to whom the inspiration of her cheerful spirit, sweet fellowship, and self-sacrificing service were ever realized. The memory of her faithfulness and true devotion will live to inspire others to emulate her example. The deepest sympathy is extended to the members of her family, for whom it is asked that blessings may have been veiled in this bereavement.

"Not now, but in the coming years—
It may be in the better land—
We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there sometime we'll understand;
We'll catch the broken thread again
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand."

W. F. Crosslin.

W. F. Crosslin was born in Wilcox County, Ala., April 11, 1836, and died in Clark County, Ark., on December 13, 1914, after a short illness, aged seventy-eight years. He joined the volunteers in Monroe County, Miss., April 10, 1862, and was first under Capt. Sam Gholson and afterwards under Capt. B. F. Lamb. He took part in the battles of Atlanta and New Hope, Ga., Corinth and Vicksburg, Miss., Franklin, Tenn., and was captured at Nashville on December 15, 1864. He was paroled July 1, 1865, and returned to Mississippi, later making his home in Clarke County, Ark.

A. L. Kirkpatrick.

A. L. Kirkpatrick, who died on the 31st of March, 1914, at Yantis, Tex., joined the Confederate army at Jefferson, Tex., in May, 1862, and served with Company F, of the 19th Texas Infantry. He was a good and faithful soldier. He was discharged in May, 1865. Comrade Kirkpatrick was a highly respected citizen of his community, a loving husband and father. He was about seventy-four years of age.

A Father's Devotion.—J. A. Templeton, of Jacksonville, Tex., gives an instance of remarkable devotion: "Hayden Brock, son of J. M. Brock, who lived near Jacksonville, Tex., enlisted in Capt. James Taylor's company, which was a part of the 22d Texas Infantry. In the year 1863 this command was in Arkansas, some three hundred miles from Jacksonville, Tex., when Hayden Brock sickened and died. It is said that his mother insisted that the father go and bring his body home, which he did, making the journey through the wilds of Arkansas in a two-horse wagon, and returning alone with his son's body, which was interred in the family burying ground. On the return trip Mr. Brock camped out in the lonely forests, making his camp fires near the wagon in which rested the body of his son. The grave of this young Confederate can now be seen in the family burying ground inclosed within an iron fence."

A MEMBER OF WAUL'S TEXAS LEGION.

James B. Kemp was born in Franklin County, Tenn., in 1833 and went to Texas in 1855. From Fayette County, that State, he enlisted in September, 1861, as first lieutenant in Company D, under Captain Isard, of Waul's Texas Legion. Shortly afterwards he was promoted to captain of the company and served with his regiment in all of its campaigns east of the Mississippi, where it did considerable fighting until shut up during the siege of Vicksburg. After the surrender of that place, he was paroled and did not again engage in military service, but was detailed to the government shops in Austin, Tex. His death occurred in Travis County, Tex., in 1882. Captain Kemp was married to Miss Eliza S. Woodward in 1854, and she survives him with several sons and daughters.



JAMES B. KEMP.

Chaplains Killed on the Field.—In a recent number of the Veteran there was some reference to the number of chaplains killed on the field of battle. I recall two such instances. In the battle of Chickamauga Capt. A. B. Renfro, of the 22d Alabama Regiment, who was a Baptist minister before entering the Confederate army, was one of six men killed while endeavoring to raise the colors of his regiment, the color bearer having been shot down. The seventh man was more lucky and succeeded in getting them up. A pathetic feature of Captain Renfro's death was that he was on furlough at Jacksonville, Ala., where his wife and child were, and a few days before the battle he started back to the army in a carryall driven by his father. The day after the fight the father placed his son's body in the same vehicle and carried it back home. In the battle of Selma, Ala., a minister named —— Small, who had shouldered his musket to oppose Wilson's raiders, was killed on the field. In the same fight Rev. Mr. Tichenor, rector of the Episcopal Church, received a severe wound while on the firing line. Rev. E. Baldwin, pastor of the Methodist Church, also lined up with the defenders, was more lucky, coming through unscathed.—*E. Guthrie, Glenside, Pa.*

Seeks Information of a Sick Veteran.—On March 31, 1911, an elderly man by the name of Edward Dailey, on his way to visit Mr. William Lankley at Fordsville, Ky., stopped off at Pendleton, Ind., and was soon afterwards stricken with apoplexy. He was taken to the office of William H. H. Benefiel and there had the attention of a doctor and nurse furnished by the G. A. R. Post of that place, everything being done to make him comfortable. On the next day, being able to travel, he was furnished with money and put aboard a car bound for Indianapolis. Nothing has since been heard of him, though he promised Mr. Benefiel that he would write, and the latter is anxious to get in communication with either Mr. Dailey or Mr. Langley or some member of the family. Address him at Pendleton, Ind. Edward Dailey was a member of the famous Ashby's Black Horse Cavalry (3d Virginia)

AT THE TOMB OF PRESIDENT POLK.

L. B. Kinsey, of Dana, Iowa, sends a clipping from the National Tribune which gives an incident so directly opposite his own experience that he cannot refrain from writing of it in justice to a lady noted for her courtesy and kindness. The incident mentioned was contributed to the National Tribune by A. D. Rice, of Lincoln, Nebr., who refers to a previous article regarding an incident at the capture of Nashville, Tenn., that reminded him of a similar incident with which he was connected. He wrote: "A few of us from Company I, Michigan Engineers and Mechanics, went to the tomb of President Polk. While looking and chatting the widow of our late President appeared on the scene, demanding that we leave. We had with us a brother of Professor Esterbrook, of Michigan University, who was equal to the occasion. He answered: 'Madam, do you realize that we are defenders of the Union of States of which your honored husband was President and so faithfully maintained? So long as we reverence this sacred place we propose to leave when we see all that we came here for.' And we did without further remonstrance."



TOMB OF PRESIDENT POLK, NASHVILLE, TENN.

Mr. Kinsey writes the VETERAN:

"I served a little over three years in the 51st Ohio Volunteer Infantry, having enlisted in September, 1861. My regiment was of those under General Nelson that steamed up the Cumberland and landed at the levee in Nashville in the forenoon of February 25, 1862. The first regiment to land was the 24th Ohio, followed by the 41st Ohio, and the third was my own regiment. We marched to the Square, around the market house, and that afternoon we were marched to the southern suburbs of the city and formed in a vacant lot or field to the right of the Murfreesboro Pike. On March 3 our regiment was sent into the city, to quarters that had evidently been stables on North Market Street. We had been detailed as provost guards of the city, with our colonel, Stanley Matthews, as provost marshal. Our duties were very arduous, with General Buell's army passing through the city on their way to Southern Tennessee, and we were on duty every alternate day.

"Sometime in April our quarters were moved to Elliott's Female Academy, on Church Street, not far from the Chattanooga Depot. About this time I was detailed on duty at the Tennessee Bank, on Cherry Street, and remained there until our regiment was relieved from duty as provost guards on July 1, 1862. Going to my meals at our quarters, near the Chattanooga Depot, I would frequently, unless I was pressed for time, turn north into Cedar Street, walking leisurely past the Capitol, and make my way toward Church Street by a short street leading past the Polk residence. Often I would stop and look over the low fence about the grounds at the tomb of President Polk and admire the carefully kept premises. I saw no one and never ventured upon the grounds.

"One day, in returning to quarters by this route, a comrade was with me who had never been that way before. We stopped, as I had been in the habit of doing, and looked over the fence at the tomb. My comrade presently questioned: 'Do you think President Polk is buried there?' Before I could make a reply, a lady, whom we afterwards knew to be Mrs. Polk, stepped from behind some thick-growing shrubbery near us, which had concealed her from view, and asked if we would like to come into the grounds and see the monument. Of course we were delighted, and for nearly half an hour she showed us the tomb and around the grounds. As we stood uncovered before the last resting place of the eleventh President of the United States, Mrs. Polk told us several incidents and reminiscences of the dead that a loving wife would bear in memory.

"Over fifty-two years have passed since that day in the late spring or early summer of 1862, yet the sweet kindness and gracious presence of Mrs. Polk remain with me as vividly as if only a few years ago. My memory does not retain her exact words; yet I can close my eyes, and the house, the grounds, the tomb, and Mrs. Polk are before me as I saw them that day so long ago. I was only a boy of seventeen at the time, and the impression made I'll never forget.

"When I read the clipping inclosed, as also the one that preceded it, charity constrains me to say that the lady they referred to was not the Mrs. Polk whom I met beside the tomb of her illustrious husband."

INQUIRIES FOR CONFEDERATES.—Maj. J. A. Troette, of Cambridge, Ohio, who was a Federal soldier, writes of meeting two Confederate officers, Colonel Moore, of the 35th Mississippi, and Lieutenant Colonel Boone, of the 19th Arkansas, in the hospital at Corinth, Miss., who were wounded in the VanDorn charge there on October 4, 1862, he himself having been wounded two weeks before at Iuka. Major Troette would be very glad to hear from or of either of these friends of the war. He writes: "I have often thought of them and wondered if either survived. I shall never forget our parting, and especially that with Colonel Moore, who in a feeble voice said: 'Good-by, Major. If we never meet on earth again, I hope to meet you where all is peace.'"

ANNUAL REUNION FLORIDA DIVISION, U. C. V.

REPORT OF W. K. SEABRING, ADJUTANT GENERAL FLORIDA DIVISION.

The Florida Division, United Confederate Veterans, met at Lakeland, Fla., October 28-30, 1914, with a large attendance from the Camps throughout the State; and never were veterans more enthusiastically received and hospitably entertained than at Lakeland during the three days' session of the State Division.

Assembling in the Board of Trade Hall on the 28th, the Division was opened by prayer by the Rt. Rev. Edwin G. Weed, Bishop of Florida; and after the appointment of appropriate committees made by Gen. John L. Inglis, the Division Commander, and announced by his Adjutant, Gen. W. H. Seabring, the General commanding then read his annual address, which was received with gratifying interest.

The Division was in receipt of a preamble and resolution adopted by the Missouri Division at their annual reunion at Higginsville, Mo., September 17, 1914, which was taken up and considered by the Florida Division, and the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"*Resolved,* That the statement of Gen. Calvin W. Wells, of Mississippi, made at the general Reunion in Jacksonville, Fla., May 6, 1914, to the effect that 'slavery was the cause of the war,' is most flagrantly unjust to the cause for which we fought. The statement discovers dense ignorance and should, if possible, be expunged from the record of our proceedings. That we heartily indorse all that is said by the Missouri Division in convention at Higginsville, Mo., September 17, 1914."

The retiring Division Commander turned over to his successor thirty-eight Camps, with a membership of about 1,057. When we consider that the average age of the Confederate veteran is seventy-five years, we must expect increased and rapid decimation on account of death.

A large number of congratulatory letters and telegrams were received by the Division from the Sons of Veterans and the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

The only sad occasion was the death of Comrade McGregor while *en route* to the meeting of the Division. His remains were accompanied to his home at Tampa by a proper escort, and suitable resolutions were passed upon his death.

On the 29th the election of Division and Brigade Commanders was held, with the following results: Commander Florida Division, Maj. Gen. John A. Rosborough, Windsor, Fla.; First Brigade, Brigadier General Buchanan, Chipley, Fla.; Second Brigade, Gen. Alfred Ayer, Ocala, Fla.; Third Brigade, Gen. J. D. Allen, Lakeland, Fla.

MONUMENT AT NEWPORT, ARK.

A beautiful monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers has been erected on the courthouse grounds at Newport, Ark. This monument commemorates particularly the members of the Jackson Guards, Company G, 1st Arkansas Regiment of Infantry, Capt. A. C. Pickett, Col. James Fagan's regiment. It is a tall shaft of white marble, bearing the names of every member of the original company and of the commanding officers, and it is surmounted by a life-sized figure of a young Confederate private in uniform at parade rest.

The funds for the monument were raised by private subscriptions and mainly through the untiring efforts of W. E. Bevens and his comrades, James S. Jones, John R. Loftin, and Lancelot Minor.

The unveiling ceremonies, under the direction of the Lucien C. Gause Chapter, U. D. C., took place on November 25, 1914, with the following program:

Master of ceremonies, Mr. John W. Stayton.
Invocation by Rev. W. Palmer Chalmers.
Chorus by public school children, "Bonnie Blue Flag."
Introductory remarks by W. E. Bevens.
Address by Hon. Junius Jordan, of Pine Bluff.
Unveiling of monument by Lady Elizabeth Watson and Clare Phillips, the former a granddaughter of the late Maj. Gen. James Fagan, commanding officer of a Trans-Mississippi division, and the latter the granddaughter of the late Robert Neill, of Batesville, captain of Company K, 1st Arkansas Mounted Riflemen.
Chorus by school children, "Dixie."

TIMELY ACTION ON SCHOOL LITERATURE.

Schuyler Sutton Camp, U. C. V., of San Angelo, Tex., speaks in no uncertain terms of some literature that is furnished the school children of that city, saying:

"Some six years ago this Camp made public protest against certain books in the library at Central School, of the city of San Angelo, in which the South and some of her patriots were represented in an unfair light, and some of such books, if not all, were removed. Lately we have discovered that insidiously No. 30 of the 'Riverside Literature Series,' by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has crept in and is used as literature, especially in a certain grade at Central School.

"The following quotation from James Russell Lowell, on page 82 of No. 30, is particularly obnoxious:

"'I pity mothers, tu, down South,
For all they sat among the scorners;
I'd sooner take my chance to stan'
At jedgment, where your meanest slave is,
Than at God's bar hol' up a han'
Ez drippin' red ez your'n, Jeff Davis.'

"This Camp expresses its profound contempt for the distorted mind that evolved such rot, and condemns the publishing company that would foist it upon an unsuspecting public, and also criticizes the management of the school for carelessness and indifference in permitting its use and requests its extirpation at once for all time."

STEPHEN ELMORE, *Commander;*
J. O. FRINK, *Adjutant.*

THE LOST KNAPSACK.

[Dr. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., addresses these lines to J. W. Homer, of the 69th Ohio, who lost his knapsack in the battle of Stone's River and now wants to get it back.]

Dear Homer, you began the fun,
You surely did with your old gun,
On December's day just thirty-one
And then dropped all and broke to run,
Leaving your knapsack on a "stun."

Now you come back and grunt and whine
Because some "Johnnie" wished to dine
And took the hard-tack and the wine
Which you had left to cut a shine
Through cedar brake and bramble vine.

Had you kept the hard-tack in the sack
And kept the sack upon your back
And stood fast at our rifles' crack,
You would not be in such a wrack
"Ter git yer blamed ole" knapsack back.

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE, U. D. C.

(Continued from page 55.)

Murray, $5; Earlington Chapter, $7; City National Bank, Paducah (through Paducah Chapter), for Treasurer's bond, $150; Col. Tandy Pryor Chapter, Carrollton, $1; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney (personal), Paducah, $5. Total, $273.20.

Louisiana: Thomas Overton Chapter, Alexandria, $2.50; New Orleans Chapter, $5; Mender Chapter, $2; O. A. Bullion Chapter, $1; Capt. Peter Youree (personal), Shreveport, $10; Shreveport Chapter (silver tea), $25; Mr. Joe Bentley (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $20; S. W. Bolton (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $10; J. W. Bolton (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $10; C. E. Roberts (personal), through Mrs. Randolph, $5; unknown, $1. Total, $91.50.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, $50; E. V. Whites Chapter, Poolesville, $1.43. Total, $51.43.

Mexico, no report.

Montana, no report.

Mississippi: Jasper County Chapter, Heidelberg, $1; Mrs. M. A. C. Cassity (through Commercial-Appeal), Benoit, $5; John T. Fairley Chapter, Mount Olive, $5; Laura Martin Rose Chapter, $2.50; Ocean Springs Chapter, $2.50; Pass Christian Chapter, $1; Collins Chapter, $5; Noxubee Rifles Chapter, $2.50; W. C. Boyd Chapter, C. of C., $1; Mrs. J. D. Bills, $1; Mrs. Rosa Tyler, 50 cents; Rosa Clark Funstahl Chapter, C. of C., 10 cents; Vaiden Chapter, $2.50; Mrs. Antonia Grutman Lovell, $1; Mississippi Division, $25; Private Taylor Rucks Chapter, $5; Mrs. A. M. Kimbrough, $5; Verina Davis Chapter, $1; school children of Durant, 65 cents; from State Treasurer, $5.75; Mrs. A. F. Dilworth, $1; Baldwyn Chapter, $5; Lundy Gunn Chapter, $5; McCombe Chapter, $5; Mrs. Filmore Baxter, $1; Mrs. Lillie Westbrook, $1; J. Z. George Chapter, $1; Corinth Chapter, $10; Mrs. Ida Winston, $1; Mary E. Snipes Chapter, $21; F. A. Montgomery Chapter, $5; Mildred N. Humphreys Chapter, $5; Mrs. J. D. Beck, $1; Mrs. W. B. Mason, $1; Mrs. Gertrude Hendricks, $1; Miss Lillie Gaines, $1; Mrs. Lourey Estes, 50 cents; Zeno S. Goss Chapter, $5; Hattiesburg Chapter, $1; Magnolia Chapter, $1. Total, $146.

Missouri: Emmett McDonald Chapter, Sedalia, $15; Gen. C. J. Ford (personal), Odessa, $5; Missouri Division, $25; Sterling Price Chapter, Nevada, $5; Kansas City Chapter. $10. Total, $60.

Minnesota, no report.

Nebraska, no report.

New York: Mrs. Louis Bennett (personal), $10; Mrs. D. M. Miller (personal), $10; Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, $30; Mrs. James H. Parker (personal), $25; New York Chapter, $50; Mrs. F. G. Burke (personal), $120; calendars sold by Mrs. Reid, $5; Mrs. Edwards Connelly (personal), $5; Mrs. John S. Wise (personal), $5. Total, $260.

New Mexico, no report.

North Carolina: Statesville Chapter, $2.50; sale Shiloh enterprise, $4.95; State collections, $103.90. Total, $111.35.

Oklahoma: Julia Jackson Chapter, Durant, $5; Chustenahlah Chapter, Steigler, $2.50; Stonewall Jackson Chapter, McAlester, $2; Lee-Jackson Chapter, Chickasha, $5; General Forrest Chapter, Muskogee, $5; Shawnee Chapter, $1; John H. Reagan Chapter, Wynnewood, $1.50; Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Wagoner, $10; Thomas Wills Chapter, Sapulpa, $5; Fannie Wilkins Chapter, Norman, $2; Winnie Davis Chapter, Checotah, $1; Thomas Wills Chapter (Lee picture), Sapulpa, $5; Clement A. Evans Chapter, Tulsa, $5. Total, $50.

Ohio: Mrs. Biggs ("Heroes in Gray" and post cards), Dayton, 25 cents. Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Cincinnati, $5. Total, $5.25.

Oregon, no report.

Pennsylvania: Philadelphia Chapter, $25. Total, $25.

South Carolina: John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, $5; Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, $5; Palmetto Chapter, Anderson, $3; Florence Thornwell Chapter, $2.50; Winnie Davis Chapter, Yorkville, $5; St. Matthews Chapter, $1; Lancaster Chapter, $11.25; Dreyton Rutherford Chapter (post cards), Newberry, 25 cents; Mary Ann Buie Chapter (post cards), Johnston, 75 cents; Mary Ann Buie Chapter ("Heroes in Gray"), Johnston, 20 cents; Mary Ann Buie Chapter (Confederate banners), Johnston, 12 cents; Williamsburg Chapter, Kingstree, $20; Batesburg Chapter, $2; Maxey Gregg Chapter, Florence, $5.50; William Easley Chapter, Easley, $5; R. E. Lee Chapter, Anderson, $5; J. G. Morrison Chapter, Estill, $1; Mrs. C. E. Graham (personal), Greenville, $25; Ridge Springs Chapter, $5; W. J. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, $2; Charleston Chapter, $25; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnston, $2; Winnie Davis Chapter, Yorkville, $5; South Carolina Division (given at Edgefield convention), $50; S. D. Barron Chapter, Rockhill, $3.25; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, $10; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, $35; Lancaster Chapter, $8.50; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, $5; Maxey Gregg, C. of C. (through Mrs. McWhorter), $1.50; Hampton-Lee Chapter, Greers, $5; Francis Marion Chapter, Bamberg, $6; Graham Chapter, Denmark, $2; Cheraw Chapter, $7; Secessionville Chapter, James Island, $5; J. D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden, $8.60; Edward Croft Chapter, Aiken, $5; William Wallace Chapter, Winn, $10; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, $5; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, $25; Olin Dantzler Chapter, St. Matthews, $3; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, $5; Chester Chapter, $7; Miss Welch (Lee picture), Charleston, $2.50; Hampton-Lee Chapter (Lee picture), Allendale, $2.50; post cards sold by Mrs. J. L. McWhorter, $5.70; Abbeville Chapter, $5; Margaret Gaston Chapter, C. of C., Chester, $1; Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, $25; St. Matthews Chapter, $10; Hampton-Lee Chapter, Greers, $5; Pickens Chapter, $1; Ellison Capers Chapter, Florence, $5; Moffitt Grier Chapter, Due West, $15; Fort Sumter Chapter, Greenville, $15; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, $5; Savannah Valley Chapter. Loundesville, $3; Spartan Chapter, Spartanburg, $3; John Hanes Chapter, Jonesville, $5; Butler Guard Chapter, C. of C., Greenville, $2; M. C. Butler Chapter, Columbia (Shandon), $10; Shiloh post cards, $2. Total, $466.12.

Utah, no report.

Tennessee: Col. Casey Young Chapter, Memphis, $5; Mrs. F. F. Brown (personal), Chattanooga, $10; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, 30 cents; J. C. Vaughn Chapter, Sweetwater, $15; Mrs. O. C. Barton (personal), Paris, $50; John Sutherland Chapter, Ripley, $5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland. $5; Miss Kate Fort (personal), Chattanooga, $5; A. H. Lankfort (personal), Paris, $2; A. H. Lankfort (personal), for Miss Hope Lankfort, Paris, $1; J. H. Lankfort (personal), for Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., Paris, $1; J. K. Lankfort (personal), for Fifth Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Paris, $1; Knoxville Chapter, $10; Frank Matthews Chapter, Lawrenceburg, $3.50; Baker Lemon Chapter, Covington, $25; A. S. Johnston Chapter, Harriman, $5; Rassie Hoskins White Chapter, Cottage Grove, $2.70; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, $7.75; Martin Chapter, $5; Clay Stacker Chapter, Clarksville, $5; Francis M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, $5; Musidora McCory Chapter, Jackson (silver offering), $10.25;

N. B. Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, $10; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, $15; V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton, $4.75; Maury County Chapter, Columbia, $25; Clark Chapter, Gallatin, $6.60; V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton (silver offering), $2; Musidora McCory Chapter, Jackson, $25; Sarah Law Chapter, Memphis, $25; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, $25; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, $10; J. C. Vaughan Chapter, Sweetwater, $2.75; Russell Hill Chapter, Trenton, $6.90; General Cheatham Chapter, Memphis, $5; Mrs. A. H. Lankfort (personal), Paris, $5; John W. Morton Chapter, Camden, $10; Lebanon Chapter, $5; Miss Mary Gerngan (personal), Paris, $4.50; Shiloh Chapter, Savannah, $10; Mrs. Manning (Lee picture), Chattanooga, $2.50; Shiloh Auxiliary, Whiteville, $5; Necly Chapter, Bolivar, $5; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, $50. Total, $439.50.

Texas: Terry Texas Rangers Chapter, Rockville, $1; Mrs. M. E. Spain (for sale of post cards), Austin, $7.61; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone (personal), Galveston, $5; L. S. Ross Chapter, Bryan, $5; Mrs. E. C. Nichols, $5; Barnard E. Bee Chapter, San Antonio, $10; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, Austin, $5; Bosque Chapter, Meridian, $2; Mrs. Bunnlee, $1; Mrs. W. T. Wroe, $1; Mrs. Farris, $1; Mrs. Charles Barrett, $1; Mrs. Spain, $1; R. E. Lee Chapter, $5; Hannibal Boone Chapter, Navasota, $5; Frank Lubback Chapter, Yoakum, $1.50; freewill offering V. J. Davis Chapter, Galveston (Mrs. G. B. Ketchum), 25 cents; Mrs. V. H. Davidson, $1; Mrs. E. Salzman, 25 cents; Mrs. C. H. Reitzer, 25 cents; Mrs. C. Angerhoffer, 25 cents; Mrs. J. B. Aquillo, 25 cents; Mrs. L. F. Fox, 25 cents; Mrs. Hilldebrand, 15 cents; Mrs. Courteney Washington, 10 cents; Mrs. Tom Green Chapter, Brenham, $6; Belle County Chapter, Belton, $1; E. S. Rugeley Chapter, Bay City, $5; R. B. Levy Chapter, Longview, $5; Simms Watson Chapter, Waxahachie, $3; Oran M. Roberts Chapter, Houston, $5; Lavinia Porter Tally Chapter, Temple, $2.50; Gonzales Chapter, $2.50; Mrs. Hal Greer, $1; Mrs. A. R. Barlow, El Paso, $1; Robert E. Lee Chapter, El Paso, $2.50; Navarro Chapter, Corsicana, $5; Mrs. W. B. Baugh, $1; April interest, 31 cents; October interest, $1.20; Lamar Fontaine Chapter, Alvin, $8.75. Total, $110.62.

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Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, $5; Mildred Lee Chapter, Spokane, $15. Total, $20.

West Virginia: Check from Miss Campbell, $170. Total, $170.

General organization U. D. C.: New Orleans pledge, $500. Total, $500.

Sale of Ryte-Me-Calendars, $1,475.88.

Interest on account, $931.98.

Total collections since last report, $6,559.59.

Less expense, $242.41.

Total in hands of Treasurer for 1914, $6,317.18.

Total in hands of Treasurer for 1913, $25,109.62.

Grand total, $31,426.80.

The Veteran received the following contributions to the Shiloh Monument Fund, but failed to report to Mrs. McKinney in time to include them in this report: J. R. Loftin, Newport, Ark., $1; A. F. Amerman, Houston, Tex., $3; P. B. Darling, Columbus, Ohio, $1.

AN IDEAL SOLDIER.

T. L. Norman writes from West Point, Ga.:

"In the spring of 1862, when the one-year troops were being disbanded near Richmond, Va., the Irvin Artillery, from Washington, Ga., the battery to which I belonged, was in the park near Richmond. A young man came to us from one of the disbanded Louisiana regiments, a total stranger, and asked to be enrolled in our battery. He was a very bright young fellow, apparently about twenty-three years of age, and said he was a native of Michigan (Detroit, I think) and had been in New Orleans reading law in the office of a relative there when the war came on. He proved to be an ideal soldier, chock-full of enthusiasm, and well do I remember that when the artillery had ceased firing in the battle of Gettysburg and Pickett moved forward to make that famous charge he sprang upon a rock wall in our front, hat in hand, and cheered the men as they advanced into that fatal assault. I do not think a more loyal soldier fought in Lee's army than Henry Cummings.

"During the summer of 1863, when the religious revival spread through the army, Cummings was converted and developed into a model Christian and thus lived until his death, in July, 1864, when he was instantly killed by a mortar shell where our battery was in position on the north side of the Appomattox River, a few miles below Petersburg. He was buried near the same spot, together with two others of our dear boys, Gus Cleveland and Jesse Battle.

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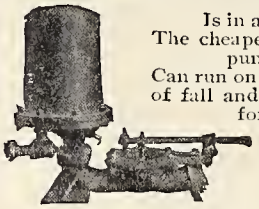
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Mrs. J. J. Clendening, of Arkadelphia, Ark., would like to locate some of the comrades of her husband, Joe J. Clendening, of the 16th Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division. His captain's name was Carroll.

T. F. Jackson, 15th and Lowell Streets, Houston Heights, Tex., was a member of Company I, 1st Georgia State Troops, and he wants to hear from some of his surviving comrades who can help prove his record so that he can get a pension.

C. B. Brewer, of Fairview, Ky., would like to hear from any comrade who was in Company A, Shaw's Battalion (formerly Hamilton's), who can testify as to the service of John H. Denton. He wants to prove that he was paroled at Washington, Ga., May 9, 1865.

Col. David Cardwell, of Columbia, S. C., has written a history of Pelham's Battery, Stuart's Horse Artillery, and wants pictures of any of Breathed's or McGregor's men. Those who can furnish such pictures to Mr. Cardwell will please do so as promptly as possible.

Milton Dunn, of Aloha, La., wants information of Richard E. Cole, of Company C, Winn Rifles, 3d Louisiana Regiment, who was wounded at Vicksburg. He afterwards joined the 6th Alabama and lost an arm in battle. After the war he settled in Alabama.

Mrs. S. E. Harwell, of Denton, Tex., would like to hear from any one who knows of her husband's service as a Confederate soldier. William Frederick Harwell lived near Camden, Ark., and enlisted from that State, serving four years. Address her at 67 West Sycamore Street, Denton, Tex.

Mrs. Sallie Porkey Pruitt, of Noetor, Tenn., is trying to get a pension, and she would like to correspond with any surviving comrades of her husband, John Pruitt, who, it is thought, enlisted with the 24th Alabama Infantry, Capt. Smith's company, with his two brothers, Frank and Doc, neither of whom survived the war. John Pruitt was married at Morristown, Tenn., after the war and removed to London, Ky. He disappeared in 1884 and was thought to have been murdered. Any information of his war service will be appreciated by his wife.

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Mrs. E. J. Featherston, 202 Fourteenth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn., makes inquiry about her father, G. W. Knight, who was a soldier of the 3d Tennessee. He was last heard from at Water Valley, Miss., some ten or twelve years ago.

Mrs. Martha Mallory wishes information of her husband's war record. Charles Anderson Mallory enlisted from or near Eufaula, Ala., in the Confederate service. If any of his comrades are still living, please write to Rev. S. F. Tenney, Crockett, Tex.

C. C. Walker, of Minden, La., is seeking information of the service of William T. Tabor, who enlisted in the Confederate army from Texas, with the object of securing a pension for his widow. Comrade Tabor's first wife was a sister of William Umberson, who lives in Texas.

P. A. Blakey, of Mount Vernon, Tex., wishes to communicate with some surviving comrades who can testify to the war record of George McCown, of Captain Shaw's company, Perkins's Regiment of Cavalry. He enlisted at Williamsburg, Calloway County, Mo. He is now trying to establish his claim to a pension.

Mrs. T. A. Cocke, of Jacksonville, Tex., Box 705, wants to ascertain the company and regiment in which L. F. Willingham served as a Confederate soldier, and she also inquires for some of his surviving comrades. He enlisted at or near LaGrange, Ga., in 1861, and she thinks he was in Coleman's Battery.

Any one who knew John L. Stanley as a Confederate soldier will confer a favor by writing to him at Pomona, Fla., as he wants to establish his record and secure a pension. He first served in the 21st South Carolina Regiment and was transferred to the 10th South Carolina, which was mustered out at Delores, S. C., at the close of the war.

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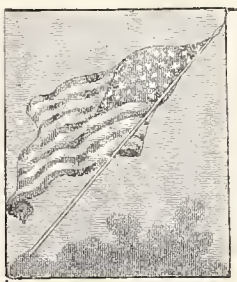
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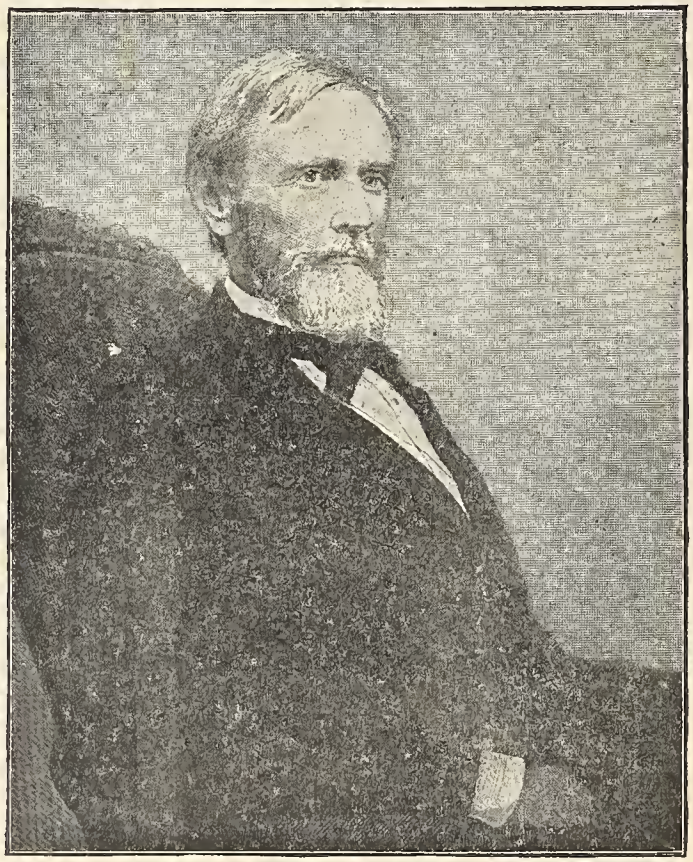
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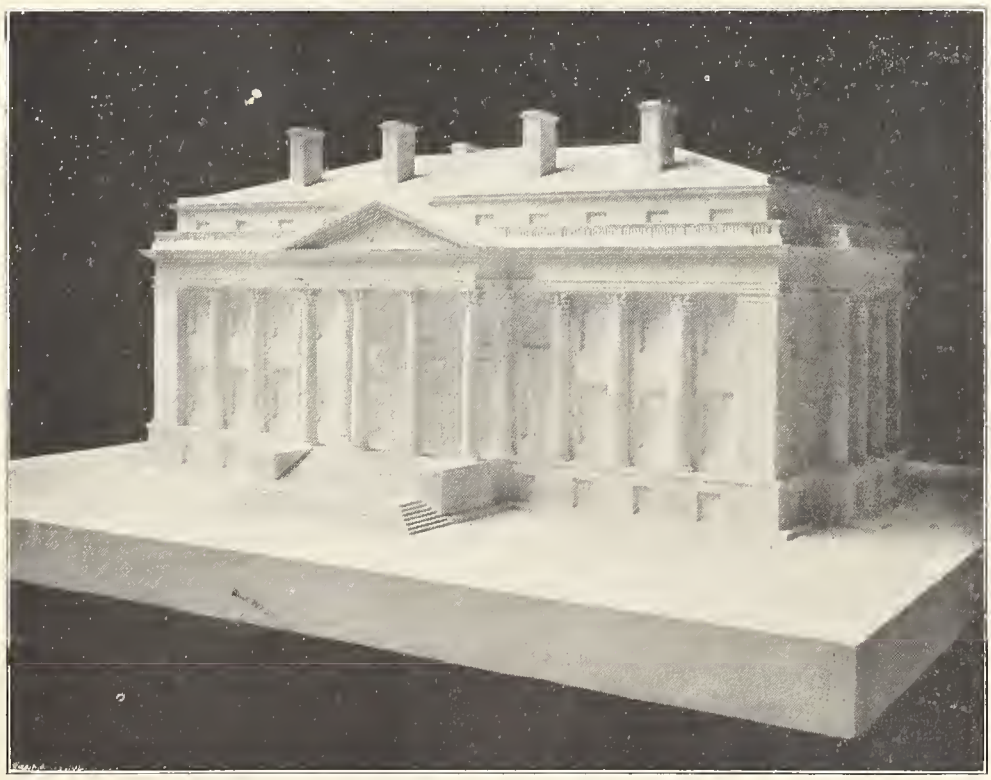
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VOL. XXIII. MARCH, 1915 NO. 3



MEMORIAL TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

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The Youngers' Fight for Freedom

A Southern Soldier's Twenty Years' Campaign to Open Northern Prison Doors—with Anecdotes of War Days

A WORD OF PREFACE

THE War between the States, as all wars, left scars everywhere. These scars were deepest on the border, where the conflict was sharpest and the demoralization following the battle strife most complete. From this borderland in Western Missouri went into outlawry a group of men whose exploits have become part of the criminal history of the West.

In mitigation of judgment, not in extenuation of their evil deeds, the times in which their early lives were cast must be remembered.

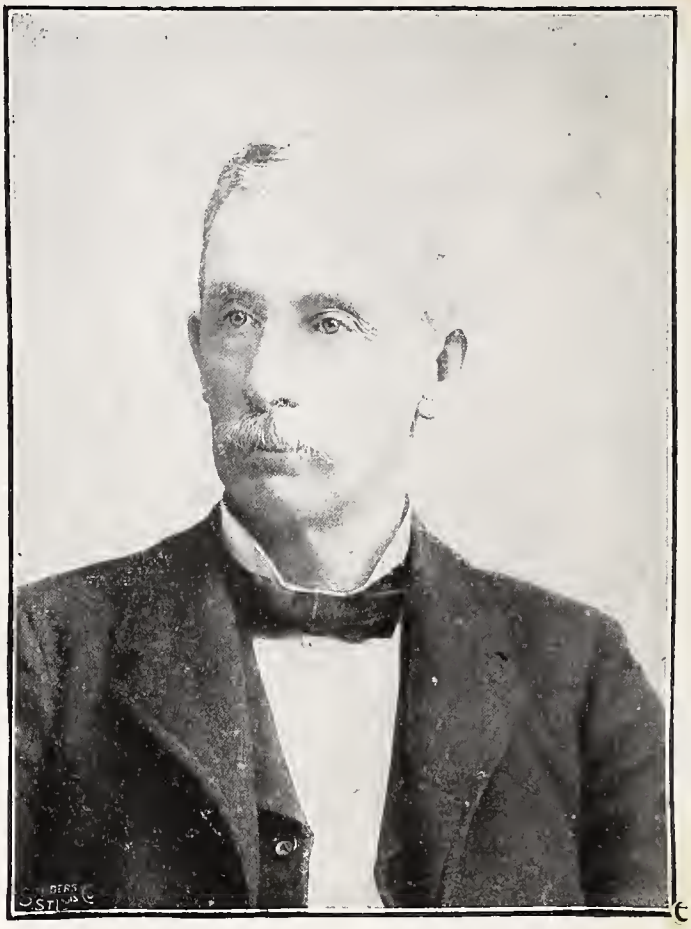
Chief among this group were Coleman, James, and Robert Younger. This volume relates the story of these outlaws; not to gloss their crimes or to excuse their sins, but to show that the way of the transgressor is ever a hard way.

The volume does more; it tells how a gallant Missourian, true to sacred ties of friendship, gave time and thought and means long and cheerfully to securing the release of the Youngers from prison. The volume is worth reading as a contribution by high authority to the history of times much misunderstood and much misrepresented. It is worth reading for the striking moral lesson it conveys. It is worth reading because it records what a friend may do—and should, if need be—for a friend.

If the volume aids in setting history aright, if by its teachings it turns from paths of evil to the highway that is safe, if it leads to truer, more unselfish friendship, it will serve its purpose well. For this purpose it carries its own recommendations.

WALTER WILLIAMS.

Columbia, Mo., Friday, July 13, 1906.



By W. C. BRONAUGH

Of Company K, Sixteenth Missouri Infantry, C. S. A.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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MEMORIAL TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.

"To the mothers who gave their sons, to the wives who gave their husbands, to the sisters who gave their brothers, to the women who became nurses, to those who in the privacy of their homes gave their earnings and the work of their hands, to one and all let us erect this noble memorial, and in the payment of a long-deferred debt let our memorial be more beautiful than any memorial known to man. Let it stand for all that woman has been in American history."

Such sentiment as this will mark the dedication of the magnificent memorial building which is to be erected in Washington, D. C., at a cost of $800,000, to commemorate the heroism and sacrifices of the women of our country, both North and South, in the War between the States. It will be one of the handsomest structures of the kind in the world, and it will be a fitting tribute to the womanhood of America. This building will be the headquarters of the National Red Cross Association, representing the humanitarian department of our government. One of the three handsome memorial windows will be dedicated to that Association. On each side of that will be the window given by the Woman's Relief Corps of the North and that placed by the Daughters of the Confederacy to the women of the South.

The courage and devotion of a soldier's wife was the inspiration for the movement to honor our women. When Francis C. Barlow, afterwards a general in the Federal army, started to Washington with his regiment, the 12th New York Militia, "the girl he left behind" was his bride of a day. She too left the comforts of home and joined the sanitary commission, and to the relief of the suffering she gave every energy of her mind and body. It was her good fortune to be able to minister to her wounded husband after the battle of Antietam. On the field of Gettysburg he was again desperately wounded and left within the Confederate lines. When his supposedly dying condition came to her knowledge, Mrs. Barlow tried to get permission to enter the Confederate lines, but was refused because of certain strategic conditions; so, taking her life in her hands, under cover of night, she made a dash across the line, escaping unscathed the fire of both pickets. She again nursed her husband to health, and many others received her noble ministrations until her brave spirit succumbed with the worn body. Stricken with camp fever, she returned to Washington, and there died on July 27, 1864. Her noble sacrifice was not forgotten by the husband whom she had so freely given to his country, and on his dying bed General Barlow expressed his feeling that the day would come when a grateful country would erect a memorial to the heroic devotion of such women as Arabella Barlow; and the memorial now under way will pay in part the debt of a nation to its womanhood.

To Captain Scrymser, of the New York Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, is due credit for the beginning of this movement, which had its inspiration in the story of one woman's self-sacrifice, and that woman the wife of a friend, and he was the first and a generous contributor to the fund. The government has appropriated $400,000 for this building; and of the balance, $100,000 was contributed by Captain Scrymser, Mrs. Russell Sage gave $150,000, Mrs. E. H. Harriman $50,000, and from the Rockefeller Foundation came another $100,000.

It is fitting that such recognition should be given to noble womanhood as exemplified in this story of wifely devotion and patriotic service, and the South has no less a share in the honor through the faithful ministrations of her women throughout the struggle. Indeed, to them is ascribed the strength of her army; on them depended the care of the wounded and sick, the providing of food and clothing in large measure; on them the South laid a burden which they bore without murmuring. Their heroism was the theme of song and story.

"O, could you like your women feel
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your line of steel
Beneath the victor's arch,"

sang a Southern bard in a patriotic call to the men of the South.

That the Southern woman may be as nobly portrayed in her devotion to the cause of the Confederacy, a prize contest has been inaugurated calling for true stories of the heroism of the women of the Confederacy. With such a field to glean from, it should not be difficult to present the story of a

Florence Nightingale of the South or to portray even another Jean d'Arc.

This contest is being conducted by the Nashville Banner, and a prize of $10 will be given for the best true story of the heroism of a woman of the Confederacy. It is open both to men and women, boys and girls. The contest closes at noon Thursday, April 15, and the award of prize will be made early in May, as soon as the judges have made their decision.

The three able judges who will pass on these true stories and select the finest record of a Southern woman's heroism are: Mrs. Herbert N. Leech, of Clarksville, President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C.; Miss Mary Lou White, President of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, U. D. C.; and Judge S. F. Wilson, a gallant Confederate soldier and judge of the Court of Civil Appeals of the State of Tennessee.

Rules of Contest.

Each manuscript must contain an account of actual happenings and must not exceed five hundred words in length.

Each manuscript must be typewritten or plainly written on one side of the paper.

Each manuscript submitted must be unsigned and have at the upper right-hand corner of the first page a number of four figures for purposes of identification. There must be inclosed with the manuscript a sealed envelope bearing on the outside only a duplicate number with that on the first page of the manuscript. Inside the envelope must be placed the writer's name, address, a reference as to authenticity, and the manuscript number of four figures.

All manuscripts submitted must be plainly addressed: "Prize Contest Editor, Woman's Page, Nashville Banner, Nashville, Tenn." No manuscripts will be returned.

A CALL TO THE TENNESSEE BOYS, A. N. V.

BY GEN. WILLIAM M'COMB, SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

The next Reunion, U. C. V., will be held in Richmond, Va., June 1-3, 1915, and I hope as many of the boys will come to this Reunion as can possibly do so, for this may be the last opportunity some of us will ever have of attending a Reunion in Richmond, Va. And many of the boys may feel as I do, that we would not be living and able to attend this one if we had not received the kind nursing and care of the noble Christian women of Virginia. A majority of them have crossed over the river, but many of their mantles have fallen on the worthy shoulders of those who are now giving much of their time and energy to caring for the old soldiers, their widows and orphans.

When you go to Richmond I want you to visit the Old Soldiers' Home, where you will find three hundred of the boys who will certify to this statement and much more. And I want you to go to the old Whitehouse, now the Confederate Museum, and see what this band of noble women has done for the history of the War between the States. There you will find a room for each State that furnished soldiers for the Confederate army. Miss Mansy had charge of the Museum from the time the building was arranged for this purpose until about two years ago, when she resigned on account of feeble health, and her work has fallen to her assistant, Miss Harrison, who is now superintending very efficiently.

The Vice Regent of the Tennessee Room, Mrs. N. V. Randolph, has given me permission to have a little reunion of our own at the Confederate Museum. So I request all the boys of General Archer's and Bushrod Johnson's old brigades to meet me there on June 2 at 9 A.M. There we can clasp hands once more and arrange our program for sight-seeing, etc. Many of the boys may want to visit the battle field of Seven Pines, where the gallant General Hatton was killed leading his brigade in the charge on the 31st of May, 1862. Dr. Martin was killed in the same battle while trying to save the life of a wounded soldier of the 7th Tennessee Regiment. And you can see the spot where Gen. Joseph E. Johnston received a severe wound while directing the movements in this great battle, where General McClellan received his first repulse and was compelled to recross the Chickahominy. And then Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Savage Station, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill—all these battle fields are convenient to Richmond, and our boys took an active part in every one of them. I want you to come and bring your wives, daughters, and granddaughters, and probably you may meet some of those noble Christian women, or their daughters or granddaughters, who took such good care of you fifty years ago.

I would here add that we shall be delighted to have any of our other friends from Tennessee join us in this reunion, especially the representative of the Confederate Veteran. But we want as many as possible of the boys who crossed Cheat Mountain in September, 1861, and went on the Romney trip in January, 1862, as no one but an old soldier knows what a pleasure it is to grasp the hand of a comrade who passed through such severe trials. The committee on preparations for the Reunion say they are going to put cots in large buildings instead of having tents; so you will be comfortable and have every convenience. Come one, come all is the request of your last commander, as it will do me good to take the boys by the hand once more.

ARTILLERY IN THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY PARK MARSHALL, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The following facts relating to the battle of Franklin are partly from personal recollection and partly from records, the details of which have not been given in popular publications. I was a small boy at the time of the battle, but old enough to possess considerable power of observation.

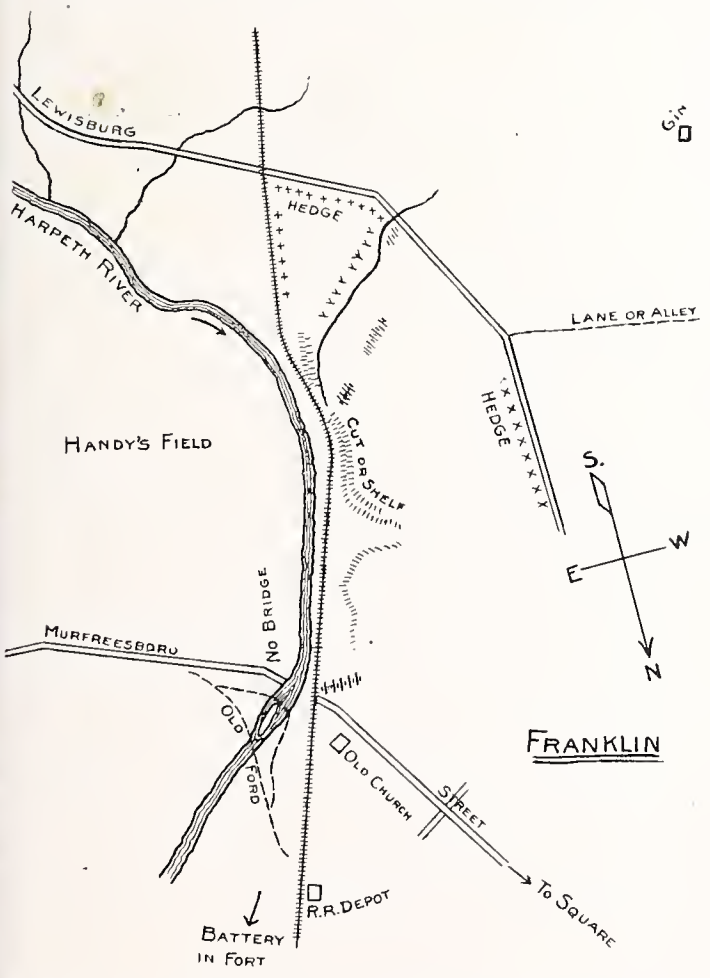
On November 30, 1864, about 3:30 P.M., I was standing at the corner of Main Cross Street, about two-thirds of the way from the center of the public square to the Murfreesboro bridge site, the bridge having been destroyed long before.

The citizens knew that Hood was pressing hard upon the Federals, but their fears were quieted by the belief among the soldiers that Hood would make a flank movement and that Schofield would at once move to Nashville. The official reports verify this. A rumor started that the town would be burned upon the Federal departure; but the general or some other high officer announced that any one connected with starting a fire, by the light of which their movement could be seen, would be shot. I had heard these statements before I went to that corner. About the time mentioned a battery opened which I have since learned was Battery M, 4th United States, on the Federal extreme left, close to Harpeth River, but on high ground. It was about four hundred yards from where I stood. I had heard Wagner's two guns at different places as they moved toward the town, and I considered this new uproar as the continuation of a rear guard artillery skirmish. Desiring to see the guns, I started running toward them and soon saw their heavy smoke, but the rise of the slope still hid them from my view. In a hundred feet more I expected to see them close at hand, but the shells from a Confederate battery began to explode close by; and as this was not to my taste, I left in a hurry and went back to the

corner mentioned. Meeting a battalion of cavalry on the way, I began to walk very slowly with a view of concealing my alarm. This seemed to be more or less successful, as one of the troopers said to me: "Bub, ain't you scared?"

I had just reached my starting place when four or five pieces of artillery, which had come down the slope and street along which I had just passed, reached my corner, turned to the right, went one block to the town end of the Murfreesboro bridge site, and took position on the then vacant lot on the west side of Main Cross Street and alongside the railroad, a few steps from the old bridge end. These guns were then about one hundred and fifty yards from the street corner where I stood and were, of course, on the Franklin side of the Harpeth River. Standing at that place, one can plainly see the entire railroad cut, or shelf, all the way to the Lewisburg Pike crossing. It was from this position, as well as from Fort Granger, that the men of Loring, especially Featherston's Brigade, were driven from the railroad shelf near the hedge and north of it.

The time during which these guns were at the Murfreesboro bridge firing, I would say, was fifteen or twenty minutes. Owing to the fact that the river ran northwest to the Federal left, then northeast (with the railroad alongside), past the Murfreesboro bridge site, it can be seen that a shot from a gun in that position could not only rake the railroad, but, turning, a few points to the left, could be made to pass across the river, then across the bend, then across the river a second time, so as to strike Loring's position farther to the south.



Sketch of position held by Henderson's Brigade, Federal left, in the battle of Franklin, showing two guns at the Lewisburg Pike and ten more between that and the river. The five guns at the Murfreesboro bridge site were sections of the ten guns mentioned which were used there during part of the battle. Rifled guns were used from Fort Granger.

The Confederates turned their guns on these Federal guns near the bridge site, and I saw several shells strike an old brick Baptist church that stood just across the street from the Federal guns until the entire west end wall fell out into the street, raising a big cloud of dust. After the war an unexploded shell was found in the chimney of the depot building, which had, no doubt, glanced from the side of the church.

The guns came back to my corner and proceeded in the direction of their original position, thus passing me twice within twenty feet. It is my impression that there were five of them.

I have made these recitals for the following reasons:

1. No map places any guns at the end of the bridge.

2. Some Confederate maps place some Federal guns in Handy's field, which is just across the river from the left of the main line of Federal works, and General Stewart says there was a "destructive cross-fire of artillery from the works and from the opposite bank of the narrow stream." ("Official Records," Volume XLV., Part I., page 708.)

3. No Federal report gives any guns in Handy's field, and, in fact, none could have been placed there except by a long detour, as there was no bridge or good ford near the place. Guns in the position which I have given could rake the railroad, river bank, and McGavock's Grove, and it is the only place from which they could do so, except Fort Granger. Their shells from that point could cross over the river bend, and to the Confederates they would well seem to originate on the north side of the river. The guns with the Federal extreme left were Battery M, 4th United States (four guns), and Battery G, 1st Ohio Light Artillery (six guns). Captain Bridges reports that the Confederates got into the cut and behind the hedgerow, whereupon sections from both of these batteries were "placed so as to enfilade their line completely in the railroad cut." ("Official Records," Volume XLV., Part I., page 321.)

Beginning on the Federal extreme left, there were ten guns firing over the heads of the men in the main line, being Battery M, 4th United States, and Battery G, 1st Ohio, having four and six guns, respectively. Two of the guns of Battery G had been with Wagner on Privet Knob and on the pike later, and four or five of the guns were operated at the bridge site for a time, as I have related. On the east margin of the Lewisburg Pike were two guns of the 6th Ohio Light Battery, and two other guns of this battery were in the main line exactly at the gin. The 1st Kentucky Light Battery (four guns) was in the works on the east margin of the Columbia Pike. The 20th Ohio Light Battery was just west of the little brick Carter smokehouse, being in the rear line of works which ran with the south wall of the smokehouse and on across the pike, and the main line in front of this battery was lower down on the slope, so that the guns could fire over it. On the east margin of the Carter's Creek Pike was Battery B, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers (four guns). In the short line of works, which still exists on the old Fair Grounds lot, some three hundred yards west from the last-mentioned point, there are still to be seen placements for three or four guns, but I do not find that any guns were planted there; that was in General Grose's line.

There were eight guns in reserve, standing back of the center, and when the lines were broken these reserve guns were used as follows. Bridges's Illinois Battery (four guns) was placed a little back of the line near the locust thicket, and of

Battery A, 1st Ohio, two guns were placed with the 20th Battery near the smokehouse and two east of the Columbia Pike, across from Carter's residence, so as to rake the pike.

All of these thirty-four guns were hotly engaged; and, in addition, there was a battery of the 23d Corps in Fort Granger, four or six guns, long-range rifles, which fired one hundred and sixty shells and three case shot. The guns at the fort fired 470 solid shot, 1,401 case shot, 425 canister, 684 fuse shells, 204 cap shells; total, 3,347 rounds. A few of these were used on the three preceding days.

The Confederates had brought up only two four-gun batteries, using one on their right and one on their left wings, but fired very few shots and those at great distances.

Gen. Jacob D. Cox, who commanded the 23d Corps on the field, in his book on the battle of Franklin, shows himself to be a very able and generous writer. It will be interesting to know his estimate of the infantry and artillery engaged in this battle. He places the number of these on his side at 23,734, and at the same time figures the same class of Confederate troops as being "two or three hundred less than 24,000."* This would, according to his view, give each side almost the same number. On his side there were two brigades that were not attacked at all and were practically out of it. On the other hand, it was an attack of most strongly fortified positions, defended by thirty-eight or forty guns in active use and perfectly secure from artillery interference. The destruction borne by the attacking army was due to the very strong defenses, to the exceptionally strong artillery cross-fire, and to the great fighting qualities of Schofield's troops. Had any one of these been lacking, it is almost certain that Hood would have won a great victory. But they were one and all there. No greater fight was seen during the entire war, taking it from either side.

After the battle I saw one of the big eight-inch howitzers, that had been in the fort, standing by the railroad embankment, with its wheels cut down as if the retreating army had failed in their attempt to load it on a car. I do not know what large guns were in the fort during the battle, but this one was there, an eight-inch round case shot, for it had been rolled into the river. It would be interesting to know of any big guns being in action. I have never seen them mentioned in any official way—that is, guns above four-inch field guns. The reports seem to refer to the use in the battle of only three-inch rifles from the fort.

Hood's Army at Franklin.—Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier, of New Orleans, La., who was of Gen. A. P. Stewart's bodyguard, writes: "Permit me to correct an error in 'A Boy's Impressions of the Battle of Franklin,' by H. P. Figuers, of Columbia, Tenn., which appeared in the Veteran for January, 1915, in which the author says: 'General Hood, with an army of about 50,000 soldiers, was pressing his way along the pike from Spring Hill to Franklin.' General Hood had at the battle of Franklin only 26,100 men, losing some 4,500 in that terrible fight. See 'Advance and Retreat,' by General Hood. Had we on that eventful occasion had 50,000 men, we would not only have run over Schofield, but Thomas would have been compelled to evacuate Nashville, and this battle would not have taken place."

*Dr. J. H. McNeilly says: "Hood crossed the Tennessee River, coming in with 26,000 infantry. At Franklin Stewart's and Cheatham's Corps did the main fighting. Only one division of Lee's Corps was engaged toward the last of the fight. The two corps did not exceed 16,000 infantry."

HOW OUR COUNTRY TAKES CARE OF ITS VETERANS.

BY CAPT. PERRY M. DE LEON, A SOLDIER IN THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

The old adage that republics are ungrateful is certainly not true as regards the United States. Never before in the history of the world has any country ever treated her defenders with such consideration and generosity as our own country.

Very soon after the bloody War between the States ended the United States government began to provide for the support and comfort of her soldiers who had come out of the conflict maimed in battle, impoverished, or stricken by disease, as it was right and proper she should do. In 1866 she erected the first national home at Togus, Me., and in 1867 she appropriated about a million dollars to support it and others. Since then nine other homes have been erected, including a sanitarium at Hot Springs, South Dakota, and there are now eight at the North and two at the South, as appended table will show.

These homes have a capacity to house comfortably 23,741 inmates and have always been supported by liberal annual appropriations, leaving nothing to be desired by the veterans in the way of a comfortable home, excellent food, clothing, medical attention, etc. In 1867 the inmates numbered 479; but in 1906 the high-water mark was reached, and the average number of inmates was 21,105. Since then, due principally to death, there has been a steady decrease, so that in 1913 the number had decreased to 17,461; thus the government has at least two homes more than are required.

In addition to the national homes, there are thirty-two State homes in the North and West aided by the government, which in 1913 took care of an average of 11,330 inmates at a *per capita* cost of $241 per annum. In eighteen of these thirty-two State homes women are admitted, there being on June 31, 1913, 3,231 women inmates, an excellent example for State homes of the South to follow. Only two of them however, Mississippi and Missouri, now admit Confederate women. All the States should do so, as many veterans refuse to become inmates of our Southern homes because their wives cannot accompany them. Whom God has joined together let no State put asunder. The table hereto appended shows that the amount appropriated by the United States from 1906 to 1915, inclusive, for pensions and national and State homes aggregates over sixteen hundred million dollars.

Not only does the government leave nothing undone for the welfare and comfort of the 28,000 to 29,000 inmates of the State and national homes, but, in addition to support, it allows the veterans to receive the pensions voted them just as if they were not in the home. Besides this, nothing is left undone to provide for the uplift and entertainment of the Union veterans. Each home has a library, reading room, and an ample supply of daily and weekly papers and magazines, some subscribed for, others donated by publishers, chaplains to look after the spiritual welfare of the inmates, and doctors and nurses to care for them when ill. The fare is all that can be desired both in quantity, variety, and excellence, and for the sick there is special diet, regardless of expense. Each Post has a band which plays daily, and amusements of various kinds are provided at the expense of the government, such as theatrical entertainments, moving picture shows, baseball games, billiard and pool tables, ten-pin alleys in some, games, cards, etc. In a word, a grateful government spares no expense to brighten the declining years of its old soldiers and give them every possible care, comfort, and recreation. Their

average age is now seventy-two. In 1913 it was between seventy-one and seventy-two.

Surely, in view of the above facts, our government at least cannot be said to be one of those republics which are ungrateful. Let us hope that it will at the next session of Congress provide to some extent for the aged, indigent, and afflicted Confederate veterans, whose declining days are being passed in poverty and suffering.

The United States Inspector General of National Homes in his report for 1913 states that, owing to deaths, nine homes instead of ten would care for disabled soldiers and thereby reduce the expense of maintenance of the extra home. The Hon. William Schley Howard, of Georgia, a prominent member of the Committee on Military Affairs and Chairman of the Subcommittee on National Soldiers' Homes, suggests that the extra home be turned over to the Confederates and supported by the government—a wise and humane suggestion which, it is believed, will meet with general approval.

It is due to that generous and broad-minded statesman, Senator Works, of California, to state that he was the first gentleman prominent in public life who advocated that the government should provide homes for indigent and afflicted Confederates, which measure, let us hope, will soon be enacted by Congress.

Appropriations for Pensions and Homes from 1906 to 1915.

	Pension.	National Homes.	State Homes.
1906	$ 138,250,100	$ 905,000	$ 1,075,000
1907	140,245,500	3,600,000	1,150,000
1908	146,143,000	3,800,000	1,175,000
1909	163,053,000	3,749,000	1,175,000
1910	160,908,000	4,130,000	1,150,000
1911	155,758,000	4,246,000	1,150,000
1912	153,682,000	4,280,000	1,200,000
1913	165,146,145	3,932,000	1,200,000
1914	180,300,000	3,925,000	1,200,000
1915	169,150,000	3,715,000	1,100,000
Totals	$1,572,635,745	$39,282,000	$11,575,000

So, outside of pensions, the homes, national and State, have cost the government $50,857,000, or over five million per annum for the last ten years. The pension appropriations embrace soldiers and widows of the Mexican and Indian Wars (now a handful) and the veterans of the war with Spain, as well as the veterans of the War between the States. The amount appropriated for the Spanish War is next in magnitude to that of the War between the States. Their privations and hardships in camps of instruction seem to have made confirmed invalids of one out of seven of these volunteers, not veterans.

National Homes.

Name.	Where Located.	Established.
Eastern	Togus, Me.	1866
Northwestern	Milwaukee, Wis.	1867
Central	Dayton, Ohio.	1867
Southern	Hampton, Va.	1867
Western	Kansas City, Kans.	1884
Pacific	Santa Monica, Cal.	1887
Marion	Marion, Ind.	1888
Danville	Danville, Ill.	1897
Rattle Mt. Sanitarium	Hot Springs, S. D.	1902
Mountain	Johnson City, Tenn.	1903

	Capacity.	Average Number of Inmates, 1913.	Cost of Homes.
Eastern	2,035	1,289	$ 836,700
Northwestern	2,448	1,573	832,023
Central	4,504	3,264	1,917,623
Southern	2,779	1,878	2,023,481
Western	2,147	2,193	917,853
Pacific	1,738	2,289	975,524
Marion	2,037	1,438	1,004,835
Danville	3,115	2,017	1,336,525
Rattle Mt. Sanitarium	672	307	623,335
Mountain	2,266	1,209	1,892,313
Appurtenances	....	....	4,061,614
Total	23,741	17,457	$16,481,826

Soldiers' Home.

The beautiful home in the suburbs of Washington for soldiers of the regular army was established March 3, 1851, the first fund for its support being $100,000, a portion of the tribute levied by General Scott on the City of Mexico. It has been supported by a very small monthly contribution of twelve and a half cents by each soldier and by fines and forfeitures, which produced such a large sum that the monthly contribution has been discontinued. The beautiful grounds and magnificent buildings of this home have not only not cost the government one penny, but there is now in the treasury of the nation a surplus of over three million dollars on which the government pays three per cent. The income of the home exceeds its expenses, and the fund is steadily accumulating.

Naval Home.

In 1798 the first steps were taken to care for our gallant tars both of the navy and commercial marine. In 1811, by the advice of the then Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Paul Hamilton, of South Carolina, sailors of the navy and of the commercial marine were provided with separate homes. On May 26, 1826, under the administration of President John Quincy Adams, the site of the present home near Philadelphia was purchased for the small sum of $16,000. This home was supported by monthly contributions from the sailors and by fines and the sale of prizes. The contribution from the sailors has ceased, as it now has over $14,000,000, on which the government pays three per cent. The expenses last year amounted to only $77,117, while its income was $420,000. The excess of income over expenditures is used for the pay of naval pensions. Like the soldiers' home, this establishment has cost the government nothing.

The table of National Homes for United States Disabled Volunteer Soldiers shows the total cost to erect and equip the homes to be nearly sixteen and one-half million and the capacity of the homes to be 6,284 in excess of inmates. In his report of June 30, 1914, the Inspector General suggests, as above stated, that nine homes could care for all instead of ten homes. Why, then, should not Congressman Howard's excellent suggestion be adopted? There is good reason to believe that such a bill with addenda will be passed by Congress in the near future, perhaps unanimously. Our Northern friends have long been desirous of aiding distressed Confederates, for whom the South has done and can do so little.

Our Southern people at last realize that the burden is greater than they can bear. Again, at least ninety-five per cent of the taxpayers of to-day were not born when the war ended, and, paying as they do their *pro rata* to care for Union soldiers, they have a right to expect government aid, not pensions, for their indigent and afflicted Confederate veterans.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

FOR THE RELIEF OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

The bill now before Congress by which it is sought to obtain governmental appropriation for the benefit of Confederate veterans, through the establishment of certain homes in which they will be cared for as wards of the government, similar to the provision made for veterans of the Federal army, should have the indorsement of all who are interested in the welfare of our veterans. It will be remembered that Governor Cox, of Ohio, in his speech at the Gettysburg meeting in July, 1913, advocated the transfer of the National Soldiers' Home at Johnson City, Tenn., to dependent Confederate veterans, and this bill is the outcome of that sentiment. Introduced by Senator Works, of California, a Republican and a Federal veteran, it is also indorsed by other fair-minded men not of the South. "The time has come," said President McKinley in 1898, "when the graves of Southern dead in the North should have the same care that is given to the burial places of our Union dead." And may we not say that the time has now come when the living Confederate veterans of the South should share in what our government expends so liberally for the Union veterans? The time has come when the South should share in what she has so long contributed, and she now asks it for the benefit of the time-worn and feeble remnant of a once glorious army. "We ask justice, not charity," and it is little we ask for in comparison with the many millions that are being expended for the benefit of the veterans of the Union army, many of whom returned to their foreign shores after giving their hired services—and their pensions do follow them.

This bill has the indorsement of our leading Confederate veterans, and behind it is the strength of one hundred thousand members of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. It was unanimously indorsed in the Savannah Convention through resolution introduced by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, former President General, and her further indorsement of the bill appears in this number of the Veteran. Individually and collectively, we should all work for it, and that can best be done by urging our Senators and Representatives in Congress to vote for it.

Capt. Perry M. de Leon, who has worked for years to get such relief for our veterans and is so actively interested in this bill, asks correction of that part of the bill referring to the amount to be appropriated for preliminary expenses, as published in the Veteran for February, page 54. A typographical error caused a much larger sum to be mentioned. The correction follows: "Section 7. That the sum of $50,000, or as much thereof as may be necessary, be and the same is hereby appropriated to meet the preliminary expenses necessary to carry out above enactments and shall be available as soon as this act becomes a law."

INDORSEMENT OF THE WORKS BILL.

The February number came to me with the able article of Capt. De Leon, of the Confederate States navy, "The Aftermath of the War," and a copy of the bill introduced in Congress by Senator Works, of California, a prominent Republican. This fraternal and patriotic action of Senator Works cannot be too highly commended, and it is in line with the works and words of President McKinley, giving evidence that we are one people, sharing alike in the Union of one government; and it is in behalf of this noble action of Senator Works that I bespeak an active coöperation of the Confederate Veteran, which under the administration of its founder, Mr. Cunningham, not only did so much for the preservation of the true history of this country, as represented in and by both the North and South, but was ready to honor, actively and materially, Americans who had faithfully served on both sides of the family differences of the sixties.

This bill for the partial relief of the Confederate veterans, for whom adequate support is not attainable in the former Confederate States, and where little relief, practically none, is had in the District of Columbia, where there is no State government, should command the support of every citizen of this country, not on a plea of charity, but of equity. The Commander in Chief U. C. V. and Division and State Commanders of Veterans have given their written indorsement to such a plan, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy, an organization of eighty thousand women, in convention assembled at Savannah, Ga., gave unanimous indorsement to this bill; and we ask the coöperation of every patriot in securing the passage of this measure of relief, and we confidently expect this result. Cornelia Branch Stone.

Maj. John W. Tench, of Gainesville, Fla., is up in the air because the Veteran prefixed him as "Doctor" in publishing his poetic response to J. W. Homer's inquiry. He writes: "By what egregious error could you have placed me with the followers of Æsculapius and Galen after I had served faithfully and well for fifteen hundred days in the Confederate army, from private up to the coveted insignia of major of the 1st Georgia Cavalry? I would not under any circumstances be a doctor. What would it profit me? If I got sick, I would have to send for one. So there! But, O mamma! if you had printed it quartermaster instead of doctor, machine guns and coffee would have been the menu."

Most humble apologies, Major!

Capt. J. H. Leathers, Treasurer of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, Louisville, Ky., reports that the Jefferson Davis property at Fairview, Ky., nineteen acres or more, is all paid for. The grounds have been nicely cleaned up and a stone fence put around the property, with a beautiful gate at the entrance. He thinks that the erection of a suitable monument or memorial hall can well be left to the future to determine; but the people of the South now own, fully paid for and handsomely inclosed, the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, and in time to come it will be one of the places of great interest in the United States.

THE INFERIORITY OF THE NEGRO.

Our friends down South, being sure that the negroes are inferior, deny them advantages and provide inferior schools for negro children in order that they will continue to be inferior and thus prove the correctness of the contention of the scientists and sentimentalists that the negro is inferior. After all, there is nothing quite so satisfying as the feeling that you have got things fixed so that you will always have an inferior race in your midst.—*Life.*

The best answer to this is from the negro himself, who realizes that the South has done for him what the North neglected to do when he had his freedom thrust upon him. An address by a negro leader in the South on Emancipation Day sets forth some very pertinent reasons why the negro has preferred living as an inferior in the South rather than to seek the exalted (?) station which the North was so eager to give him. This address, by one Dr. Wilkins, at Little Rock, Ark., has been going the rounds of the country. Among other things, he said:

"I say here now, once for all, if we are to celebrate this occasion (Emancipation Day) we cannot in any conscience forget those who, in anguish and pain, still held out to us a hand without which we must have perished from the earth, our freedom a travesty, and Lincoln's proclamation would have had no place except as an epitaph of what might have been.

"Let us, then, celebrate this day in memory of their helpful friendship and in gratitude that we had the good sense to prove our worthiness of their benefactions by not resorting to torch or anarchy, and with a blush of shame that anywhere in our beloved Southland any negro's pretended friends supposed that Lincoln's proclamation ever contemplated the immediate elevation of the ex-slave to place and power that meant not only the humiliation of the negro's best friends but the destruction of that mutual reliance which was the most important element in the remaking of this Southland.

"Does any one believe that Lincoln would ever have signed a paper in which he could have foreseen such a saturnalia of wickedness as reigned over the South during the days of Reconstruction, a period of our history that every man who remembers it would gladly blot out if he could? No; it would have been better for that great heart to be still in that noble breast than know that an instrument of his making could be so construed as to produce such a condition in the land of his birth. God was merciful in taking him from such a scene. He never intended it. No! Not that man, whose tender heart held no malice. And, like the Master of Galilee, he taught love of one's enemies.

"I remember well, as if it were but yesterday, when old mistress came into the kitchen and told my mother: 'Aunt Jane, you are free, as free as I am. And you can go.' She wore a large gray shawl, and as she turned to go I saw tears on her pale cheeks. My mother caught hold of her shawl and, with streaming eyes, said: 'Miss Jennie, where shall I go? What shall I do? I have nine children, and I know no one but you. Why must I leave you?' We were all crying now. 'O no, Aunt Jane,' she said; 'you need go nowhere. You can stay right here if you wish, and as long as I have a crust of bread you and your children shall eat. I will pay you what wages I can. And so long as I live and you stay, if you suffer I will suffer too.'

"We stayed, and she did suffer, much more than we. This scene was at that moment being enacted in thousands of homes all over this broad land. Those words were as the star of Bethlehem on that dark night to every negro then on the plantations of the South as he stood dumfounded at seeing old mistress in tears.

"And when old master came to his dilapidated home from the war, he said 'Amen' to every word that old mistress had said. And all was well until the carpetbagger came and, with his damnable practices, preaching, and promises, hatched the hell into which the South was plunged from '65 to '76 and out of which the negro came reft of the friendship and help of those whom he knew and who knew him, those whom he loved and who loved him. And the scamp fled with his ill-gotten gains to safer quarters and left us to shift the best we could and meet the storm of an outraged manhood. To-day I wish you to celebrate the release of our friends from a worse slavery, a more galling yoke, than we ever wore. And let us celebrate by returning to our first and best love, and let us join hearts and hands with them and sing with all the soul:

" 'I never will leave nor forsake thee.
Where you live, I will live; your God shall be my God;
And where you die, there will I be buried.'

"If this celebration shall mean this to us, then erelong we shall have occasion to shout, 'Free at last.' This is the only kind of blow that we may strike which will mean liberty and freedom. In this way, and this way only, will the negro in America ever be free. Let us first free the white man from the impressions we made on him under vicious leadership of false friends, and then we may hope for him to free us from the bonds which our own hands have welded about our feet. And not until that day arrives can we have an emancipation celebration that will mean anything.

"Let us regain the love which we forfeited for the few political husks on which we fed, and that love will make us free. At present I think we are foolish for celebrating an event which has meant nothing to us but humiliation, persecution, alienation, degradation, obloquy, scorn, and contempt. We are celebrating an event that has never taken place, and you know it as well as I. But some things did take place on that memorable first day of January. The ruined Southern white man gave us homes and food. He fed us when hungry, clothed us when naked, administered unto us when sick, and visited us when in prison. And our Lord says for one to do that is to do it for him. Let us not forget it, but celebrate it. Remember, all ye who think that Lincoln's proclamation set you free, that if it is so our Southern white friends were our saviors."

Uncle Remus was quite a fogy in his idea of negro education. One day a number of negro children, on their way home from school, were impudent to the old man, and he was giving them an untempered piece of his mind, when a gentleman apologized for them by saying: "O well, they are school children. You know how they are." "Dat's whut makes I say whut I duz," said Uncle Remus. "Dey better be at home pickin' up chips. Whut a nigger gwineter learn outen books? I kin take a bar'l stave and fling mo' sense inter a nigger in one minute dan all de schoolhouses betwixt dis an' de New Nited States an' Midgigin. Don't talk, honey! Wid one bar'l stave I kin fairly liff de vail er ignunce."—*Quoted by Henry Stiles Bradley.*

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

O peerless land of tears and smiles,
Of fragrant glooms and golden hours,
Where Summer's hand with endless wiles
Entwines the feet of Time with flowers,
Howe'er the tide of fortune flow,
Thou hast my heart where'er I go!

—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

THE EDITOR'S SALUTATORY.

It is with temerity of spirit, but with sublime appreciation of the opportunity to labor in the vineyard of the cause of the Confederacy, that the editor in chief of the U. D. C. Department of the Veteran takes the opportunity to address the vast army of Daughters throughout the organization. The first thought of every Daughter of the Confederacy is that her mission is to help to perfect and to perpetuate the history of the Confederacy, and it is well known that no opportunity is lost to accomplish this aim. As an aid in their work, this department in the Veteran has been established. It is deemed best not to fill the space allotted with long historical articles, but to use only pertinent, newsy data in reference to Divisions, Chapters, officials, members, and their work. This method of procedure will eventually accomplish all that is desired, for history will be interwoven in the chronicling of work done, and it will serve as a beautiful medium of keeping the membership in touch and will act, perhaps, as a stimulus to those who are somewhat lax.

The prospect to do good work is before all who are interested, and the editor petitions each Daughter who loves the cause, in which all are tacitly bound, to join hands with her in doing not only a work of sentiment but a practical work, which will necessarily be of benefit. Division Presidents are appointing State editors, whose names are being sent to the editor in chief. These editors are asked to send once a month a communication not exceeding five hundred words, so that each State will be heard from in every issue of the Veteran. These communications should be sent to Mrs. L. C. Perkins, care the Meridian Star, Meridian, Miss., by or before the first of each month.

Now, dear coworkers, just a personal plea. Join with me in doing a great work this year, for it can be done with your coöperation and will prove to be a medium of assistance such as publicity gives to any project. The Veteran is read throughout the United States, and it is really true that we will "let our light shine." Let our enthusiasm be evidenced each month by letters telling of what is being done by a host of loyal Southern women.

Yours with affection,

Lillian C. Perkins,
Editor U. D. C. Department.

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: During the month of January the Daughters of the Confederacy sustained a great loss in the passing away of Mrs. L. H. Raines, of Savannah, Ga. Mrs. Raines was for the first two years of its existence First Vice President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and later for seven years served as Custodian of the Cross of Honor. She was one of the founders of our society, and her zeal and devotion to the cause of the Confederacy and the U. D. C. were as abiding as her desire to give to posterity a true and correct history of the Southern cause was earnest and great. As an expression of your love and esteem, your President General wired a message of sympathy and sent a floral offering for the casket.

Circumstances have prevented the selection of the exact date for laying the corner stone of the Shiloh monument. As soon as it is decided upon due notice will be given.

After careful consideration and weighty thought, October 20, 1915, has been chosen as the date for the next General Convention U. D. C., to be held in San Francisco. This change was made by the Executive Board on account of the fogs, rains, and heavy snowstorms out West, which make travel uncertain and dangerous. Will Division Presidents please give this special attention and notify Chapters accordingly? Your attention is called to By-Law 1, Section 3 and 5, that you may know the law in reference to the time for sending your credentials and the time for paying taxes. The advance in date of the convention makes it necessary to attend to these matters earlier. Division Presidents will please stress this. Again, By-Law II., Section 11, merits your careful attention in connection with the work of the Credential Committee. If these by-laws are firmly fixed in your minds, the change of date of the convention will not create confusion.

It is your President General's wish that every Chapter President will see that each member of her Chapter has a certificate of membership. Let us make this a red-letter year in membership certificates.

Especially do we urge upon you earnest effort for the payment of the Arlington debt. "The History of Arlington Monument," as you know, is to be sold for this purpose. Will each Chapter sell as many as five or ten copies? May I ask that you do?

Faithfully,

Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General U. D. C.

ENTERED INTO REST.

At Savannah, Ga., on January 23, 1915, Mrs. L. H. Raines, after a long illness, entered into rest.

One of its most prominent members has been lost to the U. D. C. in the death of Mrs. Raines, whose devoted service began with the organization and ended only when ill health and feebleness caused her to give up the beloved work. During the convention in Savannah last November Mrs. Raines was an interested visitor for a part of two sessions, occupying the seat of honor by the side of the President General, and friends who greeted her there realized that it was the last meeting. Mrs. Raines had a prominent part in organizing the U. D. C. and was made its first Vice President. She also served as President General in filling out the unexpired term of Mrs. John C. Brown, second President of the organization. She was always a leader in the work of her State. The first Chapter in Georgia, organized at Savannah in May, 1894, was one of forty-two Chapters that Mrs. Raines organized, and she also organized the Georgia Division, U. D. C., in 1896 and served as its President. Mrs. Raines was Custodian of the Cross of Honor from 1907 to 1913, when ill health forced her to give up that labor of love. During all the years in that office she labored faithfully to complete the records, and her books contained the names and records of every recipient of the cross, some 58,545, filling eight volumes. Realizing the great value of her work, the U. D. C. had these boks handsomely bound and placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. In recognition of the service she had rendered, the General Convention some years ago presented to her a handsome badge of the Association, set with diamonds and rubies, and later a handsome silver service was also presented. In connection with the late Thomas N. Theus, a noted jeweler of Savannah, Mrs. Raines helped to design the U. D. C. badge, of which she was very proud.



MRS. ANNA M. RAINES.

Mrs. Raines had lived all her life in Savannah, where she was much beloved. Two sons and a daughter survive her.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, President, in her general letter to the Alabama Division, urges the Chapters to work with a will to bring the year's efforts to a successful completion. The State convention will be held at Bessemer in May. Miss Rutherford, Historian General U. D. C., will be the honor guest and will deliver an address on Historical Evening.

Information as to the various prizes and medals offered as incentives to historical study will be sent upon request. The following scholarships are open for 1915-16: Lee Memorial Scholarship, $100; Alabama Division Scholarship, University of Auburn, $100; University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, $250; Laura Owen Murfee Scholarship, Marion Institute, $150; Alabama Synodical College, Talladega, $68; Noble Institute, Anniston, $65; Howard College, Birmingham, $65; Cox College, Atlanta, $65; Columbia Military Institute, Columbia, Tenn., $150; Jefferson Military Academy, Washington. Miss., $100; Sallie Jones Scholarship, Wilcox County High School, $100; a general U. D. C. scholarship, Alice Bristol School, Washington, open to all State Divisions, except Florida, Georgia, and Oklahoma, value $1,000. Applications should be sent to Mrs. L. T. White, Chairman Scholarship Committee, Troy, Ala., prior to April 3.

Mrs. A. L. Dowdell has been appointed chairman of the Gettysburg Monument Committee, succeeding Mrs. R. B. Dickerson, resigned. For several years the Alabama Division has been endeavoring to secure sufficient funds to place a monument on the Gettysburg battle field.

The committee appointed by Selma Chapter, composed of Mrs. Mary Kent Fowlkes (Chairman), Miss Eudora Conoley, Miss Emily F. Ferguson, has sent out a special appeal for cooperation in marking the sites of the Confederate navy yard, foundry, and arsenal at Selma, that city claiming to be second in importance only to Richmond in the manufacture of war materials. Capt. Catesby R. Jones, of the famous Merrimac, was commander of the navy yard, and there were built the Tennessee and several gunboats of the Confederacy which took part in the battle of Mobile Bay. The main motives for the determined attacks of the Federals upon Selma were based upon their instructions to destroy her foundry, navy yard, and arsenal, and it was for that purpose that Wilson made his memorable raid. It was necessary that Selma be lost to the Confederacy as a base for operations.

These sites are to be marked by bronze tablets at an approximate cost of $500, and the Selma Chapter is anxious to complete at least one of the tablets before May; so the appeal goes out for contributions to this undertaking, Statewide and South-wide in its interest, that "will record for future generations the high courage and patriotic sacrifices of the men who so valiantly aided the Confederacy in her stubborn resistance against invasion and oppression."

This Division is deeply interested in securing an endowment fund that will provide free scholarships for descendants of Confederate soldiers in such institutions as the University, at Tuscaloosa; Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Auburn; Alabama Girls' Industrial School, Montevallo; and some of the normal schools, such as those at Florence, Jacksonville, Livingston, and Troy. The plan is to turn this money over to the State upon the passage of a bill that will provide for the payment of these scholarships in board and tuition fees as the interest on the fund. This is considered a safe and permanent investment for the Alabama Division, and all the membership is asked to give favorable consideration and active support to the bill.

The Division is also interested in securing additional appropriation from the State for the support of the Confederate Home of Alabama, with permission for the wives of veterans to remain at the Home after the death of their husbands, subject to the same conditions as other inmates.

Something of general interest is the effort that is being made by Southern Congressmen to have the government restore the Little Lady Davis, a boat presented by the women of the South to the Confederacy and which was captured during the war and has been used as a lighthouse boat in Balti-

more Harbor. If Congress acts favorably on this, the President General U. D. C. has offered the boat to the State of Alabama for Mobile Harbor, and it will entail an annual expenditure of $400 to the State for the upkeep of the boat. This would be a valuable and historic war relic, and the Alabama Division will try to secure the appropriation needed.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. AGATHA A. WOODSON.

Winter is the time of Chapter activity in South Carolina, and from the time of preparation for our convention in the fall until our Chapter elections in June our monthly meetings are seasons of profit and pleasure.

Feeling the impetus given by the coming among us in 1913 of our Historian General, Miss Rutherford, our Division has made an unusual effort to rank first among the States as history producers; hence many Chapters are offering prizes in the schools and otherwise endeavoring to popularize historical study.

The Chapters have been long awakened to the necessity of making out and placing in Richmond the honor roll of every soldier of the State who wore the gray. For many years Miss Louise Fleming has had charge of this work and has accomplished the prodigious task of sending in rolls sufficient to complete twenty-five volumes. Now, however, this work seems to have taken on new energy, and the present committee hope to see the fruition of their endeavor. Some years ago the Division decided to publish these rolls in our own State, besides having them placed in the Museum at Richmond. A committee appointed to look into this matter found that not more than one-tenth of the military of the State had found place on the records, so it was decided to wait until the entire roll was completed before further effort was made in that direction; and now we are bending all our energies to complete the roll.

Our State Director for Arlington, Mrs. T. W. Keitt, has asked from each Chapter in the State $15 toward meeting the final payments on the monument.

The M. C. Butler Chapter, of Shandon (Columbia), was fortunate in having at its January meeting our State President, Miss Earle, who spoke on the duties and responsibilities of Chapters, emphasizing the fact that we are makers and preservers of history. The Chapter has offered a prize to the higher grades of the Heathwood School for the best essay on Fort Sumter.

The Orangeburg Chapter is engaged in selling the book, "Edisto Rifles," and at its January meeting reported many sales made.

Darlington Chapter at its Lee celebration presented one of the Shepherd pictures to St. John's School.

The movement for a circulating library for the rural districts of South Carolina, which is advocated by the Federation of Women's Clubs and other organizations, has been unanimously indorsed by many Chapters.

The Mary Ann Buie Chapter, of Johnston, is one of the most progressive and one of the oldest Chapters in the State. It is presided over by a wise Georgia woman, Mrs. J. H. White. The historical programs are held on separate days from the business sessions, and Mrs. O. D. Black is the enthusiastic historian.

The summing up of Chapter reports shows a greater activity along historical lines, most Chapters having stressed the importance of honoring our leaders by holding birthday celebrations for Lee and Jackson, which, in most instances, have been delightful public social affairs, while in December Secession Day was generally observed.

The District Conferences will be held in April at the following places: Easley, Winnsboro, Kingstree, and Williston, and will be presided over by the Vice Presidents of the Division.

THE MARYLAND DIVISION.

The Maryland Division has adopted a unique and very delightful series of State conferences, held each month in Baltimore. That on January 23 was largely attended and was a most interesting occasion. A feature of the February meeting was the reading of Miss Rutherford's Savannah address. April will be devoted to Shiloh. The junior work is being emphasized, and both Baltimore and Frederick Chapters hope soon to report flourishing auxiliaries.



MRS. F. G. ODENHEIMER.

The fund for the monument to Maryland women is now complete, the legislature having appropriated $12,000 last spring, and $3,000 had already been collected. The State President, Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, has inspired her faithful colaborers with her own enthusiastic spirit, and her work as Director for Arlington and Shiloh is shown in the generous contributions of Maryland to these monuments.

At the time of the Washington convention our beloved President General, Mrs. Alexander D. White, was ministering to her husband, who was then entering the shadowed valley. Her noble and beautiful example of wifely devotion is one of the precious memories of the Daughters of the Confederacy. In her absence Mrs. Odenheimer, as First Vice President, presided, and by her charming personality, her impartial rulings, and her perfect command of the situation she revealed those essentials of leadership which the Maryland Division has long recognized and admired and which have made the announcement that Maryland will present her name at San Francisco as a candidate for President General U. D. C. the natural result of the love and confidence of her Division.

THE WEST VIRGINIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. W. S. SLAVEN, LEWISBURG, W. VA.

West Virginia Daughters of the Confederacy are always interested in observing the 19th of January as a Lee-Jackson Memorial. In some States it is regarded only as a Lee anniversary, but it would be difficult for West Virginians to leave out Jackson.

Nearly always the veterans are invited to unite with the Daughters in celebrating this anniversary, and that adds much to the occasion. The day is observed in various ways, sometimes by a program of selections or original papers on Lee and Jackson or by having a special speaker or several veterans to give reminiscent talks. Always there are Southern songs and music, "Dixie" holding a prominent place. In one Chapter a eulogy on General Lee was read while the audience stood with bowed heads.

In Lewisburg the meeting on the 19th was held at the home of our State President, with an unusually large number in attendance. The meeting was interesting, entertaining, and enthusiastic. Dr. Ticknor's poem on "Dixie" was sung to the air of "Annie Laurie," and extracts were given from Dr. Deering's address on Lee, which appeared in the January number of the VETERAN. Delicious refreshments were served. That is always a part of the program for these entertainments. The VETERAN is largely drawn upon for the program, as several Chapters mentioned used selections from it.

Thus as a State we delight to show honor, reverence, and love for those great and good men and through them to all of our Southern heroes, whose memory we consider a blessed inheritance to our children and our children's children.

VIRGINIA NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, WYTHEVILLE, VA.

The observance of January 19 was quite general in the Old Dominion. Loudoun Chapter, of Leesburg, Mrs. Stirling Murray, President, reports a charming celebration in which the Sons of Veterans took part. After the annual banquet a fine address was made by Rev. George Baker. A visiting veteran delighted the audience with an account of the vicissitudes of war, and the Confederate Choir furnished inspiring music.

At Christiansburg Hon. Don P. Halsey was the orator of the day, and he spoke eloquently on the life of Stonewall Jackson. A sumptuous repast was served by Hamilton Wade Chapter, and the veterans were then invited by Mr. Mosby Montague to a special matinee at the moving pictures.

Albemarle Chapter and John Bowie Strange Camp held a very enthusiastic celebration. Crosses of honor were bestowed, and an interesting address was made by the Chapter President, Mrs. Glassell Fitzhugh, to which Dr. Petrie responded. After the veterans had been regaled with a delicious dinner, there was music by a male quartet and charming dialect recitations by Mrs. Barrett, followed by informal reminiscences.

Portsmouth Chapter, of which Mrs. H. A. Hunt is President, gave a public reception on January 19 in a beautifully decorated hall. The speaker was Hon. James M. Barron, and a charming musical program added much to the occasion. A cotton ball given recently by this Chapter was a pronounced success both socially and financially. The bestowal of a cross of honor on Mr. Leslie G. King, a veteran of the Old Dominion Guards, brought together many of his old comrades from whom he had been separated for years by his residence in New York.

Capt. B. F. Jarratt Chapter was entertained on January 19 by the R. E. Lee Literary Society, which is composed largely of members of the Junior Chapter. There was an exciting debate, excellent music, and a gold medal was offered to the writer of the best essay on "Woman's Part in the War."

Bristol Chapter gave a delightful entertainment at the Elks Home with an attractive musical program. The memorial ode to Lee was read by Mrs. W. C. Carrington, and Miss N. C. Preston, State Historian, spoke on "The Flags of Lee." Dr. W. S. Neighbors gave an address on "Dixie."

Simeon T. Walton Chapter reports the unveiling of a handsome monument to Dr. Flavius Gregory, a Confederate soldier and surgeon. The gold medal offered by the Chapter for the best essay on Charlotte County soldiers was awarded to Miss Evelyn Wood, one of the Juniors. Two gold medals are given for educational work. This young Chapter has contributed $17.50 to local charaties. The membership is increasing, and they expect soon to unveil a tablet in memory of the gallant Gen. Simeon T. Walton.

Amelia Chapter, of which Mrs. Hardaway is President, celebrated January 20 as Lee-Jackson Day, and a large crowd appreciated the appropriate exercises, which were beautifully planned and executed.

District meetings will be held in April at Crewe, Pulaski, and Covington, and fine attendance is hoped for.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

My Dear Memorial Women: Did you receive my monthly message? If not, it is your fault. Each month it is my pleasant duty to call you before me, to picture you as the loving watchers at the graves of our heroic dead. My thoughts go back to the closing scene of our great struggle, when at Appomattox the small remnant of Lee's incomparable army surrendered to overwhelming numbers. While you were active during the four years of the war in rendering assistance to our brave men in the field and tenderly nursing the sick and wounded in hospitals, it was not until after the close of the war that you organized as memorial women to honor the memory of those who gave up their lives for truth and justice. That you have been faithful to your pledge is evident by the numerous and magnificent monuments erected by your efforts throughout the South.

As the years roll by and our little band of faithful workers grows smaller and smaller, I feel that the ties of friendship and fellowship should grow stronger. My message goes to you monthly as a "heart-to-heart" talk, not to remind you of omissions, but to encourage and stimulate you to a greater work. I know of no grander memorial than to keep alive the memory of our devoted friend, the late S. A. Cunningham, and in no way can this be better accomplished than by subscribing to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, which he considered his life work. My message to you is, Read the VETERAN every month.

The Richmond Reunion Committee has fixed the dates June 1-3 for the United Confederate Veteran convention. As is the custom, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will meet at the same time. Begin at once to prepare for this happy occasion, where I hope to greet members and delegates from each and every Memorial Association.

Sincerely and fraternally, KATIE WALKER BEHAN,
President General C. S. M. A.

HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

In order that Chapters may get these programs in time to study the subjects before their monthly meetings, it has been decided to present them a month in advance; hence this number of the VETERAN gives the programs for April as well as for March. This suggestion comes from an interested Daughter of the Confederacy.

ESSAY FOR LOVING CUP CONTEST.

Mrs. S. E. F. Rose has asked the Historian General to select the subject for the prize essay this year. The same rules as heretofore will be adhered to. Mrs. Rose, at West Point, Miss., will answer any questions.

Subject: "The Necessity of the Ku-Klux Klan as an Organized Force after the War between the States."

OFFER TO C. OF C. AUXILIARIES.

A friend to the Children of the Confederacy offers a Dixie Calendar, 1915, for the best paper each month in every auxiliary on any character suggested in the program for that month. The calendar may be had by the Directress sending in name and address of the winner, with five cents for postage, to Miss Rutherford, Athens, Ga.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Why did the Southern States secede?
2. Give the order of secession of the first six seceding States. Name the war governors.
3. Give date of Texas' secession. Tell why her delegates were allowed to sign the Constitution.
4. When did Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas secede? What delayed them?
5. Did the South secede with any thought of war?
6. What was her desire in seceding? How was this hope balked?
7. Why was Fort Sumter not surrendered at once? What action did Governor Pickens take?
8. What vessel was sent with arms and provisions by the government at Washington? With what result?
9. Name the three commissioners sent by the Confederate government to intercede for a peaceable surrender of the fort.
10. How long were they detained in Washington awaiting a reply? What assurances did they receive?
11. Did Lincoln or Seward act fairly or honorably in regard to this matter?
12. How did Beauregard anticipate them? When was Fort Sumter surrendered? Did this begin the war?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song, "Star-Spangled Banner."
2. Reading, "Virginians of the Valley," F. O. Ticknor.
3. Paper, sketch of Francis Orray Ticknor.
4. Recitation, "Little Giffen, of Tennessee," Ticknor.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Who presided over the Peace Convention held in Washington in 1861? Why was it so suddenly dissolved?
2. What was the South's preparedness for war?
3. Give the population of the seceding States and that of the nonseceding States.
4. What proportion of the South's population were negroes?
5. When war was declared, what became of all of the Southern men who were captains of ships or commanders of fleets?
6. How many men enlisted in the Federal army? How many in the Southern army?
7. How many battles and skirmishes were there in the four years? (2,162.) How many in your State?
8. How many men were lost on both sides?
9. Tell what you know of the blockade, and why necessary?
10. What extent of seacoast did the South have? The North?
11. How was the South affected by the interruption to her export trade in cotton and tobacco?
12. Who invented the cotton gin? When?
13. How much cotton is shipped annually from the South?
14. Why is cotton called king?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song, "Old Black Joe."
2. Paper, "The Story of Cotton and the Cotton Gin."
3. Reading, "The Homespun Dress," Sinclair.
4. Paper, sketch of Joseph Watkins.
5. Anecdotes of war times.
6. Song, "Pop Goes the Weasel."

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MARCH, 1915.

OUR LEADERS.

Responsive service.

Song, "Dixie."

1. Name the greatest leader from your State in the War between the States.
2. Give a sketch of his life.
3. Tell some incidents connected with the Confederate navy.
4. Tell some incidents connected with a Confederate surgeon.
5. Tell some incident connected with a Confederate chaplain.
6. Describe the fight between the Merrimac and Monitor.
7. Tell the story of the Alabama.
8. Tell of Sidney Lanier's life in prison.
9. Reading, "Bob, Our Mocking Bird," Lanier.
10. Reading, "The Song of the Chattahoochee," Lanier.
11. Recitation, "The Rain Song," Loveman.

Subject for calendar prize: Story of a Confederate surgeon from your State.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR APRIL, 1915.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Responsive service.

Song, "Tenting To-Night on the Old Camp Ground."

1. When was Memorial Day first suggested? By whom? Where?
2. When was the Ladies' Memorial Association first organized? What society did it take the place of?
3. What was the object stressed?
4. What is done on Memorial Day?
5. Why has the date in some States been changed from April 26?
6. Why was April 26 chosen?
7. What part should the Children of the Confederacy take in Memorial Day exercises?

8. Who suggested the cross of honor for the veterans? Where does she live? Why did she suggest it?

9. Think of some beautiful thing you can do to make the veterans happy.

10. Recitation, "Furl That Banner," Ryan.

Subject for calendar prize: Story of Father Ryan's life.

FRANCIS ORRAY TICKNOR.

Francis Orray Ticknor, so widely known for his poem, "Little Giffen, of Tennessee," was a busy physician of Columbus, Ga., but he was never too busy to devote his leisure moments to literature. He was born at Clinton, Baldwin County, Ga., in 1823, and his widowed mother moved to Columbus in his childhood. She gave him a liberal education in one of the leading schools of Massachusetts, and there he afterwards studied medicine, although he later attended lectures in New York and Philadelphia and was graduated from a medical college in Pennsylvania.

In 1848 he married Miss Rosa Nelson, the daughter of Maj. Thomas M. Nelson, of Virginia. Her home was Pagebrook, in Clarke County. She was the great-granddaughter of Colonel Byrd, of Westover, Va., and her husband never tired of her descriptions of the old home of her childhood, and it was in memory of this home and its inmates that he wrote his poem, "Virginians of the Valley":

"The knightliest of the knightly race
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold;
. . . . . .
Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
Against embattled foes
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose,
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With loveliness and worth."

Dr. Ticknor loved literature, but he also loved the culture of fruits and flowers; and after his marriage he bought a farm, Torch Hill, near Columbus, so that this taste in a measure could be gratified. While driving back and forth to see his patients he wrote poems on prescription blanks, and some of his best work was done in that way.

The Doctor was so afraid that his love of literature, books, music, painting, flowers, and fruits would make him appear impractical and set a poor example to his young boys, whom he was anxious to have grow up strong, sturdy workers, that he always wrote poetry under protest.

One of his boys, unusually bright and precocious, brought his buggy and horse to the door one day, and some one remarked: "That boy is so bright that you should give him the best education." "He has a better education now than I have," replied the Doctor, "for I have never yet been able to harness a horse."

Dr. Ticknor's poems are all about familiar themes, so that they have a local and special interest. The circumstances under which he wrote "Little Giffen" make the story of peculiar interest.

Columbus, like so many cities in the South, was often filled with sick and wounded soldiers brought in after a battle near there, and improvised hospitals were quickly provided so that they could be cared for by the ladies of the place. Mrs. Ticknor was passing through one of the hospital wards one day where a little fellow, scarcely more than a child, for he was not yet fifteen, was lying on a cot, emaciated and pale. Her mother heart went out to the sick boy so far from home, and she begged the Doctor to allow her to take him to her country home, where she could give him more constant attention. The request was granted, and his improvement was rapid, although he was compelled to go on crutches for a long time. As his strength returned, he insisted upon helping in many ways about the house. Mrs. Ticknor taught him to read and write, and for this he seemed very grateful. At the end of the seven months came the news that Johnston was being pressed by the enemy. "I must go," he said.

"A tear, his first, as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
'I'll write if spared!' There was news of the fight;
But nothing of Giffen. He did not write.
. . . . . .
I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For Little Giffen, of Tennessee."

During the War between the States there was a call for brass and other metals for cannon, which the women eagerly supplied by giving up brass andirons, fenders, shovels, tongs, candlesticks, copper bathtubs, and copper kettles. The willingness—nay, eagerness—with which Southern matrons parted with their household treasures impressed Dr. Ticknor, and to them his poem, "Old Brass," was dedicated:

"Old brass! Why, it burns with a glory
Of carbuncles, diamonds, and pearls;
With the very crown jewels of story,
Enwreathed with the tresses of girls;
The mail of the maiden Joanna,
Cornelia's pure fireside fame;
Lucrece, with her white soul of honor;
La Motte, with arrows of flame!

Old brass! It is bright with the splendor
Of womanhood's loftiest day,
With the proud eyes of Judith, the slender,
Swift fingers of Charlotte Corday;
With the flash of the far-away cymbals
When Miriam sang by the sea.
Old brass! Why, it twinkles and trembles
With the swords and the songs of the free!"

Whatever Dr. Ticknor undertook to do, he did well. Whether as a physician administering to his patients, as a poet singing the songs that came from his heart, or as a gardener tending his fruits and flowers, he did all with a master hand. Mr. Berckmans, of Augusta, visited him once to see "an orchard without a defect," and florists admitted that his "Cloth of Gold" and "Malmaison" roses were unsurpassed.

Like many poets of the South, Dr. Ticknor has never had justice done him by compilers of encyclopedias and dictionaries of poets. May the time soon come when the writers of the South shall be accorded their due meed of praise and when the children of the South shall be taught from textbooks that are just to all sections of our land!

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

[At the annual reunion of the Missouri Division, U. C. V., held at Higginsville on September 17, 1914, the following resolutions were adopted.]

Whereas, at the twenty-fourth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held at Jacksonville, Fla., on the date of May 6, 1914, an oration was delivered by Brig. Gen. W. Calvin Wells, Commander of the First Brigade of the United Confederate Veterans of the State of Mississippi; and

Whereas General Wells makes the following positive statement or declaration—to wit, "The true cause of the war was 'slavery.' There was practically no other contention between the North and the South but slavery. The North contended that slavery was wrong and should be obliterated, and the South contended that it was right and should be perpetuated"; and

Whereas, contrary to the clearly worded declaration of President Lincoln and the Congress of the nation, General Wells further states: "To help them in the contention the South appealed to the right of self-government and the legality of secession, and the North called to its aid the idea of the perpetuation of the Union. The South would have had no use for secession except to establish a government to perpetuate slavery, and the North would not have cared for the preservation of the Union except to destroy slavery. Had it not been for the desire to destroy slavery, the North would not have had such a desire to maintain the Union of the States, and but for the perpetuation of slavery there would not have been any desire on the part of the South to have a separate government"; and

Whereas President Lincoln in his inaugural address clearly stated: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so"; and

Whereas the Congress of the United States in extra session in July, 1861, passed the following resolution: "Resolved, That this war is not waged upon our part with any purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights of established institutions of these States, but to defend and maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and to preserve the Union"; and

Whereas President Davis made the emphatic declaration that "the cause of war on the part of the South was to establish the Confederate government, to preserve the sovereignty of the States, to the end that the Southern people might have local self-government, so that they could enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness in their own way"; and

Whereas we believe that President Lincoln was sincere in his statement that he had no purpose to interfere with the institution of slavery and that his proclamation on slavery, issued later, was a "war measure" for suppressing the conflict and preserving the Union; and

Whereas we heartily believe in the correctness of the statement of Jefferson Davis that "slavery was but an incident" and not the cause of the Civil War; and

Whereas we sincerely believe that the resolutions passed by the Congress of the United States wherein the declaration was made that the war was not waged by the Northern people for the purpose of freeing the negro, but solely for the preservation of the Union, was all in good faith; and

Whereas it is an established and a historical fact that not more than one man in ten who served in the Confederate army was the owner of slaves, and it is therefore unreasonable to presume that any nonslaveholder would risk his entire earthly possessions and his life in battle for the purpose of perpetuating the ownership of slaves of any other person; therefore be it

Resolved, That we explicitly declare that part of the oration of General Wells asserting that the Confederate soldier fought for no cause but to perpetuate slavery to be wholly untrue, misleading, and a misrepresentation of the Confederate soldier and the great body of Southern people. Be it further

Resolved, That we will call the attention of our national Commander, Gen. Bennett H. Young, to the fact that printed copies of this oration delivered by General Wells are now being extensively circulated throughout the entire country, and on the outer page the following printed inscription appears: "Published by order of the Reunion." We earnestly protest against the publication and circulation of this oration by order of any organization of Confederate Veterans, and we respectfully request our said national Commander to take such action to discontinue its general distribution as his judgment may deem best. Be it further

Resolved, That a certified copy of this preamble and resolutions be presented to the coming national meeting of the United Confederate Veterans at Richmond, Va., to the end that this matter may be given earnest and careful consideration.

George P. Gross,
Major General Missouri Division, U. C. V.

Attest:
H. J. Gorin, *Adjt. Gen. Missouri Division, U. C. V.*

THE INFAMOUS BLACKBURN.

BY D. C. PAYNE, NEW YORK CITY.

I read with interest the article in the January Veteran by Mr. Will T. Hale, recalling the incident of Blackburn's attack on Gen. Joseph Wheeler. I was in Nashville myself at that time. General Wheeler was sick in bed at the Watson House. Blackburn called at the hotel and asked to be shown to General Wheeler's room. He walked in and commenced cowhiding Wheeler in bed, a dastardly act of cowardice. Any coward can offer an insult, but it takes a brave man to refrain from resenting one.

The war was over. Nashville was full of returning Confederates. A brave man always respects a fallen foe. Nothing could have prompted such a thing—such an outrage—but the desire to provoke an opportunity for murder. General Wheeler sent out the most earnest appeals to those who knew of the affair to suppress the news, to keep quiet. If he could endure, what ought they not to do? Of many brave acts of those days, none was more heroic than the determination of General Wheeler to endure this outrage and his appeals to those whom he knew would lay down their lives for him to sustain him in that determination. I was in touch with those cognizant of the affair. For a while it was like a smoldering volcano. We scarcely breathed. But Wheeler's wisdom and his love for his comrades in a cause prevailed. Not a life was to be sacrificed.

I recall another "brave, soldierly" act of Blackburn's. He went to the home of Dr. Blackmore, near Gallatin, one of Sumner County's most respected citizens, and ordered him to harness a horse to a sulkey. Blackburn took his seat in it and then forced that aged man to walk before him all the way to Nashville. He survived the trip, only to die at the City Hotel. That act of Blackburn's revealed the brutish nature of the man. The horse doubtless became part of the stock alluded to by Mr. Hale.

SLIGHTING SOUTHERN HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

BY C. W. LIVELY, SAPULPA, OKLA.

The Literary Digest of May 31, 1913, summarized certain articles under the heading "Slighting Southern Literature," which had appeared earlier in May in the New York Times. Mrs. Leigh, of Alabama, in one of the articles had condemned the textbooks on history and literature as being unfair to the South. She especially condemned the textbook of Brander Matthews on American literature and claimed by way of comparison a place for several Southern writers equal to that given the leaders at the North. An anonymous writer replied to her in the Times and defended the textbooks. He made the usual Northern claims that Southern intellect was turned away from art, science, and literature and into law and politics by slavery, and that Southern authors were, when compared with those of the North, "surprisingly imitative."

I shall attempt to show that the Old South has not been treated with fairness by the Northern texbooks on history; that she did her full part in education, religion, science, and art; that slavery did not hinder any kind of intellectual development at the South; and that the average Northern text writer on American literature is exceedingly ignorant, or he is almost insolent, in his unfair treatment of Southern literature.

The anonymous writer of the Times clearly shows his ignorance of Southern life and literature, as well as his egotism, when he refers to what he calls Mrs. Leigh's "extravagant assertions" as being "a lurid reflection of milder claims to the same effect . . . by other Southerners." I am satisfied that the leading scholars, authors, and historians of the South are as capable of forming correct estimates of her people, their history and literature, as Barrett Wendell, Stedman, Matthews, the anonymous writer of the Times, or any other person at the North. But I shall cite evidence in support of my claims from Boston, where they tell God how to do things, and from New York.

The average Northern text writer on history and literature aims to bring reproach on the early settlers of Jamestown by calling them "adventurers," "profligate sons of the nobility," etc., while the Puritans and Pilgrims are worshiped as gods and goddesses. If the Pilgrims were so great and so much under the control and guidance of the Almighty, why did they not come to America at the time the Virginia "adventurers" came? They went to Holland instead. Some of the Pilgrim faith did go to Maine about that time, but soon returned because of the hardships endured. After the Virginia "adventurers" had founded a new nation, erected twin altars to learning and to God, made permanent homes, established representative government, explored and mapped out New England, after they had sent back to the mother country glowing accounts of their happiness and prosperity, and after Dutch neighbors of the Pilgrims in Holland had settled in New York and the French had settled in Canada, the Pilgrims came to settle near their Dutch neighbors in New York. Regardless of what history says, I am of the opinion that it took as brave, noble, and as virtuous, if not more determined, men to make the first permanent settlement at Jamestown as the Pilgrims and Puritans who later came to New England. John Smith, Percy, Strachey, Sandys, Hunt, Bucke, Thorpe, Whitaker, the "apostle of Virginia," and their associates deserve as much admiration and praise as the leaders of the Pilgrims and Puritans. Because many of the early settlers at Jamestown died of disease contracted in the forests and swamps and of starvation, the textbooks charge it to their incompetency; but the large number of deaths among the Pilgrims is laid to the inhospitable climate and treachery of the Indians.

These textbooks call the stories of Smith and Pocahontas, the Mecklenburg Declaration, and others at the South mythical; but the stories of Plymouth Rock, the Charter Oak, Revere's Ride, and others of New England, which are heralded as facts, are at least as doubtful. They tell of the Boston Tea Party, but fail to mention the tea that was sent to the Southern ports. A street brawl, which John Adams and Josiah Quincy defended and justified, is given much space in the textbooks as the Boston Massacre; but the battles of Alamance, Point Pleasant, Moore's Creek, and other important events at the South leading up to the Revolution are not mentioned. Warren and Hale, New England patriots, are given their well-earned praise; but Isaac Hayne and John Laurens, of the South, are forgotten. The aid given the patriot cause by Robert Morris is chronicled, but that given by Nelson and Page, of Virginia, and Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, is not. Hayne, Calhoun, and South Carolina are always condemned for threatening nullification in 1832; but these textbooks find no room to condemn such treasonable and unconstitutional acts at the North as the Faneuil Hall nonintercourse resolutions, Essex Juntos, blue lights, Hartford conventions, and personal liberty laws. Without reading the speech of R. Y. Hayne, the textbooks tell us that he was "demolished" by Webster in the great debate. However, John Q. Adams said, "Webster left his argument hanging on a broken hinge," and the Philadelphia Express stated what was probably the majority opinion of Americans at that time when it said: "I do not think Mr. Hayne completely overthrew Mr. Webster, but I am decidedly of the opinion that Mr. Webster did not overthrow Mr. Hayne." It has been the textbooks which have overthrown Mr. Hayne. Old John Brown is still looked upon by many Northern text writers as a saint and martyr, while John Wilkes Booth is classed with Satan. Both of these men are and always have been looked upon by the people of the South as criminals of the same class Both were guilty of murder, and Brown was guilty of treason The same kind of motive impelled both of them to their criminal acts.

The South is condemned for trying to destroy the Union in 1861. There was no real union when the South seceded. The religious and political ties which bind nations together had already been broken by the North. The personal liberty laws of the Northern States had annulled the Constitution and acts of Congress. To the abolitionists the Constitution was a "covenant with death and a league with hell," because it recognized and protected slavery. Many at the North said the Union was not worth preserving in connection with the South and slavery and urged the Northern States to secede. The South stood by the Union, the Constitution, and the laws of the country for forty years amid all of this discord, clamor, and confusion, and finally sought peace and independence. Though the provocation was a hundred times as great, the right was denied in 1861 just as it was denied in 1776.

The textbooks condemn the South because it is claimed that the people were "aristocratic." But Capt. John Smith, Nathaniel Bacon, Oglethorpe, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Mason, Gadsden, Marion, Houston, Andrew Jackson, Lowndes, Nathanial Macon, and their followers at the South were certainly more democratic than William Bradford, Winthrop, the Mathers, Hamilton, Jay, Adams, Pickering, Cabott, Ames, Webster, Sumner, and their followers at the North Aristocrats as well as monarchists, in a governmental sense.

believe in the centralization of the powers of government. This centralization was opposed by the South, while the North generally and New England especially have been its main defenders.

The textbooks complain of the lack of progress in the Old South; but South Carolina, with a smaller population, had a greater assessed property valuation in 1860 than Massachusetts. From 1791-1813 five Eastern States reported $299,000,000 worth of products, products mostly from the Southern States first transferred and then reshipped; while five Southern States during the same time exported $509,000,000 worth of products. The commerce of the South was prosperous until the tariff acts of the first third of the last century worked a discrimination against the South and in favor of the East. Was not the cry of New England for a protective tariff during this time really an admission that she could no longer support herself without the aid of the richer South? Did not New England thereby admit that unless she could get government aid she could not establish manufactories? It was government aid and not the New Englander's superior wealth or ability that made her manufacturers prosperous. When she called for help, did not the South respond nobly and thereby agree to feed, clothe, and support New England until she could get a start? The "beggars," as Randolph called them, continually insisted on the increase of the rates until South Carolina, finding herself impoverished by the tariff, demanded the right to say how much she could afford to give to this government charity. The text writers condemn Calhoun, Hayne, and South Carolina for that and call New England great. And, despite the continued threats of secession and nullification by New England from the adoption of the Constitution down to 1861, she has escaped without a stain, and all of these sins have been charged to the South.

The textbooks, however, claim that slavery, agriculture, and aristocracy hindered the growth in population and wealth of the Southern States. Slavery, as well as the free negro, has undoubtedly turned many of the best emigrants from the South. But the presence of the negro, bond and free, in the South was more the fault of old and New England than it was of the South. But it would be just as fair to compare the growth of Maine with Massachusetts or New Hampshire with Connecticut or Maine with Illinois as it would be to compare Massachusetts with Carolina or Ohio with Kentucky. Why not compare the growth of Canada with the United States? Was it slavery, aristocracy, and agriculture which caused the difference in growth in the North? The South in 1860, with one-fifth of the population of the country, showed forty-five per cent of the property valuation, twenty-eight per cent of the banking capital, and, with one-fourth of the area, was producing more than one-half of the agricultural output of the whole country. She built twice as many miles of railroad as all the New England and Middle States combined, and her manufacturing interests showed a larger per cent of growth than the rest of the country for the same time. The South was producing her own supplies of corn, wheat, oats, and live stock; she produced nearly all of the tobacco, nearly all of the sugar, all of the cotton, all of the rice, and most of the fruits that were then grown in this country. Yet the textbooks tell us that the Southerners were developed "only in certain narrow grooves and that they could think in no others." They say the farmer at the South who produced cotton became a narrow-minded aristocrat, but the manufacturer of cotton in New England became a broad-minded democrat; that farming in the South retarded the progress of that section, while farming in the Middle West was a great boon to progress; that men who worked fifty servants on their farms at the South were inferior classes of men, while those who worked a thousand servants in the mines and factories of the North became noble men. There were but few large factories at the South before the war, but nearly every home had its wheel and loom and every community had its shop where necessary implements were made. The South, like New England, followed what seemed most profitable.

Let us notice what the Old South did in the way of art, science, and invention. It is doubtful if Eli Whitney should be given the sole credit for inventing the cotton gin, as Bull, Lyons, and McCloud, of Georgia, seem to be equally entitled to the honor. McCormick, of Virginia, invented the reaper and mower, though he is rarely mentioned. M. F. Maury, of Virginia, "furnished the brains" and told Field how and where to lay the Atlantic cable. Humboldt and other great men of Europe called Maury one of the world's leading scientists and benefactors, but the Northern text writers have not heard of him. James Rumsey, of Virginia, invented the steamboat, and not Fulton, of the North. Shaffner, of Virginia, Rogers, of Maryland, and Vail, of New Jersey, deserve as much credit for inventing the telegraph as Morse, of Massachusetts. The textbooks always tell of Ericsson and the Monitor, but fail to tell of John M. Brooke, of Virginia, who invented the deep-sea sounding vessel and was the builder of the Merrimac, the first iron-clad battleship and which defeated the Monitor. Jefferson invented the modern plow. Gatling, of North Carolina, invented the famous Gatling gun. Goulding, of Georgia, has a better right to the honor of inventing the sewing machine than Howe, of New England, though the textbooks do not mention him. Crawford Long, of Georgia, was the first in the world to use anæsthetics in surgical operations, though the textbooks continue to give the honor of it to Morton and Wells, of Massachusetts. Marion Sims, of South Carolina, and Ephraim McDowell and Walter Reed, of Virginia, were among the greatest physicians and surgeons of their time. Coleridge called Washington Allston, of Carolina, "the first genius produced by the Western world." Cooper, of South Carolina, was called the "Father of Political Economy in America." Ramsey's "History of South Carolina in the Revolution" was the first book copyrighted in the United States. DeBow, of Louisiana, was a famous statistician and economist. W. C. Wells, of Carolina, preceded Darwin in formulating the theory of natural selection and was the first to announce the present accepted theory of dew. Joseph Winlock, of Kentucky, was among our greatest astronomers. Thomas Godfrey, of North Carolina, was our first dramatist; while Stephen Elliott, Joel Poinsett, and H. W. Ravenal were great botanists; Shaler, of Kentucky, was our greatest geologist; and J. E. Holbrook, of South Carolina, was considered by Agassiz and other scientists of Europe our greatest biologist. Robert Mills, of South Carolina, was the architect of the Bunker Hill and Washington monuments as well as many of the nation's finest buildings. Thomas R. Dew, of Virginia, was an able sociologist. Edwin Ruffin, of Virginia, was a pioneer in scientific agriculture; and Ettienne de Bore, of Louisiana, was the first in America to manufacture sugar from cane. America has not produced a greater family of scientists than the LeConte family, of Georgia; no naturalist has equaled Audubon, of Louisiana; while Paul Du Chaillu, of the same State, was one of our greatest explorers and scientists. Basil Gildersleeve and Milton W. Humphrey, of the South, have not been surpassed at the North as Greek and Latin scholars. Thomas

Jefferson, W. A. Caruthers, A. D. Murphy, Calvin H. Wiley, Crafts, Legare, Meek, Dimitry, and others at the South were equaled only by Horace Mann, of Massachusetts, as educational reformers. Such preachers as Waddell, Madison, Meade, Dabney, Semple, Thornwell, Hoge, Palmer, Robert Henry, the Alexanders of Virginia, Manley, Pierce, Asbury, F. L. Hawks, Dagg, Broaddus, Jesse Mercer, Curry, William Hopper, and many others at the South were not surpassed by any at the North in piety, learning, or ability. Sequoyah, the greatest American Indian, was born in the South, and Booker T. Washington, the greatest man of his race, was born in slavery at the South and educated in Southern schools.

For the benefit of the Northern text writers who have claimed that the South has not made any contributions to the intellectual output of the country, it would be well for them to examine the birthplace and works of R. W. Gibbes, Brantz and A. M. Mayer, William Maxwell, J. C. Nott, E. S. Holden, W. H. Holcombe, Francis Kinlock, Robert Greenhow, F. P. Porcher, G. H. Miles, L. P. Canonge, W. A. Graham, William Mumford, Archibald Alexander, Alexander Means, J. R. and O. M. Mitchell, Peter Cartwright, Joseph and Joseph R. Buchanan, Henry Draper, Cyrus Thomas, J. L. Shecut, A. S. Taylor, Gideon Lincecum, Buckingham Smith, Philip Slaughter, T. P. Shaffner, J. L. Smith, J. H. B. Latrobe, J. B. Minor, Thomas R. Price, G. S. Bedford, S. W. Price, Mahlon Loomis, G. H. Calvert, J. H. McCullough, Thomas and Samuel Mullody, Francis L. Hawks, Lorenzo Waugh, Joseph Ray, Max Somerville, C. P. Cranch, M. D. Conway, Devereaux Jarratt, John H. Wheeler, Joseph Gales, Charles Fraser, and many others.

The first American steamship to cross the ocean was projected at and sailed from Savannah, Ga.; the first railroads of the country were built in Maryland and South Carolina. The South Carolina railroad was the first in the world built expressly for locomotives, the first in America to have locomotives built for its own use, also the first to order locomotives built in the community by its own mechanics and citizens. During the first half of the last century the South created an agricultural industry which represented more brain power, more business ability, and more capital than were required to develop the industrial interests of New England. It not only dominated the finance, politics, and commerce of this country, but also greatly influenced those of Europe.

Other names and achievements might easily be added, but those given should be sufficient to show that the reproach of intellectual sterility urged against the Old South does not lie so heavily as is often thought and taught by the textbooks and other works from the North on history and literature. The tenth edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, Volume I., page 719, expresses the common Northern impression of the Old South. It says: "The few thinkers born south of the Mason and Dixon line, outnumbered by those belonging to the single State of Massachusetts, have commonly emigrated to New York and Boston in search of a university training. Nor is it too much to say that mainly by their connection with the North the Carolinas have been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles." Every well-informed American knows that that statement is false, and he further knows that the nearest any Southern State ever came to sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles was while the "college-bred men," "Christians," and politicians from the North controlled the affairs of the South during Reconstruction. It is generally admitted that the South now has its full portion of intelligence. Does any one suppose that Sherman's march to the sea, Sheridan's campaign in the Valley of Virginia, and Butler's conduct in New Orleans suddenly brought about an intellectual, educational, moral, and literary cataclysm at the South? We know that the war greatly retarded all lines of development and growth. The manufacturing progress of the Old South was slower than that of the Eastern States because it was a natural growth and not fostered by sectional laws. More than that, the negro kept a splendid immigration to this country away from the South. He kept them away then and keeps them away now, and the negro is unfit for manufacturing labor.

Now let us see what the textbooks say of education and religion in the South before the War between the States. Abernathy, speaking of colonial times in his "American Literature," says, "Education and religion were as thoroughly neglected in Virginia as they were thoroughly cultivated in Massachusetts," and Ashley's "American History" says: "Education was systematically neglected at the South before the Civil War." These two will serve as good examples, and both are recent.

Before Pilgrim or Puritan set foot on Massachusetts soil, the colonists at Jamestown, with the aid of English friends, had established Henrico College and were building a preparatory school at Charles City. Both schools were free to whites and Indians, and both were destroyed by the Indian massacre of 1622; but this alone shows that the colonists were interested in education. As to religion, "their first act on landing was to arrange a place to worship. They stretched a sail from the boughs of two adjacent trees, and here they had services morning and evening." Some of the Southern people later drank, played cards, and bet on races, just as they did and do in the other sections; but that was no more a sign of irreligion than it was for the Puritans to burn witches at the stake, cut off Quakers' tongues and ears, and drive out Baptists and others who thought differently about religion. The Southerners probably thought more of the mercies of the Father than of the vengeance of the Judge. It is counted deep religious feeling and a high grade of civilization in the early New Englanders that they cut off the head of King Philip and placed it upon a pole and sold his wife and son into slavery; but it is a sure sign of irreligion and a low order of civilization in the early Southerners to play cards, bet on races, or take a drink. Probably they did not drink New England rum. If not, of course it was wrong.

A pamphlet published in London in 1649 and quoted at length by Fiske, of Massachusetts, in his "Old Virginia and Her Neighbors" says: "I may not forget to tell you that we have a free school, with two hundred acres of land, a fine house upon it, forty milch kine, and other accommodations; other petty schools also we have." After naming a number of early free schools of note established in Virginia, Fiske again says: "Indeed, there was after 1649 a considerable amount of compulsory primary education in Virginia, much more than has generally been supposed, since the records of it have been buried in the parish vestry books." Philip A. Bruce, in his "Economic History of Virginia," says: "One of the duties to be performed on the part of the master was to teach his youthful servants so that they could read a chapter in the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments." The early Virginians were indeed a peculiar people if they bound themselves to do these things for their indentured servants and neglected their own children. Fiske admits that it is customary for "historical writers to make too much of the contrast between the New England schools and those of the South" and says the country "schools of New England rarely ever taught more than to read, write, and cipher."

Schools at that time were almost entirely under the control of the Churches. Each community built its schoolhouse and hired its teacher much in the same manner that churches and preachers are now provided. The system was crude and the teachers often ignorant and incompetent, just as the text writers now are often ignorant and incompetent. The old field school, the parish school, or the charity school was generally present in every neighborhood in the South. Washington, Jackson, Grundy, Crockett, Sevier, and other early frontiersmen had some advantages even near the borders of civilization. But, except in a few of the larger towns of the country in New England, as well as in the other colonies, free public schools were looked upon as charitable institutions, maintained for those who were too poor to pay tuition, and wherever possible "rate bills," or local taxes, were assessed on all families sending children to these schools. As late as 1865 rate bills were collected in New York, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, and other Northern States, and the practice did not wholly disappear until 1871.

The textbooks try to leave the impression that the changes in the South were brought about by the abolition of slavery and the influence of the North during Reconstruction. But in the ten years from 1850 to 1860 the number of persons at school increased forty-eight per cent in the South and fifty per cent in the rest of the country, and it may be of interest to those who do not write textbooks to know that in 1860 there were in the free public schools of the South 781,199 Southern children, to say nothing of the many children in home schools, representing one or more families, enjoying the benefits of one tutor or governess. This last was a marked feature of education in the South from earliest times down to the War between the States. At the same time the South had one church building to every three hundred and thirty-three of her white population, or one to every five hundred and twenty-eight of her total population; while the rest of the country had one church building to every six hundred and sixteen of her total population. These comparisons ought to silence ignorance and ignoramuses everywhere on these questions of education and religion. The statutes of the different Southern States show that they had in force long before the war provisions for free schools. Their greatest fault was that they were permissive rather than compulsory. But effective compulsory education has grown up everywhere in this country since 1860. Of course it was just as impossible to have good free schools for all of the people in the rural districts at the South as it was to have them for Franklin, Whittier, and Garrison in Massachusetts, Webster in New Hampshire, old John Brown in Connecticut, Brigham Young in Vermont, Garfield in Ohio, Lincoln in Illinois, or to have better conditions than faced the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" in Indiana, or to always have better teachers than the Ichabod Cranes of New England and New York. Just as many men rose to prominence from the frontier and from among the poor at the South as in any other section. Jefferson and Calhoun came from the democratic West of their day. Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Boone, Sevier, Robertson, the Clarkes, Sam Houston, Jackson, Farragut, Lincoln, Jefferson Davis, Stephens, Benjamin, Forrest, Stonewall Jackson, and Simms are the names of a few of the many Southerners who rose to prominence from among the poor people. The "aristocracy of the South" did not hinder their progress or rise. The charity-educated Alexander Stephens and the wealthy Toombs were the best of friends. Lee, the last of the Cavaliers, called the poor mountain-born Jackson his "right arm." It was character and brains that counted in the South and not wealth or a college degree. There certainly was not the ignorance in the Old South, even among the poor, that is generally believed to have existed. The South held her own right well against her Northern antagonists, and ignorance is no longer, if it ever was, considered an asset in war.

Of the higher institutions of learning, William and Mary College was the best and richest of all the Colonial schools. Later it was overshadowed by the University of Virginia, the first American university. Such scholarly and able men as Washington, Henry, Mason, Pendleton, Wythe, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Marshall, Taney, the Tuckers, Poe, Legare, Preston, McDuffie, Alexander Stephens, Jefferson Davis, Simms, Kennedy, the Haynes, Gildersleeve, Lanier, Minor, and many others are sufficient evidence that it was not "necessary to emigrate to New York or to Boston in search of a university training." Phillips Brooks, the great Boston preacher, was educated in Virginia. Is that evidence that there were no schools in New England? The large number of Southern teachers and students at Princeton caused it to be looked upon by many Presbyterians at the South as a Southern school, while Southern Federalists often went to Harvard College, the home of Federalism. The colleges and universities of this country are certainly better than they were prior to the war in the sixties, yet more people go to Europe to school than ever before. Is that evidence that we have no place to get a university training in this country?

Transylvania College, in Kentucky, was the first school of higher learning west of the mountains; the Wesleyan Female College, founded by Bishop Pierce in Georgia, was the first institution in the world for the higher education of women giving a degree. Waddell's Willington Academy, in South Carolina, was a sort of American Eton or Rugby. There Calhoun was so well prepared that he entered the junior class at Yale College and finished the course with the highest honors. Hugh S. Legare, W. H. Crawford, Judge Longstreet, McDuffie, Petigru, W. J. Grayson, Wardlaw, and many others were prepared for higher courses at this famous institution. While the scattered population at the South retarded efficient district schools in many places where needed, it was a land of famous academies and was the forerunner of the present theory of centralization of schools. Virgil A. Lewis, in his "History of Education in West Virginia," names more than sixty academies which had been established in that part of Virginia before the war.

Prince Murat, of France, said that he found the "best and most cultured society in Charleston, S. C., that he had ever met on either side of the Atlantic." The Toronto Mail and Express, of Canada, recently said that the South "was regaining some of the lost dignity and fame of the Southern States, where, sixty years ago, education and culture were in a state much in advance of anything that any other part of America had to offer." There is no reason to believe that these outside views came from partial judges. If the schools of New England have always been perfect, why give Horace Mann a reputation as an educational reformer? Brander Matthews, of New York, speaks of the defective educational advantages of Irving, Cooper, Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, and other leading literary men and scholars at the North, and says: "Harvard College was no more than a high school when Emerson left it in 1820." Matthew Page Andrews, in writing of Colonial New England, says: "People sat in church according to their rank and social position, beginning with the upper classes in the front pews to the humbler folk in the rear. The same rule applied to students at college, and for more than one hundred years the Harvard catalogue listed its students,

not in alphabetical order, but according to their recognized social position." Was this democracy in New England? It would be called rank aristocracy at the South by the textbooks. Josh Billings must have had the Northern text writers in mind when he said: "It is better to know less than to know so much that ain't so."

The Northern textbooks on history and literature and the Times writer tell us that the Southern intellect was turned away from art, science, and literature and into law and politics as a result of defending slavery. We know that the South before 1860 did take the lead in the political affairs of the country as well as in the extension of its territory and in fighting its battles. We admit that such lawyers as Rutledge, Wythe, Henry, Marshall, Wirt, Pinkney, Grundy, Legare, Petigru, the Tuckers, Benjamin, Toombs, Cobb, Stephens, and others at the South were among the very leaders of the profession in this country. We are aware of the fact that Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, Scott, Farragut, Thomas, Fremont, Captain Winslow, and others were furnished to the North by the South in the War between the States. But there must have been virtue and intelligence in this Southern leadership somewhere. The North, with her greater population, would not have accepted nor permitted it had it been inferior either mentally or morally. But we deny that slavery hindered art, science, or literature at the South. Was not the Northern mind as much occupied in trying to destroy slavery, the Constitution, and the Union as the Southern mind was in defending them? Did slavery hinder art, science, education, or literature in Greece or Rome? Were not the morals better and the masters less severe in the Old South than they were in any of the older countries during their golden ages? Were not the morals better and the masters less severe in the Old South than they now are in the great industrial centers of this or any other country? Has there not been more suffering, sorrow, and cruelty, more brutality, bloodshed, and barbarism within the past three years in the industrial strikes in Michigan, West Virginia, Colorado, California, and Lawrence, Mass., than during the entire existence of slavery at the South? If it was slavery that hindered literature in the South, what is it that hinders literature now in New England? Where are the Emersons, Hawthornes, Longfellows, and Lowells of the present New England? Has the intellect of the present New Englander become like that of his native soil, exhausted by overcultivation?

The Times writer denies the South the right to claim John Smith as a Southern writer, because he was English-born and because he is no longer read. We admit this if Ann Bradstreet, Wigglesworth, Bradford, Winthrop, Sewell, and other early New Englanders are eliminated from the textbooks for the same reasons. If they are not, equal space ought to be given to Strachey, Sandys, Alsop, R. Rich, Stith, Blair, Percy, Lawson, and other early Southerners. The first piece of literature of merit produced in America was a partial translation of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" by George Sandys at Jamestown, Va. The best and most original poem produced in the colonies before the Revolution was Bacon's "Epitaph by a Virginian." The works of James Blair, Beverly, and Byrd compare favorably with those of Mather, Prince, and Franklin. These Southerners are rarely if ever mentioned in the Northern textbooks. Abernathy gives more space in his "American Literature" to Franklin, though he admits that he was not a literary man, than to Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Bland, the Lees, Randolph, Henry, Laurens, Middleton, the Draytons, Rutledge, the Pinckneys, Moultrie, Gadsden, Maurice Moore, Ephraim Brevard, and other contemporary Southerners, all combined. In fact, most of them are not mentioned. All were great patriots, all wrote interesting things, and several of them deserve as much space in a work on American literature as Franklin.

American literature proper begins with Irving and includes at the North Cooper, Bryant, Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and possibly Whitman as leaders. At the South as equals and as contemporaries were Kennedy, Simms, Poe, Timrod, Hayne, Cooke, Ryan, and Lanier. All of these Southern writers except Lanier had made distinct contributions to literature before the war, as also had Drayton, Ramsey, Jarratt, Bishop Meade, Marshall, Pickett, the Tuckers, Gayarre, Goulding, F. O. Ticknor, Meek, Legare, J. J. Hooper, Weems, Rives, Garland, Audubon, Poinsette, Elliott, Canonge, Mercier, Howison, W. H. Trescott, Maury, Judge Longstreet, Bagby, Hope, Caruthers, Strother, Benton, Wirt, J. R. Thompson, Burke, and many others. Most of the Northern group greatly increased their fame after the war; while Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and Whitman all outlived Lanier, the youngest of the Southern group, and all these, except Longfellow and Emerson, outlived Hayne, Cooke, and Ryan, the last of the Southern group. Lanier, the youngest of the Southern group, received his inspiration, training, and culture under the Old South and fought to maintain her institutions.

A careful examination of the literature of the Old South will show that nowhere outside of Massachusetts at the North was there deeper interest or greater activity in literature than in Virginia and South Carolina. Louisiana was not much behind, but much of her literature was in the French language. There was as much literary activity in North Carolina as was to be found in Rhode Island, as much in Georgia as was to be found in Connecticut, as much in Alabama as was to be found in Ohio, and as much in Tennessee or Texas as was to be found in Illinois or Michigan. No higher standards of criticism were offered in the North American Review or Atlantic Monthly than were to be found in the Southern Literary Messenger and the Charleston Magazine. Poe, Simms, Legare, Thompson, G. H. Miles, Hayne, Lanier, and others at the South equaled the very leaders at the North in sound literary criticism. Hamilton W. Mabie, of New York, admits that "the love of letters for their own sake was probably stronger in the Old South than in New England, where ethical and religious questions made literature as literature a matter of secondary importance. But the textbooks on history and literature, as well as the publishers generally, have seemingly conspired together to suppress the truth about the South's contributions to art, science, and literature. They tried to do the same thing with Poe and filled their halls of fame with many less worthy from the North until the outside world rescued him from the conspiracy. The textbooks always speak of the intemperance of Poe, but they do not take this into account when Webster is compared to Calhoun and Hayne. Regardless of Webster's intemperance, loose morals, and inconsistencies, he is given more space in the textbooks than all of the Southern orators and statesmen, from Washington to Grady, combined.

The very fact that most of the leading literary men of the South led more strictly literary lives than their Northern contemporaries ought to give them a distinguished if not a unique place in American literature. Few men up to that time in this country had tried to live by pure literature alone; but Poe, Simms, Hayne, Timrod, Cooke, and, we might almost say, Lanier hardly ever earned a dollar except by their literary products and at times under the most trying circum-

stances. Irving, Emerson, Longfellow, Bryant, Hawthorne, Lowell, and other leaders at the North had other professions, were antislavery agitators, editors, or held political posts under the government. There existed at that time in the North, as well as at the South, a sentiment against authorship as a profession, and Irving, Bryant, Lowell, and others at the North began their careers as lawyers.

When we remember that America has no very great literature, that we have not produced a real national poet unless it be Poe, that New England has not produced an author of the first or second rank of world writers, and that we have overlooked much that is weak in the leading writers of the North and have written and spoken of their works with much charity, we will be much better able to arrive at a fair estimate of the South's literature.

The charge that the Southern writers are, when compared to the writers of the North, "surprisingly imitative" is an unjust charge and without foundation. Tennyson well said: "Your Bryant, Whittier, and others are pigmies compared with Poe. He is the literary glory of America." A careful comparative study will show that there is more imitation in Longfellow's works than in the works of Paul Hayne, as much imitation in the works of Bryant and Holmes as there is in the works of Timrod and Ryan, and there is as much imitation in the works of Emerson or Lowell as there is in Lanier's works. Of the three real original American poets—Poe, Whitman, and Lanier—the South has furnished two. And the influence of Poe on American as well as European literature is greater than that of all other American writers combined. Kennedy, Simms, and Cooke were no worse in their imitation than Irving and Cooper. These prose writers, North and South, were influenced by English writers, but each had his original qualities. Though Kennedy wrote less, he wrote as well as Irving; while Simms rarely fell below Cooper and often surpassed him. Simms certainly surpassed Cooper in range, versatility, and productiveness, as he often did in vivid description and in the faithful portrayal of Indian character. Both wrote too much to write with great care. Trent, the biographer of Simms, has been to him what Griswold was to Poe. He condemns the South, and especially Carolina, for her neglect of Simms and all along says that Simms was not worth noticing. He makes light of the poetry of Simms and proceeds to give us much worse poetry of his own. He forgets that Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne, and other Northern writers complained of the North's neglect of their efforts. The South, with its small white population, could hardly be expected to support an extensive literature. Besides, the South's wider knowledge of the best of European literature made her more critical than the North. The Southern critic never compared her literary men to the leaders of Europe, because her literary tastes were better; while New England compares Whittier to Burns, Longfellow to Tennyson, Emerson to Plato, and Lowell to Carlyle. Of course these are childish comparisons and may do as much harm as good.

The time has come when there ought to be an honest comparative study of the literature of the Old South, not with that of England, but with that of the North. Compare Paul H. Hayne with Longfellow and Bryant, Timrod with Bryant and Whittier, and Lanier with Emerson and Lowell. The poetry of the South is generally æsthetic or political in motive, while that of the North is more often ethical or religious. Both love nature, but the South touches its brighter side; while the North, influenced by Puritanism, dwells on its gloomier aspects. Theology, transcendentalism, and slavery in turn dominated the literature of the North, while the leading Southern writers stand out in strong isolated individuality. The Southern poets did not aspire to the rôle of social or religious reformers. Their only ties were a common love for their country and a devotion to art. For this reason we may well call them more cosmopolitan than the Northern group. "Profound meditativeness" is not a quality belonging to any of our poets. None of them have drunk very "deep," but neither did Robert Burns.

Hayne is at times pensive, but so are both Longfellow and Bryant. He is at times diffuse, probably his greatest fault, but both Longfellow and Bryant are diffuse. Hayne is rarely hortatory, while both Bryant and Longfellow often preach. Hayne certainly surpasses either Longfellow or Bryant as a sonnet writer, and he used the sonnet to splendid effect in restraint of his diffuseness. Hayne has other faults, but, excluding Poe, they were common to the best poetry of the times in this country. No other contemporary American poet, however, touched nature so often and so well as Hayne. It was this phase of his work that caused Onderdonk to call him the "Woodland Minstrel of America." Ludwig Lewisohn calls Hayne's "Daphels" the "finest narrative poem ever written in this country." So does Jerome Stockard. Hubner, in his "Representative Southern Poets," says: "Tennyson spoke of him as the finest sonnet writer in America, Grimm of Germany praised him enthusiastically, and Victor Hugo placed him in the front rank of American poets." Painter, in his "Poets of the South," places Timrod, Hayne, and Lanier with the best in this country; while Wauchope, in his "Writers of South Carolina," considers Hayne and Timrod in the front rank of American poets. Maurice Thompson, in speaking of Copse Hill, the home of Hayne after the war, says: "You cannot realize that here lives one of the most famous poets in the world, Paul H. Hayne, the friend and peer of Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier." Whipple, of Boston, praised the poetry of Hayne enthusiastically and compared him to William Morris, of England. In indorsing what Whipple had said, Bryant wrote: "This is very high praise, but it is well merited, and Mr. Hayne is even more happy in his lyrical than in his narrative poems. Grace, tenderness, and truth are characteristic of them all."

Abernathy, of New York, in his "Southern Poets," says: "No list of American poets can be complete without the names of Timrod, Hayne, and Lanier, and no school serves the interests of its pupils properly that fails to introduce them to these poets with the other accepted poets of our land." He also gives them a place in his recent "American Literature," and, while fair, he is entirely too brief. Longfellow said: "The time will surely come when Timrod's poems will have a place in every home of culture in our country." Hamilton W. Mabie, in an editorial in the Outlook for December 2, 1899, approved what Professor Thornton, of the University of Virginia, had said in claiming for Poe, Timrod, and Lanier a place in "American Literature" equal to that given to Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier. In Volume LXVIII. of the Outlook Mr. Mabie again says: "The provincialism of thought in Timrod disappears, the thinness of temperament in Emerson, the rigidity of Bryant, the lack of variety in Whittier, the didacticism of Lowell—all these elements of weakness in American poetry disappear in the large elemental movement of imagination in the 'Marshes of Glynn' by Lanier." He also calls Timrod's "Cotton Boll" and Lanier's "Sunrise" "among the most original achievements in American poetry." Many leading critics in this country and in Europe consider Lanier, after Poe, America's greatest poet.

The poetry of Ryan has been less frequently touched by the

critics. He is, like Longfellow, a household poet and is more generally read than any other poet from the South except Poe. His poetry was generally simple, clear, spontaneous, and full of melody. The fact that his poems have passed into numerous editions is evidence of their popularity.

Now let us see how the Northern textbooks on American literature have treated the leading Southern writers. Mrs. Leigh was certainly justified in condemning the textbook of Brander Matthews on American literature as being unfair to the South. He treats Lanier and Timrod together and gives them three lines, but does not even mention Paul Hayne or Ryan. On the other hand, he gives the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" one whole page. Mrs. Stowe certainly does not deserve any more space in a textbook on American literature than the author of "Leopard's Spots." Matthews gives Halleck, Drake, and Thoreau ten pages each and Cooper thirteen pages, while he gives Simms only four lines. He gives Irving sixteen pages and only three lines to Kennedy. Matthews is a good example, and his book is complete evidence that some of the Northern schools are yet in a bad way for lack of efficient, unselfish, and broad-minded teachers.

Stedman, from whom most of the others have copied, Wendell, Richardson, Pancoast, Pattee, Noble, Irish, Painter, Beers, Hawthorne, Newcomer, Smiley, Trent, and Abernathy are the names of a few text writers who show this same spirit. Most of these text writers follow some old out-of-date anthology, encyclopedia, or textbook written when sectional hate at the North was too strong to brook anything like fairness. I seriously doubt if ten per cent of them ever read a dozen pages each from the works of Kennedy, Simms, Hayne, Timrod, or Cooke, and but few have studied Lanier. Abernathy, one of the fairest and one of the most recent, gives all Southern writers about forty pages in a textbook of five hundred pages. He gives Franklin as much space as he gives Poe. He gives Simms two pages, while he gives Thoreau five and Cooper eleven. He gives Webster eleven pages and Clay and Calhoun together about three lines. He gives Everett, Choate, Phillips, and Sumner about one page each and does not even mention Lowndes, Cheeves, Randolph, Legare, W. C. Preston, Benton, R. Y. Hayne, Petigru, McDuffie, Davis, Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin Hill, Benjamin, Yancey, Lamar, Curry, Gordon, or Grady. Though he speaks of the present writers of the South as "representing the finest story-telling of our times," he gives Howells, of New York, more space than all of them combined. Even if Cooke did say that Howells and the realists had superseded him in public favor as a novelist, I still prefer his "Virginia Comedians" to anything Howells ever wrote. There has been a reaction against the realists as well as the idealists.

Stedman gives Timrod and Hayne about five lines each, while he gives Whitman fifty pages. Wendell gives Hayne one page, Holmes seventeen, and Whittier eleven; he gives Simms two pages and Brocden Brown eleven pages. Richardson gives Simms four pages and Cooper forty. "Masterpieces of American Literature," a book used as a text, has no place for even Poe, but includes O'Reilly's poem on the "angelic" Puritans. Newcomer, from the West, while he warns us in his preface against the local and personal influences of the Eastern authors on the Eastern text writers, is equally unfair to the South. He gives Bayard Taylor as much space as he gives Hayne, Timrod, and Lanier combined; while he gives Brocden Brown six pages, Thoreau eleven, and only ten lines to Simms. This sectionalism and ignorance does not stop with the textbooks; it is found in nearly all the works on history and literature which emanate from the North. The New International Encyclopedia gives as much space to John Brown, the traitor and murderer, as it gives to Toombs, Yancey, or Alexander Stephens; it gives as much space to John L. Sullivan, the Boston prize fighter, as it gives to Zeb Vance or Henry W. Grady, and has no place for such authors as William J. Grayson and James Barron Hope. This work is a living monument to the literary tastes and scholarship of its editors. The Columbia Encyclopedia gives as much space to old John Brown as it gives to Jefferson Davis. These are but a few instances that might be mentioned and are good examples of the scholarship, patriotism, and broad-mindedness of people who claim to be the only true lovers of the Union.

It will appear from the few estimates of the many that might be given that there is at least a difference of opinion as to the place the leading Southern writers ought to be given in our literature. The same difference of opinion exists as to Whitman, but he is always treated at length, even by his enemies. This slighting of Southern literature comes, I believe, chiefly from pure ignorance. I will venture to say that at least ninety per cent of the teachers and students at the North, all the way from the public schools to the universities, have never even heard the names of a majority of these leading Southern writers. Yet the Northern text writers, teachers, and college men, like the old darky's politician, "give themselves pow'ful reputations" as scholars.

A textbook which finds a place to discuss such poets as Freneau, Halleck, Drake, Story, Woodworth, Willis, Reade, Stedman, Aldrich, Gilder, Holland, Hay, Carleton, and others at the North should give equal space to Richard Dabney, William Mumford, Pinckney, Shaw, Key, W. J. Grayson, Wilde, F. O. Ticknor, Meek, O'Hara, L. P. Canonge, A. Mercier, Hope, J. R. and Maurice Thompson, G. H. Miles, T. A. S. Adams, Randall, Chivers, Requier, Flash, the Rouquettes, Irwin Russell, T. H. Hill, Bonner, and others from the South. There is no more imitation in the works of the minor Southern writers than in the works of the minor writers of the North. Grayson's "Chicora" and Meek's "Red Eagle" are the second and third best poems on the American Indian, though both are nearly unknown. The works of St. George Tucker, George H. Tucker, Beverly Tucker, William Elliott, Wirt, Caruthers, F. R. Goulding, Weems, Strother (Porte Crayon), and others at the South are as good and as interesting as the works of Brocden Brown, Thoreau, Dana Hale, Boker, Mitchell, and others at the North. I can name a dozen women writers of the Old South equal to Mrs. Stowe, but not one of them is ever mentioned in the textbooks. The South furnished several prominent historians of that period, and her humorists certainly surpass any that any other section produced during the same time. It is very rare that the names of any of the Southern historians or humorists are mentioned in the textbooks.

If, after an impartial and careful study of the literature of the South, it is found that she does not deserve the credit here demanded, even then she ought not to be condemned. The progressive and democratic West has no great literature. According to population, the Old South needed only two leading writers to equal the North. I feel sure they can be found in Poe, Kennedy, Simms, Hayne, Timrod, and Lanier.

"In the future some historian shall come forth, brave and wise,
With the love of the republic and the truth before his eyes.
He will hold the scales of justice, he will measure praise with blame;
And the South shall stand his verdict, and stand it without shame."

THE NASHVILLE CONVENTION OF 1850.

BY FARRAR NEWBERRY, ARKADELPHIA, ARK.

The intended virtues of this story are twofold—namely, that it treats the fact that old McKendree Church, central home of Southern Methodism, has sheltered gatherings other than those of a religious nature; and that it treats of a convention hitherto scarcely known even by the scholarship of the South. Only one or two articles on the Nashville convention of 1850 have ever graced the printed page.

It is not the purpose of this article to review the history of the period, except incidentally, nor to go into a detailed account of the discussions that took place in the convention itself; but rather to show how far this project of Calhoun and the State of Mississippi succeeded in its purpose and how far it failed.

The convention was the result of Congressional discussions. The subject of slavery was debated vigorously in the 1848-49 session, and very early a caucus of sixty-nine Southern members was called, the outcome of whose discussion was an "address to the people of the Southern States," issued in January, 1849. This paper was a plea for unity "among ourselves" for the purpose of resisting any application of the Wilmot proviso and for other purposes. This "address" strongly hinted at the idea of a convention of Southern representative men as probably a necessary future resort. It was published in the leading newspapers of the South, usually with favorable comment. More and more the question whether the Southern States should join together to resist their aggressive and, as they thought, greedy neighbors came to be discussed throughout the section. Even the few religious papers warmly championed a convention, and the actions of the legislatures, so nearly uniform in note and purpose, indicated the widespread and general dissatisfaction existent.

The first definite movement outside of South Carolina, where Calhoun was dominant, having in view the crystallization of this sentiment into some definite outline, took place in May, 1849, just after the publication of the "address," when there gathered at Jackson, Miss., a meeting of citizens for the stated purpose of "protesting against the policy of Congress." This gathering issued a call for a State convention to meet in October of that same year to "consider the threatening relations between the North and South." This State convention, which met in October, was largely attended and took on a semblance of authority and prestige. It was the united expression of Mississippi Democrats, and of many Whigs as well, of their disapproval of national management. The chairman of this meeting was none other than Judge William L. Sharkey, Chief Justice of the State and a Whig.

The chief act of this convention was the issuance of a call to the people of the South to send delegates to meet at Nashville, Tenn., the following June with a view and hope "of arresting the course of aggression." It stated that, "should the convention be unable to secure the proper redress," the legislatures of the injured States should call "still more solemn conventions, whose members should be chosen by the people to deliberate, speak, and act with the sovereign power of the people."

The mixed sentiment in the newspaper discussions of the period between the Mississippi gathering and the Nashville convention and the lack of regularity in the election of delegates in the different States do not give one a very high impression of the body. The governors in their messages to their legislatures sounded, for the most part, a note of fear and expressed the hope of some kind of preconvention adjustment. Nevertheless, mass meetings were held all over the South, most of which expressed themselves as radically in favor of the convention's meeting and the adoption by it of a definite program of resistance. But sentiment in Nashville did not strongly favor it. On June 1 some citizens held a meeting at the courthouse to consider the Clay measure, just introduced in Congress, and resolved that "it is the sense of this meeting that the provisions of said resolutions offer as fair and equitable adjustment of the dangerous questions as their embarrassing nature admits of." This meeting closed with a toast and three cheers for the Union. So we might say that the Nashville convention was a child come to be nursed at the breast of an unwilling parent.

Delegates began to arrive at Nashville the next day (June 2), and it was decided to meet in McKendree Church, probably because it was the best available place and maybe to give the meeting some kind of "sanctification." Hon. A. V. Brown, of Mississippi, called it to order on June 3, and Judge Sharkey was made chairman of the convention. Ex-Governor McDonald, of Georgia, was vice president.



M'KENDREE CHURCH IN 1850.

Perhaps Judge Sharkey sounded the keynote of the convention's purpose in his speech accepting the presidency. He stated that its purpose was to obtain relief from the "violations of the Constitution which the North had made and to perpetuate the Union, not to destroy it." His speech was marked by noticeable brevity. To the fanaticism of many persons, both North and South, who took the convention to be the immediate forum for expressions of rabid radicalism the Judge's published speech came with a shock of surprise, if not of disappointment.

The second day's session was taken up with the presentation of their credentials by the delegates. Among the representatives of nine of the Southern States were many widely known and influential men. In addition to Judge Sharkey, there were present men like Governor Henderson, of Texas; Ex-Governor McDonald, of Georgia; Judge Wilkinson, of Mississippi; General Pillow, of Tennessee; Colonel Pickens, of South Carolina; General Walker and John A. Campbell, of Alabama; and the venerable Chêves, of South Carolina, the compatriot and rival forty years before of Calhoun and Clay, who had not left for a quarter of a century the quiet of private life—men of the very highest reputation in their States, of broad views, and of the strictest integrity. The presence and counsel of men of this type would give dignity to any meeting.

The opening of the third day's session brings us to the first discussion of any importance in the carrying out of the convention's purpose. Mr. Campbell, of Alabama, had prepared resolutions and now read them. His sentences were marked by prudence and caution. They were condemnatory of the Wilmot proviso, but advised no method of resistance, in the

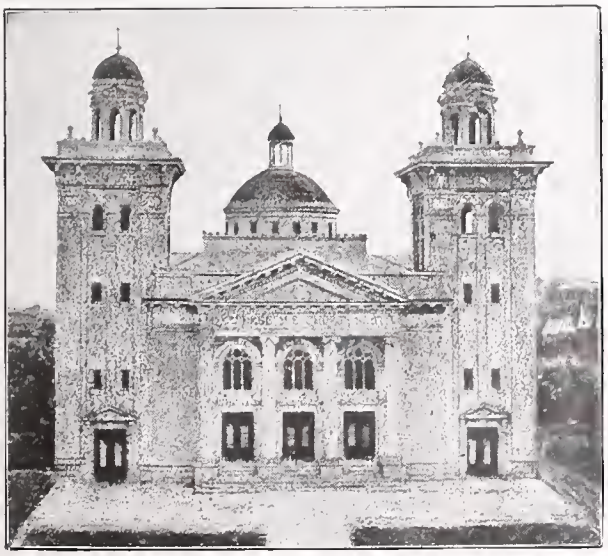
confident hope that Congress would not adjourn without a settlement satisfactory to the South. "The territories of the United States belong to the people of the several States. * * * Whatever the States call property the Federal government should recognize as such. On this principle alone will the difficulties under which the South labors be removed." The resolution predicted that the controversy would be peaceably ended.

Fortunate it would have been if all the delegates had agreed with Mr. Campbell. The Whigs in the convention were in no mood to accept bodily and without dispute the Democratic theories. Perhaps the most heated debate took place on June 10 over resolutions relating to the more stringent enforcement of the fugitive slave law. The wrangle lasted for several hours, until the prospect for any united action seemed dim indeed. The more sanguine heroically threw themselves into the breach and urged the blotting out of all party lines in the South, when Colonel Colquitt, one of the more radical of the delegates, suddenly sprang to his feet and cried out that all should "go to molding bullets for the common cause." However, the factions were brought together on the following resolutions, which were the outcome of the convention: "The States have equal rights in the territories. The Wilmot proviso is unconstitutional. The fugitive slave law must be enforced. We must meet again after Congress adjourns. The States are urged to send accredited delegates to this meeting. The dignity and importance of the situation make this convention no ordinary meeting. The Constitution must be preserved."

The convention adjourned June 12. Old McKendree Church, center and pride of Southern Methodism then as now, took on the added significance of historic interest.

The weeks following the adjournment were a period of suspense to Southern leadership. Nor did the feeling die out when Fillmore succeeded Taylor and signed the last of the compromise measures of Henry Clay. Thousands in the South had hoped that these measures would fail of passage, that the South would thereupon secede and set up an independent government. The obstinance of Southern proslavery enthusiasts was met by an equal obstinancy at the North.

On the other hand, the dominant, though for a while suppressed, sentiment of the Southern people was heartily in favor of the compromise. Beyond a doubt, if we may take the editorials in both secular and religious papers as authoritative, there was an undercurrent of patriotism below the Mason and Dixon line that wished and hoped that the sharpening ax of sectionalism might now be forever buried. So that we might say there was no need for another meeting of the Nashville convention called by the resolutions of the June meeting for the sixth Monday after the adjournment of Congress.



M'KENDREE CHURCH AT THE PRESENT TIME.

The more radical of the delegates, however, were anxious to get together again; and on November 11 a handful of men met, this time in the Christian church, and, "including spectators, numbered ninety-five persons, a slim body to pose as the atlas of the South." Several of the States were not represented at all, and some of those who did come were there for the purpose of keeping down radical action. In the absence of Judge Sharkey, Governor McDonald presided and was elected president. He said: "The hope that our labors of June would cause the whole matter to be remedied and cause peace to be restored has been miserably shattered. * * * Unless it [the Constitution] be restored from the violent machinations of these men [the North], it will be destroyed. I do not speak to excite sentiment. It requires wisdom, moderation, and courage to meet the crisis. Shall we sit quietly, seeing the approaching dissolution, and adopt no measures of safety if it must come? No; we must guard ourselves in so just a cause."

The session adjourned on the 18th. Its resolutions expressed an attachment to a constitutional Union, but emphatically declared the right of any State to secede. They recommended a bigger Southern convention, to meet at Montgomery, Ala., at some time in the near future. The fatal inability and lack of authorization of this session of the Nashville convention was thus revealed in its implied admission of its own failure adequately to represent the "cause" in whose name it was assembled.

Extreme, however, as the adjourned session doubtless was, yet the preamble to its set of resolutions stated that "we make no aggressive move; we stand upon the defensive." Through it all, though, we cannot but detect the muttered determination of this handful of men who claimed they were brave enough to come back to Nashville, even if others were not. Let it be said that the Tennessee delegation, headed by General Pillow, protested with all their might against the adoption of the resolutions, calling them "unhallowed and unworthy of Southern men." And five days after adjournment they held a great mass meeting at Nashville, which was characterized by "unanimity and great enthusiasm," led by such distinguished men as Andrew Ewing and A. J. Donelson.

The adjourned session of the convention threw a shadow over the June assembly, which itself was dignified and imposing. It is safe to say that not one-tenth per cent of the Southern leaders were in sympathy with it. It was but the refuge of a still frightened band who thought they foresaw the doom of the South's interests in the Union. It was the June meeting that, influencing the passage of the compromise measure of the great Kentuckian, postponed for ten years the greatest war in history. If the counsel of the leaders in that June assembly had been consistently followed, that war would never have been fought.

The original McKendree Church was dedicated by Bishop McKendree in October, 1833. The present handsome structure was erected on the same site after the burning of the old church, in 1905. Bishop McKendree preached his first sermon in Nashville in October, 1800, and his last in the same city on October 24, 1834.

THE CHEAT MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

BY LIEUT. P. S. HAGY, ABINGDON, VA.

With much interest I read Capt. A. C. Jones's two articles, appearing in the VETERAN for July and August, on the failure of the mountain campaign. The campaign against the Federal forces under General Reynolds, that were stationed on Cheat Mountain, by the Confederate forces under the command of General Jackson, located at Camp Bartow, on Greenbrier River, in the summer of 1861, although I was an active participant, has been but imperfectly understood by me, as I know it has by others; with me from the fact that immediately on my return to camp from the expedition I was stricken with typhoid fever, removed from camp, and was absent from my command many weeks, and on my return to duty other interests were foremost. Upon inquiry as to why the enterprise failed, I was told that the expeditionary force under Colonel Rust, who was to begin the attack on the rear of the enemy, was eleven miles out of place at the time. Captain Jones elucidates all this in his description of the two Rust campaigns. It is with the first of these that this article will deal, and through the columns of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN I shall try to throw some light on the opposite side from that given by Captain Jones.

The Confederate army stationed at Camp Bartow was made up of several regiments of men guarding against a superior Federal force on Cheat Mountain, in Northwest Virginia, with Cheat River in its front. Both camps were located on the northwestern turnpike and about thirteen miles apart. Between the two camps the country was rough and mountainous, and after leaving Bear Creek, in the neighborhood of Camp Bartow, there was but one habitation along the pike up to where the Federals were located. This was a point known as Slavin's cabin, a small affair, in an open place surrounded by two or three acres of tillable mountain land and about halfway between the two camps. It was held as a sort of neutral ground by both sides, and it was often the scene of ambuscades by one or the other party. This cabin is also known in Virginia history as being a point contested in the legislature of the State for the location of the aforesaid turnpike, whether it should be located by Slavin's cabin or on another route some of the legislature advocated. After crossing Bear Creek, going toward the Federal camp, much of the road is located and graded along the sides of mountains, and often in its course it forms acute angles.

During the day of August 14 I received an order from Col. Samuel V. Fulkerson, commanding the 37th Virginia Regiment, to report, with twenty-five men of the regiment, that evening at guard mount to General Jackson at his headquarters. By Colonel Fulkerson's permission I took them from my company (Company F, 37th Virginia), that number readily volunteering for the service, and reported as ordered. Arriving at headquarters, we found already there twenty-five Georgians, who were under the same orders. I was taken into General Jackson's tent and by him introduced to a captain, one of his staff officers, who was placed in command of the two waiting detachments, myself subject to his orders. General Jackson gave us verbal orders to proceed with the detail of pickets up the turnpike to their main camp, to remain there until dark enveloped our movements, when we were to move to the outer pickets on the pike, and, after passing them, to continue up the road, using diligence and caution in our advance, avoiding any contact with detached parties of the enemy if possible, but to have the way clear of the enemy's pickets by daylight the next morning. "But," said he, "if you get into serious trouble, you will have help close at hand." This, if not verbatim, was the substance of our orders.

There was much rain during the entire night. On leaving our outer pickets the Virginia detachment was placed in front, and a spy company of nine men was sent ahead, three on each side of the road where practicable and three to move ahead in the road. In this formation we began to ascend the side of a mountain, our road leading up a gorge where the pike made an acute turn to our left. Arriving at the apex of the turn, the head of the column was halted, the captain wanting to go forward to speak with the spy company. The Virginians were acquainted with the course of the road, while the Georgians were not. When the captain had gone forward fifty or more yards, he was then about even with the rear of the column and on considerably higher ground than they were. Hearing his movement above them, and the light being insufficient to detect its cause, the men in the rear thought it was the supposed enemy in ambush, and so they prepared at once for action, and only with some difficulty did we bring them to a right understanding and prevent a catastrophe.

About this time word came back from the spy company that they believed there was an ambuscade ahead. Whereupon the captain and I held a consultation as to the bearing and intent of our orders, he contending that the part to "avoid any contact with detached parties of the enemy if possible" was paramount to any other part of the orders under which we were operating; while it was contended on the other hand that to "have the way clear by daylight of the enemy's pickets" was our supreme duty. Besides, should we get into trouble, we would soon have assistance, and should we not go forward we would be disobeying orders. However, the captain assumed the responsibility, about-faced us, and we moved back down the road the way we had come. The change of direction placed the Georgians in front, and we had gone back only a short distance when our column butted up against the head of the column of the advancing army, with Gen. Edward Johnson at its head. We were peremptorily challenged, and when "Old Ned," as we used to call him, ascertained the cause and reason of our presence before him the atmosphere began to change from a dark, obscure gloom to that of a deep blue. Any one now living who was acquainted with that stout soldier can better imagine what then and there took place than I can describe it. We were turned back and given ample warning that if we did not have the way clear according to orders we would experience the good effects of a court-martial.

After this incident we made rapid progress up the turnpike, and when we had passed Slavin's cabin we considered that we were on the enemy's end of the road. At the indication of the approach of day General Johnson came up, formed us eight abreast, and gave us orders to shoot at any one we saw in our front. Said he: "We have no friends up this way; they are all enemies."

The foggy, dreary, wet morning opened on us, allowing only sufficient light to discern the form of a man fifty or seventy-five yards away. On turning the spur of a mountain William G. Lowry, the right file of the first eight, exclaimed: "Yonder stands a man!" I gave the order to fire, and just at the report of the guns my eyes caught the form of a sentinel several yards ahead, apparently standing with his head leaning on his gun and with a blanket thrown over his shoulders. At the report of the guns his blanket went one way and his gun another, and he plunged down the side of the mountain where it was quite steep. Realizing that the report of the guns would alarm the main guard of the enemy

in their headquarters camp and that our safety to some extent depended on our ability to demoralize them before they could prepare to make a stand to resist us, I gave the order to charge. We went forward, cheering and yelling like demons, well seconded by the Georgians, until the noise we made, reverberating through the hills and mountain at that hour in the morning, proved too much for them, and the whole guard broke into precipitate flight for the security of their fortified camp. Their course lay along the face of the mountain to our right, and the angle in the road brought them some closer to us than the point they started from, thus enabling us to halt and give them a volley or two that very much accelerated their movements. We followed hastily after them, but they did not stop until they were safely in their works on Cheat Mountain.

We continued the pursuit up to the high ground on the eastern bank of the river overlooking the encampment of the Federal army, where we had a good view, in easy cannon shot, of the tumult they were thrown into by our unceremonious morning call. The army soon came up and formed in line of battle on the high ground spoken of, and it was evidently thought that we were going to attack at once, and that was our intention had we heard the guns of the expeditionary force that was to first attack the enemy in their camp that morning at daylight.

The army remained in line of battle until late in the morning; and there being no sound of the guns of our friends in the enemy's rear, we drew off, were formed into column, and marched back to our quarters at Camp Bartow, a wayworn and bedraggled set of men full of fight and deep disappointment.

FISHER'S HILL.

BY P. J. RAST, ROSEBUD, TEX.

The communication in the November VETERAN from I. G. Bradwell is interesting and, I believe, as accurate as could be written after this lapse of time. Of Fisher's Hill he writes: "The right and center made some resistance and then gave way." These troops did not give way, but were ordered to retire and to hurry. It was necessary that they should do so to avoid capture. The army was in a *cul-de-sac,* formed by the Shenandoah River on one side and Sheridan's army on the other. While these troops were setting the pace for jack rabbits, the 3d Alabama Regiment and one battery, under Major Nelson, were engaged in an unequal conflict, holding open the only avenue of escape.

About fourteen years ago I met Governor Jones, of Alabama; and on remarking that his features were familiar when he served on Gordon's staff and I tramped in the ranks of the 3d Alabama, he replied: "Your regiment saved the army at Fisher's Hill." This led to a discussion of the battle, and our views were in harmony on every material fact. We agreed that the misinformation and erroneous impression about the battle should be corrected and that I should write an account, and he would revise my work. I came to Texas not a great while after, and the duty was neglected, except that I made some notes which I did not submit. I shall now use these old notes.

Early's attenuated line extended from the Shenandoah River on the right to the mountains on the left. The line was made to conform to the ridge, which placed the left a considerable distance farther to the rear than the right. The formation was from right to left—Taliaferro, Gordon, Pegram (successor to Ramseur), Ramseur (that day assigned to Rodes's Division), Battle's Brigade, on the extreme left of the infantry. The cavalry covered the distance from Battle's left to the mountains, a mile or more.

Sheridan made a demonstration along the entire line, and an attack on the front and rear of the left of the cavalry swept them back and proceeded to telescope the line. Cox's North Carolina Brigade was hurried from the right of the division to the point of danger on the left, but was not allowed to attack, being ordered to retire and form some distance in the rear. Early came from Cox's position and in person ordered Battle to retire and then rode to Cook's Brigade. He was unattended. His staff was no doubt on the right delivering orders for the withdrawal of the troops on that part of the line. As Battle retired he filed in the rear of Major Nelson, who, with one battery, had changed front to the left and was making a desperate effort to check the advancing enemy. He appealed for help to Battle, who did not feel at liberty entirely to ignore his orders, but consented to allow Forsythe, with the 3d Alabama Regiment, to make a diversion. The regiment moved a short distance to the left, advanced, and struck the enemy in the flank, forcing them to change front. This relieved the pressure on Nelson and probably saved the battery from capture.

We had been in action only a few minutes when Ramseur came up at break-neck speed. Informed as to the identity of the regiment, he shouted: "The right men always in the right place!" This meant, "Hold the position." He then returned hurriedly to the right to extricate troops still in the cordon.

The contending lines occupied positions in the woods, with a field intervening, about sixty yards across. The enemy showed no disposition to charge across this field, but preferred to shoot it out. This was satisfactory to us, as they were in sufficient force to have swept us away without a halt; but the woods concealed our weakness, and our audacity may have created a suspicion that Jubal had a card up his sleeve. This position was hardly more than three hundred yards from the road, nearly a mile in the rear of Gordon's position and farther from Taliaferro's. The record-breaking speed of the troops enabled the small force to hold the gap open until all had passed. The regiment fought to save Nelson's Battery, but wrought better than they reckoned. When the affair was over, many anxiously inquired of its fate and were gratified to learn that it had been seen to pass out, the old game cock seated on a caisson, wounded, waving his beegum (cap) in salute as he passed the regiment.

Early in the evening Early was informed of the enemy's move across the mountains to reach his rear, but he must have concluded that they could not make the distance in time for an attack before the next morning; otherwise he would hardly have failed to strengthen his left, even if at the expense of the right. Defeat on the right would not have been serious, while on the left it threatened destruction. The last effort to destroy Early's army was by a charge of the enemy's cavalry. This was promptly repulsed by General Ramseur with Cox's and Battle's Brigades. It was important to establish a line for the disorganized troops to rally on, but it was still more important to prevent their interception. This should not have been left to chance. One of the available brigades should have been used for that purpose.

Sheridan's tactics clearly indicated that it was not his intention to break the right and center of our line. The pressure on that part of the line was not to break but to hold it in

position, to be caught like rats in a trap. There was no pursuit, and if any effort was made to rally the troops it was by subalterns that did not understand the situation. It is more than probable that any other regiment and battery under the same handling and under the same fortuitous circumstances would have been equally as efficient in checking the enemy at the crucial moment as those to whom fate or accident assigned the duty, and it is certain that if the fortunate commands had been on the right they would not have remained to be captured when the running was good and the door to the trap was open. It was the duty of some to fight and of others to run. The performance of duty is never ignoble, whatever may be the character of the work assigned.

At the beginning of the battle the troops were in good spirits, but before it ended they had lost confidence in the commander and were demoralized. Under Gordon it "came back and never after failed to meet every demand." On the last march of the army it covered the retreat, and in the retrograde battle of fourteen miles (General Humphrey's estimate), ending at Sailor's Creek, its conduct so impressed General Ewell that he declared "he had never witnessed sueh gallantry on any battle field." Whether it was gallantry or desperation, produced by hunger, fatigue, and loss of sleep, that made the repose of death seem preferable to its agony, the fact was established (Ewell as authority, and on the question involved there was none higher) that the 2d Corps had not only "come back" but had eclipsed its own brilliant reeord under Jackson.

W. E. Bozeman, who was a member of the 3d Alabama Regiment and participated in the battle of Fisher's Hill, concurs in the foregoing report.

STORMING MARYLAND HEIGHTS.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

The year 1862 was the high-water mark of the Confederacy. After disposing of McClellan before Richmond and the boasting Pope at Second Manassas, General Lee in the August following turned his attention to the Maryland campaign, and the capture of Harper's Ferry was the crowning chapter of this short, sharp, and decisive work.

Jackson, in command of the venture, was on Bolivar Heights, on the Virginia side; Walker's Division was posted on Loudoun Heights, in Loudoun County; while the storming of Maryland Heights, overlooking the town on the Maryland side, was assigned to Barksdale and Kershaw's Brigades. Four regiments of Mississippi infantry, the 13th, 17th, 18th, and 21st, were under command of Gen. William Barksdale, who had succeeded General Griffith, killed before Richmond on the 29th of June before. General Kershaw was in command of four South Carolina regiments that took the backbone of the ridge on the Heights as their part of charging the fort at the declivity overlooking the Ferry, while Barksdale was given the left flank to assail the Ohio command in charge of the fort. Barksdale was later killed at Gettysburg, and General Humphries, of the 21st, succeeded him. Griffith was adjutant of Davis's 1st Mississippi Riflemen in the Mexican War. After this victory, Walker was sent to the Trans-Mississippi Department and commanded a Texas division that made history in the defeat of Banks at Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, in Louisiana, in 1864.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September we took position after an all night's climb up the Heights. Our position under Barksdale we thought the harder part, as we had to climb great bowlders piled one above the other in careless confusion. When in the greatest peril there is always some wag to think up funny things. Eb Robinson, of my company, said: "This must be Mount Ararat, up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky." Bill Day, the Irish wag, replied: "No, there ain't ary rat here; it is too high and dry."

I was sergeant and file closer, my duty being to keep the files well aligned. While I was myself considerably shaken at the idea of scrambling over great bowlders, having to plaee our guns on them and climb up to them in the charge, one of the boys halted, when, looking up, he saw the muzzles of the enemy's guns pointing down at us and turned pale and said he could go no farther; but a cry from a skulker in our rear, who had weakened and turned back, showed that those who were not well up in line were in more danger than we who were doing our duty. They were overshooting us. I called my comrade's attention to this, and we soon made a final lunge upward and found that the gallant charge of the Carolinians, led by their gamecock Kershaw, crawling through the abatis of timber in front of the fort (the Federal leader being wounded), had demoralized the opposing force, and the Federals were fleeing down the mountain side into the ferry, where the whole twelve thousand were caught in the garrison. Our loss was slight compared with that of Kershaw, for what seemed to us a forlorn hope in flanking over the rocks proved to be the safest place. When we first began the charge the Carolinians were in full view on our right, and I can see now in my mind's eye the picture of the "rice birds," as we called them, fluttering wounded in the *chevaux de frise,* yet pressing onward to victory. After we had won out Bill Day called them "sharpened sticks, shiver and freeze"; that's the way they looked and made us feel.

I asked of General Barksdale the privilege of taking a squad and following the Federals down the mountain side to see that they were well corraled into the ferry, which we did till we came to an open spot of cleared land where there was a spring and could see that they were "all in." But about this time their battery spied us over there and began dropping shells uncomfortably close to us. There was then a scattering out in my force, and we made it back to safety.

I then climbed a tall pine overhanging the river, threading the cañon away down below, and viewed the twelve thousand men stacking their arms, a most magnificent sight from a view commanding, it seemed to me, all of what is now West Virginia. Jefferson long ago went on record as saying that it was worth a visit from the Old World across the waters to enjoy this scene from Maryland Heights. It is also an interesting historic spot from the fact that it was here that old John Brown rendezvoused with his crazy crew and had his arsenal of pikes before descending on Harper's Ferry in October, 1859. Three days after our great victory there we were hurried on to Sharpsburg and went in at the Dunker Church about ten o'clock on September 17, the church where Brown gathered with his wild followers before assembling on these heights.

SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.—At the battle of Modder River an officer observed Pat taking shelter from the enemy's fire. After the engagement the officer, thinking to take Pat down a peg, said: "Well, Pat, how did you feel during the engagement?" "Feel?" said Pat. "I felt as if every hair on my head was a band of music, and they were all playing 'Home, Sweet Home.'"—*Houston Chronicle.*

THE BATTLE OF HARTSVILLE, TENN.

BY R. T. BEAN (CO. I, 8TH KENTUCKY), WICHITA, KANS.

On December 5, 1862, Morgan's command was encamped perhaps fifty miles east of Nashville, Tenn., and about half that distance from the town of Lebanon. During the day we had issued to us three days' uncooked rations with orders to have it ready for the following morning. It was good news for us, and no soldiers ever prepared for a march with keener joy than we did on this day. The following morning came none too soon, and as the sun rose clear and bright we mounted our horses and started north toward the country of the enemy, and that meant fight, quick, hot, and heavy. We had been out of Kentucky but a few months and were well clothed and mounted, though we were short on arms; some of our men had double-barreled shotguns, while others had none. The day before we broke camp we had asked General Morgan for a better supply of arms, and he told us to wait until Sunday, and we would have guns to our hearts' content, provided we could take them. Ominous words, but they brought joy instead of sorrow.

All day long we marched, and in the afternoon we left the main-traveled turnpike and hunted roads less public. During the day we overtook two regiments of infantry and shared our horses with them during the night. About ten o'clock that night we reached the Cumberland River at a point far from any traveled road and at once commenced to cross at a very winding and deep ford. Several hours were consumed in this, and in helping some of the boys I fell behind, lost the ford, and got pretty wet—in fact, so wet that my clothing froze on me, and my condition was anything but pleasant. We were now, as it afterwards developed, about ten miles from our destination—in plain words, the camp of our friends, the enemy—but, being badly chilled, we built some huge fires and thawed out to some extent. But time was precious, and we were soon in our saddles and on the march. A little later orders came down the line in subdued tones, "Silence in ranks!" and we then first realized that the enemy was a sure-enough animal, and his lair would soon be reached. We traveled slowly and O so quietly that, had our heart throbs not been badly chilled by the frigid weather and what we knew would come to a head right speedily, we could almost have heard them beat. Our gait was slow indeed, with many a halt during the last few miles, and expectancy was at its highest pitch. It was, in fact, like the noiseless tread of the tiger as he barely moves, but is ever ready for the fatal spring.

"Bang, bang, bang!" sounded directly in our front. The game was flushed, and that line of ours became at once as animated a body as was ever seen. The bugle's blast rang out the order for "double-quick" and then again for "full speed," and, pressing the spurs home, we were making the final run at our horses' best licks. As the hoofs of those fifteen hundred horses came in contact with the frozen ground at race-horse speed, it was like the roar of a mighty wind as it tore through some unbroken forest. It was wonderful; it was inspiring; it was indicative of power, strength, and numbers. Close on our heels came a thousand infantry, who, putting forth all of their speed, were fast getting into line. Passing the left wing of the enemy, we who were mounted rapidly took our places on our extreme left, leaving the enemy's left to our infantry, on our extreme right. Our column came into position on a fast run, halted, wheeled to the right, counted off into fives, gave our horses to the men who had been counted off as horse holders, took our places in front of our horses, and all who had no guns rushed along the line hunting horse holders with guns, who gladly gave them up; then, lining up at right dress, we waited for the command to move forward. I watched the formation of that line with a good deal of interest and was amazed at the perfect movements of the men. Not a mistake was made, every move being, or so it seemed, as perfect as clockwork.

As we rode into our places on a slight elevation the sun came up over the Cumberland hills bright and beautiful, and I wondered if the sun of the Cumberland would be to Morgan what the sun of Austerlitz was to Napoleon. It was Sunday morning, and a more peaceful morn never looked upon two combatants under conditions so lovely and serene as shown in that Cumberland valley in sight of the little village of Hartsville, Tenn. The enemy was plainly in sight about three-fourths of a mile away. Those in our immediate front were in a pasture of large trees with but little or no undergrowth; the enemy's left was on an elevation almost entirely free from trees, but with considerable stone, as I remember it, and these scattered rocks, with a very considerable elevation, afforded fairly good protection from the bullets of our infantry.

The order was given to advance. Off we went at a quick step, and in a few minutes the long-drawn-out "ping, p-i-n-g!" told us that the enemy's bullets were hunting Rebel lodgment; but their spent balls soon gave way to the short, sharp "zip, zip!" of a real live flesh-hunting Minie, and the fight was on in earnest.

The cannon now opened, and the shells, with their horrible, blood-curdling shrieks, were flying thick and fast. I have often wondered if there ever was a sound so villainously mean that would compare with that made by a shell turned loose at you in an open field. It is not only a shriek, but one can imagine he hears a kind of mocking laugh, a gleesome joy, a cold, heartless taunt: "I am coming, and you are mine." Awake or asleep, for days after that fight I could hear those shells and could almost see the dark, black, angry streak on its way, dealing out death and terror.

The battle was on, and five thousand muskets were belching forth their leaden messengers as regularly and as rapidly as possible. The roar was continuous and deafening, and the sameness was broken only when the cannon's roar was added to the din. Steadily we advanced, and as we pressed to the front the extreme right wing opposing us wavered and yielded ground. Our lines were about one mile in length, and when the conflict opened we were facing the east, and it fell to us at our left to break that right and double the line back on itself if possible. Directly in front of that portion of our line where I was there stood an old abandoned dwelling, and in and around that the enemy made a strong, stubborn stand; but a quick, impetuous charge drove them off. My own company, sixty-five in line, lost thirteen men (one in every five); but we had broken their formation and were determined to keep up the demoralization if it could be done.

Steadily we advanced and as steadily the enemy retired, fighting at every step of the way. They were now about twenty-five degrees out of line with their first formation, and we faced southeast. We were scattered and in anything but a formation such as regulars would have shown, but we still faced our friends, the enemy. During our attack upon the house mentioned one of our company, Wash Kemper, came to me limping and said he had been wounded. He had his gun in his hand and was able to walk, so I asked him where he was shot. He told me, and I at once directed him to the rear to find a surgeon as quickly as he could, for he was bleeding

profusely. I have often reflected upon my seeming indifference to his condition. I should have sent some one with him, but conditions were such that I let him go off alone to find a surgeon. He survived the war, but crossed over the river a few years ago, and the grave never gathered a better soldier, friend, and Christian gentleman than Wash Kemper.

As we were slowly moving and pressing the opposing column back, I often cast my eyes to the right to see what was being done in that part of the field. That line of blue still held their position, and their cannoneers on higher ground and in their rear were hurling shot and shell over their heads into the ranks of our men, until it seemed that it was impossible for life to exist before such a fire. But those men had been at Shiloh and knew what war was; and while they had not succeeded in dislodging the enemy, they gave them to understand in a most unmistakable manner that the ground they held was theirs and would remain so.

All things were working in a most satisfactory manner about me, and I felt sure that victory would be with us. In the midst of my happy thoughts some one said to me: "Bob, give me a chew of tobacco." The request both amused and surprised me. That the pangs of tobacco craving should strike one under such conditions as enveloped us was most unexpected. Turning in the direction of the voice, I saw the popular and genial J. J. White, wearing his usual smile, but his face was a sight; it was blackened almost from ear to ear, caused by his biting off the ends of paper cartridges, the only kind then used. I handed him my plug, and, filling his mouth as though he would never have a whack at another plug, he handed it back and was again as busy as ever.

At one point I was surprised to see a boy in blue lying behind a log and just in the act of leveling his gun at some one in his front. He was only about twenty-five yards from me, and a quick glance in the direction he was looking told me that my old neighbor and messmate, Lee Hathaway, would be a victim if that gun was fired. My gun was empty, but, instantly leveling it at him, I called to him in no gentle tone to drop that gun and come to me. He turned his face to me, but did not move. Again I called to him most emphatically to drop that gun, or I would blow his brains out. He obeyed me, and I sent him to the rear with one of our men. When his command fell back, he had failed to go. Just a word about friend Hathaway. I have seen men just as brave as he, but I never saw any one who showed such perfect indifference to danger. It was a comfort to be near him in battle; for his cool, quiet bearing was always reassuring to thos about him. As adjutant of Col. Dick Morgan's regiment at a later period he proved himself to be a fearless and efficient officer.

We had now turned the enemy's right until it stood about forty-five degrees south of its original position, but their left still held on like grim death. They were fighting for time to bring them help, for a brigade of thirty-five hundred men was only seven miles from us when the fight opened, and that brigade was coming at long, steady strides and would soon be on us. Those fellows in our front were fighting and praying, but neither availed in this case. Looking to my front, I saw a troop of about a dozen cavalry coming toward us some two hundred yards away. It filled my heart with joy to see them, and, hastily lining up about as many of my company, I was ready to meet them. The joy and the exhilaration of that moment were too much for expression. I was about to engage the enemy, and I was to be in full command. All at once that troop dropped out of sight, and, divining that they had gone into a ravine, we rushed rapidly to the front to meet them as they emerged on our side ready for the attack. But great was my mortification, on reaching the edge of the ravine, to see those Yanks going down it like the very old Nick was after them. It offered splendid protection, and that troop made good their escape; but I have always thought that it was a real mean Yankee trick played upon me.

But time was pressing. Reënforcements were on the way to help the other fellows, and another charge was made. This time the right was driven back to the left, and, with our bullets about them from front and rear, the whole line wavered, lost its formation, and then the white flag went up.

I have looked upon many objects in life that called forth my warmest words of admiration; have seen landscapes, both real and artificial, that seemed almost divine; have looked upon mosaics so beautiful and arranged with such skill and taste that they partook of the supernatural; but never in my life have I looked upon anything that was as beautiful, as charming, and as soul-satisfying as that white rag given to the breeze by the hand of a surrendered Yankee.

Our horses were now hurried to us, and, mounting mine, I made a bee line to a smoking camp kettle that I noticed when I made the first charge. It was still emitting steam, and the aroma from that boiling coffee was a magnet that soon landed me in that immediate neighborhood, where I found a lot of our boys who were being served by a good-natured prisoner, who assured us that the coffee was first-class, that it had been on the fire for two hours, that the strength was there, and that the coffee was good enough for any soldier, even a Reb. I sat in my saddle and drank a quart of that hot coffee, and I will venture the assertion that no toper ever enjoyed his morning toddy with a keener relish than I did that quart of coffee.

Without waiting to breakfast further with my friend, the enemy, I galloped off after the command and overtook it with the prisoners in charge on the way to the ford of the Cumberland River. In riding up the line I noticed a young chap trudging along on foot who seemed to be suffering fearfully. I found that he had been shot in the neck, and the wound was very painful. I had one of our men mount him on a led horse, hoping that it would ease his pain to some extent.

Just then I was ordered by Captain Tipton to take a squad of men and go back and burn the tents (we had no time nor wagons to remove them), and I was told in a most emphatic manner to be in a hurry, or we would be captured, for fresh troops were rapidly approaching. Galloping to the top of the hill among the tents, it occurred to me that we were making history and that the truth should be told. I sat on my horse, counted the tents, which were in regular rows, and found that we had been fighting about twenty-five hundred men. One of General Duke's staff told me a few years ago that we paroled 2,179 prisoners; about one hundred cavalry escaped, and the killed and wounded made up the 2,500. We fought three regiments of infantry—the 104th Illinois and the 106th and 108th Ohio—to the best of my recollection. We did our work of destruction as quickly as possible and soon joined the command; but our guns were now turned loose upon the cavalry, who came too near for our comfort while the rear of our troop was crossing.

Surprising the enemy gave us the victory. It was a desperate chance that Morgan took in making this fight, but he was given to such movements.

THE NOXUBEE RIFLES.

BY CAPT. T. J. STOKES.

The Noxubee Rifles was organized in the spring of 1861 and elected the following officers: George T. Weir, captain; James H. Rives, first lieutenant; William D. Longstreet, second lieutenant; T. J. Stokes, Jr., third lieutenant.

We left Macon, Noxubee County, April 30, 1861, for Corinth, Miss., where the 11th Mississippi Regiment was organized. The officers were: W. H. Moore, colonel; P. F. Liddell, lieutenant colonel; Sam Butler, major. Dr. Dalton was appointed surgeon, and First Lieut. Jamison H. Moore was appointed adjutant.

The following companies composed the 11th Mississippi Regiment: Company A, University Grays, Captain Lowry; Company B, Coahoma Rifles, Captain Delaney; Company C, Prairie Rifles, Captain Williams; Company D, Neshoba Rifles, Captain Franklin; Company E, Prairie Guards, Captain Hairston; Company F, Noxubee Rifles, Captain Weir; Company G, Lamar Rifles, Captain Green; Company H, Chickasaw Guards, Captain Tucker (afterwards General Tucker); Company I, Van Dorn Reserves, Captain Reynolds; Company K, Carroll Rifles, Captain Williamson.

Several days after the organization the regiment was ordered to Lynchburg, Va., at which place on May 12 the regiment was sworn into the Confederate service. A few days after this the regiment was ordered to Harper's Ferry, Va. Upon our arrival there we reported to Col. T. J. Jackson, afterwards Lieutenant General Jackson, who was then in command. In the early part of June Gen. Joseph E. Johnston took command and withdrew his command from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, where we remained until July 18. While at Winchester the regiment was put into a brigade with the 2d Mississippi, 4th Alabama, and 6th North Carolina, under the command of Barnard E. Bee.

Leaving Winchester on the afternoon of July 18, our portion of Johnston's command marched to Piedmont, arriving late in the afternoon of July 19. Early in the morning of July 20 Colonel Moore hurriedly ordered Company A and Company F, the two right companies of the regiment, to get aboard the train to go to Manassas Junction. General Johnston had made his movements from Harper's Ferry and Winchester, to be ready to assist General Beauregard at Manassas, before whose army was the main body of the Federal army, from which General Beauregard was expecting an attack. We reached Manassas about twelve o'clock, and that afternoon marched five or six miles from Manassas Junction, where we bivouacked for the night.

The next morning the firing began about eight o'clock in the direction of Sudley's Ford, at which place the Federals crossed to make the attack. We were soon ordered to march in the direction of the firing. Our companies were ordered to march with the 2d Mississippi, under Colonel Faulkner. About eleven o'clock we were under fire, but did no firing ourselves. The Federals having flanked our position, we were compelled to fall back and take up a new position. About two o'clock our companies were engaged with the Federal regiment and a battery of artillery, in which we lost several of our men and several of Company A killed and wounded. Of our men, Thomas Wilbanks was killed, William Simmons was mortally wounded and died shortly after, and Harrison Cockerell was mortally wounded and was carried back to Manassas and died that night. After the battle we gathered up the prisoners and went back to the Junction.

For about a week after the battle we camped on Bull Run Creek, moving back to Bristow Station, about twenty miles from Manassas, in the direction of Richmond, where we remained in camp until the early part of September, at which time we moved down near Dumfries, spending the winter at Camp Fisher, named for Colonel Fisher, of the 6th North Carolina Regiment, killed at Manassas.

In the latter part of February we broke camp and went to Fredericksburg, where we remained until April 8, when we took up our line of march toward Yorktown, where McClellan had transferred the bulk of the Federal army. During our stay at Yorktown, under the act of the Confederate Congress by which the troops which had volunteered for one year were ordered to reorganize, elections were held and regimental and company officers elected: Colonel, Liddell; lieutenant colonel, Butler; major, Evans; Company F, Captain Weir; first lieutenant, Stokes; second lieutenant, Sam Tarrant; third lieutenant, W. K. Wiggins.

After the evacuation of Yorktown our regiment encamped within a few miles of Richmond. On May 31 we were engaged in the battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks). General Johnston was wounded, and General Lee took command of the Army of Northern Virginia. A short while after our division (Whiting's) was sent to the valley to reënforce Stonewall Jackson's command, which we met at Staunton, Va. We came back with Jackson's command and attacked the right flank of McClellan's army at Richmond. During the seven days' engagements our command was engaged in a battle at Gaines's Farm. Though not regularly engaged, we were under fire all day at Malvern Hill. After the battle we followed McClellan's army to Curl's Neck, on the James River. After a few days we were ordered back to Richmond and encamped near that city on the Fredericksburg Railroad, where we remained several weeks.

During our stay there our captain, George T. Weir, went home on furlough. He afterwards resigned and never returned to the company. General Whiting also left our command while at Richmond, and our brigade was commanded by the senior colonel, E. M. Law, of the 4th Alabama. We left Richmond and followed after General Jackson, who had been sent to look after General Pope in command of a Federal army which was near Manassas. We joined him and fought the second battle of Manassas, where we defeated Pope's army and drove them back on Washington. This was the first battle in which I, as first lieutenant, commanded my company.

Our command crossed the Potomac and went to Frederick City, Md., and were afterwards engaged in the battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg). In this battle I was severely wounded and carried off the field. The day after the battle I was carried across the Potomac River to the home of Major Morgan, at Shepherdstown. Sam Tarrant carried me in a spring wagon. During my stay at Shepherdstown our army had withdrawn to Winchester. The Federals came across the river and captured and paroled our wounded, of whom I was one. Recovering from my wound, I joined the army at Winchester, where I was furloughed for sixty days and sent home.

Returning to the command at Goldsboro, N. C., January 1, 1863, I took command of Company F as captain, having been promoted during my absence to the vacancy caused by the resignation of Captain Weir. I found upon reaching my regiment that Whiting's Brigade had been formed with the 2d Mississippi, 11th Mississippi, 42d Mississippi, and 56th North Carolina Regiments, under the command of Brig. Gen. Joseph

R. Davis. We remained at Goldsboro until the early part of the spring, when we were ordered to the Black Water River.

General Longstreet, with a portion of his command, was sent by General Lee to reënforce our command and besiege Suffolk. After the battle of the Wilderness, Longstreet's command was ordered to rejoin Lee's army at Fredericksburg, and our brigade was also ordered there a short while afterwards. Upon reaching Lee's army our brigade was attached to Heth's Division, A. P. Hill's corps.

As soon as we reached Fredericksburg we started on our march to Pennsylvania. On the morning of July 1 commenced the firing which ended July 3 at Gettysburg. Our regiment was left on July 1 to guard the wagon train at Cashtown. On the night of July 2 we reached the main line at Gettysburg. On the evening of July 3 we were in the main attack on the Federal army, and I was slightly wounded and captured. On the Sunday after the battle I was taken with other prisoners to Baltimore, where the officers were placed in prison at Fort McHenry and after a few days were sent to Fort Delaware. Remaining there about a week, we were then taken to Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, Ohio, which place we reached the latter part of July, 1863. I was in prison until March 7, 1865, when I was exchanged and sent to Richmond.

With W. P. Snowden, Company I, Aberdeen, and Lieut. John Moore, Company A, as my companions, I started home. We went from Richmond to Danville on the train, then, changing, on to Charlotte, N. C. From there we went down to Chester, S. C., and to Gainesville, Ga., walking, then on to Atlanta, passing through a portion of Sherman's burned district, and to Columbus, Ga., intending to get a horse and buggy and finish our trip. Being disappointed in this, we took a train for Montgomery, Ala. While in the train we heard of Wilson's raid in that section, so we left the train about six miles from Montgomery. Crossing the Coosa River, we walked to Wetumpka, on the Tallapoosa. The next day we walked some twenty-five miles and stopped in the woods for the night. An old citizen who came to our camp was hired to carry us in the direction of Selma, about twelve miles off, which we reached before night. We then started walking in the direction of Marion and stayed all night with a citizen about two miles from the river. The next morning we walked to Marion Junction and took the train for Demopolis, and on the next day reached Meridian. We met friends there who gave us information of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. I took the train next day for Brooksville and home.

BATTLE OF CHICKASAW BAYOU.

BY MAJ. J. E. GASKELL, FORT WORTH, TEX.

The article appearing in the December Veteran by Comrade W. T. Moore, of McKinney, Tex., with reference to the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, five miles above the city of Vicksburg, Miss., awakes a reminiscent vein in my memory, and I wish to speak of it as seen by a drummer boy.

On Friday, December 26, 1862, rush orders came to my regiment, the 17th Louisiana, to march in haste to somewhere. None of us had any conception where, and no information had reached us that an enemy was near. Had I known it, perhaps I would have acted differently. I rushed to Lieutenant Colonel Rogers's tent (our colonel, Richardson, was in command of the brigade), saluted, and said: "Colonel, I wish to leave my drum and take a gun." "Why, Gaskell," said he with an amused smile, "suppose you should get killed. What would I do for a drummer boy?" "O, I don't know, Colonel; but I guess many of the boys would be glad to have my job. The fact is, Colonel, I don't relish the idea of being shot at when I have nothing to shoot back with." This provoked a hearty laugh, and he replied: "Well, kid, if you are spoiling for a fight, we'll accommodate you. Run down to the hospital, and you'll find some sick boy who will lend you a gun."

I got a splendid gun and still felt that we were on a lark when we reached the Lake farm and met our colonel, Bob Richardson, who took immediate command, and in a very earnest tone came the order: "Battalion, halt! Order arms! Load!" The cold chills began chasing up and down my spine. "Captain Taylor and Captain Killgore"—O how my heart did beat!—"will with their companies advance across the old field and pass them along the edge of the swamp."

If I felt that I was playing the hero when talking to Colonel Rogers, I knew that I had played the fool when Colonel Richardson gave that order. How I wished for my drum! How dark it was in that dismal swamp, my first experience on a picket post! I heard bears and Yankees prowling in that thicket. My teeth chattered, and my knees trembled. "Who's scared?" I asked myself. "What was that awful blast? O, that was a whistle from one of Sherman's transports landing his troops! Listen to those drums! O, they are giving the assembly call as the boys in blue march off the boats!"

"Halt! Who comes there?" "A friend with the countersign." "Advance, friend, and give the countersign." It was the corporal of the guard come to relieve us, and we were all marched to the Lake residence for shelter, reaching there just as a torrential rainstorm broke upon us, which continued through the night, flooding the lowlands and rendering them impassable for artillery, thus forcing General Sherman to concentrate his forces at the Lake farmhouse and follow the road thence to the hills. It was his only exit from that boggy swamp, as he found after two days of strenuous effort and fighting. On Monday, the 29th, he adopted the Lake farm road, and, forming his army into double columns, eight abreast, they came at double-quick, striking the old field about the center of the west line. The columns divided, filing right and left toward the corners of the field, then fronted and charged our lines. They were within good rifle range from the time they reached the old field, and the slaughter was terrible. We rounded up many prisoners. Those who could get away did not stand upon the order of their going. We had no means of knowing just what Sherman's casualties totaled, but it was currently reported that he admitted a loss of fifty-five hundred men. Our loss in numbers was small. But the death of Gen. Stephen D. Lee's gallant adjutant general, Paul Hamilton, was a serious loss.

General Lee lost his war horse, which was killed by a well-aimed cannon shot, giving the General quite a close call for his life. Sometime after this battle my regiment purchased a beautiful black stallion for seventeen hundred dollars, which we presented to General Lee as a token of our admiration for him.

Within less than one week from the landing of General Sherman's army he had been ignominiously defeated and driven from the State by a much smaller force than his own, and Vicksburg, the key to the Mississippi River, for six months longer was saved to the Confederacy.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., Past Commander in Chief.

COMMITTEES.

Historical Committee: ——, Chairman.
Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: A. L. Yates, Chairman, Columbia, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, E. Hening Smith, Montgomery, Ala., Member R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, A. D. Black, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, J. A. Gallagher, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, John Clifton Elder, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

MEMPHIS, TENN., January 25, 1915.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 16.

1. The term of office of W. R. Blain, Commander of the Texas Division, S. C. V., having expired, a vacancy is deemed to exist in the position of commanding officer of said Division.

2. Upon suitable recommendation, and in obedience to and by and under the authority vested in the Commander in Chief by Section 19, Article V., of the Constitution, Comrade Will T. Bagby, of Hallettsville, Tex., is hereby appointed Commander of that Division for the year ending June 1, 1915.

He will at once appoint his official staff and inaugurate a campaign for the reorganization of his Division and make report thereof to general headquarters.

By order of SEYMOUR STEWART, *Commander in Chief.*

Official: N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

A PLEASING APPOINTMENT.

Sons of Confederate Veterans throughout Texas have received renewed impetus in their work from the selection of Will T. Bagby, of Hallettsville, now Representative in the Texas Legislature, as Commander of the Texas Division. Commander Bagby will devote as much time as possible to the interests of the organization as soon as his present legislative duties are over. In many speeches in the House Mr. Bagby has expressed his love and reverence for the Old South and its traditions. He has said more than once in public that his ideal of the highest type of manhood the world has known is the man who wore the gray of the Confederacy.

Mr. Bagby is the son of Gen. Arthur P. Bagby, now living at Hallettsville, one of the last surviving generals of the Confederate army, a soldier who fought valiantly throughout the war and won distinction in the most arduous campaigns and trying engagements of the conflict. His father, Arthur P. Bagby, Sr., was United States Senator from Alabama and United States Minister to Russia. General Bagby spent some of his youthful days with his father at the court of St. Petersburg.

CONFEDERATION NEWS AND NOTES.

Adjutant Forrest reports the organization of Camp Calvin Crozier at El Paso, Tex., with thirteen members; Capt. John N. Harris, Commander, and Joseph J. Finney, Adjutant.

The Beauregard Camp at New Orleans has appointed a history committee for this year, composed of B. P. Sullivan (Chairman), R. A. Tichenor, W. O. Hart, John D. Nix, and J. J. Prowell. The Camp has offered a number of prizes to the pupils of the New Orleans schools for the best essays on the war, the subject for the contest being "The Battles of the Civil War."

Appropriate exercises in honor of the anniversary of the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee were held by many Camps, S. C. V., throughout the South. The N. B. Forrest Camp, No. 215, of Memphis, Tenn., gave a banquet on January 19 in honor of the birthday of Gen. R. E. Lee, at which the Veterans and the Daughters were invited guests. The banquet hall at the new Chisca Hotel was beautifully decorated for the occasion with Confederate flags and colors, and over one hundred and fifty of the Veterans, Daughters, and Sons were present. The speakers for the celebration were: Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General U. D. C.; Hon. "Sunshine" Hawks, Past Commander Maryland Division, S. C. V.; Hon. Duncan Martin, representing the Forrest Camp; Gov. George W. Hays, of Arkansas; Gov. Thomas C. Rye, of Tennessee; Dr. Clarence J. Owens, of Washington, D. C., Past Commander in Chief S. C. V.; toastmaster, Hon. J. P. Norfleet, Past Commander in Chief.

DALLAS WANTS THE REUNION IN 1916.

Supported by the Camps of the Southwest, Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V., of Dallas, Tex., will go to the 1915 Reunion at Richmond, Va., with the determination to secure the Reunion for Dallas in 1916. The Camps in the Southwest have for some time been maturing plans for getting the 1916 Reunion west of the Mississippi River. The Reunion was held in Dallas in 1902, and the veterans think it is time for it to be held there again. The Richmond Reunion begins June 1.

COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL MATERIALS.

BY THOMAS M. OWEN, HISTORIAN GENERAL S. C. V.

The second duty enjoined among our objects and purposes is "to gather authentic data, statistics, documents, reports, plans, maps, and other material for an impartial history of the Confederate side." Perhaps there is no more important task which could engage our organization and its members. Without the material which it is here proposed to bring together, the history of the war can never be written. Fortunately, individual collectors, libraries, State and local historical societies, and State departments of archives and history and historical commissions have all been active, and already a great mass of such material has been brought together and organized for the use of students and historians. But while this is true, and the main currents of the history of the great struggle can be traced with definiteness, there are literally a thousand gaps here and there in the records which ought to be filled and which, if longer neglected, will be more difficult in the future to fill. This includes the official records of the States themselves, as well as records of commands, reports of engagements, orders affecting the army and army organization, etc.

Impartial History of the Confederate Side.

It will be noted that the object in gathering this material is that it may be available "for an impartial history of the Confederate side." Only an impartial history, true in every fact and inference, should be thought of. The South and the sons of the South have no desire to stand for imperfect or partial histories. The truth, even where it discredits, should be sought. The truth, even presented with such infirmities, will afford sufficient glory.

It is further to be observed that the material to be collected is limited to "the Confederate side." It is not that the material for the Federal side of the struggle is not important, but the vastness of the field and the necessity that the work should be limited makes imperative that the confederation devote itself to the history of the Southern side. It is very certain that the North will take care of its history in every detail. However, if important material affecting the Federal side is discovered, it should be carefully preserved, for no historical material must perish, but should be cared for and made available for use.

The material described above may be generally classed as books and manuscripts, both original and contemporary, rather than compiled material of the post-bellum period. During the progress of the struggle there were thousands of reports, letters, addresses, and records published either in pamphlet or book form or in the newspapers of the times. There yet remain in out-of-the-way places or cherished with tender care in cedar chests or old trunks or secretaries many thousands of letters written home from the front in which will be found a multitude of details concerning camp life, the movement of troops, recitals of battles and engagements, besides a score of minor incidents which, when assembled, add life and interest to narrative histories of the war in any of its phases.

The private papers of the majority of officers, from the general officer to the sergeant, yet remain in private hands. With the passing years some have been irretrievably lost. Others simply await the invitation of the collector or library or historical society or State Departments of Archives and History, and every member of the Confederation should be active in the effort to assemble such material in repositories where it would be available for use. Such collections usually contain orders, general and special, reports of battles, rosters, descriptive lists, etc. Of miscellaneous data, there are old scrapbooks containing contemporary clippings, diaries, journals, old newspaper files, contemporary speeches, sermons, almanacs, etc.

Duty and Opportunity of the S. C. V.

And what can the Sons do in meeting this duty? The possibilities are limitless. If they were only moved to effort, in less than a twelvemonth the material noted above could be assembled with practical completeness, and the future of the history of the "Confederate side" would be saved beyond peradventure of loss. Will not the Sons respond? Where local museums are established, the material called for should be placed therein. Where there is no provision of this sort, material should be forwarded to the Historian General for preservation by him and for publication whenever that stage in our activities is reached.

Davis' "Short History of the Confederate States of America."

In 1890, through the Belford Company, of New York, Jefferson Davis published "A Short History of the Confederate States of America" in a volume of five hundred and five pages. At the conclusion of the volume Mr. Davis states his purpose in the following language:

"My object in this work has been to prove by historical authority that each of the States as sovereign parties to the compact of Union had the reserved power to secede from it whenever it was found not to answer the ends for which it was established. If this has been done, it follows that the war on the part of the government of the United States was a war of aggression and usurpation, and on the part of the South was for the defense of an inherent and inalienable right.

"My next purpose was to show by the gallantry and devotion of the Southern people in their unequal struggle how thorough was their conviction of the justice of their cause, and by their humanity to the wounded and captives they proved themselves the worthy descendants of chivalric sires and fit to be free, and that in every case, as when our army invaded Pennsylvania, by their respect for private rights, their morality and observance of the laws of civilized war they were entitled to the confidence and regard of mankind.

"In asserting the right of secession it has not been my wish to incite to its exercise. I recognize the fact that the war showed it to be impracticable, but this did not prove it to be wrong; and now that it may not be again attempted and that the Union may promote the general welfare, it is needful that the truth, the whole truth, should be known, so that crimination and recrimination may forever cease, and then on the basis of fraternity and faithful regard for the rights of the States there may be written on the arch of the Union, *Esto perpetua.*"

Although the volume was issued in a large edition, it is now out of print and is much sought after. Students of the history of the Confederacy find in it the very best presentation of the position of the South on the subjects indicated in the foregoing extract.

The Historian General of the Confederation has for some years been engaged in the preparation of a school edition of Mr. Davis's work. The plan involves a careful and exact reprint, with annotations, citation of authorities, the introduction of some further details, official documents and lists, and pedagogical paraphernalia. Through this editorial method it is hoped that the book may be available for use in all of the

schools of the South particularly and of such other institutions elsewhere as may desire a complete and thorough treatise.

In order that the Historian General may have the assistance of all agencies which can in any way contribute toward making the proposed reprint complete and full, correspondence is invited with survivors of the war and their descendants. It is very desirable that no errors or mistakes enter, either of fact or of inference. It is desirable also that the original narrative should be enlarged through annotations and appendices. The use of hitherto unpublished original documents is asked. Suggestions for enlargement or on points where possible correction or explanation is deemed desirable or criticism on points looking to the success of the reprint for use as a textbook are invited.

Annual Volume of Historical Collections.

The Historian General desires to get into communication with any and all comrades who are willing to undertake some original work in Confederate history. During the year he wishes to secure the preparation of at least one original paper involving some portion of the history of each Southern State. This will not be limited to one paper by a single comrade. At least half a dozen ought to respond to this call.

If a sufficient number of papers can be obtained each year, an annual volume of "Collections" will be published. Such a volume, if the separate papers are carefully prepared and edited, would be a positive addition to the literature of the War of Secession, and succeeding volumes would add to the quantum of such material.

SCHOLARSHIPS OR MONUMENTS.

BY MABEL C. R. WRENN, SUMTER COUNTY CHAPTER, U. D. C., LIVINGSTON, ALA.

"*Resolved*, That it is better to found scholarships than to erect monuments."

To begin with, I want to say that I think every nation and every people should erect fitting monuments to their glorious dead, but not to the extent that is being done to-day, when worthy causes are being neglected. My endeavor will be to show why I think scholarships much more lasting and helpful tributes to our dead than any cold shaft of marble or figure of bronze, be it ever so symmetrical and beautiful to the eye.

First of all, when we think of the thousands of bright Anglo-Saxon minds in the isolated places of the Blue Ridge Mountains alone that are utterly without hope of an education, it is appalling—minds as keen and capable of grasping every opportunity as any children in our dear Southland. Many of them are descendants of loyal Confederate soldiers whose bodies lie in the sacred trenches that hallow so many barren hillsides and lonely valleys. When we as a people really grasp this great thought, truly see at last the great opportunity that is lying at our doors, we will cease to put thousands of dollars into lifeless monuments and leave yearning, eager-eyed children to grow up in ignorance, a menace to the nation and themselves.

There is no nobler work permitted us here on earth than the enlightening of children mentally, spiritually, and morally. Disease, vice, and crime ask for no better breeding places than ignorant young minds full of the fire and impetuosity of youth. The very fact that we are daily letting slip by us chances to benefit the world by helping these young people to help themselves shows that we are blind. The uplifting of one child begins a wave of good influence that goes out in an ever-widening circle till it reaches eternity. And yet we who have eyes to see are blind to the eager, appealing look in the eyes of thousands of children; our ears are deaf to the long, wailing cry of the youth in far-off, lonely places who really have no idea what it is their souls are yearning for, who have no idea of the vast richness and beauty of knowledge that converts narrow, sordid lives into centers of usefulness and unselfish service. They only know that within them is a spirit reaching out for better, higher things, and right then is the time in all young lives to make or mar a character that was formed in the image of God.

How many times have all of us while passing through the calm, peaceful walks of a cemetery paused before some massive pillar of shining marble or polished granite and wondered how much good the money it cost might have done if given to humanity in some living way, given to help on the many great, good causes that God has put into the hearts of his people for the betterment of the unfortunate ones! And what can and does do more good than education? Hand in hand with religion, it has more to do with eradicating evil than any other force to-day. How much better than a cold, lifeless stone, telling the passers-by only that a life was ended, would be the same amount of money put into some school or college to help educate poor girls and boys, thus to be a living memorial!

One has only to go into the juvenile courts, the factories, the settlement workers' rescue homes and look into the prematurely old faces of the young ones there to realize what an awful thing ignorance can be, to realize that thousands of helpless children are not getting a fair deal in life. To be permitted to bring enlightenment and knowledge into some childish mind should be a privilege every woman in this and all other lands would cherish.

Almost all schools of any size have a few scholarships to help those who are unable to pay their tuition. Every teacher will tell you what a stimulus to higher endeavor is the winning of a scholarship. Yet when we think of the needs of the day, how inadequate is their number! Where we have one there should be fifty, and then there would not be half enough. Not only there should be, but there soon would be, if only the women of to-day would awake to the vast opportunity and see the vision that is dawning before them.

Beautiful statuary and monuments are all right in their places, if we gave as much and more to better causes. They are truly an inspiration to the young as far as they go, but the trouble is that they do not go far enough. We might as well expect some lost, ruined soul to be saved by gazing in rapt awe at the tall, graceful spire of a beautiful cathedral because it points the way to heaven as for some magnificent marble figure to kindle in the heart of a dirty, hungry little fellow the fires of patriotism for which it stands. We know instead that it is the loving hand of some fellow mortal reaching across the gulf of sin and misery and, in the name of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," pointing the way to a higher, better life. And so it is with patriotism; it is only by learning of great men that the spirit of hero worship is kindled in youthful hearts; it is only by daily study and mental contact with great minds that the desire to emulate them can take form and grow.

I am proud of every monument that has been erected to the great men and women of our country and prouder still of the share of our women in having them erected. But I hope to see the day when there will be at least a Robert E. Lee and a Stonewall Jackson scholarship in every Southern school and college. Then, indeed, we will be doing things that count, and the generations of the future will arise and call us blessed.

THE LAST ROLL

"Again a parting sail we see,
Another boat has left the shore;
As kind a soul on board has she
As ever left the land before.
And as her onward course she bends—
Sit closer, friends."

The New York Camp.

Two of the most prominent members of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York City have been lost to that membership. Clarence R. Hatton, Adjutant, sends memorial tributes from the Camp in honor of these valued members:

"Within a week the angel of death has taken from our roll the names of Dr. James Henry Parker, Past Commander, and of Charles Valentine Wagner, Commander of our Camp.

"Dr. Parker, whose death occurred on January 27, 1915, was one of the best-known and most highly esteemed men of the South, who sought this city to finish the activities of life after a dedication of it for four years to the service of his country. He was born in North Carolina and entered the service of the Confederacy, in the 62d Georgia Cavalry, at the age of nineteen. Later he was transferred to a North Carolina brigade and rendered gallant and conspicuous service to the cause he had espoused and held so dear. His funeral services were held at the Church of the Messiah, New York City, on the afternoon of January 28 and were attended by a large number of friends and many of his surviving comrades. His remains were afterwards taken to South Carolina for burial. In her bereavement the tenderest and most loving sympathies of the Camp go out in unstinted measure to Mrs. Parker, so long and so ably the President of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

"Scarcely had the sound of the tolling bells for Dr. Parker's funeral been hushed and stilled when the dauntless spirit of Commander Wagner took its flight, again plunging the Camp into deepest mourning.

"Commander Wagner was born in Baltimore, Md., and he enlisted at Harper's Ferry in 1861, being assigned to the 7th Virginia Cavalry, later joining the bodyguard of the intrepid and daring Turner Ashby. He was with Stonewall Jackson in all his battles except one. He was first wounded at Brandy Station in June, 1862; was again wounded and captured at Gettysburg and imprisoned on David's Island, in the East River, New York. Having been exchanged, he returned to duty and was again wounded and captured at Cedar Creek and remained a prisoner at Fort Delaware until the close of the war. In announcing his death the New York Tribune (January 30) headed the notice, and appropriately, 'The bravest man of the South dies here.' The funeral services were held under the auspices of the Camp, and he was laid to rest on January 30 in the beautiful plot of the Confederate veterans at Mount Hope Cemetery, where sleep so many of his comrades. The ceremonies were attended by the Camp and many sympathizing friends, among whom were a number of noble women, who by their presence tightened more closely the cords of affection, appreciation, and homage in which the sons of the South have ever held them. Comrade Wagner is survived by his wife, who for so many years shared his fortunes, and to her the heartfelt sympathy of the members of the Camp is extended.

"These brave comrades have gone to take their place in the ranks of the Great Commander with Lee, Jackson, Polk, Cleburne, Gordon, and a host of others. Peace to their ashes!"

Capt. John J. Cox.

Capt. John J. Cox, a member of the Confederate Historical Association, Camp 28, U. C. V., of Memphis, Tenn., died suddenly, the victim of an automobile accident, at Memphis on December 24, 1914.

John J. Cox was born in Washington County, Miss., on his father's plantation March 1, 1848, and was there when the war began. He tried to enlist at once, but was rejected on account of his youth. On June 22, 1862, he enlisted in Company D, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, and served with this command until discharged in November, 1863. As a member of this company he was frequently complimented by his officers and mentioned in general reports. Gens. S. W. Ferguson and W. T. Martin requested that he be commissioned as assistant to duty on their staffs, but he was again refused on account of his age. He then reëntered the army and was assigned to the secret service. He made a trip into Vicksburg, staying a week at the headquarters of Gen. James B. McPherson. Later he went into Memphis, where he was arrested and ordered to prison in the old Irving Block, on Second Street, near Court Square; but he escaped and ran to the old Worsham House, where the Arlington now stands, and was there secreted by a young lady until he could get away from the city.



CAPT. JOHN J. COX.

Crossing the river, he served one year on the staff of Gen. O. P. Lyles and was promoted to first lieutenant after a desperate charge, later being assigned to duty as acting adjutant of the 23d Arkansas Infantry. In January, 1865, he resigned and was appointed master's mate in the navy by Commodore Robinson at Mobile. Finding the blockade there impassable, he rejoined his old company in the 28th Mississippi Cavalry; but when General Forrest was about to surrender he ran away to avoid being paroled and returned home.

Soon after the war young Cox finished his education at the Frankfort (Ky.) Military Institute and then engaged in cotton-planting on his father's plantation in Mississippi. He went to Dallas, Tex., in 1874, when he joined the Texas State Guard as a private in the 1st Infantry. He was promoted to first lieutenant, then to captain, and in 1878 he was appointed by Governor Hubbard as colonel of the 3d Infantry, State Troops. Obtaining leave of absence, he joined the Mexican revolution against Diaz, holding the rank of colonel of cavalry. While in Mexico his wife died of yellow fever at Greenville, Miss.

Resigning his commission in Texas, he returned to the plantation in Mississippi.

In 1885 Captain Cox became editor of the Marion Reform at Marion, Ark., and then joined the Arkansas National Guard as first lieutenant and was promoted to captain in 1891. In 1897 he was made captain of Company E, 2d Arkansas Infantry, though then a resident of Memphis. He was a member of the Confederate Historical Association at Memphis, and in 1913 he was elected captain of Company A, Confederate Veterans.

Throughout his varied career Captain Cox retained his quiet, gentle manner and lovable character. Truly it could be said of him: "The bravest are the tenderest." He was never known to speak unkindly. His second wife was Mrs. Effie M. Williams, who, with her daughter, whom he reared and loved as his own, survives him.

Henry T. Beauregard.

Henry T. Beauregard, last son of the noted Confederate general, P. G. T. Beauregard, died in New Orleans on February 5, 1915. He was born at St. Bernard, near New Orleans, in April, 1845. As a small boy Mr. Beauregard attended school in New Orleans and was later sent to the Charleston Military Academy. His youth barred him from enlistment in the Confederate service in the early part of the war, but during the last two years of the struggle, while still under twenty, he served on his father's staff.

After the close of hostilities he returned to his father's estate in St. Bernard, known as the Lower Magnolia Plantation, and some years later became an independent planter, devoting his attention to the raising of rice. With a comfortable fortune made on his plantation, he went to San Diego, Cal., and entered the real estate business, winning further success. During his residence in San Diego he met and married Miss Nettie Harney, of St. Louis, Mo., daughter of Gen. H. H. Harney, the noted Indian fighter.

In the late nineties Mr. Beauregard returned to New Orleans and purchased the fine old mansion known as General Jackson's home, near the Chalmette battle field. He sold this in 1904 and purchased a residence on State Street, where he resided several years. Deciding again to become a planter, he purchased land at Braithwaite, Plaquemine Parish, and engaged in the growing of rice. He lived at Braithwaite up to his last illness.

Mr. Beauregard is survived by his wife, a nephew, and several nieces. His brother, Judge R. T. Beauregard, of the State Court of Appeals, died several years ago.

Col. J. C. McDonald.

The death, on December 22, 1914, of Col. J. C. McDonald, at Craig City, Va., removes from that community one of its most distinguished citizens, a Confederate veteran, Christian gentleman, upright neighbor, and friend.

Colonel McDonald was born March 14, 1831, and had nearly completed his eighty-fourth year. In the War between the States he began his service as captain of Company K, 22d Virginia Infantry Regiment, afterwards becoming colonel of the 22d. He disbanded his regiment at Christiansburg, Va., after the surrender. In the early eighties he became interested in the development of Craig County, Va., and later moved his family there from Hinton, W. Va. He was a model citizen, kind and generous. Due to the disabilities of age, for the past several years he was confined to his home, where he received every attention that a devoted daughter could bestow. He is survived by three daughters and one son.

Joseph Lattimore Deupree.

J. L. Deupree, son of Elijah and Eliza Deupree, was born in Noxubee County, Miss., May 16, 1842. His elementary education was secured in the country schools and his academic in Macon. He had two years of training in the Georgia Military Institute, at Marietta, and his literary degree, Bachelor of Arts, was taken at Howard College, Marion, Ala., in July, 1860. He was engaged in teaching when Mississippi seceded. Closing his school early in 1861, he was chosen lieutenant of the Noxubee Cavalry, under Capt. H. W. Foote; but, growing impatient, he resigned his commission and with his cousin, J. E. Deupree, he enlisted as a private with the Noxubee Rifles, of the 11th Mississippi, famous on many sanguinary fields from Manassas to Appomattox. The Deuprees stood near General Bee when he shouted: "See Jackson's men standing like a stonewall!" The regiment was with Gen. J. E. Johnston at Seven Pines, where J. L. Deupree lost the middle finger of his right hand. Upon recovery he returned to Virginia, and at his own request he was transferred to the Noxubee Cavalry, in which were seven Deuprees, brothers and cousins, and which had become Company G, 1st Mississippi Cavalry (Col. R. A. Pinson), Armstrong's Brigade, "Red" Jackson's division, Van Dorn's Corps. He participated in the capture of Holly Springs and its entire garrison, with the vast winter supplies of Grant's army; later in the fight at Thompson's Station and the capture of the brigade of General Coburn; also in the cavalry charge into Franklin, when both he and his cousin, J. G. Deupree, had horses shot under them. Afterwards, on being promoted to the rank of sergeant major, he was transferred to a regiment of Confederate cavalry under Colonel Armistead, with whom he served gallantly till the end near Mobile, Ala.



J. L. DEUPREE.

Comrade Deupree answered the last roll call at Mayhew, Miss., December 7, 1914. Clad in his Confederate uniform, his body was taken to Macon, to be interred in the beautiful Odd Fellows' Cemetery. He was a splendid type of the ante-bellum Southerner and a Christian gentleman.

George W. Keller.

George W. Keller died at his home, in Jackson, La., on December 1, 1914, aged eighty-three years. He was born in Copiah County, Miss., in 1832, and in 1853 he went to Louisiana, where he married Miss Susan A. Haurey in 1860. To this union eleven children were born, six of whom and his wife survive him, with a number of grandchildren. Comrade Keller was a member of Company A, 27th Louisiana Infantry. He was one who did his duty well. After the war he moved from his farm to Jackson, La., making that his place of residence until death. He was a good citizen and a consistent member of the Baptist Church.

Capt. Elisha S. Bishop.

Farmer, soldier, Christian; a clean record and clear. Looking down a long life, I do not find his name listed with bankers or railroad presidents; but I see: Fifty years a deacon in the Baptist Church; many years Sunday school superintendent; four years a soldier of the Confederacy with Lee and Early, four times wounded; a member in good standing of the I. O. O. F. and Masonic fraternities; a member of the Virginia Legislature with Alexander H. Stephens and W. H. F. Lee; in his old age, in a distant State, bowing under grief and loss, organizing a U. C. V. Camp, a U. D. C. Chapter, a Sons of Veteran Camp, the first of each in New Mexico.



CAPT. E. S. BISHOP.

This is the record, the final count of the life achievements of my uncle, who has passed into the presence of Lee and Jackson again, who has "kept the faith" and borne unspotted the name of Confederate soldier.

He taught me to love the South. All I may ever be able to do for her sake will be resultant from his teachings. I keep "the fire alive" from the flame he kindled in my childish heart.

Capt. Elisha S. Bishop died at his home, Artesia, N. Mex., November 16, 1914, after a stroke of paralysis. He was born in Lee County, Va., close to Cumberland Gap, July 18, 1833. He was one of thirteen children, of whom but one survives, Capt. Isaac T. Bishop, of Denton, Tex.

He served with Company I, 25th Virginia Cavalry. In 1872 he married Miss C. Jennie Wygal. Nine years ago he removed to New Mexico for his wife's health, but she did not long survive. He left three sons and three daughters.

[Sketch by Flora E. Stevens, Kansas City, Mo.]

Col. L. B. Bell.

Col. L. B. (Hoolie) Bell died at home, in Vinita, Okla., following an illness of several weeks. "Hoolie" Bell, as he was generally known in the Cherokee Nation, had many friends who were deeply grieved by his death. He was born in the Cherokee Nation and played a prominent part in its history, being one of the most influential men in its councils. A lawyer by profession, he early became prominent in Cherokee politics and was sent by his Nation to Washington many times to look after the interests of his people.

"Hoolie" Bell served in the War between the States as colonel on Gen. Stand Watie's staff, in the Confederate army, and his record was one of which to be proud. So highly was he held in regard by the Daughters of the Confederacy that when the Nowata Chapter was organized it bore his name and is known as the L. B. (Hoolie) Bell Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Chapter invited Colonel Bell to attend a meeting in Nowata last fall and address the members, but at that time he was ill and unable to go.

In response to their expressions of sympathy, sent with a gift of flowers, he expressed his appreciation and referred to the honor they had paid him in naming their Chapter for him, concluding: "The purpose and intent of your order is a noble one, to perpetuate the memory of our gallant dead and to render service and consolation to the living ones of our old Confederacy. May you be true to that purpose and be the means of bringing peace and joy into the darkened lives of many a man and woman of the Old South!"

Michael O. O'Rourke.

Michael O. O'Rourke, who served in Company G (Montgomery True Blues), 3d Alabama Regiment, A. N. V., after a lingering illness, passed to rest at Mobile, Ala., December 6, 1914, aged seventy years. He enlisted in 1861 in his seventeenth year, stood to his work till the surrender without furlough or illness, and when he got his parole went home and fought some more till the State was relieved of a class of individuals that he detested worse than he did armed Federal soldiers. He was connected with the press of Mobile in every position from printer to editor, from 1866 until his seizure by a fatal illness.

James Charles Mulcahy.

After seventy-five years of earnest Christian life, James Charles Mulcahy passed away at his home, in Holly Springs, Miss., on December 29, 1914. He was born in Dayton, Ohio, December 26, 1839, the son of James Charles Mulcahy and Mary Giles, both of Ireland.

After four years at Kenyon College, Mr. Mulcahy went South in 1857 and made his home in De Soto County, Miss. Gentle and courteous, of unostentatious bravery and unassuming kindness, of the strictest moral rectitude and unblemished honor, he was by nature a gentleman of the Old South and loved this land of his adoption with fervent devotion. When the war broke out he at once enlisted in Captain Nelms's company, which was afterwards incorporated in the 22d Mississippi Regiment, Featherston's Brigade, Loring's Division, of Polk's army. He served as assistant and then as quartermaster during the war, receiving only one furlough, and that on account of sickness.



J. C. MULCAHY.

At the close of the war he went back to Star Landing, in De Soto County, Miss., and taught school and surveying. In 1866 he located near Holly Springs and taught school in that neighborhood for twenty years; but the last years of his life were spent in looking after his farming interests. In 1872 he married Mrs. Margaret McKee Higginbotham. His wife and five children, two sons and three daughters, survive him.

Mr. Mulcahy was a scholar of wide research and deep thought, and his great intellectual ability contributed much to a personality of unusual charm and sterling worth. He was

for twenty-five years vestryman and warden in the Episcopal Church of Holly Springs, in which he was a faithful and earnest worker. He was laid to rest in Hill Crest. His Confederate casket was draped with a floral battle flag.

Gen. J. W. Gray.

James Walter Gray, master in equity of Greenville County, S. C., died at his home, in Greenville, on December 5, 1914, after an illness of several months. During this time, however, he continued to discharge the duties of his office and made a gallant fight against his disease.

James W. Gray was born in Hamburg, Edgefield County, S. C., December 15, 1845, of distinguished ancestry, and he entered the Confederate service at sixteen years of age in May, 1861, as a private in Company B, Hampton Legion. In 1863 he was elected second lieutenant of Company D, 27th Georgia Volunteers, and surrendered with the rank of captain at Greensboro, N. C., with Johnston's army, April 26, 1865. Entering Wofford College, he graduated with the class of 1869 and then read law under the able and distinguished Armistead Burt, of Abbeville, S. C., and, upon admission to the bar, located in Greenville to practice. In 1875 he married Miss Lillie Vance, daughter of Dr. Frank Vance, of Cokesbury, S. C.

Captain Gray was a member of the Democratic convention which nominated Wade Hampton for Governor in 1876, and after a spirited campaign he was selected as a member of the legislature. He thus became a member of the famous "Wallace House," which withdrew from participation with the Republican members in the Statehouse and held its sessions in old Carolina Hall until President Hayes recognized Hampton as Governor, when Chamberlain and the Republicans withdrew from the Statehouse and white supremacy was reëstablished in South Carolina.

Captain Gray was made brigadier of the State militia and so continued until the old musters ceased to be. He was several times elected to the State legislature, was clerk of the House of Representatives several times, and was also a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1895 from Greenville County, a body composed of many able and distinguished Carolinians. He resumed the practice of law at Greenville in 1901 and was elected magistrate, holding that office until he was elected master in equity for Greenville County, to which he was reëlected twice, and was serving his third term at the time of his death. The patience, ability, and uniform courtesy which he displayed as master earned for him added respect and the love of both the public and the legal profession.

Captain Gray was a man of sympathy, and his efforts were always enlisted in any cause for the betterment of humanity. He was a member of several fraternal orders, including Recovery Lodge, A. F. M., also Knights Templar and the Shrine. He was a member of Mountain Lodge, I. O. O. F., and of the J. O. A. M., a devoted communicant of Christ Church and faithful to all its obligations as such.

He is survived by his devoted and loyal wife and four children, a daughter and three sons. He was the last of his family. One brother was killed in the Confederate service. Captain Gray was an ardent member of Camp Pulliam, U. C. V., of Greenville, and formerly its Adjutant and Commandant.

John C. Scott.

John C. Scott, of New Hope, Va., died October 3, 1914. He was born October 3, 1846, and responded to the call of his country as soon as he reached the age of eighteen, serving as a brave and valiant courier under Gen. Wade Hampton, whose confidence in his courier was shown in many instances.

Comrade Scott was a member of Stonewall Camp, No. 25, U. C. V., and was at all times ready to assist in any way the cause he loved. He was a consistent, lifelong member of the M. E. Church, South, and very active in Sunday school work. He married Miss Annie M. Lee, with whom he lived happily for thirty-four years. He is survived by his wife and three children.

Dr. William T. Moore.

Dr. William Terry Moore, who was born on November 17, 1845, at Starkville, Miss., was the son of William Terry and Mary Hudson Moore. When he was but a boy the family moved to Terry, in Hines County, and at the outbreak of the war he was a student at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. When Mississippi seceded from the Union, he left Washington with Senator Jefferson Davis and family for Mississippi, embarking upon a boat to Alexandria, Va.

William Moore volunteered his services at the beginning of the war, but was rejected on account of his age and small stature. However, he soon entered a company of cavalry as a recruit under Capt. W. W. Ratliff; but as mounts and equipment were lacking, they were mustered into service as Company A, Mississippi Artillery, Ratliff's Battalion, which saw service mainly in Mississippi. At Baker's Creek, about fifteen miles east of Vicksburg, Ratliff's soldiers engaged the Federals in the heaviest and most terrific artillery duel which occurred in Mississippi during the war. Young Moore was in the surrender at Vicksburg under General Pemberton, was exchanged as a prisoner of war, and returned to his home in Mississippi. He reënlisted and served to the end. Two brothers, J. A. and J. T. Moore, were in Virginia with Gen. Robert E. Lee.



DR. W. T. MOORE.

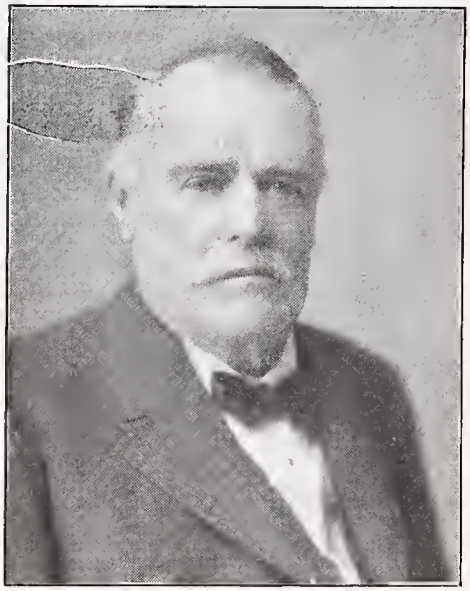
After the war young Moore entered the Ohio College of Dental Surgery at Cincinnati, graduating in 1869. He went to Texas at once and settled near McKinney. In 1872 he was married to Miss Jennie Throckmorton, daughter of Gov. J. W. Throckmorton. His second wife was Miss Catharine Elizabeth Keith, of an old Mississippi family, and of their union ten children were born, nine of whom are now living. Dr. Moore's third marriage was to Mrs. Kate Hudson Postell, of Decatur, Ala., who survives him.

In 1906 Dr. Moore was elected tax collector of Collin County. He was alderman of McKinney for fourteen years and was also a member of the school board. He was Commander of J. W. Throckmorton Camp, U. C. V., and Colonel on the staff of General Van Zandt, Commanding Trans-Mississippi Division, U. C. V. Dr. Moore was also prominent in lodge work, being a member of Empire Lodge, No. 68, I. O. O. F., and was Past Grand Master at the time of his death.

Judge Jesse B. Shivers.

The earthly activity of one of the most prominent and beloved citizens of Marion, Ala., was ended with the death of Judge Jesse B. Shivers on September 25, 1914. He was born in Marengo County, Ala., April 27, 1839, the son of Dr. O. L. Shivers, a North Carolinian, who went to Alabama in early manhood and who served in the Mexican War. His wife was Miss Woodfin, a relative of Col. John H. Mosby and connected with the McLaurin family, of colonial fame.

Jesse Shivers graduated from Howard College, at Marion, in 1859 and later became a student of law at Cumberland University, Tennessee. He was teaching school in Alabama in 1861, when Fort Sumter fell, but returned home and enlisted in Company K, 8th Alabama Infantry, the first regiment from Alabama. The regiment was at Yorktown the first eleven months of its service, and it was in the battle of Williamsburg that its first laurels were won, losing about one hundred men, among them Lieut. Col. Thomas Irby. The regiment was then put in Wilcox's Brigade, and in the battle of Seven Pines it lost thirty-two killed, eighty wounded, and thirty-two missing. The 8th then took part in the desperate assault of Longstreet's Division on the enemy's position at Gaines's Mill and lost half of its three hundred and fifty men engaged.



JUDGE J. B. SHIVERS.

In the spring of 1862 Comrade Shivers was transferred to the 11th Alabama, and a few days later his brigade at Frazier's Farm lost the commanding officers of eight companies and suffered a total loss of one hundred and eighty-two killed and wounded. There Comrade Shivers lost an arm and received six other serious wounds. Returning home, he was confined to his bed for eleven months. He later served as Mayor of Marion for ten years, was then County Superintendent of Education for ten years, and had served twenty-eight years as probate judge at the time of his death.

On July 7, 1871, Judge Shivers was married to Miss M. Louise Robinson, of Huntsville, Ala., whom he leaves to mourn his death, with two daughters and two sons. His comrades of Camp Garrett, of Perry County, and his native State of Alabama will honor and cherish his memory.

Charles Branch.

Charles Branch, for more than fifty years a resident of St. Louis, died at his home, in Webster Groves, Mo., on January 6, 1915. He was born in Richmond, Va., on January 8, 1842, and the burial was on his seventy-third birthday. He is survived by his widow and a son and daughter. Rev. Henry Branch, of Baltimore, is his twin brother.

Comrade Branch went to St. Louis in 1857 with his parents and had lived there ever since. He was a member of the first graduating class of the first high school of St. Louis and a member of the first graduating class of Washington University in 1861. At the beginning of the war he returned to his home in Virginia and entered the army, returning to St. Louis after the war closed.

He took great pride in the establishment of his private library and was widely known as a student of a large number of subjects. He entered the insurance business, and up to the time of his death he was connected with the American Central Fire Insurance Company.

In 1870 he married Miss Mary Glasgow, of St. Louis. He was a charter member of the University Club, a member of the Confederate Veteran Camp, Sons of the Revolution, and Sons of the Colonial Wars.

Mrs. Elizabeth S. Holmes.

On the 9th of July, 1914, after an illness of about six months, Mrs. Elizabeth Holmes died at the home of an only daughter, Mrs. J. F. Ragland, in Stanton, Tenn. Mrs. Holmes was Miss Elizabeth Stone, a near relative of the late Ex-Governor Stone, of Mississippi. She was reared in Gibson County, near Milan, Tenn. Two brothers were lost in the service of the Confederacy. Thomas J. Stone died of camp fever, and Richard N. Stone was killed at Shiloh.

In December, 1869, she was married to Isaac M. Holmes, who also had fought for his beloved Southland in the War between the States. He was wounded at Belmont and was never again able to serve as a soldier. While in a Federal prison he contracted asthma, from which he suffered as long as he lived. He answered the last roll call in 1896, and the beloved wife was laid to rest by his side in the old family burial ground, near Milan, and the two souls are reunited in the home beyond.

As a mother Mrs. Holmes was the embodiment of loyalty and self-sacrifice. She was ever stanch and true to the faith of her father, a minister of the M. E. Church, South. Her quiet, unassuming life, her cheerful disposition, her kind heart and ready sympathy will remain in our memories and bear fruit in our lives.

Deaths in Camp Lomax.

Commander John B. Fuller reports the passing of the following members of Camp Lomax, No. 151, U. C. V., Montgomery, Ala., during 1914:

J. R. Morris, Company C, 2d Arkansas, died January 19.

W. O. Farrior, Company D, 3d Alabama, died January 26.

F. H. Cobb, first lieutenant Company H, 24th Alabama, died March 24.

J. C. Merriwether, Semple's Alabama Battery, died April 17.

W. A. Taylor, Company A, 17th Alabama Regiment, died in April.

G. W. Fuller, Waddell's Alabama Battery, died June 18.

L. D. Wilson, Gen. Wirt Adams's cavalry, died June 19.

G. W. Beers, 3d Alabama, died June 30.

J. G. Thomas, Semple's Alabama Battery, died July 17.

J. F. Giddins, Company I, 45th Alabama, died September 9.

M. S. Gilmer, Shockley's Independent Escort Company, died September 16.

R. B. Snodgrass, major of 24th Alabama Cavalry, died November 19.

W. E. Smith, 28th Georgia Battalion, died December 4.

J. F. Snider, 1st Virginia Regiment, died December 20.

All of these were brave soldiers whom death did not terrify nor defeat humiliate. They have obeyed the command, "Parade rest," and their virtues plead for the judgment of "Well done, good and faithful servant." We mourn their absence but rejoice in their gain.

Hansford Duncan Norrell.

After a long illness, Hansford Duncan Norrell entered into rest at the age of eighty years at his home, on Monte Sano, Augusta, Ga., in August, 1914.

In the summer of 1861 Mr. Norrell closed out his business in Augusta and proceeded to Richmond, Va., with his wife and infant son, considering this the best point to locate in order to seek employment with the Confederate government. With him he bore letters to Vice President Stephens, Hon. Robert Toombs, and others from some of the most influential men in Augusta These letters spoke of him as "a young man of unblemished character, entirely exemplary deportment, and worthy of all confidence." His first position was a clerkship in the Produce Loan Office with Mr. . D. DeBon. Wishing another position, Mr. Norrell was most highly recommended by Mr. DeBon to the Secretary of the Treasury in these words: "If Mr. Norrell were appointed, I have no doubt that he would faithfully, diligently, and energetically perform the duties of the office to he entire satisfaction of the Treasury Department."



H. D. NORRELL.

On April 1, 1862, Mr. Memminger, Secretary of the Treasry, appointed Mr. Norrell as clerk in this department and n June 3, of the same year, as courier for the Confederate tates of America. By strict attention and faithful discharge f duties assigned him he won the entire confidence of the epartment; so little wonder was expressed when, returning ne day from one of his trips, he was notified that the govrnment had appointed him for a secret mission to Europe, nd he was to leave within twenty-four hours. At this time uch a trip required nerve and courage. Mr. Norrell proved iat he had both, and he safely carried out the mission on hich he was sent.

Dr. James M. Jackson.

Dr. James M. Jackson, one of the oldest and most highly spected citizens of Marshall County, died at his residence, Guntersville, Ala., on December 28, 1914. He was in his ghty-ninth year and had lived in Guntersville since 1856. uring all these years he had been actively engaged in the actice of his profession, until two years ago.

James Monroe Jackson, son of Harbard and Martha Jackn, was born at Culleoka, Maury County, Tenn., April 12 26, and was reared on a farm. He graduated from Jackn College, in Maury County, in 1844 with the degree of M. and went at once to Alabama, locating at Somerville, iere he began the study of medicine. He attended lectures the Louisville Medical College and graduated from the edical College of South Carolina, at Charleston, in 1849. He then returned to Somerville and practiced medicine successfully until 1856, when he moved to Guntersville.

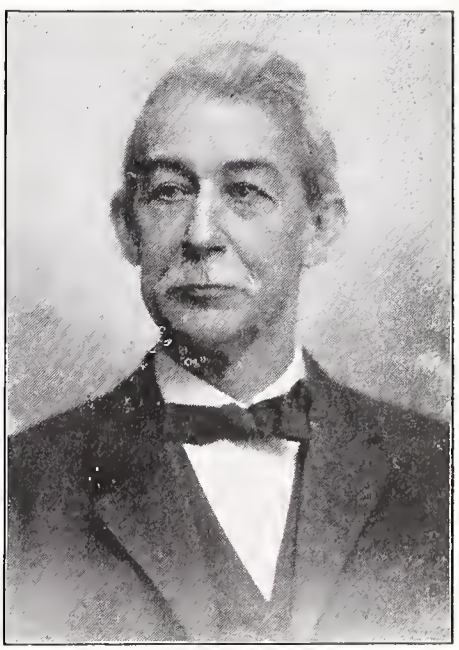
In April, 1861, Dr. Jackson entered the Confederate army as surgeon of the 42d Tennessee Regiment and remained with it until the fall of Fort Donelson, after which he was held as a prisoner at Camp Chase until July following, when he was sent to Johnson's Island. After his release he joined the 49th Tennessee Regiment, in which he held the rank of major. After the battle of Franklin he was ordered to remain with the wounded soldiers and was subsequently taken to Nashville and imprisoned in the penitentiary. In April he and three other surgeons were sent to Indianapolis and held as hostages for four surgeons of the Federal army who were missing in the battle of Franklin. When it was discovered that they had returned to their homes, Dr. Jackson was released in June, 1865.

Dr. Jackson was married in November, 1850, to Eliza D., daughter of Dr. James and Martha (Berry) Wilkinson, of Somerville. A son and daughter survive him.

Jonathan T. Rundle.

Again the roll call has been answered by another of our gallant old soldiers. On January 6, 1915, Jonathan Theodore Rundle joined the ranks of heroes on the other shore. Brave, generous, self-sacrificing, he was ever ready with heart and hand to help his fellow man.

Mr. Rundle was born at Wheeling, W. Va., April 12, 1836, being the son of Jonathan and Elizabeth Blucher Rundle, formerly of England. The family removed to Cincinnati, where his mother died when he was ten years of age. Later he went to Charleston, W. Va., and when the call came for volunteers for the South he, with his brother, Capt. John Rundle, joined the 36th Virginia Regiment. In the battle of Fort Donelson he received a serious wound which left him incapacitated for further service. When the fort was taken by the Federals he was made prisoner and placed in the Federal hospital at Nashville. From that place he was stolen away one night by three noble Southern women who loved and cared for the soldiers, Mrs. Robert Gardner, Mrs. Fort, and Mrs. M. Taylor, a dead comrade's body being placed on his cot. For two years he was unable to go about, but when he did get out it came his way to render a valuable service to Governor Johnson, who never forgot it, and he gave to Mr. Rundle special protection and privileges.



J. T. RUNDLE.

After the war Mr. Rundle became an active citizen of Nashville, making that his home until death. He is survived by his wife, who was Margaret Taylor, the adopted daughter of one of the ladies who removed him from the hospital, and their four children, a son and three daughters.

DR. HOWARD M. HAMILL—AN APPRECIATION.

BY MRS. B. B. ROSS, AUBURN, ALA.

When from Tate Springs, Tenn., on January 21, 1915, was flashed over the wires the sad message of the sudden death of Dr. Howard M. Hamill, there was profound and universal sorrow, for he was enshrined in the hearts of thousands throughout this country. His many friends in his old home and college town, Auburn, Ala., and the alumni of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, scattered far and near, were shocked and bowed with grief inexpressible.

A great man wrote: "Happy is the home that shelters a friend." It will ever be counted a rare privilege to have known well and to have had often in my home this gifted and great-minded man, this loyal and devoted friend. I cannot allow him to pass from the midst of men without expressing in at least a few words my loving regard for him and my heartfelt appreciation of the benediction he was in my home. His refined, cultured presence, his delightful converse, and, above and beyond all, his prayers will linger with me like sweet incense. By the rare opportunity of a close friendship with this gifted man for a number of years my own life has been broadened and deepened.

If I had been called upon to name the man with the most sentiment, one with the most sensitive appreciation of the true and the beautiful, the man with the most magnetic personality, the one with the most spiritual mind and heart of all my knowledge, I would have had to enlarge greatly my acquaintance before being willing to name any other than this friend, this knightly Christian gentleman.

The splendid Sunday school annex which is in process of building by the Methodists of Auburn, toward which Dr. Hamill contributed most liberally and in which he was greatly interested, will be called the Hamill Memorial Sunday School Building.

The Southern Methodist Church, of which he was a distinguished minister and an eminent writer and its efficient leader in all Sunday school work, the International Sunday School Association, of which he was the honored President, the Confederate Veterans' organization, which he served with enthusiasm and ability as Chaplain General, have each sustained an irreparable loss. In all the varied duties of a Christian minister, as the promoter of all phases of Sunday school enterprises, as a brave Confederate soldier, and as a Christian gentleman, he measured up to a standard that only the bravest, the truest, and the best can attain. Verily he was a "knight without fear and without reproach," having enlisted as a gallant boy soldier at sixteen years of age in the Confederate army, fighting valiantly under General Lee until the guns were stacked and the worn heroes in gray bade adieu to their loved commander. He then, with many others, went courageously to work to rebuild the waste and ruined places of the Southland, proving to all the world by the splendid structure that has been reared upon the foundations of the Old South that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Everywhere and at all times he showed his ardent love for his comrades in arms; and not only Alabama, his native State, and Tennessee, his adopted home, but the entire country, mourn his untimely death.

"He was a man, take him for all in all;
I shall not look upon his like again."

While on a visit to us more than two years ago he was asked to tell a chosen few something of his early boyhood associations, something of his college life, his decision to join the army. He was ever a delightful raconteur, and soon all present were not only most charmingly entertained, but convinced that Auburn had much interesting Confederate history and that there were in the town a number of sites worthy to be lastingly remembered. The Admiral Semmes Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, at once began work to carry out his suggestions, and on March 29, 1914, two bronze tablets and three bowlders with tablets were unveiled. The exercises were held in historic Langdon Hall, the scene of many dramatic and eventful occasions of the past. The large audience, composed for the most part of the splendid young manhood of the State, was inspirational in its interest and enthusiasm. The occasion will long be remembered in that Dr. H. M. Hamill, our distinguished soldier-alumnus, the Chaplain General of the U. C. V., made the principal address, on "Historic Old Auburn." He came, despite great feebleness, from a distant State, when many other obligations pressed upon him, and added to the unique occasion a charm which only he could give. His was a character well rounded and beautiful in all its proportions. In his old home we that knew him intimately loved and honored his noble unselfishness and were justly proud of his matchless attainments and the far-reaching work he had accomplished, and as long as splendid worth is reverenced among men his memory will be treasured in our hearts.

He has gone from us, but his influence lives on and will live in the hearts and lives of those who came within the charmed circle of his magnetic personality and who gained from his appeals inspiration to all that is higher and better in life.

Tribute from the Commander in Chief U. C. V.

Standing by the bier of Dr. Hamill, with much feeling Gen. Bennett H. Young portrayed the worth of such a life to the world, and in tender sentiment he expressed his appreciation of the friendship between them. "I am here in two ways," he said; "first as his friend, deeper still as his comrade. You cannot understand the marvelous power of this comradeship. Men, starving and naked, shoeless, four long years to fight for the truth, and then at last to see our cause go down in defeat! There is a tenderness in this great bond of affection that binds us together until the end of time. One of the greatest honors, Dr. Hamill told me, that had ever been given to him was to be appointed Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, and he said he wanted those words placed on his tomb. It was a very great honor and one that he deserved."

In pathetic reference to the "thin gray line" General Young said: "There are now so few of us. Of the men who were with him at Appomattox and there saw the cause of the Southland die, only two thousand remain. Day by day they pass away; hourly they are going. Of all the great armies that ever stood under a flag, there was no other ever aligned that was just like the army of the Confederate States. There is a pathos that attaches to a Confederate soldier as to no other soldier. I have looked into the face of a Revolutionary soldier, I have looked at the soldiers of the Old Guard in France, I have looked at the soldiers of many armies, but no man ever looked at a Confederate soldier without having respect for his splendid courage and absolute devotion and self-sacrifice for the cause that was so dear to them. Dr. Hamill loved these soldiers; he was one of them, a follower of Lee and Jackson and Stuart and Forrest, and as the Commander of all the Confederate Veterans, as their representative, I am here to mingle my tears with those who were close to him in

the ties of kinship and love and to say that of the sons of the South a great and good man has fallen; he has gone to take his place with the immortals."

RESOLUTIONS BY FRANK CHEATHAM BIVOUAC.

At a regular meeting of Frank Cheatham Bivouac, Association of Confederate Soldiers, held in the city of Nashville, Tenn., on the 5th day of February, 1915, the following preamble and resolutions on the death of Rev. H. M. Hamill were unanimously adopted:

"We are often called upon to pay tribute to some Confederate soldier, and from the frequency of deaths among our comrades we are constrained to believe that the day is not far distant when there will be no more Confederate soldiers, and they will only live in sacred memory.

"Our comrade, Rev. H. M. Hamill, was born in Lowndes County, Ala., on the 10th day of August, 1847. On the 25th day of March, 1864, at the age of sixteen years, he enlisted in the army of the Confederate States, joining Company I, 9th Florida Infantry. He served gallantly in this regiment until it was surrendered at the end of the war at Farmville, Va., April 11, 1865. He was orderly sergeant of his company and, being the senior officer present, was in command and surrendered his company.

"On account of his record as a Confederate soldier and his devotion to the cause for which he fought, Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., in May, 1913, appointed Dr. Hamill as Chaplain General of the United Confederate Veterans, which position he held at the time of his death.

"He was justly proud of his record as a Confederate soldier and frequently said that age and more education had fully convinced him of the constitutional right of secession and that the South was clearly justified in taking up arms in defense of its constitutional rights. Therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Rev. H. M. Hamill the South has lost one of its most noble defenders, the Bivouac an ardent member, the Church one of its greatest advocates, society an ornament, and his family a devoted husband and loving father. *"Sit tibi terra levis!"* Be it further

"*Resolved:* That a copy hereof shall be spread upon the minutes and shall also be sent to his devoted wife.

"Committee: John P. Hickman (Chairman), M. S. Cockrill, P. M. Griffin.

"In testimony whereof the Bivouac has caused these presents to be signed by its President and Secretary and attested with the seal of the State Association.

S. B. Shearon, *President;*
A. A. Lyon, *Secretary.*"

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE, U. D. C.

The contract for the Shiloh monument has been placed, and the laying of the corner stone this spring will be attended with brilliant ceremonies.

In her announcement to the Shiloh State Directors, Mrs. L. C. Hall, Secretary of the Shiloh Monument Committee, appeals for renewed effort in the work, so that the fund may be completed ere the monument is unveiled. "Let us sacrifice something of ease or comfort or luxury," she urges, "in order to discharge this just debt to our sacred dead who sleep on Shiloh's field."

In preparation for the laying of the corner stone Mrs. A. B. White, Director General, has asked that the names of all State committees be sent to Mrs. F. G. Odenheimer, 216 Maryland Avenue N. E., Washington, D. C., to be put in the corner stone box, and she also asks that a small silk flag of each State be sent to Mrs. Jennie G. Henderson, at Corinth, Miss. These will be placed in the box during the ceremonies.

The Shiloh Monument Committee has for sale handsome pictures of Gen. R. E. Lee at $5 and $10, half of which goes to the Shiloh fund.

"Heroes in Gray," sketches of Confederate generals, 30 cents each; 20 cents to the Shiloh fund.

The committee will have coat of arms painted on vellum for $25; on bristol board, $20; coat of arms on steel die for use on stationery, $35. Twenty per cent on all orders reserved for the Shiloh fund.

Report of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Treasurer, from November 1, 1914, to February 12, 1915.

Alabama: Asheville Chapter, $1; William Brightman Chapter, $2; Mrs. Martin (commission on "Heroes in Gray"), 10 cents; William Hardy Chapter, $1; Avondale Chapter, $2; Sidney Lanier Chapter, $2; Leonard Pratt Chapter, $2; Union Springs Chapter, $5; John B. Gordon Chapter, $2.50; Bessemer Chapter, $2; Stephen D. Lee Chapter, $2. Total, $21.60.

Arkansas: J. R. Loftin, Sr. (personal), Newport, $1.

District of Columbia: Robert E. Lee Chapter, $5. Total, $5.

Georgia: Abbeville Chapter, $10; Atlanta Chapter, C. of C., $10; Valdosta Chapter, $3; Morgan County Chapter, Madison, $10; Vidalia Chapter, $5; Quitman Chapter, $5; Barnesville Chapter, $10; Richland Chapter, $1; Calhoun Chapter, $5; Sylvania Chapter, $5; Summerville Chapter, $2; Shellman Chapter, $3; Gainesville Chapter, $4; Thompson Chapter, $1; Vienna Chapter, $2; Laura Lester Chapter, Pembroke, $1. Total, $77.

Mississippi: Mrs. Sam Sharp, Sr. (personal), Booneville. $2. Total, $2.

Minnesota: Robert E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, $5.

New York: New York Chapter, $50.

Ohio: Gen. Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dayton, $2; P. B. Darling (personal), Columbus, $1. Total, $3.

Oklahoma: John H. Reagan Chapter, Wynnwood, $1.

Tennessee: V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton, $5; Mucidora C. McCorry Chapter, Jackson, $25; Martin Chapter, $20; Dresden Chapter, $1. Total, $51.

Texas: Pat Cleburne Camp, Waco (sent by T. B. Cox), $61; O. L. Stribling (member Pat Cleburne Camp), $1; A. F. Amerman (personal), Houston, $3. Total, $65.

Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, $6. Total, $6.

Expense, $300.

Total collections since last report, $287.60.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $31,426.80.

Total collections, $31,714.40.

Less expense, $300.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $31,414.40.

Mrs. Norman Randolph, of Richmond, Va., wants to get in communication with some relative of James Polk Harris, of the 5th Texas Regiment, Hood's Brigade, who was fatally wounded in the battle of Manassas. He was carried to the home of Mrs. Randolph's mother, in Warren, Va., where he died September 18, 1862. A few years later Mrs. Randolph's mother died and was buried by this young man's side. Among her papers was found a sunny curl of hair with the name "James Polk Harris, aged eighteen years," and the date of his death.

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS AND DRAMAS OF DANIEL BEDINGER LUCAS. University of Virginia Edition, two volumes. The Gorham Press, Boston.

Judge Daniel Bedinger Lucas was one of the most remarkable men of the Old South who became a distinguished figure in the new order of things. A Virginian, educated at the University of Virginia, an enthusiastic Confederate, though prevented by bodily infirmity from service in the field, at the close of the war he found his native section torn from the Old Dominion and formed into the State of West Virginia. For several years prevented from practicing his profession, the law, by political malice, he yet overcame all obstacles and attained the high place of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. Judge Lucas was a man of splendid intellect, of extensive learning, and of refined culture, and amid the exacting duties of his profession and his great position he found time to write verse of rare poetic merit and to portray war-time conditions with dramatic vividness. The volume is opened by the poem entitled "The Land Where We Were Dreaming," which gives title to the volume. It is a tender picture of the old-time South, with its quiet, gentle life and its wide awakening to the horrors of war. The volume is the gathering into one of several volumes and occasional poems from 1865 to 1909, and it reveals a mind of rich and varied imagination and of light and airy fancies. It would be impossible in a brief notice to characterize the poems of patriotism, of memory, of love, of reverent piety that are gathered here. The South owes it to herself to preserve these volumes as true and noble expressions in melodious verse of the splendid ideals, the grand heroism, and the generous sentiment of her people in the days of bitter trials.

GOLDENROD AND CYPRESS. By Mrs. Loula Kendall Rogers. Byrd Printing Company, Atlanta, Ga.

This volume of poems is from the pen of one of those refined and accomplished women of the South, "to the manner born," who gave tone to that gracious civilization which is now largely only a precious memory. A member of one of the most distinguished families of Georgia, educated before the great war at the Wesleyan Female College at Macon, after the war teaching in the Gordon Institute at Barnesville, Mrs. Rogers (née Kendall) is a woman of rare culture, whose life has been given to the uplift of her own people from the desolation of war. These sweet poems preserve the flavor and breathe the spirit of the old days of high ideals, of tender sentiment, of pure living expressed in the harmony of beautiful verse. They cover the experiences of a long life, through school days and girlhood, through the trying times of a great war, through years of faithful service for others, even to the years of grandmotherhood. Through all sound the notes of cheerful hope, of tender memories, of ardent patriotism, of gentle piety. This little volume, dedicated to the U. D. C. and to the "memory of the Confederate soldiers," should find a place in the hearts and in the homes of the women engaged in the service of all of these causes.

EXPOSITION VISITORS.

Visitors to San Francisco will please note that rates at the Voorhies Building, 1334 Van Ness Avenue, are from $1 to $3 per day. This is within walking distance of the Exposition. A large room in that building, accommodating from six to ten people, is offered at 75 cents each per day. Best & Schaeffle, Managers.

"THE YOUNGERS' FIGHT FOR FREEDOM."

In a book under this title Capt. W. C. Bronaugh, of Missouri, has told the story of the three Missouri boys who were forced by circumstances into the irregular warfare of that border State, of their being outlawed at the close of the war and a price set upon their heads and thus forced to become outlaws in fact, of their capture and the long fight made to secure their freedom. In his preface to the book Walter Williams gives the reason for the book. "The story is told," he says, "not to gloss their crimes or to excuse their sins, but to show that the way of the transgressor is ever a hard way."

Through this narrative is gained a better idea of conditions in Missouri in those troublous times, and there could hardly be found a finer example of friendship than is portrayed in the twenty years' effort made by Captain Bronaugh in behalf of his erring friends.

The book is sold by Captain Bronaugh. See advertisement in this number.

THE DIXIE CALENDAR.

Readers of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN may obtain, as long as the supply holds out, copies of the "Dixie Calendar" (in slightly soiled boxes) for 10 cents the copy, the regular retail price of this calendar in perfect condition being 50 cents the copy. It contains quotations wholly from Southern literature, with dates of historical interest. Copies may be obtained direct from the Page Publishing Association, 849 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

WHAT IS SAID OF

Richardson's Defense of the South

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief Confederate Veterans, Louisville, Ky.: "A work that every school and every man in the South ought to have as a political textbook."

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Gen. M. L. Bonham, Anderson, S. C.: "These are books which our young people ought to be encouraged to read."

Atlanta Journal, Atlanta, Ga.: "Of inestimable value to all interested in the record of the gigantic struggle between the States."

Gen. B. H. Teague, Aiken, S. C.: "I have spoken in strong terms in praise of the book."

Rev. Geo. R. Ratchford, Madison, Fla.: "The most complete work of the kind I have ever seen."

Atlanta Georgian, Atlanta, Ga.: "Every possible contested point of the Confederacy's rights is defended ably."

Adjt.-Gen. H. H. Newton, Bennettsville, S. C.: "Of inestimable value to the cause of truth."

Prof. A. C. Briscoe, Atlanta, Ga.: "Its eloquence and earnestness attract and hold the reader."

Henry County Weekly, McDonough, Ga.: "Shows unanswerably that the South fought for the Constitution."

Rev. Jno. R. Caldwell, Prattville, Ala.: "The most complete statement of the principles for which the South contended in the sixties that has yet been written."

Mr. L. W. Hopkins, author of "From Bull Run to Appomattox," Baltimore, Md.: "The whole book is a gem."

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Sumner Cunningham Monument Fund

There was a tender friendship between the late editor of the VETERAN and the veteran leader of minstrelsy, Mr. Al G. Field; and out of a generous heart the author is giving a large share of the sales to help the fund for building a monument to his friend of many years. Of this book, Mr. Cunningham himself wrote: "If Al G. Field had determined upon this book when a boy and had given years of study to the subject, a finer production could not have been expected. It is as unique throughout as is the title, 'Watch Yourself Go By.' Open it anywhere, regardless of what precedes, and soon you will be fascinated." And he offered a year's subscription to the VETERAN to all who bought the book and were not satisfied.

The *New York Clipper* says: "From beginning to end this book will hold the attention of the reader with its intermingling of mirth and pathos, in which is entwined the record of a busy life. The boyhood scenes and the peculiar characters and incidents recorded are particularly amusing and instructive."

Many other notices could be quoted in praise of Mr. Field's book, written to give pleasure to others. The author himself says: "If those who peruse this book extract half the pleasure from reading its pages that has come to me while writing them, my desires will be satisfied."

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Book Sent Prepaid, $1 the Copy

ALL ORDERS MUST BE SENT TO THE

Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Any one knowing Henry W. Mitchel, who served in a Tennessee regiment during the war, will confer a favor by writing his widow, Mrs. H. W. Mitchel, Craft, Cherokee County, Tex.

Mrs. Rosa Tabor, of Dogline, La., would like to hear from any veteran who can testify to the service of her husband, W. T. Tabor, a soldier from Texas in the Confederate army. She does not remember his command.

Mrs. J. P. Pryor, of Myra, Tex., is trying to get a pension and wants to establish the record of her husband, J. P. Pryor, who enlisted from Missouri and belonged to General Forrest's cavalry. Any one knowing anything of her husband, please write to her.

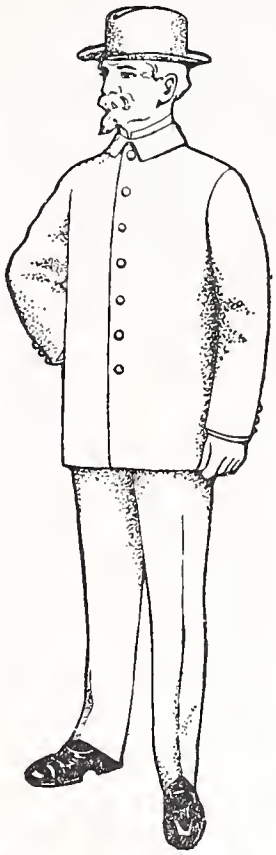
Any of the survivors of Company F, 17th Alabama Infantry, or of the regiment, who can testify to the service and capture of Thomas Brown, of that company, would greatly assist a worthy widow by writing to Mrs. Eliza Brown, care Adjutant of Semmes Camp, U. C. V., Mobile, Ala.

J. F. Martin, of Manning, Tex., wishing to get a pension, would like to correspond with some surviving comrade. He enlisted at Little Rock, Ark., December 1, 1861, in Company C, under Captain Hanson, 4th Battalion, Col. F. A. Terry. At Meridian, Miss., his command was put under Col. H. G. Bunn.

Mrs. Mary A. Clendenning, of Arkadelphia, Ark., wants to communicate with some one who can testify to her husband's service in the Confederate army. He enlisted in August before the march from Corinth to Tupelo and was under Captain Carroll, 15th Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division.

Mrs. India W. P. Logan, of Palmyra, Mo., wishes the name of every living member or nearest relative of Quirk's Scouts belonging to Morgan's Cavalry, as she wishes to present each with a book written by her brother, Kelion Franklin Peddicord, who led the scouts on the raid through Kentucky and Ohio.

W. J. Sumner, of Company D, Phillips's Legion, under Captain Wimberly, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps, enlisting from Big Shanty, Ga., August 2, 1861, wants to communicate with some surviving comrade who can help him establish his record, as he wishes to enter the Soldiers' Home at Higginsville, Mo. Address him 2127 Terrace Street, Kansas City, Mo.



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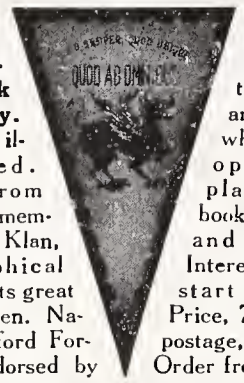
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W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

A. B. Tully, 312 West Ninth Avenue, Houston, Tex., wants to hear from some surviving comrade who was in the war with him. He enlisted from McNairy County, Tenn., in Captain Dameron's company and later was under Capt. John Mickey, Jeff Forrest's regiment.

Inquiry has been made in regard to the following and where they can be procured: Button of the second degree Knights of the Golden Circle (about 1862), badge of the Ku-Klux Klan (1866-70), badge of the Knights of the Golden Circle (five-pointed star before 1864). Replies can be sent to the VETERAN office.

Mrs. John E. S. Mobley, of Gibsland, La., is anxious to get in communication with some surviving comrades of her husband who can testify to his record as a Confederate soldier. John E. S. Mobley enlisted at Columbus, Ga., in the second year of the war, was taken prisoner, and was released in 1865. Only one officer under whom he served is recalled, Major Jakes. His widow is trying to establish his record in order to secure a pension.

WANTED.—Information to prove the war record of Bernard Jager (also called Aleck), who served on the Star of the West when it carried money up the river from the mint at New Orleans. He also served as gunner on the gunboat Morgan and was captured in Mobile Bay. After the war he served as boatman for the Bar Pilot Association at Southwest Pass, La., and died in New Orleans in 1891. This inquiry is in behalf of his widow, who needs a pension, and any one knowing his service will please write to Dr. Margaret Caraway, Gulfport, Miss., Box 73.

In order to secure a pension, Mrs. Susan Mullens, now eighty-one years old, is trying to establish the war record of her husband, Robert Mullens, who lived at Hartsville, Tenn., and enlisted either in Smith, Sumner, or Macon County. She thinks he served under General Bragg. He was flag bearer for his company and after the war carried the same flag at some of the early Reunions. He was a relative of Capt. and Mrs. W. T. Ellis, of Hartsville, Tenn., and a friend of Mr. Carson, who was once sheriff of Trousdale County. Mr. Mullens died at Hartsville, Tenn., August 16, 1875. Responses should be addressed to Miss Alice Haliburton, care Remington Typewriter Company, Fort Worth, Tex.

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If any reader of the VETERAN has any of the above weapons, write me, giving "marks" on all or any of the arms and their condition. Address

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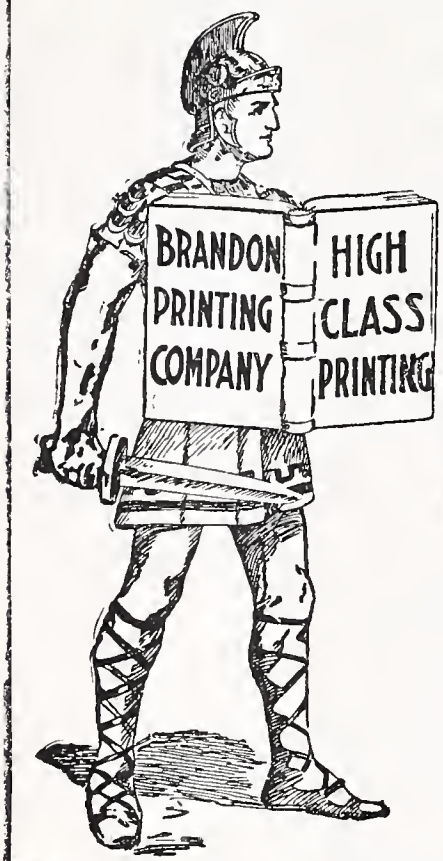
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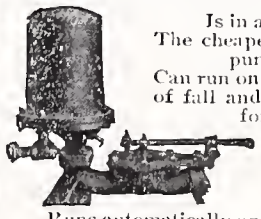
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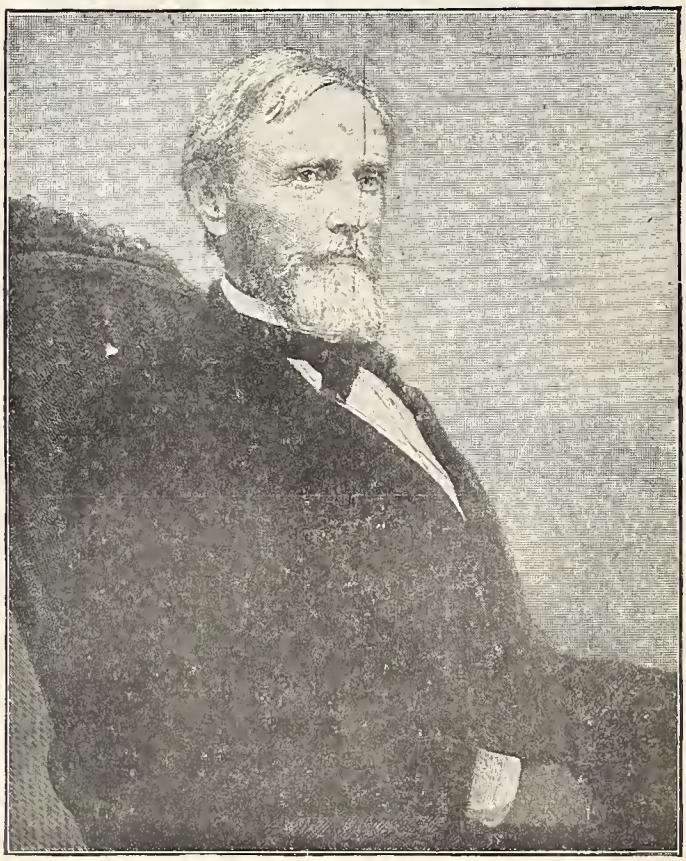
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Robert Keith, of Argyle, Tex., wants to correspond with survivors of S. D. Lee's scouts.

Judge C. Langley, of Camden, S. C., seeks information of the war record of his father, Samuel Langley, who first served as sergeant under Capt. F. H. Manguin, of the 1st South Carolina Regiment, Hagood's Brigade. The command was organized in April, 1861, and was disbanded at Orangeburg, S. C. He then enlisted as a private in Company D (Walker's Light Artillery), 12th Georgia Battalion, Capers's Regiment, Evans's Brigade, Gordon's Division, A. N. V., organized in May, 1862. He was second lieutenant at the close.

Mrs. M. E. Shearon, 114 Thirtieth Avenue North, Nashville, Tenn., wishing to complete the war record of her husband, Sterling Durham Shearon, asks that surviving comrades will give information as to where and when he surrendered. He served with Company —, 9th Tennessee Infantry, for two years. He was wounded and sent to the hospital at Forsyth, Ga., and was there at the close of the war.

Mrs. J. L. Rogers, of Mullins, S. C., wants to communicate with some surviving comrade of her father, Allen Jones, who can testify to his record as a Confederate soldier. He enlisted from Rocky Mount, N. C., in 1861, in Company K, 15th North Carolina Regiment, and served through the four years. He was wounded near Fredericksburg and was in the battle of Gettysburg.

Dr. W. T. Jones, of Fort Davis, Tex., writes that he has in his possession a photograph of a Confederate soldier in uniform, taken at Augusta, Ga., October 6, 1863. On the back of the photograph is written "James E. Cantrill." He will return this picture to any relative or friend who may desire it.

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THE WOMAN'S MONUMENT IN FLORIDA.

The frontispiece for this number of the VETERAN is a reproduction of the group for the woman's monument at Jacksonville, Fla., completing that memorial, recently unveiled. The sculpture is by Allen G. Newman, of New York City. Of this work, Mr. Newman says:

"When the Greeks wished to honor a divinity, they made a statue of her and built a temple around it. The design of the monument to the women of the South, for which I have had the honor of furnishing the enshrined sculpture, has always suggested this sentiment to me, and I have approached the subject from this attitude of reverence.

"No matter what may be in store for her, and no matter to what heights she may attain in the future, the woman of the South will never be more forcefully presented than attired in the costume of the sixties, when she embraced and so splendidly rose to the opportunity to show her capabilities in an emergeney, standing out as clean-cut and glorious as when in quieter days she presided as chatelaine and lady of the home.

"So, in brief, the group represents the woman of the South instructing future generations as well as showing her the most privileged guardian of the home ties."

Some other of Mr. Newman's most important works are: The peace monument, erected at the main entranee of Piedmont Park, Atlanta, Ga.; United States soldier, "The Hiker," erected in numerous cities in the United States by the Spanish War veterans; portrait of Joel Chandler Harris on Uncle Remus monument, Atlanta, Ga.; portrait-statue of Ex-Governor Oates, Montgomery, Ala.; portrait-statue of I. Marks, Meridian, Miss.; pioneer monument in front of the State Capitol, Salem, Oregon; sculpture of New York State builders at Portland and Jamestown, Va., expositions; statues of mediæval adventurers over four north main entrances, Panama-Paeifie Exposition, 1915.

DEATH OF MRS. STONEWALL JACKSON.

After an illness of many months, Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, widow of Gen. T. J. Jackson, died at her home, in Charlotte, N. C., on March 24. Funeral serviees were held in Charlotte, and the body was then taken under military escort to Lexington, Va., for interment by the side of her soldier husband.

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 5, 1915.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 35.

The General commanding is pleased to announce that he has promoted Rev. J. W. Bachman, D.D., of Chattanooga, Tenn., from the office of Assistant Adjutant General to Chaplain General, to succeed Rev. H. M. Hamill, D.D., deeeased.

He will immediately enter upon the discharge of his duties and will be obeyed and respected aecordingly.

By command of BENNETT H. YOUNG,
General Commanding.
WILLIAM E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA., February 8, 1915.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 26.

The General commanding directs attention to the following resolution, which was adopted at the Reunion held in Jacksonville, Fla., May 6, 7, and 8, 1914:

"Whereas, after they have given us twenty-five years of their time, talents, and means in the organization of every social funetion that tends to the uplift and betterment of the Confederate soldier; therefore be it

"*Resolved*, That from this time hence all sponsors, maids of honor, chaperons, from and ineluding the rank of Brigadier General to Commander in Chief, shall be assigned to their proper places in all our public parades and social entertainments, provided only a sponsor, two maids of honor, and a chaperon may be appointed in any case."

As the time is at hand when appointments are to be made, he suggests that those eharged with the power of naming chaperons and others bear in mind the terms of this resolution.

By command of BENNETT H. YOUNG,
General Commanding.
WILLIAM E. MICKLE, *Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.*

THE SOUTH AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY J. A. RICHARDSON, ATLANTA, GA.

In a recent issue of the New York Independent is the following:

"FROM THE SOUTH'S POINT OF VIEW.

"Webster and Hayne in their great speeches touched on most of the constitutional arguments advanced in 'Richardson's Defense of the South,' by J. A. Richardson. Its six hundred pages are concerned in proving that the North, and not the South, was the enemy of the Constitution. A sincere patriotism marks a work which otherwise seems futile."

The author's reply was kindly turned down by the editor of the Independent with this explanation: "I wish we had space in our conference columns to consider such questions as you have raised with reference to our review of your 'Defense of the South,' but its limited nature prevents our pursuing any one subject extensively."

This is an argument by mere implication. It is based on no facts, yet it assumes all things in favor of the North. The term "futile," it is true, is softened by the "marks of a sincere patriotism," for which we are thankful. But the term "futile" means more than is shown on the surface. It implies that the Webster-Hayne debate settled issues, settled them in the North's favor, settled them so conclusively as to justify the mighty conflict of the sixties, and settled them for all time. Therefore the South should now endure in silence and patience her just reward—the opprobrium of "rebel" and "traitor."

We propose to show from the best of testimony, including that of Webster himself, that the Webster-Hayne debate settled nothing in favor of the North.

Our first witness is no less than Francis Newton Thorpe, the distinguished editor of "The Civil War from the Northern Standpoint." He says: "Hayne, following Calhoun, had appealed to history and the letter of the Constitution; Webster appealed to the sentiments of the whole people and the necessities of civil government—that is, Hayne and Calhoun appealed to something definite and obligatory; Webster, to something most definite and most irrelevant." It is certain, according to Thorpe, that Webster in this debate did not appeal at all to the Constitution and that Hayne and Calhoun did. What should have been more binding on the conscience of the people of the States than the Constitution, the one compact of the Union, construed according to its letter?

We next introduce Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, a Federal veteran and the honored and efficient head of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Referring to this debate, he says: "It is somewhat curious to consider what would have been the attitude of the Massachusetts Senator if, after uttering these words, the Senator from South Carolina had been able to confront him with his speech fifteen years previous in the other hall of the Capitol." That is, Webster's speech in 1818 was antipodal to this of 1833.

We next place upon the stand Webster himself. In 1838, just five years later, the Barings, of London, asked him "whether the legislature of one of the States has legal and constitutional power to contract loans at home and abroad." Webster answered: "Every State is an independent, sovereign political community. * * * The security for State loans is the plighted faith of the State as a political community. It rests on the same basis as other contracts with established governments." That is, a loan made to one of the States is a loan made to an independent, sovereign nation and rests on the same basis as a loan made to Great Britain.

In January, 1839, six years after this famous debate, Webster, before the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the Bank of Augusta vs. Earle, said, among other things: "I am not prepared to say that the States have no national sovereignty. The laws of some of the States—Maryland and Virginia, for instance—provide punishment for treason. The power thus exercised is certainly not municipal. Virginia has a law of alienage—that is, a power exercised against a foreign nation. Does not the question necessarily arise when the power is exercised concerning an alien enemy—an enemy to whom? The law of escheat, which exists in all the States, is also the exercise of a great sovereign power." Then, raising his voice to the height of his great argument, he exclaimed: "The term 'sovereignty' does not occur in the Constitution at all. The Constitution treats States as States and by careful enumeration declares that all the powers that are granted by the States belong to the United States, and all the rest are reserved to the States. The States of the Union as States are subject to all the voluntary and customary laws of nations." (If more extensive extracts from this superb argument are desired, the reader is referred to "Richardson's Defense," page 269.)

We next call to the stand the Supreme Court of the United States. Rendering its decision along the line of this inexorable logic, this court declares in reference to the States of the Union: "They are sovereign States, and the history of the past and the events which are daily occurring furnish the strongest evidence that they have adopted toward each other the laws of comity in their fullest extent." (Our limited space will not permit us to quote further from this decision.)

We now call Webster back to the stand. It is 1851, just eighteen years after that memorable debate with Hayne. He is stooping under the weight of threescore and ten years. In an address at Tarpon Springs, Va., he said: "If the South were to violate any part of the Constitution, intentionally or systematically, and persisted in so doing year after year and no remedy could be had, would the North be any longer bound to the rest of it? If the North deliberately, habitually, and of fixed purpose were to disregard one part of it, would the South be any longer bound to observe the other obligations? * * * I have not hesitated to say and repeat that if the Northern States refuse willfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would no longer be bound to observe the compact. A bargain cannot be broken on one side and still bind the other side." How these words from the great New England lawyer put to shame Lincoln in his first inaugural address, who then and there declared the very opposite to be true!

These sledge-hammer blows are aimed at the thirteen Northern States who refused so "willfully" and "deliberately" to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which requires the restoration of fugitive slaves that they enacted laws to that effect. (Curtis's "Life of Webster," Volume III., pages 518, 519.)

This may be considered the dying testimony of the immortal Webster, for the suns of another year did not rise and set before he went to his final rest. He justifies the position of the South in language too clear and argument too conclusive to admit of doubt.

Thus we have given a brief summary of Webster's public life, covering a period of thirty-three years. Only once did he abandon the Constitution. And about that effort cen-

tralists and apologists for the war gather like eagles about their prey. They laud his argument as "classic" and declare that it will live, therefore, in immortal literature. Be it to their honor, they never declare it constitutional. The Constitution favors the "hated" and "despised" South. Therefore it was in disrepute.

We have shown by Charles Francis Adams, the possessor of a name honored throughout all America, that Webster was constitutional fifteen years previous to this debate, which the Independent pronounces so extraordinarily influential. We have shown by Francis Newton Thorpe, around whom the North gathers as its main defense, that Webster abandoned the Constitution in this debate and appealed to "sentiments" the most indefinite and diversified possible—"the sentiments of the whole people." We have shown by Webster and the Supreme Court that the States of the Union are "national sovereignties" in the truest sense and hence are possessed of the right to accede to the Union and to secede from it. Thus the Constitution was clearly with the South and as clearly against the North.

Yet there are those who say, "Let us not revive the issues of the sixties," as if fearful of dire results. It may be noble and laudable to endure wrong. But is it not equally as noble, laudable, and patriotic to defend the right and lift from the shoulders of a great section the imputation that it was recklessly guilty of a great wrong to a great people, a wrong that resulted in the slaughter of approximately one million of patriotic lives and the destruction of billions of property? We cannot consent to the proposition of silence so long as the Constitution is so manifestly with the South and so long as a great Northern paper like the Outlook, of New York, can truthfully say there are "men who imagine that all Confederate soldiers deserve only bitter condemnation." ("The Neale Advertiser," page 10.)

CELEBRATING THE LEE ANNIVERSARY.

One of the most notable celebrations of the anniversary of General Lee's birth was reported from Harrisonburg, Va., where the S. B. Gibbons Camp, U. C. V., entertained at dinner the veteran survivors of many different commands in that section. Most of them were of Rockingham County, but there were also present twenty members of the Neff-Rice Camp, of Shenandoah County. Daughters of the Confederacy, members of the Ladies' Memorial Association, Sons of Veterans, and the ministers of Harrisonburg were also guests of the Camp. It was a splendid gathering of veterans, representing more than forty different Confederate commands and two regiments of Federal infantry.

Capt. R. M. Colvin, Commander of the Camp, presided at the dinner, which was an informal affair. A program of addresses and music was the feature of the afternoon, with the presentation of crosses of honor to two veterans and two sons of veterans.

In his tribute to General Lee the orator of the day, Ward C. Swank, of Harrisonburg, told of the Lee scholarship at the University of Virginia, founded by a citizen of New York City who had fought in the Union army against General Lee, yet his admiration and reverence for the great leader had been won during the mighty conflict. Special tribute was also paid the late Capt. D. H. Lee Martz, who for nearly twenty-one years was Commander of the Camp. Of the two hundred and twenty veterans originally on the rolls of the Camp, only seventy-five are now left.

The following is given as a partial list of the commands represented and the number of survivors present:

Twelfth Virginia Cavalry, seventeen members, Companies F, G, H, I, and K.

Tenth Virginia Cavalry, five members, Company H.

Eleventh Virginia Cavalry, four members, Companies C and K.

Seventh Virginia Cavalry, eighteen members, Companies B, C, H, I, and K.

First Virginia Cavalry, seven members, Companies F, I, and Yancey's.

Twenty-Third Virginia Cavalry, one member, Company H.

Eighteenth Virginia Cavalry, one member, Company E.

Sixth Virginia Cavalry, two members, Companies C and I.

Fifth Virginia Cavalry, one member, Company I.

White's Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, two members, Company B.

"The Boy Company," Christman's Battalion, four members.

McClanahan's Battery, three members.

Chew's Battery, Horse Artillery, four members.

McNeill's Battalion, four members.

Woodson's Company, McNeill's Partisan Rangers, three members.

Eleventh Virginia Infantry, three members, Companies C and E.

Fifth Virginia Infantry, six members, Companies A, E, H, I, K, and L.

Thirty-Third Virginia Infantry, three members, Companies C, E, and I.

Eighth Virginia Infantry, one member, Company E.

Seventh Virginia Infantry, one member.

Sixty-Second Infantry, four members, Companies A and K.

Tenth Virginia Infantry, twenty-one members, Companies B, C, D, E, G, and H.

Twenty-Fifth Virginia Infantry, one member.

Thirty-Sixth Virginia Infantry, one member, Company F.

Fifty-Second Virginia Regiment, one member.

Twelfth Virginia Infantry, two members, Companies G and K.

First Virginia Infantry, one member, Company E.

Thirty-First Virginia Infantry, one member.

The 12th Virginia Cavalry, the 7th Cavalry, and the 10th Virginia Infantry had the largest representation.

John E. Hopkins, a member of Neff-Rice Camp, of Newmarket, was so enthusiastic over the entertainment, especially the dinner, that he paid tribute in verse to the ladies who had prepared it. His poem concludes as follows:

"Ye sons of Mars, go shield your blades,
Your chapeaus doff to these lovely maids
And matrons fair, whose culinary art
Hath captured us all, both hand and heart.
The test of the menu is true to our wishes;
We measure the proof in the emptied dishes."

THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.—William B. Conway, M.D., of Athens, Ga., a member of that command, writes: "In the VETERAN of February, 1915, page 86, appears a notice from William H. H. Benefield, of Pendleton, Ind., concerning one Edward Dailey, who, he said, was a member of the famous Ashby's Black Horse Cavalry (3d Virginia). The Black Horse Cavalry company did not belong to Ashby's command, nor was it in the 3d Virginia Cavalry Regiment. The Black Horse Cavalry was composed mostly of men from Fauquier County, Va., and belonged to my regiment, the 4th Virginia Cavalry Regiment. A more gallant band of troopers never flashed a blade."

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

A most happy event took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Reese, of Pensacola, Fla., on January 25 in the celebration of the fiftieth wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Thompson, of that city. Among the guests were the parents of Mrs. Reese, Rev. and Mrs. James D. West, of Newton, Miss., whose golden wedding had been celebrated on July 14, 1911, at their own home, surrounded by their six children, ten grandchildren, two sons-in-law, and one daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. West are daughters of Rev. John Newton Waddell, who was President of the University of Mississippi and also of the colleges at LaGrange, Tenn., and at Clarksville, Tenn., and granddaughters of Moses Waddell, of Willington Academy fame and Chancellor of the University of Georgia from 1819 to 1829. One brother, Gray Waddell, a mere boy of seventeen, was killed at Jonesboro, Ga., while serving with Johnston's army in the Atlanta campaign.

The marriage of the two sisters occurred during the war. Of those trying days of danger and separation, many incidents, both humorous and sad, were recounted during the celebration of this golden anniversary. In the toast offered by Dr. West, "To the War-Time Bridegroom," he told how the bridegroom, at home on a furlough in January, 1865, rode twenty-seven miles for the minister and on the way to claim his bride in North Mississippi was obliged to swim their two horses across a swollen stream in freezing weather, while the minister crossed on the remaining framework of the bridge. The bridegroom's condition, with his clothing and cavalry boots frozen to him, was humorously depicted. In his response Mr. Thompson found opportunity to recite some of the ludicrous happenings attending and following the marriage of Dr. West. The toast by Mr. Reese to Mrs. Thompson, "The Bride of Sixty-Five," was a tribute to the sacrifices made by this noble woman in the work she did for her country during those long days of suffering and also to her part in the work of the South's rebuilding from the ashes of war.

COMRADES, 1858-1915.

These two young men, James D. West and Charles V. Thompson, were fellow students at the Synodical College at LaGrange, Tenn., when the Confederate war began. Many students left college on receiving information that their home States had seceded. This so depleted the attendance that the faculty closed the college on April 30, 1861. At that time Mr. West was engaged to Miss Mary R. Waddell and Mr. Thompson to Miss Bessie Waddell, daughters of Rev. John N. Waddell, D.D., President of the college. The two friends immediately went to their homes, West to Mississippi and Thompson to Fayette County, Tenn., and both began preparations for entering the army.

Mr. West first joined a Leake County company, but became impatient, got his discharge, and joined the Attala Company, 13th Regiment Mississippi Volunteers, at Union City, Tenn. His first service was in Virginia, and as his company journeyed from his Mississippi home he and Miss Mary Waddell were married while the transportation train stopped at LaGrange. He kissed his bride and stepped aboard the train as it moved off, taking him with his command to participate in the battle of First Manassas.

Mr. Thompson joined Company H, 13th Regiment Tennessee Troops, on June 4, 1861, and after the secession of his State his regiment became a part of the Confederate army. His first service was in Missouri; but in September, 1861, his regiment was transferred to West Kentucky and stationed at Columbus under Gen. Leonidas Polk. His battle experiences



MR. AND MRS. C. V. THOMPSON. REV. AND MRS. J. D. WEST.

began at Belmont, Mo., October 7, 1861, and he then took part in all the battles of his regiment until May 17, 1864, when he was severely wounded at Adairsville, Ga. He had been appointed adjutant of the consolidated regiment, made up of the 13th and 154th Tennessee, in January, 1864. He reported for duty July 10, 1864, while Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was in front of Atlanta and was continuously on duty until the close of the Georgia campaign, in October, 1864. Soon after Mr. Thompson was made one of a detachment from General Cheatham's division and ordered to go into the southern counties of West Tennessee for the purpose of smuggling out clothing for Cheatham's men. This, though a very dangerous undertaking, was successfully carried out, there being only one man captured of the thirty sent on the expedition. The time for the return was fixed at sixty days, the men to enter the lines singly and to use their own judgment. When Mr. Thompson reported to General Cheatham, most of the men who could safely go to their homes were allowed to do so, that they might exchange their rags for whole garments. Upon this ground he asked the General for a short furlough, that he might go to see his girl, who was a refugee in Mississippi. He got the furlough, and on the 25th of January he and Miss Bessie Waddell were married. He returned to the army and was paroled on April 26, 1865, at Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. West was taken desperately ill soon after the battle of First Manassas. His wife and her father hastened to Lynchburg and nursed him until his discharge and then took him to their home in LaGrange, where he regained strength. In the summer of 1862 he reënlisted in Capt. Baker Jones's company, which was mustered into the 13th Tennessee as Company L, in which company he was second lieutenant. On the 27th of June, 1864, he was captured while bravely trying to draw off all the men of a picket line, of which he was in command, at the beginning of the battle of Kennesaw Mountain, and was then a prisoner on Johnson's Island until the close of the war.

C. A. Orr (Company E, 10th Alabama Regiment), of Oxford, Ala., refers to an inquiry in the VETERAN sometime ago for W. A. Cook, of whom he writes: "Walter A. Cook enlisted at Talladega, Ala., June 5, 1861, in Company E, 10th Alabama Infantry Volunteers, Wilcox's Brigade, A. N. V., and about the latter part of 1862 he was elected captain of the company. In the battle of Salem Church, Va., he was mortally wounded and was taken to a country home, where he died in a day or two. He was a brave, good man and was loved by every man of the company."

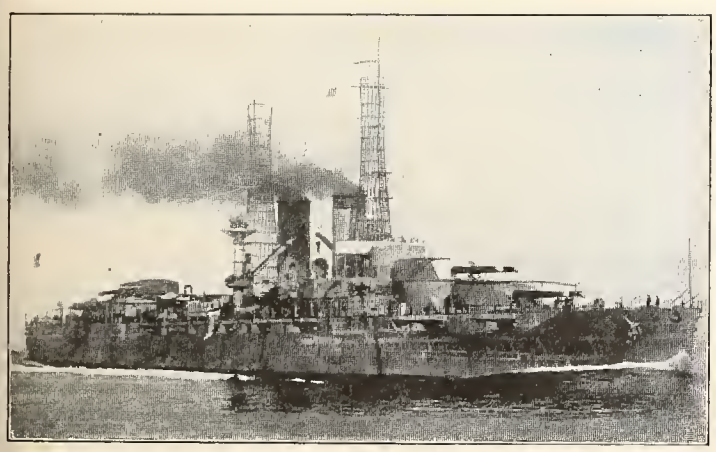
THE BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

When the State of Texas presented the handsome silver service to the magnificent battleship named in honor of that great commonwealth, Camp Magruder, U. C. V., of Galveston, sent a special representative in the person of William Lochiel Cameron, who had been an officer in the Confederate navy. The reason for this representation was the high regard in which the Camp holds the memory of the late Admiral Philip, commander of the old Texas, whose tender thought for a defeated foe showed his magnanimous spirit and aroused the admiration of the world.

On one occasion a member of Camp Magruder, while on the deck of the old United States steamship Texas when in Galveston port, was approached by Captain Philip, who, placing his hand on the Confederate button of the veteran's coat, said: "I honor the spirit dictating the wearing of that badge. I would like very much to have one of them." The button was procured and sent to him, which he acknowledged and said he would keep always. It was Captain Philip who, when in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, had the word "Rebel" on some captured guns there changed to "Confederate." Such acts as these and his Christian feeling for the foe in the battle of Santiago aroused admiration among the membership of Camp Magruder, who honored his memory in sending their representative to the new battleship Texas, the pride of our navy.

Mr. Cameron was cordially received as he went on board by Commander Moses, of the vessel, who presented to the Camp through him a handsome picture of the Confederate cruiser Alabama. The following message was borne by Mr. Cameron to Captain Grant, commanding the Texas: "As the authorized representative of Magruder Camp, United Confederate Veterans, I take great pleasure in conveying to you as commander of the new United States steamship Texas and to the officers and men under your command the warmest good will and regard of our old veterans of the Confederacy. We have every confidence that this ship under your command will more than sustain the fine record left by the old ship Texas, and we have also the greatest confidence that the captain of the new Texas will uphold in his position the reputation left by that nationally and internationally known Christian gentleman and gallant, brave naval officer, Capt. John Philip."

"Don't cheer, men; those poor devils are dying," and, lifting his cap and bowing his head: "I would like to have you all join me in giving thanks to God Almighty for this great victory." (Captain Philip at battle of Santiago.)



THE U. S. BATTLESHIP TEXAS.

OKLAHOMA TO THE FRONT.

Oklahoma is one of the younger States of the Union, having been admitted on the 16th of November, 1907. Among its cosmopolitan population there are some thirty-five hundred Confederate veterans, who have been no small factor in the development of this young, growing commonwealth. The State at large has not failed in appreciation, and through its legislature it looks after the welfare of the dependent Confederate soldiers and their widows.

There is a magnificent Confederate Home, located at Ardmore, which is maintained by legislative appropriations. There were on March 1 sixty-nine old soldiers and eighteen widows and wives of old soldiers inmates of this Home, which is controlled by a board of managers appointed by the Governor, five of whom are old soldiers, one a son and the other a daughter of a Confederate soldier.

The legislature two years ago appropriated $16,500 with which there has been erected, furnished, and equipped a fireproof hospital building, and $16,500 per year was also appropriated for the maintenance of the Home.

The present legislature, now in session, has by appropriations provided for the continued maintenance of the Home. Early in the session Capt. Sam Hargis, Representative from Pontotoc County and also a Confederate soldier, introduced a bill providing for a pension of $10 per month to all dependent Confederate soldiers and sailors and their widows who are incapacitated by reason of age or disease to perform manual labor in any of the ordinary vocations of life and who had resided in the State twelve months prior to its passage. The bill was passed easily and was heartily supported by several members who were ex-Federal soldiers. It provides for a Board of Pension Commissioners, consisting of the State Treasurer, the State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, and three Confederate soldiers appointed by the Governor, and they hold office for a term of four years.

The bill was approved by the Governor on Wednesday, February 24, and takes effect ninety days after the adjournment of the legislature. The Board of Commissioners consists of William D. Matthews, State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections and a Confederate veteran; Gen. D. M. Hailey, of McAlester, Commander Oklahoma Division, U. C. V.; Dr. John Threadgill, of Oklahoma City, Commander First Brigade of the Oklahoma Division; Dr. J. G. Street, one of the prominent business men of Oklahoma City; and the Hon. W. L. Alexander, State Treasurer and son of a Confederate soldier from North Carolina.

[The above notes were furnished by William D. Matthews, Chairman of the State Board of Pension Commissioners of Oklahoma, who wants it known what Oklahoma is doing for her Confederate veterans. The provision is the most liberal, individually, that any State has yet made. Mr. Matthews is a native of Mississippi and served under John H. Morgan during the war. He was in the ministry of the Methodist Church forty years and has been in the West thirty-five years. In November, 1914, he was elected State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections on the Democratic ticket by a majority of thirty thousand votes.]

True to Her Sex.—An old negro woman was sitting with knees crossed in the shoe department of a large store when a young woman clerk stepped up to her. "Aunty, what size shoe do you wear?" she inquired. "Well, honey, I kin w'ar eights, and I ginerally w'ar nines; but dese yere Ise got on is twelves, and de good Lord knows dey hurt me."—*National Monthly.*

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

HONOR WHERE DUE.

In the article about the "Boy Major of the Confederacy," appearing in the VETERAN for January, page 9, the data furnished the VETERAN was misleading as to the originator of the monument movement. Credit for this should have been given to Mrs. Arthur W. Sinclair, then President of the Manassas Chapter, U. D. C., who was the first to suggest that a simple monument should be placed at the grave of this gallant boy, whose resting place had so long remained unmarked save by a plain slab, as the memorial work of the Virginia Division, U. D. C. The matter was brought before the annual convention of the Virginia Division that year and the work agreed upon unanimously, and every Chapter of the Division was asked to contribute.

This correction is made in justice to Mrs. Sinclair, to whom is due credit for originating the movement, and to Mrs. Kate Paul, who did not know until after the publication that she had been so honored. Mrs. Sinclair is now Assistant Historian and Corresponding Secretary of the Manassas Chapter.

SIXTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY, ATTENTION!

Any one desirous of aiding in preserving the record of the 6th Virginia Cavalry during its service, 1861-65, will oblige me by sending any information in their possession with reference to the regiment, its officers and men, the name, rank, date of enlistment, time of service, engagements or skirmishes, anecdotes, date and place of death, present address of living members, and of some member of the family of the dead, etc.

This information is for the purpose of verifying and adding to such matter already in my possession, which will be put into order for publication with the hope of its being placed on permanent record with other Confederate memorials.

JOHN R. JOHNSTON,
Copyright Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.

A CORRECTION.—In my article on "Artillery in the Battle of Franklin" I stated that 163 rounds were fired "from the fort." The article then says: "The guns at the fort fired 470 solid, 1,401 case shot," etc. This last should have been "at the front" instead of "at the fort." Lower down on the page I did not mean to say "an eight-inch shrapnel was rolled into the river." I meant to use the word "and" instead of "an," meaning that a number of them were rolled into the river by the retreating Federals. PARK MARSHALL.

Gen. J. M. Williams, Paymaster-General U. C. V., 400 Bank of Commerce Building, Memphis, Tenn., says he will want at least two million dollars of this sacred old money of the Confederacy to pay off surviving comrades at the Richmond Reunion. The names of all who contribute to this fund will be placed on the roll of honor. Comrades, chip in. You will never have a better use for your Confederate currency.

INDORSED BY N. B. FORREST CAMP, U. C. V., CHATTANOOGA.

Whereas Miss Sarah Frazier, the estimable daughter of Comrade S. J. A. Frazier, has been so zealous in inaugurating and successfully managing so many enterprises in behalf of the Veterans and the Daughters; and whereas the Camp holds her in such high esteem, and she being so amply qualified to fill any position requiring ability, energy, and zeal—we therefore recommend her most cordially for the position of President of the State Association of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Signed: John N. Johnson, W. C. Payne, W. A. Terrell, Committee; John W. Faxon, Commander; L. T. Dickinson, Adjutant.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Previously reported	$2,316 65
Mrs. D. A. Nunn, Crockett, Tex.	2 00
Mrs. G. T. Mattingly, St. Louis, Mo.	50
Mrs. T. H. Armstrong, Vaiden, Miss.	1 00
John D. Masengill, Blountville, Tenn.	1 00
R. M. DeYoung, Chase, Ala.	1 00
Dr. John A. Wyeth, New York, N. Y.	5 00
Farmville Chapter, U. D. C., Farmville, Tex.	5 00
Mrs. S. O. Laughlin, Wheeling, W. Va.	2 00
Miss Mattie Adams, Shelly, N. C.	20
J. S. Overcash, Taylortown, La.	50
W. N. Cameron, Coleman, Tex.	5 00
J. C. McCullough, Grand Saline, Tex.	1 10
W. H. Kidd, Waxahachie, Tex.	1 00
J. L. Erwin, Fulton, Mo.	1 00
H. H. Brown, Fulton, Mo.	1 00
T. W. Huffman, Bluff Springs, Fla.	1 00
Mrs. W. A. Craighead, Breckenridge, Tex.	1 00
A. J. Cross, Jacksonville, Ala.	1 00
Mrs. M. E. Wotring, Maurertown, Va.	1 00
R. N. Provine, Coles Creek, Miss.	1 00
J. K. Baldridge, Nelsonville, Mo.	1 00
Robert Wiley, Fairfax, Va.	2 00
Dr. A. A. Lyon, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
J. D. McGarry, Bardane, W. Va.	1 00
Mrs. Ella V. Strachan, Gravett, Ark.	1 00
Alonzo Lindsey, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Dr. Basil C. Duke Chapter, Maysville, Ky.	5 00
A. G. Sulser, Maysville, Ky.	2 50
Mrs. George W. Sulser, Maysville, Ky.	2 50
Miss Sallie Cullers, McGaheysville, Ga.	1 00
John McIntosh Kell d'Antignac, John McIntosh Kell Davis, John McIntosh Kell III., Auvergne d'Antignac, Edward Hunt Davis, Monroe Demere d'Antignac, and Clark Mason Davis (grandsons of Mrs. John McIntosh Kell), Sunnyside, Ga.	1 00
G. W. Wilkins, Tokio, Tex.	1 00
Mary Graham Chapter, C. of C., Camden, Ark.	1 00
W. J. Hudson, Neosho, Mo.	1 00
H. C. Wells, Savannah, Ga.	1 00
B. W. Ball Chapter, U. D. C., Cross Hill, S. C.	1 00
Dr. J. C. W. Steger, Gurley, Ala.	1 00
L. S. Ross Chapter, U. D. C., Vernon, Tex.	1 00
E. H. Allman, Mobile, Ala.	1 00
Total	$2,375 95

THE MOTHERS OF MEN.

The bravest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with the cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore the part—
Lo, there is that battle field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,
No banners to gleam and wave;
But O, these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in a walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen goes down!

O, ye with banners and battle shot
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways!

O spotless woman in a world of shame,
With splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born! —*Selected.*

CREDIT TO WHOM CREDIT IS DUE.

BY MAJ. WILLIAM M. PEGRAM, BALTIMORE, MD.

The article appearing in the March VETERAN about the proposed memorial building to the women of America to be erected in Washington, D. C., states that "the courage and devotion of a soldier's wife was the inspiration for the movement to honor our women."

She was the wife of Gen. Francis C. Barlow, who was desperately wounded and left within the Confederate lines on the field of Gettysburg. When his supposedly dying condition came to her knowledge, Mrs. Barlow tried to get permission to enter the Confederate lines, but was refused because of certain strategic conditions; so, taking her life in her hands, under cover of night she made a dash across the line, escaping unscathed the fire of both pickets.

It would seem a pity to disprove any part of such an account of womanly courage, but in justice to all concerned the truth should be known from the lips of one who enabled Mrs. Barlow to gain the bedside of her supposedly dying husband.

In "Reminiscences of the Civil War," by Gen. John B. Gordon, C. S. A., when writing of the first day's fight at Gettysburg, he says (page 151):

"In the midst of the wild disorder in his [Howard's] ranks and through a storm of bullets a Union officer was seeking to rally his men for a final stand. He too went down, pierced by a Minie ball. Riding forward with my rapidly advancing lines, I discovered that brave officer lying upon his back, with the July sun pouring its rays into his pale face, and his life seemed to be rapidly ebbing out. Quickly dismounting and lifting his head, I gave him water from my canteen and asked his name and the character of his wounds. He was Maj. Gen. Francis C. Barlow, of New York, and of Howard's Corps. * * * Before parting, he asked me to take from his pocket a package of letters and destroy them. They were from his wife. He had but one request to make of me. That was that if I should live to the end of the war and should ever meet Mrs. Barlow I would tell her of our meeting on the field of Gettysburg and of his thoughts of her in his last moments. * * * I learned that Mrs. Barlow was with the Union army and near the battle field. * * * Passing through the day's battle unhurt, I dispatched at its close under flag of truce the promised message to Mrs. Barlow. I assured her that if she wished to come through the lines she would have safe conduct to her husband's side.

"In the desperate encounters of the two succeeding days and the retreat of Lee's army I thought no more of Barlow except to number him with the noble dead of both armies who had so gloriously met their fate. The ball, however, had struck no vital point, and Barlow slowly recovered, though this fact was wholly unknown to me. The following summer my kinsman with the same initials, Gen. J. B. Gordon, of North Carolina, was killed. Barlow, who had recovered, saw the announcement of his death and entertained no doubt that he was the Gordon whom he had met on the field of Gettysburg. To me, therefore, Barlow was dead; to Barlow I was dead.

"Nearly fifteen years passed before either of us was undeceived. During my second term in the United States Senate the Hon. Clarkson Potter, of New York, was a member of the House of Representatives. He invited me to dinner in Washington to meet a General Barlow who had served in the Union army. Potter knew nothing of the Gettysburg incident. I had heard that there was another Barlow in the Union army and supposed, of course, that it was that Barlow with whom I was to dine. Seated at Clarkson Potter's table, I asked Barlow: 'General, are you related to the Barlow who was killed at Gettysburg?' He replied: 'Why, I am the man, sir. Are you related to the general who killed me?' 'I am the man, sir,' I responded.

"No words of mine can convey any conception of the emotions awakened by those startling announcements. Nothing short of an actual resurrection of the dead could have amazed either of us more. Thenceforward until his untimely death, in 1896, the friendship between us, which was born amidst the thunders of Gettysburg, was greatly cherished by both."

This story, though not in its full details, was told to me before his "Reminiscences" were published by General Gordon, who, in speaking of the emotions created by the discovery, said that both rose simultaneously from the table and, meeting, embraced each other, while tears started in the eyes of each.

This interesting account by General Gordon should forever set at rest the story of the refusal given Mrs. Barlow to go to her husband, the first knowledge of whose condition she learned through the said flag of truce; and the safe conduct assured her when she was escorted to him through the lines entirely negatives the "dash under cover of night across the line, escaping unscathed the fire of both pickets." It shows too the tender-heartedness and magnanimity of this great and glorious man toward his fallen enemy in a manner rarely equaled, never surpassed.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

THE MONUMENT AT ARLINGTON.

BY MRS. L. M. HOSEA, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Peace! divine message to the North
Brought by the glorious woman, olive-crowned,
Who from her war-swept South comes nobly forth
To plant the olive on her victor's ground.
Is this the age foretold by prophet old?
Her sword is turned to plowshare, and her spear
A sickle, reaping blessings manifold,
Promised to those who great Jehovah fear.
She stands majestic on her base, where live
In speaking bronze her heroes—
A woman, not an angel, sent to give
The message, "Peace on earth, to God give glory."
Ezekiel! thy New South shall ever be
The symbol of our Southern chivalry.

MESSAGE FROM PRESIDENT GENERAL U. D. C.

My Dear Daughters: It is my desire to urge Chapters and Divisions to exert themselves to do all within their power to assist veterans to attend the Reunion in Richmond, Va., June 1-3. The veterans love dearly to go to the old capital of the Confederacy, and, Daughters, let us do everything we can to give them this pleasure. The line is thinning fast, and we must not lose an opportunity.

I am asking each Chapter to order a number of copies of the "History of the Arlington Monument" and sell them. The book is a gem, and the amount realized will help liquidate the Arlington debt. Remember, please, that all money from the sale of seals must go to this fund until Arlington is paid for. Shiloh too is calling for active interest and effort. So also is the memorial to Col. Sumner Cunningham. Please do not let this drag, but quickly complete it. This cannot be done unless you determine to do it.

It is my understanding that the Red Cross Memorial Building will be finished in 1916. Will every Division this year give one hundred dollars to our memorial window for that building? Chapters where there are no Divisions, will you give what you can, all you can? Please do, for earnest is my wish that we be ready with the window when the building is ready. How lovely for the women of the South and the women of the North to place these windows side by side, not waiting but ready with them!

Don't forget to send the veterans to the Reunion.

Faithfully,
Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General U. D. C.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

[The following resolutions, passed at a recent meeting in Savannah, Ga., will be of interest to the hundreds of Daughters throughout the Southland who loved and honored Mrs. L. H. Raines, Referee of Crosses of Honor for the U. D. C.]

In Memory of Anna Davenport Raines, 1853-1915.

We have met to pay a tribute of respect to one who, during the best years of her life, gave herself untiringly to the welfare of our Chapter. She has left us an example which will inspire us to put forth diligent effort in furthering the interests of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and to keep alive in succeeding generations the reverence for the principles which guided the Southern women of the sixties and made such women as the subject of this tribute loyal unto death. May her memory be honored by us! In our words and in our deeds let us press forward to the mark of a "noble purpose, nobly won" by those who have finished their earthly course and may be now with us in spirit "while we are still struggling with clay." Believing this, we may not feel that our faithful associate is lost to our work, but rather it will be more potent because of her love and devotion to it.

"I cannot say and will not say
That she is dead. She is just away.
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
She has wandered forth into an unknown land
And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since she is there.
Thinking of her still as the same, I say:
She is not dead; she is just away."

As Secretary of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Confederate Veterans' Association, her official work in things Confederate began. She was a charter member of Savannah Chapter, U. D. C., and its first President. In 1895, with the assistance of Mrs. C. Helen Plane, she organized the Georgia Division, U. D. C., and was elected First Vice President. She was the First Vice President of the general organization, U. D. C., and its first presiding officer. She was elected Custodian of Crosses of Honor in 1907, and her indefatigable labor in that office brought forth general and generous approval. After failing health made further work as Custodian impossible, the title of Referee of Crosses of Honor was conferred upon her at the New Orleans Convention, U. D. C., in 1913. As a further mark of esteem she was made an honorary President of the U. D. C. Ever the friend of the veterans, she was elected an honorary member of the Confederate Veterans' Association, Camp 756, and also of McLaws's Camp, U. C. V. Her interest and coöperation in the work of the Children of the Confederacy never waned.

In the death of Mrs. Raines the Savannah Chapter, U. D. C., has lost an honored ex-President, a tireless and faithful member, a loyal and devoted friend.

Committee: Mary Stuart Young (Chairman), Florilea Boulineau, Jessie Marmelstein, Agnes Howard, Rebecca Black Dupont, Clara Sloan Grady, Kate Latham.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MISS CLARIBEL DRAKE, VICKSBURG, MISS.

As the recently appointed representative of the Mississippi Division for this department of the VETERAN, your State editor wishes to make appreciative acknowledgment of the honor conferred upon her and to pledge her best efforts to keep the Mississippi columns at the front for live interest, up-to-date news, and faithful record of the effective work our State is doing in the U. D. C. cause. With this pledge comes the urgent request that every Chapter in the Division make its fulfillment possible by hearty coöperation in sending in items of news. We are doing great things in the Mississippi Division in educational, charitable, and historical lines. Let us not be too modest in making them known as an inspiration and encouragement to even greater things by each Chapter in our State.

ANNUAL CONVENTION AT VICKSBURG, MAY 5-7.

In May, 1900, the State Division, U. D. C., convened in Vicksburg, and now in May, 1915, Vicksburg Chapter, No. 77, will entertain the order for the second time. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful or a more appropriate meeting place for this convention. One of the great rivers of the world passes in sweeping, graceful curves the city which towers on its hundreds of hills high above any possible danger of overflow from this often turbulent and aggressive stream. This city, with its many miles of street paving, its five street car lines (not to mention a thriving line of jitney-mobiles), its "White Way" street and boulevard, and its beautiful ante-bellum and modern homes, gives the true impression of being as prosperous and progressive as any in Mississippi.

Moreover, the historical associations of this place give to it an interest that is not equaled by any other in the State and by few cities in the country. At the northern end of one of the car lines is a most beautiful national cemetery; on the hills surrounding the town the United States government has made of the Vicksburg battle field a national military park, whose thirty-three miles of built roads make a tour of such beauty and interest that tourists from all over the country come to Vicksburg for this purpose alone. Pieces of artillery have been placed on the Union and Confederate lines of this park in the positions they occupied during the siege, and the different States have erected beautiful memorials in bronze and marble to their troops who were engaged there.

Nor can one walk the streets of Vicksburg without being reminded of its part in the great struggle of the sixties, for many of the old homes bear bronze plates showing that they were military headquarters; and there remains at least one of the many caves that Vicksburg citizens inhabited during the bombardment.

Not least in interest and suggestiveness of the past is the Confederate veterans' annex to the State Hospital, which was built by the Vicksburg Chapter and its many friends and is maintained by the State and the Chapter.

It is amid such scenes that make vivid the heroic past that the Mississippi Daughters will meet (just fifty years after the close of the struggle) to carry forward their work of love for the Confederate cause. It should be indeed a most enthusiastic and successful convention. The Vicksburg Chapter is planning the most royal welcome that it is possible to give, and it hopes to make this the most enjoyable meeting in the history of the State Division. May we have a full delegation!

ALABAMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. A. ROUNTREE, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The Daughters of Alabama have been especially active in public matters since the beginning of the year. During the recent session of the legislature a special effort has been made to secure State aid for several important projects, and already much success has been achieved. Through the Legislative Committee, composed of Mrs. William H. Sanford (Chairman), Mrs. William Gayle, Mrs. Belle Allen Ross, Mrs. F. R. Hold, Mrs. W. B. Snodgrass, Mrs. Bibb Graves, Mrs. George Stowers, Mrs. Ella Brock, Miss Evelyn Tyson, Mrs. John L. Moulton, Mrs. T. W. Palmer, Mrs. William Gregory, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Mrs. S. T. Frazier, Mrs. R. A. Beeland, Mrs. R. H. Pearson, a scholarship bill was passed whereby the State of Alabama guarantees to the Alabama Division for all time a scholarship in some one of the State schools or colleges (selected by the Daughters) to the amount of $100 annually for each $1,250 turned over to the State treasury by the Division. The Division has about $5,000 invested for scholarships, and the bill, as drawn by the Daughters and passed by the legislature, places them upon a more secure and permanent basis than any heretofore established. The aid of every Chapter in the State was solicited for the passage of this measure, and many of them did valiant work; but, more than all else, the brilliant leadership, energy, and tireless efforts of our President, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, pushed it to a successful conclusion.

Bills to secure an additional appropriation of $1,000 for the hospital at the Soldiers' Home and also to permit the wives of Confederate veterans to remain in the Home after the death of their husbands, to provide the $1,200 endowment fund for the State room in the Museum at Richmond, Va., and the appropriation annually of $400 in case Alabama is successful in securing for Mobile Harbor the "Little Lady Davis" have all been introduced, but will not be acted upon until the reassembling of the legislature in July.

Mrs. Frank S. White, wife of United States Senator White, is especially interested in the Little Lady Davis bill before Congress, and she has made a strong appeal to Alabama to urge its passage and to use all influence in its behalf.

The Works bill for the relief of Confederate veterans, now before Congress, is likewise receiving full share of attention, and throughout Alabama the Daughters have been busy writing letters and sending petitions to their representatives in Congress urging the immediate passage of the bill.

Probably never before has the Division been so thoroughly awake to the needs of the great cause for which we are united, and never before has there been more concertd action on the part of the Chapters to do their work quickly and thoroughly. Each measure is of grave importance and means much to our organization, and the Daughters have rallied nobly to the call with the intention of arousing public interest and securing successful legislation.

THE WASHINGTON DIVISION.

BY MISS JULIA FLETCHER, PRESIDENT DIXIE CHAPTER, TACOMA, WASH.

For fear you might forget the few Daughters in this far-off corner of our big country, we are constrained to send a word of greeting to the Daughters in the Southland and to assure them a most cordial welcome to the Pacific Coast in October. It is with much pleasure that our Chapter receives the VETERAN each month and reads the messages from our President General and the stirring appeals of our Historian General to study, study, study and educate ourselves in the truths of history. May her zeal be contagious! Then the articles telling of the work of other Divisions, especially from my native State, Virginia, all are helpful.

The sixth annual convention of the Washington Division met in Seattle October 15, 1914, and we were much encouraged by the report of the work accomplished by the four Chapters in the State.

Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, gave a reception to the Southerners in the city and the members of Pickett Camp, U. C. V., January 19, commemorating the birthday of Gen. Robert E. Lee. The speaker of the occasion was Rev. Carter Helm Jones, D.D., a son of Rev. John William Jones, a personal friend of General Lee's, his army chaplain and first biographer. Dr. Jones gave a delightful, inspiring, and touching talk on Lee as a man and as a soldier and many intimate reminiscences which delighted his hearers. A most pleasing feature was the reading of a telegram received by the Chapter from Miss Mary Custis Lee, dated from Washington, D. C.: "On this occasion of my father's birthday I send my warmest greetings. I feel the deepest pleasure in knowing that in that far-off land the dear ladies and old soldiers still keep his memory green." This was received with much applause by the veterans and appreciated by all.

Most of our members subscribe to the VETERAN, and we are planning to take the course in history as outlined by Miss Rutherford, so that we shall be able to "know whereof we speak" when we have to right some wrongs in history.

THE COLORADO DIVISION.

BY MRS. W. O. TEMPLE, DENVER, COLO.

The second convention of the Colorado Division was held at Pueblo October 6, 1914, and was well attended by members of the N. B. Forrest Chapter of Pueblo, the Margaret Davis Chapter, and the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Denver. Mrs. Lela Wade Lewis, First Vice President, presided. The address of welcome was delivered by Judge Mirick, son of a Confederate veteran, on behalf of the hostess Chapter, to which response was made by Mrs. W. O. Temple, President of the Robert E. Lee Chapter of Denver. Concluding the session, the following officers were elected for the year 1914-15: State President, Mrs. J. A. Lovell, Denver; Vice Presidents, Mrs. Lela Wade Lewis and Mrs. W. R. Marshall, Denver, Mrs. R. C. Walker, Grand Junction; Recording Secretary, Miss Susie Almon, Denver; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Juan Rayner, Pueblo; Treasurer, Miss Lillian Clayton, Denver; Registrar, Miss Ella Colburn, Denver; Historian, Mrs. D. O. Darnell, Cripple Creek; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. W. O. Temple, Denver; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Jesse Read, Pueblo; Parliamentarian, Mrs. Brown, Pueblo; Honorary President, Mrs. B. A. C. Emerson, Denver.

Mrs. J. A. Lowell is a North Carolinian by birth and a most capable and devoted member of the U. D. C. Under her leadership the Division is expected to accomplish good work.

As hostess Chapter of the occasion, the N. B. Forrest Chapter extended a royal welcome to the visitors. A reception at the home of the President, Mrs. Juan Rayner, a beautiful luncheon at the hotel, and an automobile ride about the city were the special features of entertainment.

The next convention will be held in Denver in October, 1915.

NORTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. JOHN D. LEAK, WADESBORO, N. C.

I am happy to tell the readers of the VETERAN that the U. D. C.'s in the Old North State are ever doing a fine work and are fully alive to the interests of the order.

In February Mrs. R. E. Little, our State President since last October, visited High Point, where she was beautifully entertained and made an address on Lee-Jackson Day. From there she went to Raleigh to appear with a committee of ladies before the legislature in the interest of pending measures. She is now on a visit to the historic town of Fayetteville, where an Old Ladies' Home, in which the Daughters are interested, is to be located.

Our State Division finds special benefit to be derived from spring district meetings, this being the means of drawing together the members from different localities. We are trying heartily to coöperate with schools and teachers in the use of proper textbooks and in stimulating interest in Southern history and research.

The Children of the Confederacy in Charlotte, under the able leadership of Mrs. H. D. Burkheimer, are doing a splendid work and have recently been entertained by their leader with a beautiful valentine party.

Pitt County came to the front several months ago with the dedication of a handsome Confederate monument at Greenville, which stands as a lasting memorial to the bravery, the heroisms, the sacrifices and sorrows of the South's gigantic struggle of 1861-65.

I hope to be able from time to time to give you some interesting information in regard to this wonderful order of noble women in our State, whose very name, the Daughters of the Confederacy, is dear to our beloved Southland.

SOUTH CAROLINA NEWS NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. WOODSON, AUGUSTA, GA.

The first of the South Carolina Chapters to respond to my request for news was the Dixie Chapter at Anderson, of which our State Historian, Mrs. C. McC. Patrick, is President. The Dixie is actively engaged in the practical work of caring for those veterans living within their midst. Yearbooks have been made out and presented to the members, and the historical work has been given an impetus by the inspiring work of our State Historian.

R. E. Lee Chapter, of Anderson, lately held a rally meeting. A dinner was given for the veterans on Lee's birthday and a box provided for the fifty inmates of the County Home.

Honor roll work has been taken up by William Wallace Chapter, of Union. Mrs. Macbeth Young is the Chapter worker.

Report comes through Mrs. M. R. Gooding, of Varnesville, of unusual activity in Wade Hampton Chapter, which is in fine shape, with an energetic President and coworkers. It is

not a large Chapter. Medals were given on January 19 for papers on Lee and Jackson, respectively, to pupils of the tenth and eleventh grades of the high school. Admiral Semmes Day was observed by giving a reception to the veterans.

Lancaster Chapter reports the decision to organize a Children's Chapter and the offer of a gold medal to a high-grade pupil for the best essay on "Jefferson Davis" and a silver medal to a pupil of the intermediate grade having the best essay on the "War between the States." These will be awarded on Field Day.

Easley is arranging for the Piedmont District Conference in April, this being the first time the William Easley Chapter has had the entertainment of the Daughters of its district. Hart's Battery Chapter, of Williston, in the same month entertains the Edisto District Conference; Kingstree, the Pee Dee District; and the John Bratton Chapter, of Winnsboro, will have the Ridge District Conference.

Lucinda Horn Chapter, of Saluda, bears the name of a real war-time heroine. Its members recently presented a play to raise money for marking the graves of Confederate dead in the county.

The Honor Roll work is progressing finely in the State. During February your chairman sent in one thousand and eighty-five rolls, to be placed in Richmond. This correspondent is chairman of the committee and is ably assisted by the other two members, Mrs. B. E. Nicholson, of Edgefield, and Miss Nonie Dunbar, of Aiken, and also by the Chapter workers appointed to coöperate with the committee.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

A pleasant feature of the annual convention of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., to be held in Murfreesboro May 12-14, will be the presence of the President General U. D. C., Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens. She will be the guest of Mrs. H. N. Leech, President of the Tennessee Division, at Clarksville just before the convention and will go from there to Murfreesboro, where she will be entertained by Mrs. Will Ransom, a prominent member of the Murfreesboro Chapter.

Several new Chapters have recently been added to the Tennessee Division. On February 22 Mrs. H. N. Leech, President, and Mrs. B. D. Bell, First Vice President, organized at Dover, Tenn., a Chapter with twenty-one charter members, with prospects for a larger membership. This will be called the Fort Donelson Chapter, with Mrs. S. C. Lewis as President; Miss Mattie Scarsborough and Mrs. R. W. Cherry, Vice Presidents; Mrs. J. L. Reynolds, Secretary; Mrs. James Brandon, Treasurer; Miss Ruth Davenport, Historian; Mrs. Frank S. Walters, Custodian of the Flag. The plan of work by this Chapter centers in the proposed memorial to the Confederate dead in Fort Donelson Cemetery whose graves have never been marked. This undertaking has long been a cherished idea with Mrs. Leech, and Mrs. Bell has been made chairman of the monument committee for securing funds.

On the Saturday following Mrs. Leech organized a Chapter at Erin, Tenn., with a membership of eighteen. This Chapter was named for Dr. Thomas Watson Nichols, who served throughout the four years of war as surgeon of his command.

Mrs. Bell has recently organized a Chapter in Nashville to be called the Abbie Humphrey Morton Chapter, which also starts with eighteen charter members. It is named in honor of the first wife of the late Capt. John W. Morton, who distinguished himself as the youngest captain of artillery under Forrest. The President of this Chapter is Mrs. Alice Lee, and the membership is promising for excellent, patriotic work.

LOUISIANA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. PINCKNEY SMITH, NEW ORLEANS.

In assuming the position of editor for the Louisiana Division it is with the abiding faith and hope that each member will feel personally responsible for its success. Let us urge upon the members the importance of collecting all historical and personal incidents connected with their Chapter work, for the time is fast coming when much of our history will be forever lost because of our own indifference and inactivity.

It is needless to call your attention to the inestimable privilege and benefit of such publications to our organization. Not only will it be an everlasting monument to its patriotic founder, but as the official organ of the U. D. C. it will give publicity to our right to claim a share in the world's work of to-day by sounding the praise of imperishable heroism, courage, and fortitude of the men and women of the South.

Just now the local Confederate organizations have been deeply interested in presenting two prizes, offered by the U. D. C. and Camp Beauregard, S. C. V. Miss Susie Howard Goodman, a member of the New Orleans Chapter, who won first prize, was presented by the U. D. C. with a handsome set of books.

Little Miss Esther Kuss, of Magnolia School, and Master William Sullivan, of Jackson Boys' High School, were awarded medals by Camp Beauregard, S. C. V., for the best compositions on "The Battle of Gettysburg."

The Relief Committee, with Miss Lise Allain as chairman, reports having provided for such cases as were brought before them.

THE CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Dear Memorial Women: My message to you this month relates to the sixteenth annual convention, which will be held in Richmond May 31 to June 1-3, 1915. That there will be a large attendance is an assured fact. Everybody wishes to go to Richmond. Those who have had the privilege and pleasure of visiting this historic city will want to go again, and those who have not been so fortunate are planning to take part in this grand reunion of Confederate veterans and memorial women, the "mothers of the Confederacy."

In Richmond, hallowed with sacred memories of Jefferson Davis, where as President of the Southern Confederacy he gave to his people the best of his great and noble character and where his honored remains are at rest in beautiful Hollywood, we will have the great privilege of observing the anniversary of his birth on June 3. The official headquarters will be at the Jefferson Hotel. The joint memorial service will be held on Wednesday, June 2, at 12 M. sharp in the U. C. V. Auditorium under the auspices of the United Confederate Veterans and the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. The special order of business on June 3 will be the election of officers.

Annual dues should be remitted to the Treasurer General, Mrs. John E. Maxwell, on or before May 1. Her present address is R. F. D. No. 1, Box 10, Seale, Ala. Should members desire the gray ribbon badge on the gold pin of the Association, these may be procured upon application to Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General, 7909 Sycamore Street, New Orleans, La.

Later on the convention call will be published, giving full particulars of the convention.

I should like to call attention to the fact that next year, 1916, will be the fiftieth anniversary of many of the memorial

associations. Can we not unite in one grand celebration in honor of such a glorious record? This matter will be up for discussion at the Richmond Convention, and special mention will be made of associations organized in 1866.

Do not fail to send in reports. The work accomplished by one is an inspiration to another, and so we keep alive the loving thoughts and deeds that bind us together.

Faithfully yours, Mrs. W. J. Behan,
President General C. S. M. A.

WOMAN'S MEMORIAL BUILDING.

Dear Daughters of the Confederacy: I am sure you have heard of that wonderful memorial building to the women of our country during the trying days of the War between the States, for the construction of which Congress made an appropriation at its last session. I sincerely regret that I could not be with you at the U. D. C. Convention in Savannah, which, I am sure, was ideal, having for its presiding officer Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens. It was a great disappointment that I could not bring to you at that time a message from Miss Boardman in regard to the three memorial windows which are to adorn this magnificent Red Cross building. Miss Boardman, through her humanitarian work, is known to many of you as a woman eminently fitted to fill the important position which has been assigned her in this work. Through the writer she expresses to the United Daughters of the Confederacy and to the women of the South her desire to have them take their full share in this labor of love.

When the Hon. Elihu Root, the great Senator from New York, introduced a bill in the United States Senate asking that an appropriation be made for the establishment of an appropriate memorial to the loyal women of the North in the sixties, our Senator from Mississippi, Hon. John Sharp Williams, himself the son of a Confederate mother, moved an amendment to the bill to include in this memorial the patriotic women of the South. The amendment prevailed. The appropriation was made, and a few months ago the contract was let for the erection of a magnificent building to be known as "The Red Cross Memorial Building." When this structure is completed, it will be the greatest monument ever erected to the memory of the women of any country. The building alone is to cost $750,000. That splendid woman, Miss Boardman, has raised already $15,000 for the silken curtains, or hangings, for the assembly hall. In this hall there are to be placed three allegorical windows, one donated by the women of the South and one by the women of the North. The third, the central window, is to be jointly donated by the women of both sections, typifying the union of the North and the South into one common country.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy and the women of the South is given the sacred task of raising the funds for the window commemorative of the real suffering and patriotism of their mothers. The women of the South should fully realize and deeply appreciate what Senator Williams has done for us and our entire country by securing this joint memorial, and we hope that they will with full emphasis express their appreciation of his remarkable achievement by giving their indorsement to this movement and their assistance in its accomplishment.

The passing of the Root-Williams bill by Congress was indeed a concession on the part of the North and an unexpected victory for the South—a good omen, it is to be hoped, of others to follow. There is indeed a deeper significance in it than at first appears. It seems to register a decided turn of the tide in the affairs and feelings of our country; then the women of both sections should with one voice acclaim the action of these two great Senators and of Congress.

Daughters of the Confederacy, we live in a great country, and we should be proud of the part we have taken in its affairs. Through the ages history records but rarely where the sons and daughters of the vanquished have been permitted to erect monuments to the valor of those who went down in defeat and with ceremony to place floral tributes upon the graves of those who contested with the victors. In our fair land both of these high privileges belong to the sons and daughters of the Confederacy. The public grounds of our cities and the court squares of many a Southern county are adorned with monuments to those who wore the gray, attesting the love, devotion, and fidelity of their descendants. From such monuments future historians will glean knowledge that will give to unborn generations inspiration for high and noble deeds. What greater monument or one more appropriate to our mothers could have been selected than the one that has been so wisely chosen by Congress? The Red Cross signifies a work of humanity. It typifies Christianity. The work which is now being done by this society is such as our mothers did during those four years of bloodshed; and this great bulding, which is to be a memorial to them, is to be a home for that society. The sign of the Red Cross has a wonderful influence in every part of the universe. All Europe is at war. Death and desolation stalk side by side with misery and woe. A continent is disrupted. The thundering of cannons and the groaning of dying men are heard from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. In all this awful scene there is but one bright spot, but one sign of hope, love, and sympathy. That one symbol of humanity is the badge of the Red Cross Society. This society knows no enemy; it is the friend of all suffering humanity. Its influence and its efforts encircle the world and represent and embody a work of humanity. It has grown so great that it has overcome political animosity and sectional bitterness.

The following resolutions were prepared for the consideration of the U. D. C. Convention at Savannah, Ga., and while I was not present, the suggestion was presented and carried:

"*Resolved:* 1. That the proposal to place in the assembly room of the Red Cross Memorial Building at Washington, dedicated to the self-sacrificing women of America, both North and South, who, during the War between the States, illustrated the highest qualities of humanity, love, and womanly fortitude, a group of three memorial windows, one consecrated to the memory of the women of the South of the War between the States period, one to the women of the North of the War between the States period, and one to the women of the United States of the same period, to be jointly built by the women of both sections, typifying a united country, has our support.

"2. That the President General U. D. C., Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, appoint from the general body a committee of three to have charge of the part assigned the South in placing these memorial windows. This committee is to consist of a chairman, a secretary, and a treasurer.

"3. That the President General U. D. C. hereby authorizes and instructs the Division Presidents of each Southern State to appoint committees to solicit and raise funds for the purpose mentioned. These funds are to be turned over to the committee appointed by the President General."

Mrs. A. M. C. Kimbrough,
Chairman U. D. C. Committee of Red Cross Memorial Windows.

THE HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

See March VETERAN for notices concerning advance programs, Mrs. Rose's loving cup contest, and C. of C. prize offer, also for memorial day exercises in C. of C. program for April.

No more orders can be filled for "Wrongs of History Righted" nor for Washington and New Orleans addresses, as the editions are exhausted. A booklet containing the Washington and New Orleans addresses can be had for twenty-five cents, with one cent postage, but only a few copies of those remain.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Was secession rebellion? Why not?
2. How many secessions have there been in United States history? How many threatened secessions? How many objected to?
3. Was the War between the States to hold our slaves?
4. How did the North stand in regard to the abolition of slavery?
5. How many slaveholders were there in the Northern army? How many in the Southern army?
6. How many leaders or their wives on the Northern side owned slaves? How many of the Southern leaders did not own slaves?
7. What did General Grant say about freeing his slaves? How did President Lincoln feel about the abolition of slavery?
8. Why did he issue the Emancipation Proclamation? (See Barnes's "Popular History," page 531.)
9. When were the slaves in the United States really freed?
10. Whose birthday should the negroes celebrate for freeing them? Who was Henderson? From what State?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song, "Listen to the Mocking Bird."
2. Reading, "The Mocking Bird," by Hayne, Timrod, Sidney Lanier, or Albert Pike.
3. Recitation, "The Man of the 12th of May," Falligant.
4. Reading, "I'll Haunt You," Richard Malcolm Johnston.
5. Reading, "David Dodd."

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR MAY, 1915.

THE GREAT BATTLES OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

1. Responsive service.
2. Recitation, "The Man of the 12th of May."
3. First battle of Manassas: Leaders on both sides. To whom did the victory belong?
4. Fredericksburg: Number of men engaged on both sides. Results.
5. Chancellorsville: What great calamity befell the South?
6. Gettysburg: Why called the decisive battle of the war?
7. Vicksburg: What result?
8. Shiloh: How lost to the Confederates?
9. Chickamauga: Describe this battle.
10. Appomattox: What did this mean to the South?
11. Song, "Old Black Joe."
12. What is meant by Ku-Klux Klan? Why was it necessary after the war?

THE CROSS OF HONOR.

By whom was the cross of honor suggested?

By Mrs. Mary Ann Lamar (Cobb) Erwin (Mrs. Alexander S. Erwin), of Athens, Ga., the daughter of Gen. Howell Cobb, of Georgia. The thought came to her in Atlanta in 1897 during a U. C. V. Reunion. She mentioned it to Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, who from the first was enthusiastic about the matter, and to her is largely due the credit of pressing it before the attention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The first resolutions were read before the Athens Chapter, Mrs. Erwin's home Chapter. They were heartily indorsed. Then the President of that Chapter was asked to present them to the Georgia Division, which met at Rome in October, 1898. The Division heartily indorsed them; Mrs. J. A. Rounsaville, President. Then Mrs. Erwin asked Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie to present them before the U. D. C. Convention at Hot Springs. Mrs. Currie was presiding, so she asked Mrs. Helen Plane, of Atlanta, Ga., to present them. In the fall of the following year (1899) at Richmond, Va., Mrs. Currie again presiding, the design was selected and a custodian appointed and the delivery of crosses arranged for in 1900 by a cross of honor committee, who drafted the rules and regulations. Cross No. 1 was bestowed by the Athens Chapter upon Capt. Alexander Erwin, the husband of the originator of the cross of honor, April 26, 1900.

Who were members of the committee to draft the rules?

Mrs. A. S. Erwin, Athens, Ga.; Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. C. Helen Plane, Atlanta, Ga.

Who was appointed Custodian?

Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, Atlanta, Ga.

Who suggested the design of the cross?

To Mrs. Gabbett belongs the credit of suggesting the shape of the cross and having the motto "Deo Vindice" taken from the Confederate seal. (Authority, Mrs. A. E. Erwin's report, Richmond, minutes 1911, page 387.) Mrs. Erwin suggested the laurel wreath and the rest.

Give sketch of Mrs. A. S. Erwin.

THE FORMATION OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES—THE PROVISIONAL CONGRESS AND THE PERMANENT CONGRESS.

A convention of delegates from six States—South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and Louisiana—met in Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861. The object was to form a Provisional Congress, looking to the organization of a Southern Confederacy. These delegates, without a dissenting voice, elected Howell Cobb, of Georgia, President of the Congress. He was nominated by R. Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina.

Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, proposed that a committee on rules be appointed. Charles G. Memminger, of South Carolina, was made chairman of a committee to report a plan for the formation of a provisional government.

R. Barnwell Rhett was made chairman of a committee to draw up a constitution. The directions given were that it must be, as much as possible, in conformity with the Constitution of the United States. As it happened that Thomas Jefferson, a member of that committee, wrote the Declaration of Independence "because he was a ready writer," so it happened that Thomas R. R. Cobb, of Georgia, a member of this committee, wrote the Constitution of the Confederate States. The original draft, in the handwriting of Mr. Cobb, can be seen in the library of the University of Georgia to-day. This Constitution differed little from the United States Constitution. It stressed more strongly that the slave trade should cease; it

stood for a six years' term of office for a President and no reëlection; and it invoked the guidance and protection of Almighty God. The seceding States had no dissatisfaction with the United States Constitution, but with its administration. Secession to them meant a restoration to its integrity and a security in the future of its faithful observance.

Three candidates had been discussed for President of the Confederacy; but all the delegates agreed upon Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and he was unanimously chosen on February 11, 1861. Then Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, was made Vice President. On the following day, February 12, the Confederate government, after taking charge of all forts, arsenals, and all government property in the seceding States, turned its attention to adopting a Constitution.

President Davis, who was at his plantation at Brierfield, Miss., was notified of his election as President; and while he had not sought the honor nor desired it, yet as a true patriot he quickly responded to the call of his countrymen. He reached Montgomery February 15. On the 18th he was inaugurated. The oath of office was administered by the President of the Provisional Congress, as there had been no chief justice appointed, whose duty it was to perform this office. The ceremony took place on the steps of the Capitol in Montgomery, Ala., in the presence of a large assembly of men and women. As the ceremony was completed, the cannon was fired by the granddaughter of ex-President Tyler. She also raised the first Confederate flag over the Capitol.

The President then proceeded to select his Cabinet officers. The following were appointed:

Secretary of State, Robert Toombs, of Georgia.

Secretary of War, Leroy P. Walker, of Alabama.

Secretary of the Navy, Stephen B. Mallory, of Florida.

Secretary of the Treasury, Charles G. Memminger, of South Carolina.

Attorney-General, Judah P. Benjamin, of Louisiana.

Postmaster-General, John H. Reagan, of Texas.

On the 25th of February three commissioners, Martin J. Crawford, of Georgia, John Forsyth, of Alabama, and A. B. Roman, of Louisiana, were appointed to go to Washington to intercede for a peaceable surrender of Fort Sumter.

On the 26th the Committee on the Constitution reported, and the Constitution was adopted on the 11th of March and signed by Howell Cobb, of Georgia, President of the Provisional Congress, and J. J. Hooper, of Alabama, Secretary.

Alexander H. Stephens said: "The Constitution of the Confederate States was not only a monument of the wisdom, forecast, and statesmanship of those who constructed it, but it was an everlasting refutation of the charge that it was an attempt to overthrow the United States Constitution and erect a great slavery oligarchy."

Before July, 1861, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas had passed ordinances of secession. They resented Lincoln's call for troops to coerce the South. The Congress adjourned the 21st of May to meet in Richmond, Va., July 20. On the following day the first battle of Manassas occurred.

There were necessarily some irregularities in the formation of the new government. The delegates from Texas were delayed in coming to Montgomery on account of the vote upon the secession ordinance, but they were allowed to sign the Constitution as the delegates from the other six States. Then, as Missouri and Kentucky really held secession conventions and had ordinances of secession prepared and signed, but were not allowed to submit them to the people, it was agreed that their delegates sent to the Congress at Richmond should be recognized.

On the 22d of February, 1862, in Richmond, Va., the permanent Congress of the Confederate States met in joint session and declared Jefferson Davis elected President for six years. During a fearful snowstorm the oath was administered by the President of the Senate on a platform erected beneath the bronze group surrounding the Washington monument in Richmond. This is the history of the beginning of the Confederate States of America.

On February 4, 1861, Alexander H. Stephens was made chairman of a committee to select a flag for the Confederate States. The direction given was that the flag should be just as much like the United States flag as possible. Designs were asked for. On March 4, 1861, the committee made its report, the flag was accepted, and by three o'clock it was floating over the Capitol in Montgomery. Whose design was accepted is one of the disputed points of history, as Alabama and North Carolina both claim that honor through Nicola Marschall, of Selma, Ala., and Orren Randolph Smith, of Fayetteville, N. C. The first design was twice changed on account of confusion arising on the battle field. It was General Beauregard who later suggested the battle flag of the Confederacy, which was made by Miss Cary, of Virginia. The Confederate uniform is said to have been adopted the second year of the war from a design presented by Nicola Marschall, of Alabama. Francis Bartow first suggested gray as the color.

Confederate States of America, Date of Secession, and War Governors.

South Carolina, December 20, 1860, Francis W. Pickens.
Mississippi, January 9, 1861, John J. Pettus.
Florida, January 10, 1861, M. S. Perry.
Alabama, January 11, 1861, Andrew D. Moore.
Georgia, January 19, 1861, Joseph E. Brown.
Louisiana, January 26, 1861, Thomas O. Moore.
Texas, February 1, 1861,† Edward Clark.
Virginia, April 17, 1861, John Letcher.
Arkansas, May 6, 1861, Henry M. Rector.
North Carolina, May 20, 1861, John W. Ellis.
Tennessee, June 24, 1861, Isham G. Harris.
*Missouri, August 20, 1861, Claibourne F. Jackson.
*Kentucky, December 10, 1861, George W. Johnson.

UNKNOWN.

[To the women of the South decorating graves of unknown soldiers.]

The prints of feet are worn away,
  No more the mourners come;
The voice of wail is mute to-day,
  As his whose life is done.

The world is bright with other bloom;
  Shall the sweet summer shed
Its living radiance o'er the tomb
  That shrouds the doubly dead?

Unknown! Beneath our Father's face
  The star-lit hillocks lie;
Another rosebud! lest His grace
  Forget us when we die. —*F. O. Ticknor.*

†Ordinance adopted March 2, 1861.
*People were not allowed to vote on secession.

THE BATTLES IN FRONT OF RICHMOND, 1862.

BY GEN. WILLIAM M'COMB, SOUTH BOSTON, VA.

I wish to give a brief account of the part the old Tennessee Brigade took in the battles in front of Richmond in 1862. In the battle of Seven Pines, May 31, Gen. Robert Hatton was killed, and the rank and file lost heavily. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston was severely wounded, and Gen. Robert E. Lee was put in command of the Army of Northern Virginia, and he proceeded at once to reorganize the command. Gen. A. P. Hill was promoted to major general, and his division was composed of two Virginia brigades, two North Carolina brigades, one South Carolina (Gen. Maxey Gregg's) brigade, and one Tennessee brigade, composed of the 1st, 7th, 14th Regiments, the 5th Alabama Battalion, and Captain Braxton's artillery company. Col. J. J. Archer, of the 5th Texas Regiment, was promoted to brigadier general and ordered to take command of our Tennessee brigade. General Archer was a graduate of West Point and had seen service in the regular army on the frontier. Gen. A. P. Hill was also a graduate of West Point and had seen service in the regular army. The rank and file of all the brigades of our division were mostly young men of intelligence and gallantry, and under the direction of the peerless Lee in a short time we had a division under good discipline with the utmost confidence in our commanders. We became very proud of the "Light Division," as it was soon called. Gen. A. P. Hill was an ideal soldier. He had the dash, with a clear vision in battle, and with the best of brigade commanders his division soon became very effective.

After the battle of Seven Pines, General McClellan fell back to Cold Harbor and Mechanicsville and began to fortify his position. He had over one hundred thousand soldiers, well equipped and well disciplined, and was urging the War Department in Washington to send him reënforcements, which they were arranging to do when General Lee ordered General Whiting to report to Gen. T. J. Jackson in the Valley of Virginia. General Whiting took his three brigades by railroad to Charlottesville, Va., and this movement was reported by some spy in Richmond to the department in Washington; so the Secretary of War in Washington sent the troops to strengthen General McDowell in the Valley of Virginia instead of to General McClellan in front of Richmond, as he had intended. General Lee had given General Jackson orders to bring the rest of his command to Hanover C. H. and to bring General Whiting's division with him.

General Lee seemed to know by intuition just how to mislead the department in Washington. He then had a conference with his division commanders in regard to making the attack on General McClellan at Mechanicsville. General Jackson was present at this conference, and it was arranged that Gen. A. P. Hill should move with his division across the Chickahominy on the afternoon of June 26 and attack the enemy from that point, and General Jackson was to make the attack from the direction of Hanover at the same time. General Hill had some hard fighting to do to get the position he wanted with the advance of his division. Our Tennessee brigade was ordered to make a flank movement to the enemy's left. We were exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy's batteries in crossing a field, but we succeeded in getting the position desired sometime before sunset. However, for some reason Jackson's command failed to arrive and attack the enemy from their point that afternoon, and General Porter left during the night and went to Cold Harbor. So we failed to accomplish what General Lee had expected. If General Jackson's command had reached its position in time, General Porter would have had a lively time getting away from Mechanicsville.

The next morning, June 27, General Hill moved with his division to Gaines's Mill. The Tennessee brigade formed in an open field near that place, with the rest of General Hill's division on our left, partly in the woods. General McClellan was in our front. About 4 P.M. the signal gun was fired, and we were ordered to advance. After advancing about one hundred yards we came in sight of the enemy's line of battle, and we then began moving at double-quick. Captain Braxton put his battery in position and opened fire on the enemy in our front. When we passed General Field's brigade in the woods to our left we were moving at double-quick, and they did not move with us; and after going about one hundred yards the enemy's fire was concentrated on our brigade. General Archer, who had a very clear vision in battle, ordered us to retreat; so we went back to the point where we first formed. Col. W. A. Forbes, of the 14th Regiment, was wounded in this advance (which left the writer in command of the regiment), and many of the rank and file were killed or wounded.

After waiting about thirty minutes we were ordered to advance again. We were now pretty well posted on the enemy's position, and General Archer told me to make a bee line for a cliff that was in our front. Captain Braxton had his guns doing effective injury to the enemy on this cliff. As we passed General Field's brigade this time they moved with us and all the rest of Hill's Division. About the time we reached the point where we first went one of General Hill's aids, Capt. Frank Hill, came along our line very rapidly and said General Whiting was supporting our division and General Jackson was to the left of us. This encouraged the boys very much, as we were then under very heavy fire. We soon struck the branch where the enemy had felled all the trees and cut the branches, and it took some time to get through this abatis. But here there was a defect in the enemy's position, as they could not depress their guns to get our range, and from the infantry line they could not see us; so very little damage was done our ranks while passing through this abatis. And before we got through, General Hood's Texas brigade caught up with us. After passing through to the foot of the cliff we found an open level place of about thirty feet, which gave us a chance to re-form our line, and we waited until the Texas boys could get through and re-form.

Now, General Archer and General Hood were old friends and both as brave as the bravest, and it took very little time for them to decide what to do. They ordered the charge, and the boys raised the Rebel yell. A commander on the other side said they were very confident they could hold their position against any attack that could be made. They had six of the best steel-rifled guns in the battery, supported by two lines of infantry. But when the Rebels raised that unearthly yell it made them tremble in their boots, and they thought it was time to leave, and they did leave promptly, or at least all who could get away went in a hurry.

Now, the first soldier at this point to cross the enemy's breastworks was a boy about eighteen years old, Sam Taylor, with the flag of the 14th Tennessee Regiment. The regular color bearer had been severely wounded in the first advance. In a speech delivered a few months before his death Gen. Stephen D. Lee complimented Hood's Texas Brigade in this gallant charge, in which they penetrated the enemy's center. This was correct as he saw it; but if he had been there a few minutes sooner he would have seen Gen. A. P. Hill's division going in over the same ground that General Whiting's division, with Hood's Brigade, went over. Now, I would not pluck a

feather from the cap of a man in Hood's Texas Brigade, for I have been under fire with them, and they were as brave as the bravest, and the Tennessee boys could not have taken this strong position of the enemy without the support of the Texas boys. When General Archer's Tennessee brigade and General Hood's Texas brigade went into battle shoulder to shoulder, they were invincible.

We captured every gun in this fine battery and a number of prisoners and small arms. Two of these steel-rifled guns were given to Captain Braxton for his battery (the Fredericksburg company). This company of artillery was made up mostly of young men. Captain Braxton and Lieutenant Marye were ideal officers, and the whole company displayed much skill and courage in this battle. Captain Braxton named one gun "Forbes" for the colonel of the 14th Regiment and one "Taylor" for this gallant boy.

There was no fighting on the 28th. We were caring for the wounded, etc. On the 29th at Savage Station there was some heavy skirmishing, also at White Oak Swamp and at Frazier's Farm on the 30th, but no general battle until July 1 at Malvern Hill, where General McClellan made his last stand. Then at Harrison Landing, or Turkey Bend, on James River, about thirty miles below Richmond, we had some skirmishing, but no general engagement, as General McClellan was protected so strongly by his gunboats at this point that General Lee, after a careful reconnoissance, decided it best not to attack. The bend in the river and the gunboats protected McClellan's flank. So the remnant of the Federal army went back to protect Washington, and Gen. R. E. Lee ordered us back to Richmond, where we got a short, much-needed rest.

In the battle of Malvern Hill our Tennessee brigade was held in reserve and was not ordered into the battle; but we sometimes had to dodge the big shells (the boys called them nail kegs) as they came over from the gunboats on the river. I was fortunate enough not to be injured in any way in these battles, and I have only mentioned the part taken by Archer's Tennessee Brigade in these battles, helping to penetrate McClellan's center on the 27th of June, 1862. We had about twenty-five hundred effective soldiers in that battle.

BATTLE OF "WILLS VALLEY," TENN.

BY L. J. PERRY, LIEUTENANT CO. D, 1ST S. C. VOLUNTEERS.

Back in 1863, in the days that tried men's souls, Jenkins's old brigade of South Carolina Volunteers, then commanded by General Bratton, composed of the 1st (Haygood's old regiment), 2d Rifles (Colonel Thompson), 5th (Colonel Steadman), and Palmetto Sharpshooters (Colonel Walker), was encamped at the base of Lookout Mountain, East Tennessee. It was in the month of October, on the 28th day. I had just rejoined my command, after having taken home for burial the remains of my brother, Lieut. A. M. Perry, of Company H, 2d South Carolina Regiment, who had died from the effects of wounds received in the great battle of Chickamauga. Scarcely had the usual greeting to the "boys" passed down the lines before it could be seen that there was "something up."

On the crags and peaks of this forest-capped mountain, overlooking our heads, could be seen the flagmen of the signal corps, waving their flags to and fro (indicating some movement of the enemy) as if vying with one another to give the greatest visible manifestation of patriotism. This was a method of supplying information as to movements of the enemy, and the system of communication was very complete. I can give no explanation of flag signals, but assume that the red one was used to make us mad. Be this as it may, the meaning was this: "Ye shall find the enemy over the mountain."

A soldier's life has its trials, triumphs, and failures. Starvation and death only seem part of the natural order of things, but even these have their jocular side. We were ignorant as to where we were going and what we had to do; but it was reported in camp that a large train of wagons loaded with commissary stores had crossed the Tennessee River that day and that our brigade, which had been so often "tried and approved in action," had been selected to capture those good things. This was good news to the boys, who had not indulged in luxurious living for many months and who wanted to supplement their scanty rations with something better, more palatable, and substantial. Ah, what a feast awaited us! What inroads we expected to make that night on the good things down in the depth of the valley! Capt. S. H. Kirk, Lieuts. F. M. Welsh and S. C. Witherspoon, R. M. Kirk, Thomas J. Welsh, and J. V. Welsh were constituted our messmates at that time—all hale, hearty, and self-feeders too, some of whom never knew the number of cubic inches contained in their bins. The next thing in order was the formation of the brigade, then the march. About eight o'clock that night the order was given to Captain Kirk to get his company ready "to move at once in light marching order" and to send a detail to the ordnance department and get forty rounds of ammunition to the man. We knew then that there was trouble ahead, a night attack at that. Our boys had lost their relish for night attacks, having had about a fortnight before this a brisk little El Caney over the Chattanooga Creek, which, to say the least of it, left a mighty bad taste in our mouths for night attacks. In this little "fuss" our regiment lost some good men, and among the killed was Manes Wallace, of our company, a brave soldier.

It was a dark night for a ramble, but South Carolina chivalry was out in full force that night; and the boys, having great faith in the patriotism and good sense of their leaders, and being men, too, in whom the instinct of obedience was inborn, obeyed the order without a murmur. So with an immense amount of enthusiasm we set out on our march up, up, up the mountain (which was a sort of 45-degree affair in the climb all the way up), tumbling and falling over rocks which appeared at regular intervals along the way like a series of stepping-stones leading from civilization into the heart of some great wilderness. This wonderful production of nature, located in East Tennessee about two miles from and overlooking the city of Chattanooga, has ever been an object of much curiosity and veneration on account of its grand and picturesque scenery. If you had wandered over this mountain away back in that day and time, you perhaps would have thought you were taken back a hundred years; but now you would realize that you were living in the everyday twentieth century, so many and great have been the improvements since then. One of the most historic spots in East Tennessee is Lookout Mountain, upon and around which so many events of interest transpired during the War between the States.

Crossing the mountain at two o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves at Pea Vine Creek, near the outposts of the enemy. Behind us was this great mountain, with its tall, gigantic oaks, which had witnessed the changing scenes of many decades. In front were the silent terrors of a vast army. There was deathlike silence. We knew and felt that a desperate and death-dealing struggle was about to ensue. I was wide awake that night and on the lookout, and the things I did not see were the invisible things. After crossing the

creek, the brigade was halted, and a little time was consumed in making the proper disposition of the regiments. The advance was ordered: "Forward, march!" Off we moved with quiet, cautious, deliberate step, holding our canteens, not speaking above a whisper, knowing that talk wastes force in war, and feeling that it might be dangerous to awaken a man suddenly.

Our object was to surprise the enemy and do our work quickly for fear of reënforcements. Our plan was human. We had to rely upon our grit, powder, and balls. There was no Joshua there, no rams' horns to blow, as had Joshua when he took the city of Jericho. On, on we moved through the dark woods until we came in contact with the enemy's outposts. Here they warned us by practical demonstration that they would resist further progress and advancement on this line. At first the balls whistled by, "whiz, whiz! zip, zip!" and one could count them by sounds, giving us but a small foretaste of the real entertainment; but presently we lost count and listened only to the continuous roar of battle. We passed steadily forward, walking over their dead and wounded bodies, the momentum of our advance sweeping all before it, bringing back their advanced lines to the railroad. It was here that we found Rosecrans in strong force and well prepared to receive unexpected company. Here we met face to face, about seventy-five yards apart, the blazing line of the enemy. We could see before us a long line of people, a great, dark multitude, standing as firm as the stately oaks behind them. The battle raged furiously. It looked as if all the artillery of the heavens was pounding us with bullets of iron.

It took some time for the true situation to develop itself, but after a while we realized that we were playing a losing game. We found ourselves confronted with two incomputable demands—one to retreat from the responsibilities thrust upon us, the other to go forward and show the marvelous development of Southern chivalry. Our line seemed to be in a die-away condition. It reeled, it rocked, it wavered. I, for one, began to think seriously of change and movement; that care was a prime condition of continued health even in persons who are physically vigorous.

Just then some sort of a superfluous feeling that wanted to take a vent abroad crept over our line, and the retreat began. I believe the boys would have deserted me in a body had I not kept ahead of them. It was indeed a serious time. Upon one point all were agreed: that he who is not diligent in the use of the means the Lord has given him to "flee" from danger might fall an easy prey to the enemy. Religious inclination prevailed at that time to a limited extent in the army, but the idea with the boys seemed to be that they must take care of themselves; that the Lord never made any provision for the "hurrycides," accidents, and emergencies of a retreating army. If there were any prayers made there that night, they were not made on bended knees, but moving legs. And it came to pass that we did "flee" back over the mountain, resolving ourselves into an assertive power for the continuance of this thing, but next time upon improved plans. Our company carried into this battle thirty men, sixteen of whom were wounded. None were killed on the field.

The survivors of Company D, Waxhaw Guards, many of whom were wounded in this battle, are: F. M. Welsh, J. V. Welsh, J. Thomas Faile, C. C. Faile, Owen Gregory, Sanford Deas, James M. Crenshaw, Edward Sweat, Thomas Flynn, R. M. Sullivan, and William Hilton. All the rest have crossed over the river and answered the last roll call. J. Montgomery Caskey, H. H. Gooch, and Eli Dunlap, of the 6th, W. B. Dunlap, Warren Robinson, Thomas R. Nesbit, and Dr. J. H. Witherspoon, of the Lancaster Grays, 15th Regiment, were there and took part in this little "unpleasantness." Col. F. W. Kilpatrick, of our regiment, was killed in this battle. The last command he ever gave was to Colonel Thompson, "Move your regiment up in line with ours," his strong voice stirring the hearts of all within hearing. The command was uttered with a vigor and decision which bore out his reputation as the embodiment of iron will and stubborn resistance. This was the last I ever saw of him.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST BATTLE.

BY DR. W. W. GRANT, DENVER, COLO.

My father, Dr. Thomas McDonough Grant, of Russell County, Ala., was a physician and planter. I was born and reared on the farm, just eighteen miles from the scene of the last conflict. Animated by the enthusiasm and patriotic fervor common to the youth of the South, I was determined to "go to war." My father was a stern disciplinarian with his five boys, but lenient to the two daughters, Betty and Sally. My mother, in all the duties and humanities of life, was as true and lovable as she was tender and generous. I confided to her at the age of sixteen that if my father would not consent to my enlistment I would run away. It was not long before he took me in a buggy to Columbus; and though the enlistment officer made some objection to my frail physique, this was overruled, and I enlisted for the war in Capt. Nat Clanton's artillery company, which I joined at Pollard, Ala. This was an Alabama battery and constituted a part of the brigade of Gen. James H. Clanton, who was also an Alabamian. It was the latter part of 1863, and the command was in winter quarters. During 1864 we were in North Alabama most of the time—at Marengo, Talladega, Mumford, and other places—and we engaged in a small way in the battles of New Hope Church and Rome, Ga., and camped for a while at Marietta, Ga.

In the winter of 1864 we were ordered back to Alabama. The Confederacy was hard pressed. In the early spring of 1865 Gen. James H. Wilson, with a large force of Federal cavalry, entered Alabama from Vicksburg. Our little force went from Demopolis to Selma, then to Montgomery, and, as all strong opposition had ceased, and Wilson was meeting with no effective opposition, our company was ordered from Montgomery to Columbus, Ga. Here a small force of regulars and some militiamen, under the control of Gen. Howell Cobb, of Georgia, was stationed, ready to offer all possible resistance to the onward march of Wilson's Cavalry. At Montgomery or Opelika General Wilson divided his forces, one part taking a more southern route and the other crossing the Chattahoochee River at West Point, Ga., fifty miles above Columbus, where a brisk engagement occurred, resulting in the death of the Confederate General Tyler. Capt. Von Zinken, the red-headed mayor of Columbus, was active in the preliminaries and preparations for the defense of the city. Here the closing obsequies of my company and of the Confederacy were enacted.

In the distinguished rôle of corporal (gunner), conferred upon me at Marengo by Lieutenant Goldthwaite, I entered the last battle (or skirmish) and was still brimful of hope and enthusiasm for a cause already lost; but we did not then know that General Lee had surrendered on April 9 and that an armistice was in force between Generals Johnston and Sherman and fighting had ceased. Richmond was evacuated by the Confederate Cabinet, which held its last meeting at

Washington, Ga., on May 4 and 5, 1865. Girard was a little village on the Alabama side of the river, directly opposite Columbus. Clanton's Battery was in position on the extreme right of Girard Heights above the second, or upper, bridge which spanned the Chattahoochee River. Tolstoy, in "Peace and War," Volume II., alluding to the conflicting versions of the battle of Schöngraben by his heroes, says: "Their descriptions are more in accordance with their wishes than with the actual occurrences." Probably no relator is entirely free from this fault.

Certain it is that so far the history of our War between the States has been only partially and incompletely written. Even eliminating such qualities as prejudice and passion, few men are so richly endowed as to write impartial and correct history, and it is a matter of common knowledge that hardly any two men with the best intentions would describe an ordinary event with the same accuracy.

At about 9:30 in the evening of April 16 we heard distinctly the bugle call of the enemy in front of our line to charge. With our six- and twelve-pound brass howitzers we were ordered to commence firing at an estimated distance of fifteen hundred yards. The bridges and lower line of trenches were defended by other forces, including the artillery battalion of Maj. J. F. Waddell. The firing continued briskly for some time. I cannot recall the exact hour, but when the order to cease firing was given there was a hurried conference of officers of the company, and a little after midnight we received the sad and what proved to be the last order "to take care of ourselves." I was just eighteen miles from my home, which I had not seen since I left it a year before. Most of my comrades were from other parts of the State. We left the Girard hills in squads of six to twelve. I had visited Columbus from the age of seven or eight years, sometimes accompanying my father, but generally George, the negro driver, with six mules, taking six bales of cotton, weighing five hundred pounds each, to the Columbus market. Many a night as a lad had I slept under the wagon on the Girard hills and fallen asleep to the gentle moaning of the long-leaf pine and the subdued roar of the waters over the dam at the Mott Cotton Factory. I, therefore, knew something of the topography of the country.

I left the battle line with a dozen comrades. We knew that Wilson's Cavalry was scouring the country for live stock, provisions, wagons, etc. We tramped over hills and through the woods, giving the public highways a wide berth to avoid capture, until five o'clock in the morning, when we lay down to rest in a pine thicket. We were not far from Salem, a station on the railroad from Opelika to Columbus. Knowing that clothing was scarce at home, I had put on an extra jacket and trousers, which had recently been issued, and when we stopped to rest I was perspiring freely. Soon I was so cold that I could not sleep. At sunrise we resumed our weary march, stopping now and then in diminishing numbers at the roadside homes for a bite of corn bread and some buttermilk. In the afternoon of April 17 four miles north of Crawford, the county seat of Russell County and twelve miles from my home, I parted with my comrades, supposing that the company would soon reassemble, probably at Montgomery, as the officers and most of the men were from that vicinity and the near-by counties.

From that day to this I have not seen an officer nor man of the company. Doubtless many, if not all, of them have since gone to that "country from whose bourn no traveler returns." In retrospection on the sad and unhappy days of my native home and section, the universal distress, the loss of life and property, the pains and penalties of internecine war, little understood by any but eyewitnesses and participants, I recall the beautiful words of Washington Irving: "There is a voice from the tomb which is sweeter than any song. There are thoughts of the dead to which we turn even from the charms of the living, and from the peaceful bosom of the grave come none but fond regrets and tender recollections."

I have said nothing of casualties in this last effort on the firing line, for it was midnight when the order was given "to spike guns and disband," and no investigation was made. Little did I dream, when I heard the sound of that bugle in the still hour of the night, that it was anything more serious in its consequences than the curfew of the parting day; but I soon realized that it was the knell of a dying cause. It was the final appeal to arms and the last judgment. Big battles and events are told and retold in story and song, while the little ones, though often significant and important in the construction of a complete narrative, are either not mentioned or are treated so lightly as to discredit the truth of history.

The first night after the Columbus engagement I reached the home of Mr. Jere Bennett; and though just three miles from my own home, I was so exhausted that I wanted to borrow a horse in order to get home that night. Mr. Bennett was in hiding with his mules, and I was guided by a negro woman, Amy, to his hiding place. He ordered some fried eggs and bacon cooked for me. I had known his family from my earliest childhood. He would not let me go farther that night because Wilson's cavalrymen were still raiding the country for provisions and were not particular to exclude from capture anybody wearing a Confederate uniform even at that date. I spent the night with him in the woods, and the next morning early I resumed my homeward tramp over the familiar ground.

I reached home the second day. I came through the woods and the fields and by the "back road" from the house to the farm. It was noon, and the negroes, among whom was Austin, had just started to the field; they were the first to greet me. I was wearing a blue-gray military cap, and on this account they mistook my identity and called out: "Austin has captured a Yankee!" However, I was soon recognized and surrounded by black and white, and so I made my way to the house.

My brother, James B. Grant, who had been in the service four months in Capt. R. H. Bellamy's battery, of Waddell's Battalion, arrived home from near Macon, Ga., the second day after my arrival. Though all fighting had ceased, Wilson's Cavalry in squads and companies was still raiding the homes of the people. To save the live stock, our two younger brothers, Coffield and Whitaker, kept them in hiding in the back woods and swamps. This duty now devolved upon the soldier brothers. We slept in the woods for a few days and nights, and, thinking all danger over, we put the six mules and two horses in the lot at the house. One night we went to our little bed in the outhouse, the first time I had slept in a house for a year. No sooner were we in bed than a negro boy, Walker, who worked and hunted with us, came hurriedly to the door of our room and said: "Marse Billy, the yard is full of Yankees!" We slipped on our breeches and got out quickly. The night was dark and the atmosphere full of gloom and excitement.

Our father, feeble and white-haired, was forced by mother (to prevent capture) into the darkness in the rear of the houses, where we joined him; and we three, standing there in the outer darkness and talking in whispers, witnessed the last act—the appropriation of those necessities upon which

existence for the coming year so much depended. Mother with her own hands gave all the milk and butter of the dairy to the Union soldiers. The six mules were hitched to the big farm wagon, which was filled with all the hams and shoulders from the smokehouse, and the company left with their plunder for the camp, six or seven miles away. It was at the season when mules and provisions were essential to the making of the crop and when much delay would necessarily be disastrous to the success of it.

It is needless to dwell upon the distress of my father, especially with a big family of his own and relatives, deprived of their homes by the war, dependent upon him, besides his obligation to the slaves, who were not responsible for existing conditions.

The next morning at sunrise "Old Bill," all that was left of the carriage team from the necessities of the war, was seen standing at the front gate, demanding admission by repeated whinnies. He was too old for the hardships of the march, and yet with him and two mules borrowed from General Guerry, with twenty bushels of corn, the crop was saved; but we had no meat in the larder for the rest of the year, 1865. I can never forget the scene on the morning of April 24, 1865, when my father called his big family, white and black, around him and explained the situation; told the thirty or forty negroes that they were no longer slaves, that they were at liberty to leave at once if they wanted to, that he had no money, and that the mules, with most of the provisions, had been taken; that it was impossible for him to pay them wages that year, but that, if they wished to stay with him and help to make the crop, he would clothe, house, and feed them as well as he could. Only two left—one boy, Walker, and George, the carriage driver. The latter left his four children behind, and they were wards of our family until self-supporting. All of them followed my brothers and sisters to the West several years later. Two are dead, and two are still living in our midst.

Time in its evolution finally brings peace even to those who have faced the trials, the bitter passions, the hardships and privations of sectional strife. Life in its manifold aspects imposes upon all sacred obligations which as good citizens we would cheerfully discharge in behalf of national unity, interest, and patriotism; and in this spirit we would be true and loyal to the virtues and best traditions of our native section.

In 1867, with the assistance of an uncle, the late Judge James Grant, a native of North Carolina but a resident of Davenport, Ia., since 1835, I left Alabama for Enfield, N. C., where I studied medicine with an old uncle, Dr. M. C. Whitaker. From there I went to Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, and later to Bellevue and Long Island Colleges, New York. In obedience to the wishes of my benefactor and the financial exigencies of the situation, I came West after graduation. In 1870 I met at Dakota City, Nebr., Capt. W. C. McBeth, a native of Kentucky, who had been an officer in Wilson's command and was in the battle herein described. He asked the name of the battery on the hill to the right of our line. I told him that it was one section of Clanton's Battery and that I was there. He remarked: "You did some good shooting and killed and wounded about sixty of our men." We became good friends and roomed together for several months. Though we had been opposed in 1865, it was a pleasure to meet a courteous gentleman and good citizen who could, when the contest of civil strife was settled, put aside its passions and prejudices for the love and peace of a united country.

A MINOR NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

From an old scrapbook Mrs. Serena Hoole Brown, Historian Barbour Chapter, U. D. C., Eufaula, Ala., copied the following account of a naval battle on Friday morning, February 21, 1862, as given by one of the participants to the correspondent of the Petersburg Express. Her brother, Captain Hoole, of the Forrest, had a prominent part in the battle:

"Norfolk, February 21, 1862.

"A young man who participated in the late fight in Commodore Lynch's fleet at Roanoke Island has kindly furnished me an account of that engagement. The most important point to which the enemy's fire was chiefly directed was situated near the south end of the island, where the sound is about four miles wide. To prevent the advance of the enemy, a number of piles had been driven about a mile from Roanoke Island and about a mile from Croaton.

"On Thursday, very early in the morning, a large fleet was observed below Roanoke Marshes, about ten miles from the island, where they remained all day, owing to a heavy fog and rain that prevailed. On Friday morning, the weather being favorable, they advanced in line of battle, and at quarter past ten o'clock they opened heavy fire upon the little squadron under Commodore Lynch, which had been drawn up in line of battle on the north side of the island. About a quarter of an hour after the action commenced, finding that the enemy was obtaining our range, we hove up anchor and slowly retired, constantly giving them fire and being pursued by the large fleet.

"About twelve o'clock our little squadron advanced upon them and succeeded in driving them beyond the piles and holding them at bay. At one o'clock they again advanced. Just here one steamer, the Curlew, received a well-directed shot, which punctured her hull and reduced her to a sinking condition. About the same time her wheelman's arm was broken by a fragment of shell, and it was thought advisable to run her farther in shore, where she would sink near mainland and thus give her crew opportunity to escape.

"About two o'clock Capt. James Hoole, commanding the Forrest, received a severe wound on the skull by a piece of shell. It was soon after found that the propeller of the Forrest was disabled, and she too was forced to withdraw from action.

"The fight continued very briskly until night closed in, and we were forced to desist. Having only a few more rounds of ammunition left for each vessel in case the attack should be renewed the next morning, we retired to near Elizabeth City. About midnight, taking the Forrest and the Black Warrior, we steamed into Elizabeth City and awaited the return of the Raleigh, which had been dispatched to Norfolk.

"On Sunday morning the Sea Bird and the Powhatan were sent down to reconnoiter, but had not gone very far past the mouth of the Pasquotank River when they were met and chased back by twenty of the enemy's gunboats, but escaped capture.

"On Monday morning the enemy was espied advancing with thirteen of his ships. When within short gun range the Sea Bird opened a brisk cannonade, followed by the rest of our gunboats. The enemy replied vividly, at the same time steadily advancing. Finding that the Sea Bird was the flagship of our squadron, the enemy directed his fire chiefly against her. Soon she was struck by three or four nine-inch shells, which set her on fire and placed her in a sinking condition.

"By this time our situation had become desperate. The enemy had succeeded in surrounding us, and the fight was

conducted with pistols, muskets, etc., interspersed with a little grape. The Sea Bird, the Ellis, and the Fannie were the only vessels engaged. Our men fought desperately until, overpowered by superior numbers, they were forced to give up. The Fannie being farther in shore, her crew were all saved; also the better part of the crew of the Ellis; but the Sea Bird being farther out in the stream, her crew was lost.

"To show the spirit of determination that characterized our men, I may say that many were found fighting up to their knees in water, with the ship sinking under them. This was the case on the Sea Bird, and we award these gallant men all praise in the action. Their gallant conduct will be cherished, and the pen of history will not be slow to record their fame.

"The Powhatan did good service, and, being well out in the stream, managed to escape. The Fannie was burned to the water's edge, her crew having set fire to her before leaving. The Ellis was captured.

"Among the officers and men captured were: Captains Cook and McCarrick, James Peters, J. Hanks, J. J. Henderson, James W. McCarrick, R. U. Livingston, and Wormsly. The The first and last were of the Ellis, the rest were of the Sea Bird. Drs. Greenhow and Jones, attached to the Sea Bird, were also captured.

"As far as I have learned, about three were wounded in the fight at Roanoke Island—namely: Master commanding, James L. Hoole, Midshipman Camm, and the wheelsman of the Curlew, who had his arm broken. In the second fight five were killed—three on board the Sea Bird and two on the Ellis. Among the killed, I am sorry to learn, was Midshipman Jackson, of our city. He bore an important part in the action, and when the order for retreat was given he jumped overboard and was swimming to the mainland when he was struck by a shell and died in a few hours. He was buried near the island by a few Federal officers and men, a lieutenant reading the burial service. His father is deeply distressed over the death of his son. Eight of the enemy were killed and many others wounded. Some were badly burned by a shell passing through one of their magazines and setting fire to their signal lights; but it was extinguished before reaching the powder, else the ship would have been blown to atoms.

"Our men as prisoners were transferred to one of the enemy's ships and were courteously treated, also well provided for.

"Commodore Lynch and Captains Hoole, McCarrick, and Cook deserve special mention for the utmost heroism displayed on the occasion. Nobly and well did each perform his part, unmindful of the leaden hail that flew thick around them. When boarded by 'crushing numbers' they faced the dangers with unflinching courage and heroic spirit. Driven to an extremity such as this—hope gone, defeat certain—the white flag was reluctantly hoisted to the masthead, and our brave men surrendered.

"Let it be recorded on the pages of history that this little squadron under Commodore Lynch, with a handful of men, stood up thus long against thirteen large steamers. Let it be said, too, that when cannon were useless our men took to their muskets. To the noble officers and brave men in that action let a grateful country attest its appreciation.

ADELPHUS."

O valorous Gray, in the grave of your fate,
O valorous Blue, in the long dead years,
Ye were sown in sorrow and harrowed in hate,
But your harvest to-day is a Nation's tears.

—*John Trotwood Moore.*

INVENTOR OF THE FIRST STEAMBOAT.

[From Richmond Times-Dispatch.]

Referring to a bill in Congress seeking an appropriation for a monument to Robert Fulton, alleged inventor of the steamboat, Adjutant General Sadler, of New Jersey, says it was John Fitch who invented the steamboat and that he operated it between Philadelphia and Trenton in 1786, twenty years before Fulton ran his on the Hudson. He further says: "I have in my possession the original petition of Fitch asking for the right to operate his boat, the original certificate of those who accompanied Fitch on the first trip that his boat made, and a number of other very interesting original documents relative to the matter."

The publication of the above brings the Ohio State Journal into the discussion, and it says: "There is further evidence that Fulton himself was on one of the boats that Fitch operated. The evidence is most complete that Fitch was the inventor of the steamboat, and that if any memorial is erected it should be to Fitch. One to Fulton would perpetuate a doubt, if not a falsehood. In the archæological and historical museum in Columbus is the model of the engine used by Fitch for his steamboat."

In this connection it may be well enough, for the benefit of the young people and the older ones who are not well up in the history of the Old Dominion, to recall the fact that a Virginian built and invented the first steamboat.

RUMSEY, OF VIRGINIA, FIRST ON DECK.

That interesting volume, "School History of Virginia," by Edgar Sydenstricker and Ammen L. Burger, makes the record that in 1784, after Virginia had agreed with Maryland and Pennsylvania to improve the Potomac River and had chartered the James River Company to improve the James, the General Assembly promised to pay James Rumsey for any invention which would make a boat move against the current. The year before (1783) Rumsey had built a boat large enough to contain a boiler and engine and several passengers. It had neither propeller nor paddle wheels, such as steamers now have, but it was able to travel by the power of steam. Along the keel, or bottom, was a long pipe, open at the stern. The engine was nothing more than a crude steam pump, which drew water from under the boat and forced it through the pipe and out at the stern so rapidly that the boat was pushed forward.

In October, 1783, he made a secret experiment on the Potomac River which was not entirely satisfactory, but it was successful enough to make the inventor believe that he could make the boat a success and to lead him to ask the Virginia Legislature to keep others from copying his invention. A year later George Washington, who had a summer home at Bath, saw the boat run and later wrote Rumsey that he believed it would succeed. Washington continued to encourage him, and Rumsey worked faithfully to perfect his "mechanical boat," as it was called.

In the meantime Rumsey moved to Shepherdstown (now in West Virginia), and after several mishaps he announced that he would have a public trial of his steamboat in the fall of 1787. The trial took place on the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and a crowd of curious people, among them Gen. Horatio Gates, Gen. William Darke, Maj. Henry Bedinger, and other well-known men of that time, gathered at the banks. Two passengers got into the boat with Rumsey, and the word was given to push off from the shore. The boat floated in the current, while Rumsey busied himself getting the machinery started; but there was no hitch this time, and soon the engine

began working smoothly. The boat swung around and went up the river, while a great shout came from the hundreds of people on the shore. As the boat made its way against the current by the power of steam alone, old nearsighted General Gates, who had been watching it through his field glasses, took off his hat and in awe-struck tones exclaimed: "My God, she moves!" The boat returned and made several other short trips that day at the rate of three miles an hour, carrying women and children on one of the trips. It was the first time in the history of the world that women had traveled on a steamboat.

Other successful experiments were made later, and Rumsey went to Philadelphia, where he interested Benjamin Franklin and others in his invention. Upon their advice and with letters of introduction from Washington, Patrick Henry, and many other distinguished men, Rumsey set sail for England in 1788 to get his invention patented there and to interest English scientists in it. After a hard time he finally succeeded in having built a boat one hundred and eight feet long; but he died suddenly in 1792, before he could see its success. It was in England that he met Robert Fulton, who has wrongly been given the credit in America for inventing the first steamboat in 1807. Rumsey was buried in London, and a tablet on his tomb proclaims him the inventor of the first steamboat.

CONFEDERATE FLOATING MINES.

[From Louisville Courier-Journal.]

While the world is discussing floating mines, which have proved so destructive to commerce in the European war, the claim is made by Confederate veterans that a Mississippian, Thomas Weldon, invented the first device of this kind, which was used successfully on the Yazoo River, Mississippi, December 12, 1862, in the destruction of the Union transport Cairo, with a loss of nearly five hundred lives. Weldon, a civil engineer, placed giant powder in his crude contrivance, the explosion of which would have scarcely made a dent in modern armor plate.

H. Clay Sharkey, now of Jackson, Miss., who was a member of the 3d Mississippi Regiment, one of the twenty-five men who were picked to assist Weldon in laying the mine, tells of the incident, no mention of which is made in Mississippi written history nor in the naval history of the United States. Mr. Sharkey says:

"Late in November, 1862, when the Federal gunboats were preparing to pass our batteries at Vicksburg, and 'Whistling Dick,' a celebrated piece of artillery on the Vicksburg fortifications, kept them from passing the hills, General Grant began a movement to go up the Yazoo, land a force above Vicksburg, and take the army guarding Vicksburg in the rear. The Yazoo River had a floating obstruction at Snyder's Bluff. This was a raft of logs fastened together and made fast to each bank. Our cannon were placed on the bluff to drive back any gunboat which might come up the Yazoo to cut or destroy the raft. A small force under Gen. S. D. Lee was on the hills overlooking the Yazoo Valley from Snyder's Bluff to Vicksburg. As Snyder's Bluff was some fifteen miles from the then mouth of the Yazoo and by dirt road twelve miles from Vicksburg, General Grant conceived the idea of landing an army between the raft and Vicksburg, which, under command of General Sherman, was defeated in the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, December 27-29, 1862.

"In view of all this a detail was made of privates to do the bidding of a civilian civil engineer, Thomas Weldon, a native of Virginia, who had moved to Mississippi some years before the outbreak of the war. I was a member of the detail. Only experienced oarsmen were selected, about twenty-five altogether, who assembled on the west bank of the Yazoo River above the mouth of Steele Bayou.

"Some hundred or more five-gallon demijohns were filled with giant powder after being provided with wires and percussion caps on the inside, and the demijohns were then sealed with corks and wax. On the outside was a casing of light wood, so balanced that the whole thing sank some two feet under the surface. As these floats were strung on other wires, not until these supporting wires were broken did the strain come on the igniting wire. The utmost care had to be exercised, especially by those who handled and affixed the wires, as we were working in a river which had a strong current.

"But three lines of these mines were laid before the gunboats below began shelling us. We were then told to return to our commands. As Capt. (afterwards Col.) W. H. Morgan, from our regiment, had been detailed to command one hundred men and to sharpshoot all boats on the river from the west bank, I was added to these and began to do duty with Captain Morgan and show him where we had laid our mines. Our effort was to make the boats keep farther to the east bank, where our mines were thickest.

"On the 12th of December two gunboats appeared and began shelling us. We had for several days been annoying them and their transport farther down the river. As the Yazoo River was high and there were then no levees on the Mississippi River, the swamps were full of water and could be crossed only at certain places, so we were in little danger from their landing marines to drive us off. We knew the swamps, and they did not.

"The two gunboats steamed slowly up the river, firing shells at nothing in sight, but keeping us off the banks and preventing us from annoying the transport following them. Both the gunbots passed the mines, and there was no explosion; but as the Cairo, or Essex, as some remember the name, came up with about five hundred troops on board, the explosion took place. The boat's prow was thrown up, and the rear of the boat plunged beneath the huge wave made by the explosion. Most of the men on board were carried under, never to rise again, but some could be seen struggling in the water. We attempted to reach them, to give them succor, but the gunboats turned their guns on us, and we sought the shelter of the woods again. Those who reached the east bank (only a few) were taken by our pickets. The gunboats began to descend the river cautiously and again passed our mines without explosion. Nothing was seen of the Cairo above the water until low-water stage in the spring of 1863.

"Mr. Weldon claimed that the Confederate government had offered $50,000 for the first boat sunk by a mine or torpedo, but for some reason he never got his reward. As Confederates invented the ram and the ironclad, they also invented the floating mine. I suppose it bears as little resemblance to the present-day mine as the rapid-fire rifle does to our musket, but we claim to be the first to mine a waterway successfully."

Mr. Sharkey writes the VETERAN: "Since this article was published in several papers, I have had letters corroborating my statement of the affair. * * * A lady of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes that she was a girl of ten years at the time and that Thomas Weldon was one of the men who constructed the ram Arkansas, built at Yazoo City, which attacked all of Farragut's fleet above Vicksburg with such success; but, on account of an accident to her machinery, she was after-

wards destroyed. This lady says her father's house was headquarters for the builders of the ram, and she often saw Captain Weldon with his negro draftsman at work. This slave was a carpenter and one of the best draftsman ever seen in those days. * * * Not an accident happened to those laying the mines; but some soldiers who saw one of the demijohns lying on the bank concluded to use it for a water jug, and when the stopper was pulled out an explosion took place, killing all who were near, and others some distance off were filled with fine broken glass. Some years after the war I met one of the men thus wounded and knew him by the blue tattoo marks on his face made by the glass. He was a member of the 33d Mississippi."

BLOODY NIGHT AFFAIR AT COLCHESTER, VA.

BY JOHN COXE, GROVELAND, CAL.

After First Manassas, Hampton's Legion during the ensuing summer and fall camped at various places between Manassas and Dumfries, Va., notably at Old Brentsville, on the hill, and Bacon's Race Church, Maple Valley, and Freestone Point, on the Potomac. At the latter place we built a redoubt from which Capt. S. D. Lee's battery occasionally engaged the Federal war vessels in the river, his best gun being "Long Tom," a 32-pound rifle cannon captured from the Federals at Manassas. One day in October we were hurriedly called out and started to General Johnston at Centerville, but the next morning were halted and soon after returned to camp. This was at the time of the battle of Leesburg. A few days later we received orders to prepare three days' rations, and at noon the next day we started on a march against the enemy at Pohick Church. Crossing the Occoquan above the village of that name, we camped in woods a mile east of the river. During the night, however, a courier arrived from General Johnston with orders countermanding our advance, and the next day we returned to camp. As we understood it, this march was part of Johnston's plan to advance his whole force against the Federals near Washington. For some reason it was suddenly abandoned.

Rather late in November, 1861, the infantry and artillery of the Legion went into winter quarters on the old telegraph road from Fredericksburg to Washington about half a mile west of the Occoquan River and about a mile above its junction with the Potomac. The Occoquan was tide water up to the village of that name, about half a mile above the telegraph road crossing, which was by ferry rowboat. Immediately opposite, on the east side of the river on the same road and on higher ground, was the little old town of Colchester, then somewhat dilapidated and almost deserted. Its oldest citizen told us that in the long ago it had been a flourishing town, but that later on Occoquan sprang up at the head of navigation on the river and thus usurped the trade of the place. A few days after getting settled down in this camp I read for the first time Lamar Fontaine's poem, "All Quiet along the Potomac To-Night." It was in some newspaper that circulated in camp, and at once the striking verses became very popular.

It was the business of the infantry of the Legion to guard the west bank of the Occoquan from the village down to its confluence with the Potomac and the west bank of the latter down a short distance and also to construct rifle pits and some redoubts along the Occoquan. We had comfortable quarters and plenty to eat; but our duties were continuous and exacting, and the winter weather was very severe. We remained in that camp till the 8th of March, 1862, and experienced a number of thrilling adventures. East of the Occoquan in our front was a stretch of country on both sides of the telegraph road, reaching some eight or ten miles across to the Federal outposts about Pohick Church, and to the right of the road this land tapered down to the fork of the Occoquan and Potomac on that side and was called the "Neck." This stretch of country was called neutral, yet it was frequently roamed over by the scouts of both friend and foe.

Early in the fall Hampton enlisted from Hood's Brigade the services of five or six experienced Texas scouts especially to watch this neutral country and keep him posted as to the movements of the enemy. These men, as fine and brave as ever lived and armed with Mississippi rifles, quartered in a house on the north edge of Colchester on a bluff overlooking the Occoquan and known as the Lee House. It was a nice place in a grove of oaks and pines, with old rosebushes in front and thick woods in the rear. The owner had moved away, and the house, a two-story structure, was vacant when the Texans moved in. These Texans thoroughly understood their business and annoyed the Federal outposts by night attacks and other ways so much that the Federal commander at Pohick Church thought to exterminate them. Evidently he consulted some of the stanch Union people of that country and from them learned the habits of the Texans and the location of their rendezvous. So one dark and very cold night in January, 1862, they tried to carry out a plan to capture or kill our brave Texans.

I was on picket duty that night near the junction of the two rivers, my post being on the Occoquan. Our picket headquarters were in a farmhouse in a field about equidistant from both rivers. The men on post were relieved every two hours during the night. I went on post that night at eight and was relieved at ten and was to go on again at 4 A.M. Though perfectly clear, the night was dark and extremely cold, and I recollect well how on returning to quarters I felt so chilled that I lingered before the big, roaring fireplace quite a while before rolling in my blankets with the other sleepers on the floor. Let no one suppose that under such circumstances a soldier, and particularly a young one, doesn't go right off to sleep as soon as he gets well under his blankets. I don't know how long I slept, but the next thing I heard was the loud voice of the sergeant on duty calling out: "Jump up, men! Quick! There's a fight up the Occoquan!" The late sleepers, though dazed, jumped for cartridge boxes and rifles, and then all rushed to the yard to listen to the awful music of the long roll and artillery horn up at camp. But all else was quiet. A man was rushed down to the nearest post on the Occoquan, and the picket there reported that he heard firing up about the ferry and Colchester; that it was very heavy, but didn't last long.

Soon after this a mounted officer from the camp dashed up to find out if anything was wrong down our way. But he didn't know anything except that the camp had been aroused by our pickets reporting heavy firing in Colchester, by which it was supposed our scouts had been overpowered and killed, and that as he left camp part of the infantry was being rushed to the ferry.

This news was far from cheering, and we slept no more that night. We mended the fire and discussed the probabilities till 4 A.M., when I resumed my post on the Occoquan. Quietness prevailed, and I saw nothing save the usual half hour "light-up" on the Federal guard boat anchored in the Potomac close up to the Maryland shore. At intervals, however, I thought I could hear coming down the Occoquan distant voices of men as if calling to one another. Being relieved

at 6 A.M., which finished my twenty-four hours of picket duty, I got leave and hurried to camp. I found everybody up and cooking breakfast. Mehaffey, my messmate, told me that there had been a fight in Colchester, but that the Texans had driven off the enemy; that one of the Texans was wounded and had been brought over the river to a farmhouse on the road between camp and the ferry.

After a hasty breakfast, I joined others and hurried out to see the wounded scout. The road was full of men going and coming. At the farmhouse we found all of the five scouts who had been in the fight, the four well ones eating breakfast and the wounded man propped up in bed, cheerfully smoking his pipe and talking to a crowded room. Then Lieutenant Colonel Griffin arrived in charge of an armed squad on its way to cross over to Colchester, and we joined it, the well scouts leading the way. About forty went over in the large rowboat. The road up the hill to Colchester was cut up by horses' tracks, showing that part of the Federal force was cavalry. At the Lee House we found three dead Federals in the yard and the front of the house riddled with bullets. Then proceeding east along the telegraph road, we found another dead Federal a few hundred yards beyond the town and much evidence that the Federal retreat had been panicky. People living along the road said the Federal raiders were at least a hundred strong. Returning to the Lee House, we buried the Federals in the front garden. All were infantrymen, and one, a very large man, was shot in the stomach. Of the other two, one was shot in the head and the other in the breast. The man found on the road was shot in the left side. All wore double uniform short coats, probably to protect them against the extreme cold of the night.

While digging the grave the scouts told us the full story. On the night of the fight three scouts occupied a front room downstairs, and one slept upstairs; while another one, as usual, was away on scout duty. All were sound asleep when, between 11 and 12 P.M., they were waked by loud knocking on the front door. And to the inside question, "Who's there?" came the outside reply: "Come out of there, you Rebels, and surrender, or we'll burn the house." The scouts threw up windows and, finding the yard packed with the enemy, grabbed their rifles and fired into the crowd. The enemy returned the fire with a volley into that side of the house, one of their balls going through a window and hitting a downstairs scout in the stomach. As the scouts reloaded their rifles, their upstairs comrade shouted and said: "Hold the house, boys; Hampton is coming." This announcement confused the enemy, and after firing another volley, mostly into the roof of the house, they fled precipitately as the scouts fired into them again.

When things became quiet, the scouts went out of the house and were joined by their outside comrade, who reported that only the infantry of the enemy went to the Lee House, their cavalry going on down to the landing on the river, evidently to prevent succor from our side. They said the large man lying in the yard was still alive and in the German language continually called some name. He died about 4 A.M. After this the Texans went down to the landing and shouted to our side for the boat. But for a time our officers hesitated, feeling sure, from the character of the firing, that the Texans had been wiped out and that the shouting for the boat was merely a decoy of the enemy. So it was nearly daylight when the boat put out and brought back all of the scouts. Unfortunately, the surgeons couldn't locate the ball in the wounded scout. Complications developed, and on the fourth day after the fight the brave fellow passed away. Afterwards we heard that the Federals imprisoned the Union citizen who led them to Colchester, claiming that he led them into a trap.

At this interval of time I can recall the name of only one of these gallant Texas scouts. His name was Templeton, and he was the upstairs man of the fight. He was young, stout, and daring; but near the close of the war I heard that he was killed in a small fight at Warrenton Junction, Va.

I know Hampton made a written report of the Colchester fight, but the only reference to it in print that I ever saw was a brief order from General McClellan, printed in the "Official Records." It gave no particulars, but simply praised the coolness and bravery of Lieut. Col. John Burk, of the 37th New York Infantry, while leading detachments of his own regiment and of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry in the night affair at the Lee House, on Occoquan Bay, January 25, 1862.

While at this same camp several other exciting events happened which aptly illustrated a part of Fontaine's poem. I was on night picket duty again at the confluence of the Potomac and Occoquan. The weather was very inclement. A light icy snow was being driven by a stiff east wind. I went on post at six o'clock and came off at 8 P.M. About ten o'clock, while sitting before the fire talking, we of the reserve were startled by several musket shots down at a post on the Occoquan, then occupied by a comrade named Wood. As we seized arms and rushed out, Major Conner and another officer rode up from camp, being out on a night inspection of the picket posts. Conner quickly formed us into skirmish line and, after sending a man ahead to reconnoiter, hurried us down to Wood's post, which was in a clump of scrub trees on the bank of the river. We found Wood near his post trying to bandage a wounded hand. He reported that he saw a rowboat full of men in the river a little below his post. He fired at it, and the men in the boat returned his fire, one of their bullets entering Wood's left hand. After this the boat quickly turned about and disappeared down the river. Wood was sent back to camp, but was not dangerously hurt. For a long time after this the camp was frequently amused by hearing quotations of the first lines of Fontaine's poem about like this:

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night
Save that now and then a picket
Is shot as he walks to and fro
By a foe from the thicket."

HOW THE INSANITY RUSE WORKED.

BY DR. RICHARD C. SMITH, WHITE STONE, VA..

When the War between the States began, I was one among the first in my county (Gates, N. C.) to enlist. Our company was known as the Gates Guards, Company B, of the 5th North Carolina State Troops (known as the Bloody Fifth), commanded by Col. Duncan K. McRae. We were ordered from Richmond as reënforcements to Manassas, to be in readiness for battle. There had been a small battle on July 18, 1861. We reached Manassas on the afternoon of July 19 and were ordered to double-quick to Bull Run. A cool July rain was falling, and we were ordered to bivouac for the night some distance from the place of our destination.

Early Saturday morning we were ordered to march forward to Bull Run and throw up breastworks. The enemy was shelling our lines all the while, and we worked hard all day with shells bursting all about us, finishing the work after night. All of our cooks and rations had been left at Manassas, so we had had nothing to eat since leaving Richmond. Early on the morning of the memorable 21st we were given two

hard-tacks and a slice of raw shoulder meat, which we had scarcely swallowed when the order came to double-quick across the Run and charge the enemy's battery on the hill. We were on the right, where our line was very thin, and before reaching the battery we were ordered to halt and fall flat. Our pickets had found that there was a large body of Yankees between us and the battery. One of our men of Company C stood behind a small tree when a solid shot from the battery cut the tree down and cut his body in two. This was the first man we had killed.

Owing to injuries received on this day, I was sent to the rear (under fire every step), and when we went into camp at Centerville our colonel, by the advice of the surgeon, Dr. John Ruffin, gave me an honorable discharge. I refused to take it and remained with the regiment until the following spring; but when the long and arduous marching commenced I went to Petersburg and offered my services to Dr. William C. Warren, surgeon in charge of the 2d North Carolina hospital. He accepted me after showing him my discharge and telling him how reluctantly I left the boys and that I did not want to go home. I remained there until things got so hot and dangerous that our hospital was transferred to Greensboro, N. C. In the meantime Dr. John G. Brodnax had succeeded Dr. Warren.

While on hospital duty during the three years I occasionally ran "down home" for a few days and had several hairbreadth escapes. The closest shave was in September, 1864. Colonel Spears, of the Federal army, had been stationed in Suffolk, Va., with a regiment of cavalry for some time and had devastated Nansemond County, Va., and Gates County, N. C., until the country was swept of everything they could find. Frequently one or more of his men, when returning from their raids, would straggle and desert, giving all of their equipment to any citizen who would arrange to put them over the Blackwater River. Of course any citizen was ready to do such a kindness. This order of things became a serious matter, and the poor Rebel scouts were given credit for it.

Finally, in August, 1864, the straw fell that broke the camel's back. Times were getting very critical. They needed men also, and to put a stop to their losses they circulated an order from Colonel Spears that the first two Rebels caught in that section were to be hanged to the first limb. Just before this order was given one of Spears's men had dropped out as they were returning from a raid and stopped at the home of an uncle of mine, to whom he offered his horse and his equipment, consisting of a nice saddle, a pair of fine pistols, a carbine, and blankets, if he would have him put over the river so that he might get to Richmond and back home. Of course my uncle arranged that very well for him. I went home in the early part of September, dressed in a very pretty light cassimere suit, for which I paid one hundred dollars a yard at Wedel Brothers', in Petersburg. I always dressed in citizen's clothes when going home, but this time I was diked sure enough. When going home we boys would go down in Nansemond County, Va., to see relatives and friends. After getting home I made a visit to a relative near Somerton, Va., and while there I heard of Colonel Spears's latest order. He told his command that he believed his men who did not return were murdered by Rebel scouts, and his orders were to hang the first two Rebels they caught.

When I went down to Somerton I found a cousin of mine, Robert Smith, from a Virginia command, at home for a few days with his mother. The second Sunday in September was the regular day for service at the old Methodist church. Quite a crowd of relatives and acquaintances had gathered at my cousin's to see us, and we had our hearts set on going to church with the girls; but, having such a jolly, good time, church was forgotten till about time to go. Bob was diked in a black broadcloth Prince Albert and I in my wonderful light cassimere. As the girls started for their hats, a little negro girl just across the street told her mistress that the Yankees were coming. She ran out on her porch and waved to us to run. We ran out of the large old hall hatless and jumped over a high, sharp-pointed paling garden fence in the field, where we secreted ourselves in the sugar cane. We heard distinctly the sound of their horses' feet going through the village at a rapid rate. Bob said: "Dick, are you going to stay here?" I said: "Yes, for the present. Sometimes they go rushing through a place and in an hour or so come sneaking back to search." "I am going farther," he said, and off he went.

I had an uncle in the village who had a fine place for hiding, where he had kept provisions and everything stored away. To get there I had to cross an acre or so of uncultivated land between the cane and the road. I waited an hour or more, and quiet seemed to reign supreme. Thinking of nothing but my safe place, I went running to the high rail fence, jumped up on it, threw both feet over, ready to jump down, when, behold, there sat a Yankee picket within a few steps of me on his horse, carbine across his front, pistols by his side, looking me in the face. There was another at the old church, and a third at the corner of the street at Bob's mother's.

The first thought I had was to become insane at once. I loked that Yank squarely in the face, stretched my eyes as wide as I could, and contorted my body in every imaginable way, then commenced to turn my long hair over my face, all the while watching my Yanks, who were also watching me. When I found that I had the fellow nearest to me perfectly hypnotized, I turned loose every joint in me and fell backward off the fence; then I got up on my hands and feet and walked and bellowed like an ox and threw weeds and dirt all over my back until I got back in the cane. Not one word did the Yank say, and he never moved a muscle, but seemed to be as badly frightened as I was. Now I began to search for a good hiding place, and, finding a large ditch, down I went in the mud and water about one hundred yards, where I found Bob. He said, "Dick, this is hell on Sunday clothes," in which opinion I concurred. After sitting in the ditch about an hour, an old hen with a brood of chickens came near us and seemed very much alarmed. At the same time we heard Yankee voices in the field near us. We were fearful that the hen's cackling might attract their attention and that they might find us; but the tall weeds were so interlocked across the ditch that they would have had to get down and lower their heads considerably to see us. Just about this time we learned what had so excited the hen. A large moccasin snake was coiled on the edge of the ditch, looking straight at us and licking out his tongue; he was within easy jumping distance of our faces. Bob said: "Dick, shall we let the Yanks catch us or the snake bite us?" I replied that I preferred to trust the snake.

We remained in this condition a half hour or more while the Yankees were testing and eating fruit. We could hear every word they said for a while. Finally the snake crawled off, the hen became quiet, and the voices of the Yanks sounded farther away. Everything seemed clear again, but we remained in the ditch until the sun was nearly setting. Very soon we heard a small voice calling. Bob said it was his mother's little negro girl and that it was best to be cautious. It might be that the Yanks had forced her to tell something

and hoped to catch us through her information. Telling me to remain until he called me, he went down to the end of the ditch near a swamp, where he could escape if he should see a Yank, and I was then to look out for No. 1 as best I could. Very soon, though, he called me out, and the girl told us to go to a certain tree, and her mistress would send us some dinner, which was good news, for we had had nothing since breakfast. Soon after a manservant came with a large waiter of good things, with which we knew exactly what to do.

We got a nice night's rest under a large pine tree and parted early in the morning, Bob to his command and I to go six miles to my home. My father and I drove up to the Blackwater River, where we found the flat on the opposite side, and no ferryman could be found. The only way of escape was to take a small canoe which we found there. We unhitched the horse, rolled the buggy onto the canoe, and I fixed a line to lead the horse by. My father got in at one end of the boat and did the paddling, and I led the horse, which swam across the river, and so I made my escape. That was my last visit "down home" until the close of the war.

CONSCRIPTION IN THE MOUNTAINS.

BY C. L. PEACOCK, ELLAVILLE, GA.

After the battle of Murfreesboro, in the latter part of 1862, the 2d Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters was stationed in Chattanooga as provost guard of that post. In the early part of 1863 Major Cox, commanding the battalion, was informed that a number of deserters and other able-bodied men were in hiding in Buck's Pocket, on Cumberland Mountain, some fifty miles from Chattanooga. His informant, a private citizen, offered to act as guide in case he cared to attack them. Major Cox accepted the offer and had fifty men detailed from the battalion and started in pursuit, arriving at the Tennessee River fifteen miles below Chattanooga about 9 A.M. We were carried across the river on a flatboat and at once began the march through sleet and snow to the foot of the mountain, arriving there about sundown. There was a church and also a residence at that point, and there had been a quilting that day. A number of these men from the Pocket were there, but before we could surround the house most of them escaped, and we succeeded in capturing only two.

While detained there the rain poured in torrents for half an hour, and in less than ten minutes after the rain ceased the wind was blowing a gale from the north, and the water from the mountain side, which only a few moments before was running like a creek, was frozen hard. The moon shone almost as bright as day, and the mountain seemed to be a solid ball of ice. We began the march up the mountain with the two prisoners, but had not proceeded far when one of them made his escape. We arrived at the Pocket about 4 A.M. and found that the occupants had fled; but there was evidence that at least one hundred and fifty men had been hiding there, as they had left their bedding and cooking utensils.

This Pocket is the work of nature and is a huge opening in the mountain side, with ledge after ledge of rock, forming a perfect shelter from rain and cold. It was much larger at the bottom than the opening and spacious enough to accommodate two or three hundred men.

There were a few squatters on the mountain living three or four miles apart. We visited a number of these huts, but found only three men subject to military duty, whom we arrested and carried to the guardhouse in Chattanooga. One of the men begged piteously to be given his liberty, claiming that he was for neither side, but his pleas were unavailing. He was confined in the guardhouse, and his wife, with an infant in her arms, walked the long distance to see and comfort him. He lived only a short time, dying from grief, in the opinion of the attending physician.

We started on the return march about 9 A.M., intending to reach the foot of the mountain by nightfall; but realizing that night would overtake us before we reached the point of descent, Major Cox decided to camp on the mountain, so he sent a detail down in the valley for provisions. Before they returned Major Cox was informed that the bushwhackers had mustered together some two hundred and fifty men and planned the massacre of the command. We made a hasty retreat down the mountain and struck camp too tired and sleepy to think about something to eat. Early the next morning we started on the return march without breakfast, reaching the ferry about noon.

While waiting for the flatboat to return for the second squad Sim Roper, my messmate, accidentally shot himself, dying a day or so later. He entered the Confederate service in May, 1861, and was a member of the 5th Georgia Regiment, Cuthbert Rifles. I should like to hear from any surviving comrade of that memorable march. I was commissary sergeant of the 2d Battalion of Georgia Sharpshooters

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BATTLE OF BRANDY STATION.

BY CAPT. T. J. YOUNG, AUSTIN, ARK.

The greatest cavalry engagement of the war was fought on June 9, 1863, between Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commander of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, and General Pleasanton, commanding the Federal cavalry of the Army of the Potomac. General Stuart's command at that time was composed of the following cavalry brigades: Turner Ashby's old brigade, commanded by Gen. W. E. Jones; W. H. F. Lee's, Wade Hampton's, Fitzhugh Lee's, and Beverly Robertson's. General Pleasanton commanded Buford's and Gregg's Federal divisions of cavalry, two brigades of infantry, and four batteries of artillery. Four batteries of horse artillery under General Stuart made the artillery on each side about equal.

Fitzhugh Lee's brigade had been advanced up the Rappahannock to Oak Shade as the advance guard of the army of Gen. R. E. Lee, which was then on the march to Pennsylvania, while General Stuart was left with the remainder of his command to guard the flank and protect the rear of the army. On the morning of June 9 General Pleasanton, with Buford's Cavalry Division and a brigade of infantry and two batteries, crossed the river at Beverly's Ford with this force, with a brigade of cavalry under Colonel Davis in the advance. Company A, of the 6th Virginia Cavalry, was on picket at the ford. My brother, S. W. Young, and Frank Alder, who were on the picket at the time, were both captured. The company was surprised, yet contended for every foot of ground between them and the camp of Jones's and W. H. F. Lee's brigades, near St. James Church, with the battalion of horse artillery. The 6th Regiment, which was out on the road, got off first; the 7th Regiment next, just as the Federals were getting up in our midst. Many of our men had not finished their breakfast and had to mount their horses bareback and rush into the fight. We succeeded in driving the Federals back at this time; and Colonel Davis, commanding the Federal advance,

was killed. About this time the Federals were reënforced by a fresh brigade, which charged the 6th and 7th Regiments, driving them back past the artillery. Just then Hampton's Brigade came up, and by a combined effort the Federals were driven back and the artillery saved.

The firing in our front had almost ceased, except that of the sharpshooters on the skirmish line. General Gregg, commanding a division, had been ordered by General Pleasanton to cross the river at Kelly's Ford, four miles below, and attack General Stuart in the rear. Apprehending this, General Stuart ordered General Robertson with his brigade to take the road to Kelly's Ford and to hold General Gregg in check. General Robertson took the wrong road and went too far to the right and missed Gregg's command entirely, which allowed Gregg to pass on and gain Stuart's rear. Lieutenant Carter, with one gun of Chew's Battery, was the only obstacle in Gregg's way. He had gone to the rear with this gun because his ammunition was exhausted with the exception of a few damaged shells. These he managed to fire sufficiently to check Gregg in his advance until other troops could be sent back to his assistance. General Jones, who was one and a half miles in advance on Fleetwood Hill, the position occupied by Carter with his gun, and which point Gregg was trying to make, ordered the 12th Regiment of Virginia Cavalry to gallop at once to Fleetwood Hill to meet Gregg's advance.

When Col. A. W. Harmon reached Fleetwood Hill and met the Federals who were coming up, his regiment was badly scattered along the road. Those on the fastest and best horses were in the lead. Colonel Harmon did not wait for his men to close up, but went "at 'em." He was badly wounded in the fray. Just at this time the "Comanches," or 35th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, came up to the assistance of the 12th Regiment, and their combined efforts drove the Federals back to a battery of theirs which was shelling our men, when Colonel White charged this battery, driving the Federals from it. They soon rallied and came back, and at this time Colonel Lomax came gallantly up with the 11th Virginia Regiment, which, by the help of Hampton's Brigade, drove the Federals off and left three guns of the Federal battery in our hands. While this was being done in Stuart's rear, W. H. F. Lee with his brigade attacked Buford's command on his right and held him in check during the engagement at Fleetwood Hill. Gregg then fell back and joined Buford on his left, and the whole command of General Pleasanton fell back across the river. Night closed the scene of one of the greatest cavalry engagements of the war.

This battle was fought by fifteen regiments on the Confederate side, composing Jones's, Lee's, and Hampton's Brigades, and one regiment of Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, all cavalry and artillery. General Stuart had no infantry in this battle. Robertson's Brigade was at no time engaged, having missed the road to Kelly's Ford and being unable to get back in time to take part in the battle. The Federal forces under General Pleasanton consisted of cavalry and infantry amounting to 10,981 effective men, while General Stuart had about 7,000 men. Pleasanton lost 936 officers and men and three guns of the 6th New York Battery, while General Stuart lost 523 men and officers. General Stuart fought this battle under great disadvantage, being surprised by Buford in the morning at Beverly's Ford and then being surprised by Gregg in the rear. Charging and countercharging continued during the whole day.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

BY W. E. DOYLE, TEAGUE, TEX.

The boasted emancipation proclamation was a legal nullity and, therefore, had no more legal effect on slavery than if it had been issued by Lloyd Garrison or the ghost of John Brown. In fact, it was partial, in that it was to have no application in certain parts of the country where slavery existed —that is, it emancipated (?) the negroes within the Confederate lines and retained in slavery those within the Union lines. It continued slavery in the following parishes of Louisiana: St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, La Fourche. St. Marie, St. Martin, and New Orleans, including the city of New Orleans; in the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia and the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, in Virginia.



W. E. DOYLE.

This proclamation also continued slavery in Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, as these States were then "in good faith" represented in the United States Congress. That wonderful State paper adds: "Which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued."

Seemingly, the great emancipator was emancipating in such States and parts of States only where the proclamation would likely bring about insurrection resulting in the murder of the white women and children of the South, for he says: "And the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons (the negroes), and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom." That the United States authorities were not to "repress" the negroes in any efforts they might make for their freedom leads naturally to the conclusion that such authorities hoped that a general uprising of the slaves might result; but the negroes, be it said to their credit, did not rise in insurrection, remaining faithful to their people to the end.

That the emancipation proclamation was a nullity is verified by the fact that the slaves were emancipated by the action of conventions of the several slave States in 1865, and the action of such States was approved and recognized by military satraps acting in a sense as governors and later by the powers at Washington.

General Lee manumitted all his slaves prior to the first day of January, 1863.

General Grant was a slave owner and ignored the emancipation proclamation farce and retained his slaves in servitude till the end of the war—perhaps till they were legally freed by action of the State Convention of Missouri.

If I could preserve the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; if I could preserve the Union by freeing all the slaves, I would do it. What I do about the colored race I do because I think it helps to save the Union.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

A NAP THAT PROVED COSTLY.

BY J. M. FINLEY, ATHENS, LA.

On the night of April 5, 1865, during General Lee's retreat from Petersburg to Appomattox, from incessant marching, fasting, and loss of sleep, I felt that I had reached my limit. Being orderly sergeant, I said to my captain, George Bankston, of Company C, 14th Alabama Regiment (there was no truer soldier nor kinder officer): "Should you miss me, don't be alarmed." He suggested that it would be dangerous to drop out. But William H. Maulden and I, of the 14th Alabama, and George Williams, of the 11th Alabama, stepped off a few paces and were soon fast asleep. We were aroused by our rear guard, who said, "The enemy is just behind," and we hurried on to overtake our command.

At sunup we came up on some of the boys parching corn. We also blistered a few ears and then hurried on and on until about 10 A.M. Seeing a line forming for battle, we rushed up and asked what command it was, saying: "We want to go in the battle with you." (I do not now recall the command.) As they moved forward, George Williams suggested that we were wrong to do this, saying: "Should we get killed, our people would never know it." That moved us to push on till about 2 P.M.; then we dropped down to rest a minute. Despair seized us. We felt ready to give up, but listen! A savage yell was heard, and the Federal cavalry was seen charging and capturing our wagon train. (A comrade told me that they killed all but him and an Indian who belonged to the wagon train.)

This excitement caused us to shift our position. We ran about a quarter of a mile, crossed a creek, and ran over the brow of a steep hill. Here we took observation. There were no friends in sight, but, to our amazement, we beheld a blue line of infantry steadily approaching in a field. We fired twenty shots each into their ranks, and when they got to within about one hundred yards of us we fired again. But, alas! we were running parallel with a rail fence, perhaps thirty yards from it, when a Federal cavalryman fired upon us from ambush, saying, "Surrender." Mauldin and Williams dropped their guns. I would have taken desperate chances with the Yank; but as he spoke so kindly, asking me to leave my gun and that we cross the fence, I decided to share the fate of my comrades. Our captor then brandished his pistol and said: "If you don't keep up with my horse, I'll kill you." He struck up a lively gallop, and we made good. I was a few paces in advance to his left, while Mauldin and Williams were to his left, bringing up the rear. He rushed upon me, exclaiming: "Your money, or I'll blow you through." Quickly I handed him the coveted treasure, consisting of seven dollars in Confederate money in a leather pocketbook stamped inside: "J. M. Finley, Company C, 14th Alabama." Of course he robbed my comrades; then he declared that he would kill us. I turned around, facing him, and he held his pistol on my comrades. I exclaimed: "Those boys are unarmed." He did not fire. Immediately we ran into the line of Federals, standing at rest, whom we had been fighting shortly before. I was never so glad to see a lot of men and be freed from our thievish, murderous devil.

Those men said our captor was the worst man they had; that he killed every prisoner he had anything to do with. I do not recall their command, but the men treated us kindly and courteously.

We were captured on April 6, and General Lee surrendered on April 9, my twenty-first birthday; but we were marched to the James River, and instead of being sent home, as all expected, we were carried to Newport News and held as prisoners until about July 6. I was told that there were about two thousand in this prison. Besides being in a walled prison, we were guarded by beastly negroes and cowardly white men. They fed us exclusively on raw codfish and hard-tack. Many did not survive the hardships of this prison.

SHILOH.

BY L. R. BURRESS, JONESBORO, ARK.

It is conceded by "the many" that a most decisive victory for the Confederacy was lost on the field of Shiloh by the "too previous" withdrawal of the Confederate troops. Whatever caused the cessation of the battle on the first day was unfortunate for the brave army that had won the field.

Since reporting what an ear and eye witness stated concerning General Bragg's saying, "I will not obey the order to retire unless borne to me by one I know personally," I have met a number of veterans who were engaged in the battle, and, without exception, the loss of the victory was attributed to the untimely withdrawal. No doubt General Grant wished for night or Buell.

Col. E. H. Randle, in an address recently published in the Memphis Commercial-Appeal, said as follows, his subject being "Gen. N. B. Forrest": "We will next notice him [Forrest] in the battle of Shiloh. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston had fallen in the full flush of victory. Grant's army was in the greatest confusion on the bank of the Tennessee River. Forrest with his cavalry went near enough to see plainly the condition. He hastened to report to Beauregard that there was nothing to do but go and take them. Governor Harris made a like report. But Beauregard said: 'The soldiers are tired. Let them rest till morning, and then we will take them.' He was told by Forrest and Harris that Buell would be there by morning with a fresh army, and then it would be too late. Military critics have agreed that Grant's army could have been captured that evening. General Tuttle, one of the Federal generals in the battle, said: 'If Beauregard had been a general, he would have taken Grant's army that evening, for we had already surrendered.' This was said by General Tuttle himself to a reliable friend of mine."

I visited Shiloh Park last May, and, after considering all the information given by the keepers of the park, I could not see otherwise than did "the many." As I stood by the shaft that marks the place where Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston fell, I tried to compare the two generals, Johnston and Grant.

Napoleon, standing by the grave of Frederick the Great, said: "If you were living, I would not be here." I imagined General Grant at Johnston's monument, which keeps sentinel over the fateful spot of history, saying: "If you had not fallen, I would not have been President of the United States."

Truly we say: "The world is a stage, and men are the actors."

Peace to the dead, harmony to the living, honor to whom honor is due, truth covering all.

LIVED TO ENJOY IT.—At the battle of Chancellorsville, when Stonewall Jackson gave Hooker the surprise of his life, as the Confederates charged through the camps of the 11th Army Corps of the Federal army, Lieut. E. M. Perry, commanding a company of the 6th Georgia, on passing a camp fire snatched up a bucket of coffee; and with it in his left hand and his sword in his right, he carried his company through the fight and then enjoyed the coffee.—*E. Guthrie, Glenside, Pa.*

LAST ORDERS OF GREAT GENERALS.

BY CAPT. B. WELLER, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

[Captain Weller, Company E, 1st Virginia Cavalry, was also a member of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's and Gen. Fitz Lee's staffs.]

At Chancellorsville on the first evening of the battle, about an hour before Jackson was killed, he met Gen. R. E. Lee at the Block House on the Plank Road leading from Orange Courthouse to Fredericksburg by Chancellorsville, and this was their last meeting. Jackson was placing his infantry line for the night after leaving General Lee and coming on his own line. Gen. Fitz Lee's line of cavalry was in front of Jackson's. There Jackson met Gen. J. E. B. Stuart for the last time. Jackson's first words to General Stuart were: "Have you a man that knows the country here? I have lost sight of Major Johnson with my ordnance and supply train, and I cannot locate him. I must have him here by four o'clock in the morning sharp." General Stuart said to me: "Weller, have you a man that knows this country?" "No one so well as myself." "Then you report to General Jackson." Jackson said to Stuart: "Can you spare Weller to-night?" "Certainly," said General Stuart. General Jackson said to me: "This is an important mission. I have lost sight of Major Johnson in the fight this evening. Now, I want you to have him at the Block House at four o'clock in the morning with my ordnance and supply train." And Jackson repeated to me: "This is an important mission, and may God speed you!" These were his last words to me. He started up his line and in less than one hour was killed. He got between his and the cavalry line of Fitz Lee, which we had just left for the night. He extended his line a little too far, and, returning on Lee's line in the dark, he got in front of his own line and was killed.

I rode for Johnson, which was a dismal ride over the country in the night, and I could not get even a negro to tell me anything; but about twelve o'clock I found the train by a dim light and delivered my message to Major Johnson. I was tired and so was my horse. I procured some corn for my horse, then the next was for myself. I went to Jim, the Major's cook, and he gave me some cold biscuits and a piece of beef. I laid down by my horse and thought I would let him eat, then I would return to General Stuart by daylight; but, to my surprise, there came a courier from General Stuart for me to come back at once and meet him on the Plank Road just beyond the Block House toward Chancellorsville. This Block House was a little schoolhouse in the forks of the road. When I arrived there, Stuart told me what had happened, that we had lost Jackson, that he was in command of Jackson's Corps of Infantry, and that we would be in the infantry. Gen. Fitz Lee was in charge of the cavalry, and Stuart wanted me to stay with him.

The line of battle was across the main road toward Chancellorsville, with General Rhodes's division on the right and General Colston's division on the left. The enemy had felled timber all night, which made it difficult to get through, but the boys went through. The Federals had thirty-eight pieces of artillery in position to play upon that road, but with all that they could not stop us. Soon their line began to break, and then their thirty-eight pieces were silenced, and they began to retreat by Chancellorsville toward the river. Just as soon as they came to the Chancellorsville house they set fire to it. There were many soldiers in it. General Stuart saw the fire and said to me: "Weller, you go to General Rhodes and get thirty men and put out the fire." I got my men and formed a skirmish line, but lost four before I could reach the fire. They made it hot for us, and when we got there we could get no water. The water had to come from a well, and I knew the men would be killed at the well; so we had to let the house burn. I got my men behind the house and tore down the building connecting the house with the stables and saved the men in the stables and yard, the Federals still keeping it warm for us, though they were retreating as fast as they could. Just at that time General Stuart appeared. He saw the situation and that our line was moving forward, and he said to me: "Take your men and try to locate the enemy's position." They retreated north on the Culpeper road to Mrs. Kiles's farm, in the direction of their pontoons, where they made the second stand. I reported their position to General Stuart, and the whole of our line moved forward for the final result.

That evening in the advance Stuart saw from where he was that the third brigade of Colston's left was not moving. He said: "Weller, see what the trouble is with that brigade." I went and found no field officer. They were all killed or wounded. I came back and reported this, when General Stuart said: "You go and take charge of it yourself and form a line on Colston's left. You will have to travel quick to get into line, and stay there until I relieve you." That was as hot a place as I want to get into; but that was the close of the day's fight, and we lay on the battle field that night, where there was great suffering among ten thousand men on both sides. After the field was cleared, General Stuart resumed his cavalry command.

I don't remember just what turn we made; but, anyway, I must not forget to tell of making fifty-five Yanks run, and I did it easily at that. We were marching for Gettysburg in two lines by the Bull Run route. Gen. Fitz Lee was on the right of Fairfax Courthouse, on the Alexander road to Centerville. I don't remember dates; but one bright morning, when Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was leading with his staff, we came to Fairfax Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. As daylight began to dawn, General Stuart said to General Hampton, whose brigade led, "We will stop and let our command rest a couple of hours," which we did. Then Stuart said: "Captain Weller, take ten men and go to the courthouse and see if everything is clear." I started with my men. It was light when I struck the town. Right in front of me I saw a door partly open, and a man's hand waved to me. When I went to him, he said: "You had better be careful. Fifty or sixty Yanks went by here last evening toward Centerville, and I think they camped at the water just out of town." At that the Yanks caught sight of my men. We heard a few shots. There they were, all clerks from the department. I had a good horse, and my only chance to escape was to outwind them. They captured my men and left them under guard, and then all started after me. The idea struck me that if they did not kill me I would run them into General Hampton's brigade, which I did. General Stuart heard us coming and ordered Hampton to mount his brigade and form a line. I was coming, with my fifty Yanks after me, and at close range; so Stuart kept under cover of the timber. I soon saw the situation; and as they seemed determined to get me, I went right on past Hampton's command, when he just made a left turn and swiped them all on the spot, and it was a great relief to me. I escaped with a few scars to my horse and myself. Then Gen. Fitz Lee marched into the east end of town and recaptured my ten men. That ended the race, and we needed the fifty horses for our men that were afoot.

The march was resumed toward Rockville, on the Potomac, where we crossed over into Maryland. Just before we got to the river General Stuart sent me to the front of the line of march. General Hampton's brigade was in front and also Hampton's old company, commanded by Lieutenant Hampton, the General's son. General Stuart told me to help young Hampton get some videttes across the canal. Just as soon as we struck the towpath I told Hampton that we were all right; there was a boat coming, which was captured at once. The driver hallooed out, "Here is the d—n Rebels," and we made the boatman turn the boat crosswise of the canal and throw out his gang plank. Hampton dismounted twenty men, and over they went to the Maryland side as videttes. I left Hampton's company there. We could cross the canal only by bridging the lock, which was narrow, and could go only by fours; so it took us all night, and during that time forty-two boats collected there, some going up and some down. They were all freight boats, but two of the packet boats had soldiers from Grant's army going to Washington, some of them sick and wounded. Hampton's men took charge of the boats and got plenty of grain to feed all of our horses, and they gathered all the prisoners in the little town of Rockville.

I was working to get the command across the lock, and just at daylight General Stuart sent me an order to burn all of the boats there. That was hard, but I delayed until I could investigate. I found that all of the boats were private property, and the men had their families living there. They had their mules to draw the boats, their milch cows, pigs, geese, and chickens with them. They were people that had been there since the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal was built. I told the boys to hold. I could not burn the boats until I saw General Stuart. I found Stuart, Hampton, Morgan, and Wickham all together, and I said: "General Stuart, I have disobeyed your order for the present." "Why did you?" he said. When I explained the situation, General Stuart said: "How can you put them out of commission?" "I propose to turn all boats crosswise in the canal and then cut the sluice gate to the river. That will tear out such a big opening that it will leave them high and dry for sixty or ninety days." General Stuart said to the other generals: "What do you think of Weller's proposition?" General Hampton said: "Weller is right." He then told me to line up all of the prisoners and administer the oath and turn them loose and follow up the command as fast as I could.

Then the curtain rolled up for Gettysburg. We played many trying scenes behind the footlights until we came to Spottsylvania Courthouse about May 9, 1864, where General Stuart's last order was given to me by himself. That morning all of his staff were with him, consisting of Maj. J. B. McClellan, Capt. John Esten Cooke (author of "Surrey of Eagle's Nest"), Captain White, of Maryland, and Capt. B. Weller, chief of couriers. We were coming down the road from the Wilderness, and General Stuart was humming his old favorite song, "Old gray horse, get out of the Wilderness, bully boys, hey."

General Anderson, who was in command of General Longstreet's corps of infantry, passed just at that time. There came a courier from Gen. Fitz Lee with a dispatch stating that he was on the Todd Tavern road, and the enemy was pressing him with their infantry, and he was losing heavily. General Stuart turned to me and said: "Weller, you go to General Anderson and get a brigade of infantry and relieve General Lee and stay there until I relieve you." The colonel had reported to me who was in command of the brigade. I took up a little ravine near the turn of the road, placed the men behind an old fence, where I told them to lie down close to the ground, and when the enemy got within a hundred yards to let them have it, which they did, the enemy coming in regular line of battle. We repulsed them the third time before they would turn, and they then turned toward the courthouse to our right. Being the only man on a horse and the second on the charge, I got a piece of shell through my left arm, but did not leave my line. As it bled profusely, I got one of the men to tie my handkerchief around my arm, put a stick through it, and twist it tightly.

General Stuart found out that I was wounded, and he relieved me. Then the big fight was on. I went south past the Block House, and there at a farmhouse I found Dr. Eliason, our division surgeon, who dressed my arm. I had washed some of the blood off and fixed myself for the night, when about sunset General Stuart rode up and inquired where I was. I was sitting on my saddle blanket, and he rode to where I was, got down and sat by me, and began to ask me about the roads east of Spottsylvania Courthouse. I took a piece of paper and made him a diagram as nearly as I could, and then I said: "General, I will be with you to-morrow." "No; I have a more important mission for you to perform which will be of more benefit to the Confederacy than for you to try to ride with me. I will have all the necessary papers for you to go to Staunton, in Augusta County, and relieve Col. M. G. Herman, our quartermaster, and put some one else in his place. This is an important mission. Go there first and then go down home and get well. I want you with me." I thanked him. He got on his horse and said that if anything should come up in the morning to prevent his being at the Block House with the papers, Major McClellan would be there with them for me at 9 A.M. sharp. McClellan was there, but I never saw General Stuart again. He was killed at Yellow Tavern the day I reached Staunton. There the curtain fell with one of our headlights.

We had many rough rehearsals behind the footlights until we reached Appomattox, April 9, 1865. After Stuart was killed, I returned to Gen. Fitzhugh Lee and remained with him until the surrender at Appomattox. We arrived there the night of the 8th, and about 4 A.M. the next morning up rode a courier to Fitz Lee's headquarters under a tree with a dispatch stating that the enemy had taken possession of the Lynchburg road in front of us. General Lee turned to me and said: "Weller, you go and find Gen. R. E. Lee and give him my compliments and say to him that the enemy has taken possession of the Lynchburg road and shall I open it." General Lee said: "Give Gen. Fitz Lee my compliments and say to him that if the enemy does not press him to remain where he is." But while I was making the ride Gen. Fitz Lee drove the enemy back with the loss of some men, and when I delivered R. E. Lee's order Gen. Fitz Lee said: "Go back to Gen. R. E. Lee with my compliments and tell him that I have opened the road." Gen. R. E. Lee then said: "Wait; I will answer." During the time I was by his side, and we had crossed over the road to an old fence, when up rode General Custer with the papers in regard to the meeting with General Grant. Then General Lee turned to me and said: "Weller, give Gen. Fitz Lee my compliments and say to him that there are no further orders."

Then the curtain fell. That communication of orders through me ended the war at Appomattox April 9, 1865.

Robert E. Lee—in his harmoniously blended character were exhibited all those ideals of mind and heart of which chivalry but dreamed.—*George Frederick Holmes.*

A HERO OF THE SIXTIES, SAMUEL BOYER DAVIS.

BY MISS KATE MASON ROWLAND, RICHMOND, VA.

The career of this gallant young patriot was filled with an unusual amount of war's perils and excitements. Of Maryland lineage, he was born in Delaware, where he was living in 1861. First a private in the artillery, then aid to Major General Trimble, his uncle, young Davis in 1863 was assigned to duty at Andersonville under Gen. John H. Winder. Finally, in December, 1864, he entered upon the mission for which he very nearly paid the penalty of his life.

At Gettysburg, while on General Trimble's staff, he was shot through the lung and taken prisoner. As instances of the foreign element found in the Federal army may be mentioned the two Portuguese soldiers and the German surgeon whom Captain Davis encountered at Gettysburg. He was sent to a hospital in Chester, Pa., from which place he made his escape, with a wounded comrade, through the connivance of a sentinel who was friendly to the South. Weak from his recent wound, it was no easy undertaking, this journey back to Dixie, under the circumstances. His courage and presence of mind were shown when at one of the landings on the river on the last stage of his trip a gentleman from Baltimore recognized him and, holding out his hand, said: "Why, how are you, Davis? I thought you were in the Southern army." There were United States troops on the boat. Captain Davis was standing near them, and all eyes were turned upon him. As quick as a flash he replied, looking the gentleman full in the face: "You are mistaken, sir; my name is Dawson."

Like the martyr Wirz, Captain Davis was maligned by Northern fanatics for alleged "cruelties" at Andersonville. This base defamation of that noble character, Capt. Henry Wirz, has long been fully disproved; and his subordinate, young Davis, was so far from being cruel that, on the contrary, his kindness of heart to some prisoners on one occasion incurred censure, though Captain Wirz approved of his action.

On Christmas Day, 1864, Captain Davis was in Richmond, off duty and enjoying the holiday. Among the friends that he met at the Spottswood Hotel was a Maryland member of the signal corps. This young man confided to Captain Davis that he had orders to go to Canada to carry important papers, but the risk was so great that he was anxious to give up the undertaking. Inspired by both patriotism and love of adventure, Captain Davis promptly offered to go in his place. He was to carry to Canada the commission in the Confederate navy of Capt. John Yates Beall and the statement from President Davis that Beall was authorized by him to make the attempt to get possession of Johnson's Island, on Lake Erie, and release the three thousand Confederate officers there. Beall had recently been captured; and Captain Davis, if successful, hoped to save Beall from the fate that threatened him. After various adventures, Captain Davis reached Toronto in safety. He remained a week in Canada and then started on the home journey. In his coat sleeves were dispatches for Richmond written on white silk. On the second day he had the ill luck to encounter a squad of returned Federal prisoners who had seen him at Andersonville. In vain he denied his identity, producing his passport from Canada as "Willoughby Cummings." He was arrested and searched; but his dispatches were not found, and he was able to destroy them later. Placed in irons and carried to Cincinnati for trial, charged with being a spy, his trial was a mere farce, lasting only two days. It was at this time, as has been said by one who knew him well, "that Captain Davis exhibited those extraordinary characteristics of unflinching courage and an indomitable spirit which animated him. When asked by the court, whose fatal decision was then as plain as words made it later, whether he had anything to say for himself, his address was one that revealed to the court and to the world a man whose limbs they might fetter and whose body they could condemn to an ignominious death, but whose spirit they could not daunt. His speech to the court might well be rated as a classic for a brave man's utterance under desperate circumstances."

He was condemned to be hanged on the 17th of February, 1865, and on the 2d he was taken to Johnson's Island to await the day of execution. The following morning he received the first intimation that his friends knew of his plight and were striving to aid him. Strong pressure was brought to bear upon the President, and commutation of sentence was decided upon; but this was not made known to the officer in charge, "and on the night of the 16th of February," Captain Davis says, "I lay down and slept, thinking honestly that I had seen the sunset for the last time. Finally the 17th came. I arose at five o'clock, dressed, ate breakfast, and sat down to wait. By seven o'clock crowds began coming to the island to see the execution. The band in my hearing was playing the dead march, and I saw men stretching some rope which I was told was to be my cravat. I was mentally dead; all hope was gone. Just then Colonel Hill, the commanding officer, came rapidly to my quarters and, sending out all officers and sentinels, said: 'I have a commutation for you; your sentence is commuted.'"

On leaving the island Captain Davis was handed a letter from his sister, dated two weeks previous, telling him that his sentence was commuted. Such was the needless cruelty of his enemies. But his sufferings were not over. He was to be imprisoned during the war, and he was taken first to Fort Delaware, where he endured most outrageous treatment by order of the Dutch general in command. From Fort Delaware he was taken to Albany and confined in a cell for six weeks, "leading a monstrous life," as he says. Finally transferred to the prison hospital, for ill treatment had affected his health, this brave youth languished there for dreary months, not securing his release, though the war had long been over, until the 7th of December, 1865.

Captain Davis survived the war fifty years, dying recently in Washington, D. C. He lies buried in Alexandria among his wife's kindred. The inscription on his tomb, which he requested should be his only epitaph, are these simple yet proud words: "He was a Confederate soldier."

GENERAL FORREST AT SELMA, ALA.—In the battle of Selma, Ala., I had my first and only view of General Forrest. He rode into the redoubt in which was stationed a company of the Queen Anne's, one of whom I was. His left arm was in a sling—a red handkerchief, as I remember now. The story about his hurt, as told them, was that on the day before, as he was scouting around unaccompanied at the bend in the road, he and a Federal cavalryman, also alone, bumped into each other. The Federal drew his saber and charged. Forrest reached for his pistol, which hung in the holster; so he had to throw up his left arm and take the saber blows on it until he loosened his revolver, when in a moment the Federal was ready for the burial squad.—*E. Guthrie, Glenside, Pa.*

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

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C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., Past Commander in Chief.

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Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

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California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
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District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
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Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

FROM THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

Comrades: Our annual Reunion will be held at Richmond June 1-3, inclusive. Richmond! What memories that name recalls, the second and last capital of the Confederacy! For its defense what battles were fought—Manassas, Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill—all hallowed ground to us as well as to our fathers!

Fifty years after the sad closing scenes we will meet in Richmond to honor the men and the women who sacrificed their all for the cause they knew to be right. It behooves us to put forth our best efforts to make this Reunion the greatest, the pleasantest, the most edifying in the annals of our Confederation.

Barring the laudable purposes of our Confederation, which, of course, stand first in our minds, what can afford greater pleasure as well as instruction than a visit to the country round about Richmond—to the battle fields made glorious by our Southern patriots? Nowhere in the world will you find more celebrated fields in more rapid succession than those around Virginia's capital.

Beginning in the spring of 1862, the battles of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines took place. Though defeated, the Federals were able to bring up reënforcements and succeeded in getting within four miles of Richmond, nearer than at any other time during the war except when Petersburg fell, nearly three years later. It was in the battle of Seven Pines that General Johnston was wounded, and our beloved Lee assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia. Then followed the terrific Seven Days' Battles, which first marked Lee as one of the world's immortals.

Only twenty miles from Richmond is Petersburg, made famous by Lee's incomparable defense. Here with only thirty-five thousand men he held Grant's one hundred and fifty thousand at bay for nine long months.

Farther from Richmond, but well worth visiting, is Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. Within a few miles of its courthouse are the battle fields of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness.

No son of a Confederate veteran can fail to thrill with pride when he recalls these famous fields. But with Chancellorsville in mind the feeling of exultation at the valor of our army of less than sixty thousand defeating more than one hundred thousand Federals is tempered by the sadness which pervades us when we recall that here, under those trees, Lee and Jackson met for the last time.

Many more incidents might be cited, but these are sufficient to refresh our memories, to familiarize us with the deeds of our fathers, and to prompt us to visit these fields with pride and to resolve firmly on our return home to do our duty to the remnants of that gallant army who, owing to the blessings of a beneficent Providence, still remain with us.

That each comrade will come to Richmond thoroughly versed in the history of the battles of the Confederacy is my earnest wish.

Fraternally yours, SEYMOUR STEWART,
Commander in Chief S. C. V.

ADJUTANT FORREST IN THE WEST.

A special call into the West has interfered with the editorial duties of Adjutant in Chief Forrest for this month, so that the material for this department has been curtailed. Mr. Forrest has just organized in Silver City, N. Mex., a Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans, which is expected to be a valuable addition to the organization. For the May issue he will give an account of his visit among the Sons in the breezy West. The extension of the organization in every direction should now be the special aim of every member.

FROM FATHER TO SON.

The message from Commander Stewart concerning the Reunion in Richmond, June 1-3, should find the Sons ready to meet there well prepared to appreciate the significance of the gathering and fully informed about the great conflicts within the bounds of the Old Dominion. It is not a meeting simply for selfish enjoyment, but a chance to show the worthiness of broad young shoulders to bear the burdens that are slipping from the age-weary veterans of the Southern cause. The organization of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was formed in Richmond, Va., just nineteen years ago. Let this Reunion begin that close affiliation with the veterans which will fit the Sons to carry on the work of their sires. Recent expression by the Commander in Chief U. C. V. along this line is evidence that this is the dependence of the veterans. In a late visit to Memphis, Tenn., General Young talked of the situa-

tion, saying: "The Reunion of Confederate veterans at Richmond next June will be the last great gathering. I do not look for another equal to it. The total membership of all Camps of Confederate Veterans is now probably about forty-five thousand, maybe less. Many of these old soldiers, like me, feel that they are not old, but they are. The Confederate soldier has always had a great deal of pride. He was proud even in hunger, proud when in rags, and he is loath to believe now that age is creeping on him. Many of them, though, realize that the long trips, the crowding, and the surging are too much for them, and their friends and companions are afraid for them to undertake these trips. Of course as long as two of them are left there will be a Reunion, a glorious one too, but even the last of these is not so far away. The Camps are going down. Even now in many places the membership has been reduced to fewer than ten. The organization will not perish, but the burden must be taken up by the Sons and Daughters. Very soon we must admit the Sons of Confederate Veterans into our own Camps. In many places they now meet with the veterans, and there is little distinction between them. The sons of Confederate veterans are proud of their heritage; so are the daughters. It must be a comforting thought to the old soldiers to see their children devote themselves to this task."

A REMINISCENCE.

BY A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

Sometime ago I noticed in the VETERAN an allusion to Valentine's memorial tomb over the last resting place of our great commander, Gen. R. E. Lee, in Lexington, Va., which called to mind an incident of my past life that may be worth putting on record.

I became a resident of Richmond at the age of seventeen, remaining there about eight years at work and boarding with the family of my employer, Mr. Fleming Griffin, on West Grace Street. There were several schoolboys in this family attending the Richmond Academy, and frequently there came with them as a visitor to spend the night a youth of about twelve years, the son of Mr. Mann S. Valentine, a large dry goods merchant on Broad Street. This boy attracted my attention, and I availed myself of every opportunity to talk with him. He was rather delicate physically, with an intellectual face and somewhat given to thoughtful moods. Among the boys he was always a good comrade and very popular. He nearly always carried with him a small amount of plastic clay, and by moistening this a little he could with his nimble fingers model any object that attracted his attention. Dogs were his favorite subjects.

I saw him on one occasion enter a carpenter's shop, pick up a piece of wood from the floor, fasten it in a vise, and with a chisel and mallet in a few minutes produce an almost perfect head and face of a man.

Years passed, and I lost sight of the boy. The great war had come and gone, Gen. R. E. Lee had passed to his reward, and his mortal remains lay beneath the shade of the great institution that he had restored to life. I was not surprised to hear that the great sculptor, Valentine, whom I had known as a boy, had been selected to design and model his tomb. As a result of his labors we have the recumbent statue of Lee, one of the finest specimens of art now in existence.

I trust that I may not be regarded as egotistic if I state with some pride that I was distantly connected with the sculptor by marriage, his father, Mr. Mann S. Valentine, having married my aunt.

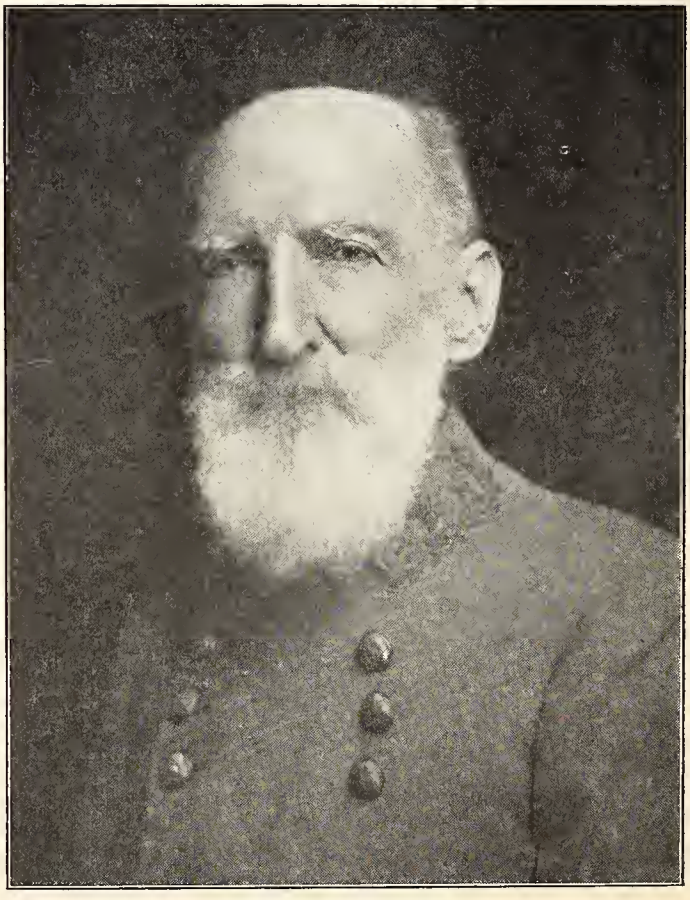
COL. ROBERT G. SHAVER.

BY COL. V. Y. COOK, BATESVILLE, ARK.

Col. Robert G. Shaver died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. P. B. Williams, at Foreman, Ark., on January 13, 1915, aged eighty-four years. He came to Arkansas with his parents from Sullivan County, East Tennessee, in 1850, locating at Batesville, where in 1856 he was married to Miss Adelaide Louise Ringgold, a beautiful and accomplished daughter of Col. John Ringgold, one of the State's most prominent citizens. Some three years later he removed to Lawrence County, where he was licensed to practice law.

In the spring of 1861 he recruited and organized the 7th Arkansas Infantry for the Confederate army and was elected its first colonel. He and his regiment saw service at Columbus and Bowling Green, Ky., and on the evacuation of the latter place by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston in February, 1862, Colonel Shaver, as senior colonel of the brigade in which his regiment was serving, commanded the rear guard of General Johnston's army to Nashville, Tenn., a most critical period.

At Shiloh, April 6 and 7, 1862, Colonel Shaver, still in command of the brigade—*i. e.*, the 1st Brigade of Hindman's Division, 3d Army Corps, composed of the 2d, 6th, and 7th Arkansas Infantry and the 3d Confederate Infantry, two-thirds of the latter regiment also being Arkansans—rose level to his country's need, and the soldiers who followed him were of the very best type. Colonel Shaver initiated the fight on the Confederate right early Sunday morning, the 6th, where the fighting was fierce and incessant throughout that bloody struggle, a struggle in which brothers were standard bearers of the opposing forces, and where he led there was much carnage; yet victory was his at every point, as his troops surged forward in conjunction with his alignment of the Confederate center and left wing, pushing the Federals back toward the



COL. ROBERT G. SHAVER.

Tennessee River, where late in the afternoon they appeared a conglomerated mass of fugitives on the river bank seeking the friendly ægis of the Federal gunboats.

The 7th Arkansas, Colonel Shaver's own regiment, went into aetion on the left of the brigade, Lieutenant Colonel Deane commanding, with its drum-and-fife eorps playing "Granny, Will Your Dog Bite?"

Colonel Shaver had two horses killed under him during the day and one on the following day, when he and his brigade continued to fight gallantly and effectively. General Hardee, in his report of the battle, said that Colonel Shaver's conduct was most satisfaetory, skillful, and exemplary throughout both days' fighting.

Early in June, 1862, Colonel Shaver, with General Hindman, was transferred to the Trans-Mississippi Department; and at Jaeksonport, Ark., on the 8th of September of that year, Colonel Shaver organized the 38th Arkansas Infantry, of which he was unanimously eleeted colonel and whieh he eontinued to command during the various eampaigns and battles in that department. In the fall of 1864, at the reorganization of the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, Colonel Shaver was again eleeted eolonel of the 38th, and on the same day, in a different field, he was also eleeted colonel of Shaver's 27th Arkansas Infantry. Gen. Kirby Smith eonsolidated these two regiments. and they were known theneeforth until the surrender, in June, 1865, as Shaver's Infantry Regiment. He partieipated in all the prineipal battles fought in the Trans-Mississippi Department after June, 1862, among whieh were Prairie Grove, Mansfield, Jenkins's Ferry, Poison Springs, Marks Mill, and all the battles ineident to Gen. Diek Taylor's Red River eampaign against General Banks, during all of whieh he displayed his usual gallantry and resoureefulness. That Colonel Shaver was not killed was not his fault, for he gave the Federals every opportunity on many fields.

At the evaeuation of Little Roek, September 10, 1863, Colonel Shaver was in command of his brigade and eovered the Confederate retreat out of the eity southward. He was greatly chagrined and deeply mortified that he was not permitted to engage the enemy, and he always eontended that General Priee should have offered battle; that his forees were numerieally superior to the Federals under General Steele and were in fine trim and anxious to fight. It has been truthfully said of Colonel Shaver that he had rather fight than eat, even after a week's subsistenee on half rations, and those who knew him and saw him on the different battle fields ean well testify to his worth as a resoureeful officer and a tenaeious fighter. He was a soldier by intuition, adaptability, and desire, and withal a strategist and tactieian, a warrior with but few peers. He is mentioned in twelve different volumes and on many pages of the "Records" of the Union and Confederate armies, made up of the reports of the various commanding generals and published after the war by the United States government.

Colonel Shaver not only had no friends at eourt, but mueh strong opposition caused by a politieal fight engendered in a State eampaign in 1860. One of the defeated eandidates for State honors, being in high authority at Riehmond in the Confederate Senate, always opposed Colonel Shaver's promotion; otherwise he would eertainly have attained at least the rank of major general. With that rank opportunities would have offered whieh he would have availed effeetively, thereby plaeing him beyond the deadly enmity of the politieians; for as a military genius he was Gen. Pat Cleburne's equal in every respect, and everybody knows there were none better than Cleburne.

Colonel Shaver's well-earned sobriquet of "Fighting Bob Shaver" was known throughout the different armies in whieh he served. He was wounded four times and had six horses killed under him in action.

A poem on the Arkansas Confederate soldier mentions Colonel Shaver in one of its stanzas, as follows:

"We fought with Lee at Gettysburg, with Cleburne always our saver,
With Bragg at Chickamauga Creek, at Shiloh with Bob Shaver."

So loyal was Colonel Shaver to the Confederate eause that he never complained of the ungenerous and untoward opposition to him by the politicians and earried the heart wound to his grave without a murmur.

Colonel Shaver was a member of the Grand Counеil of the Ku-Klux Klan, and many of the Latin terms whieh expressed its polities and tenets bore the earmarks of his ability and seholarly attainments. He was the highest ranking offieer of the Klan in Arkansas, General Forrest being the highest in the entire Klan, its eommander in chief. Early in the winter of 1868 Colonel Shaver, on aeeount of his eonneetion with the Klan in Arkansas, and especially his eampaign in Woodruff County, in which he participated in two skirmishes against Clayton's Militia, was foreed by the Clayton régime of carpetbaggers, then in power in Arkansas, to leave the United States, going to British Honduras, where he remained for several years. Returning to Arkansas, he was appointed sheriff of Howard County by Gov. Elisha Baxter, the earpetbaggers in the meantime having been dethroned. Later he was appointed major general of the Arkansas State Guard, which he at onee reorganized, and in 1896 he was elected Commander of the Arkansas Division, United Confederate Veterans, and at onee gave to it its first semblanee of organization. This position he held for two years; and notwithstanding his great popularity, fitness, and adaptability for the position, he deelined further election, as had been the custom previously and sinee, with one lamentable exception. This he did that other comrades might share this great and exalted honor. He was greatly adverse to serambling for U. C. V. positions in the State and gave his influenee for rotation after a term of two years.

Camp Shaver, where the Confederate veterans were camped during the Little Rock Confederate Reunion in 1911, was named for Colonel Shaver, and he was further honored by being plaeed in eommand of the eneampment. His duties were exeeuted with loving-kindness toward the old soldiers under his eharge, and yet with such military preeision that a sueessful diseipline was aeeomplished, attraetive and benefieial to those participating.

Burial of David Walton.—The story of the tragic adventures of two young Confederate soldiers, W. A. Russell and David Walton, in North Carolina just as the war elosed and the death of young Walton, whieh appeared in the Veteran for September, was read by Col. James T. Adams, of Holly Springs, N. C., who reealled having had the body of David Walton removed and given proper burial. He notified Walton's family of having done this, but never heard from them. It seems that the family removed to Texas soon after the war. It was Colonel Adams and not a Colonel Davis, as mentioned by Mr. Russell, who paid this tribute to the dead.

THE LAST ROLL

After a little while
The cross will glisten and the thistles wave
Above my grave,
And planets smile.
Sweet Lord, then, pillowed on thy gentle breast,
I fain would rest
After a little while. —*James R. Randall.*

George Leftridge Basham.

[Omer R. Weaver Camp, U. C. V., of Little Rock, Ark., pays tribute to its late Commander.]

George Leftridge Basham was born on March 24, 1848, near Clarksville, Ark., and died at his home, in Little Rock, on the 19th of November, 1914. He was a son of Oliver and Martha Payne Basham. His father, a gallant Confederate soldier, killed in the battle of Pilot Knob, Mo., was Treasurer of the State of Arkansas at the time of his enlistment.

When about fifteen years of age Comrade Basham enlisted in the Confederate service in Captain Comb's company, J. F. Hill's regiment, which was first in General Cabell's brigade and afterwards transferred to the brigade of Gen. John S. Roane. He served to the end of the war and was paroled at Marshall, Tex., on May 21, 1865. After the war he prepared himself for the duties of civil life, graduating from St. John's College at Little Rock, and then studied law, being admitted to the bar in November, 1873.

He became a member of this Camp in 1898 and was its honored Commander at the time of his death. As a soldier Comrade Basham was true to the cause he had espoused, prompt in the discharge of his duties, and fearless in defending the right. His friendship and love for his old comrades were always apparent, and his connection with this Camp as member and Commander has been one of encouragement and a benediction. We mourn a true friend and an upright and useful citizen; therefore be it

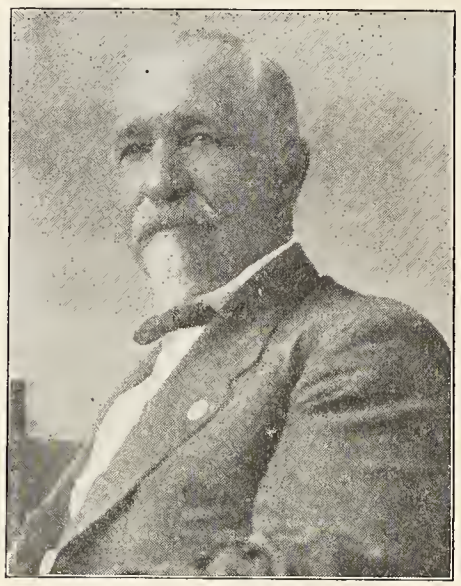
Resolved, That in the death of Comrade Basham this camp has been deprived of the presence and counsel of one who was ever alive to its interests and always willing to make sacrifice to promote its welfare; his associates, of one who was genial and cordial in his intercourse with them, contributing the best that was in him for their pleasure and entertainment; the State, of one who was true to his duties of citizenship and loyal to her authority and the demands made upon him; the legal profession, of one who never betrayed his trust and who never dishonored his profession; and his Church, of one who was devoted to the cause of religion and humanity and to the promotion of peace and good will among men on earth.

Hon. A. Y. Glover.

Hon. A. Y. Glover, who was a member of Company A, 43d Alabama Regiment, Gracie's Brigade, died in Forkland, Greene County, Ala., on January 1, 1915, aged eighty years.

Leonard Hodges Willis.

This gallant soldier of the Confederacy "passed over the river" to join his comrades August 15, 1914, at his home, in Jessamine County, Ky. He was the son of William C. and Georgiana Willis and was born in Woodford County, Ky., April 8, 1841. When fifteen years old he went to Missouri, and at the outbreak of the war he enlisted in the State Guard and served with distinguished gallantry under Gen Sterling Price in the battle of Springfield and elsewhere. He was twice wounded and captured, but succeeded in making his escape. He was transferred to the artillery, and as a member of a Missouri battery he rendered conspicuous service at Vicksburg and Mobile until the close of the war, when he returned to Kentucky. His grandfather, W. T. Willis, was a captain in the 2d Regiment of Kentucky Infantry in the Mexican War and was killed at Buena Vista.



L. H. WILLIS.

On his return to Kentucky Comrade Willis studied law at Nicholasville, and there he practiced his profession until a few years before his death. He was Clerk of the Circuit Court and master commissioner for many years, and filled every position with honor and fidelity. He married Miss Odelia H. Young in Jessamine County, Ky., December 9, 1868, and she and five children—two daughters and three sons—survive him. He was a faithful member of the Presbyterian Church and served as elder for many years at Wilmore, Ky.

A brave soldier, a faithful follower of Jesus, and a devoted husband and father through a long life, he now sleeps in peace, his warfare ended and the victory won.

Dr. Powell Benton Reynolds.

Dr. Powell Benton Reynolds, one of the best-loved citizens of Morgantown and of West Virginia, died at his home there on December 29, 1914. For nearly thirty years Dr. Reynolds was actively connected with the faculty of the West Virginia University, and for thirteen years previous to the beginning of his service he was engaged in teaching and directing the administration of higher institutions of learning. In the period of nearly half a century his life and personality left their impression on thousands of lives. Men and women to whom he gave instruction, now scattered throughout the United States, will feel a personal loss in his passing.

Dr. Reynolds was the son of James B. and Roxana Shelor Reynolds. He was born in Patrick County, Va., January 9, 1841. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861, first in Company D, 5th Kentucky Infantry, and later in Company K, 15th Virginia Infantry. He was captured in the autumn of 1864 and imprisoned at Point Lookout, Md. He was paroled April 19, 1865. After the war Dr. Reynolds was a student in

Richmond College, Richmond, Va., from 1865 to 1870. From 1872 to 1884 he was President of Shelton College, St. Albans, W. Va., and from 1884 to 1885 he was President of Buckner College, Arkansas. In 1885 he went to West Virginia University and there continued in different capacities until his resignation. It was perhaps as chaplain and professor of economics and sociology that he was best known to the hundreds of students of the university.

Dr. Reynolds received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from the university in 1887. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Richmond College in 1890. He was an ordained minister of the Baptist Church and for many years was engaged in ministerial work in addition to his teaching.

He was twice married, first to Virginia H. Woolwine, of Patrick County, Va., and his second wife, Mrs. Marietta Love Reynolds, of Putnam County, W. Va., survives him, and also two sons and two daughters, children of the two unions.

Col. P. B. Spence.

Col. Philip Brent Spence, a gallant Confederate soldier, passed away at Cincinnati on February 16, 1915. He is survived by his wife and two sons. Colonel Spence was born in Davidson County, Tenn., in 1836, the youngest of a large family of children. He was educated in the neighborhood schools and at Princeton University. Of a genial and generous disposition, he won and retained through life the friendship and respect of his fellow students.

At the outbreak of the war, before the secession of Tennessee, Philip Spence went to Alabama and there enlisted in the Confederate army. During the early part of the war he was a member of the staff of Gen. Leonidas Polk, and between them there developed a strong tie of mutual friendship and regard. He distinguished himself in many of the important engagements of the war, his bravery and unflinching devotion to duty winning high commendation from his superior officers, in recognition of which he was rapidly promoted. He was wounded, but was never captured during his service.

During the latter part of the war Colonel Spence commanded the 16th Confederate Cavalry Regiment, one of the most notable of the army of the Confederacy. He claimed the distinction of commanding the Confederate forces in the last organized engagement of the war, a battle or skirmish in the vicinity of Mobile, after the surrender of Lee, and this claim is supported by a number of historical writers.

After the war Colonel Spence moved to Newport, Ky., where he married Miss Virginia Berry, daughter of James T Berry, one of the most prominent and influential citizens of that State. During the first administration of Cleveland he was postmaster at Newport, and during Cleveland's second administration he was United States Consul at Quebec, Canada. He later returned to Nashville, Tenn., where among the older residents he had a wide acquaintance.

John William Newman.

John William Newman was born on a plantation in Orange County, Va., May 23, 1845. He entered the Confederate army at the age of fifteen years, serving in the engineering corps under Major Winfry until the close of the war. Soon afterwards he went to Kentucky, where he was principal of Forest Academy, a military school, for many years, meantime keeping up at night his studies, which had been interrupted by entering the army.

In 1867 he married Miss Mary Barbour, who died in 1884, leaving four children, three of whom, two sons and a daughter, survive their father. After the death of his wife he went to Florida. Joining a party for exploration of the Everglades, he became interested in a plan for drainage, and in 1905 he was able to commence his long-cherished plan of drainage by opening the first canal at Fort Lauderdale, where he was engineer in charge. He continued with the Everglades work till his health failed, about three years ago.

He was married again in 1886 to Miss Louise Kabler and made his home in Sanford, Fla., where he was connected with the Plant System as civil engineer until he went to Belleair, in 1896, in the employ of H. B. Plant. His devoted wife survives him.

He was one of the pioneers of the Belleair section, and during his long life in that community he won only friendship and esteem from those who knew him.

Capt. James M. Levy.

Jefferson Lamar Camp, No. 305, U. C. V., of Covington, Ga., expresses through a committee its sense of loss in the death of a beloved comrade, Capt. James M. Levy, who passed away on January 29, 1915. He was by birth a North Carolinian, having been born at Raleigh on August 15, 1837. In early life he went to New York City to learn the jeweler's trade and then located in Covington, Ga., where he was in business until the War between the States broke out. He enlisted as a soldier in what was known as the Young Guards and left Covington April 26, 1861, for Norfolk, Va., where the 3d Georgia Regiment was organized, and the Young Guards became Company H, 3d Georgia Regiment.

Captain Levy stayed with the regiment until the surrender at Appomattox, having taken part in all of its engagements, which included those from South Mills—the seven days about Richmond, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg—to Appomattox.

He was a true and brave soldier, always cheerful and ready to do his duty, and highly esteemed by all. He was appointed to a place in the ordinance department, which he filled with credit to himself and great help to the cause.

The resolutions state that in the death of Capt. James M. Levy the Jefferson Lamar Camp has lost a devoted and faithful member, and the loss is deeply deplored. His presence will be sadly missed. A copy of these resolutions were sent to the bereaved wife and children as a testimonial of the high esteem in which their loved one was held by the Camp and as a token of sympathy, love, and appreciation of him.

[Committee: John R. Bird (Chairman), N. C. Carr, and D. A. Thompson.]

Rev. Tazewell M. McCorkle.

Rev. Tazewell M. McCorkle, Chaplain and First Lieutenant Commander of Garland-Rodes Camp, U. C. V., was born in Lynchburg, Va., June 5, 1837, and died there December 7, 1914.

In April, 1861, Tazewell McCorkle, a student at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, joined a company of infantry made up of the student body of the college and was elected lieutenant. In September, 1861, the entire company was captured at Rich Mountain. The members of the company were paroled, and most of them returned to their *Alma Mater* and continued their studies till they were exchanged. After his exchange he joined the Rockbridge Artillery, which was one of the best batteries in the 2d Corps (Jackson's), A. N. V. Here he was engaged in many battles and was highly esteemed by his comrades for his many virtues. On the 13th of November, 1861, while awaiting exchange, he married Miss Susan Dunnington, of Farmville, Va.

After the close of the war Chaplain McCorkle completed his theological studies and entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church and for several years was pastor of a Church in Lynchburg, and he served several other Churches in Bedford County, Va., till failing health compelled him to give up his pastoral duties. At its meeting in January Garland-Rodes Camp paid tribute to his memory, saying: "A valiant soldier, a true gentleman, a splendid officer, and a Christian pastor has gone from our ranks. * * * Gifted with an exceptional mind, with rare educational advantages, it has been a high privilege to know and walk beside one so endowed, whose added charm was his loving heart, his modest demeanor; one so kindly disposed and courteous, so brave and yet so gentle, so patient and steadfast, showing not from the pulpit only but in every bypath and every day, by his calm and purposeful life, devotion to his Master and his Master's cause. 'He wore the white flower of a blameless life.'"

Capt. A. M. Young.

Capt. A. M. Young died at the home of his son-in-law, J. M. Watkins, at Konawa, Okla., February 26, 1915, after a long illness. He was born August 18, 1835, in Madison County, Ill. His parents moved to Arkansas in 1844 and located near Batesville, and after his father's death, in 1857, he assumed the responsibility and care of the family.

At the beginning of the War between the States he enlisted in the Confederate service as a member of Company H, 8th Arkansas Regiment, Volunteer Infantry, Govan's Brigade, Cleburne's Division, Hardee's Corps, Army of Tennessee, and served throughout the four years of civil strife, performing valiant service as a conscientious, fearless soldier. He was honorably paroled May 7, 1865, with the command of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

The long life of Captain Young was one of usefulness and good citizenship, always standing firmly for the right. The last months of his life were full of suffering and pain, but he was the same brave soldier when facing the "last enemy" as when the blue and the gray faced each other in combat.

Deaths in Camp Cabell, U. C. V.

L. N. Stalcup, Adjutant Camp Cabell, Vernon, Tex., reports the following deaths during 1914:

S. C. Bradford died September 4. He was a member of Company G, 15th Tennessee Cavalry, Ruckers's Brigade. He enlisted early and served to the end of the war.

H. S. Mason died September 9. He belonged to Company E, Brown's Regiment of Cavalry.

J. W. Roberts died November 24. He belonged to Company E, 2d Virginia Cavalry.

Col. J. S. Napier died November 28. He served in Company C, 27th Alabama Regiment of Infantry. He was adjutant of his regiment.

H. R. Jordan died December 5. He served in Gould's Texas Battalion.

James C. Mize.

Sergt. James C. Mize, who served in Company D, 6th Mississippi Infantry Regiment, from 1861 to 1865, and who made a most excellent and faithful soldier, died at his home, in Forest, Scott County, Miss., on the 16th of January, 1915, aged seventy-three years. He was born in Tombigbee County, Ala., removing to Smith County, Miss., when quite a youth, and he enlisted from there in 1861. After the war Comrade Mize located in Scott County, Miss., of which county he was twice elected sheriff and once chancery clerk. He was true to every trust. He was a member of Camp 273 at Lake, Miss.

Henry Maxfield Brown.

In the seventy-fifth year of his age, Henry Maxfield Brown passed away at his home, in Charleston, W. Va., January 22, 1915. Born in luxury in the days of the Old South, with all of the ambitions and dreams of that noble generation and with the pride and dignity of the best blood in him, he was destined to see his beloved land laid low by the black scourge of cruel war. It was his lot to walk amidst the ashes and wreckage of former glory and take up life with his fortune destroyed. Many men grew bitter in those days. Not so with Henry Brown. His was a soul too big and manly to sit down and repine. Bravely, as he had fought for his land, he now took up the fiercer battle against despair, and, with no other assets besides his unconquerable spirit and keen intellect, he patiently commenced to rebuild the temple of his life.



H. M. BROWN.

To tell the story of his service as a Confederate soldier in Company B, 47th Virginia, would fill a book. In the awful carnage at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and in many other of the big engagements he distinguished himself for bravery and twice refused promotion from the office of orderly sergeant, modesty being his chief characteristic. As a prisoner of war he spent three months in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington and twelve months at Point Lookout, suffering heroically the bitter things that make the memory of the war a horror.

When I met Mr. Brown, more than twelve years ago, I was impressed with the feeling that here was a man of more than ordinary character. In an intimate association of pastor and parishioner and in the continuing friendship after the termination of my pastorate I became more and more convinced of the quiet strength and vigor as of a prince among men which grew on me as I knew him better.

As a gentleman and a Christian he had no superior. In the years after the war he lived at Charleston, W. Va., where he commanded the profoundest respect of all who knew him. There was in his very bearing the poise of one who carried in his heart the consciousness of having done his duty well and in his eye the fire of a soldier softened by the love of his Master and a kindly spirit toward his fellows.

A consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, his last act on earth was to attend a meeting of its men. A few moments after returning home his wife found him asleep in his chair—in the sleep which will not be broken until the angel of the Lord shall call him. I was with him a few years ago when we laid his charming daughter, Miss Willie, away in the grave. Young, beautiful, good, a comfort to her parents, her loss was pitiful. At that time I was impressed with the singular fortitude with which he bowed under the stroke in humble submission to the will of God and knew that no man could so master his sorrow unless he had been dwelling in "the secret places of the Most High."

I quote a word from the tribute of the wife in a personal letter: "He was well educated, always a gentleman, with a modest, retiring disposition; a man of charming personality,

he made friends wherever he went; but, best of all, he was a loyal and devoted member of the M. E. Church, South. His home life was nearly perfect. He was devoted to his family and proud of them all, and they were equally devoted to him. Is it any wonder that we are prostrated with grief?" I wish to testify that this loving estimate is not overdrawn.

Born in King George County, Va., August 2, 1840, he was married in 1875 to Miss Kate Chilton, of Charleston, a member of one of the most prominent families of the State. Besides his wife, he is survived by four sons and a daughter. A member of R. E. Lee Camp, U. C. V., a brave soldier, a loyal husband, a tender father, a consistent Christian, a citizen to be mourned, he sleeps in peace.

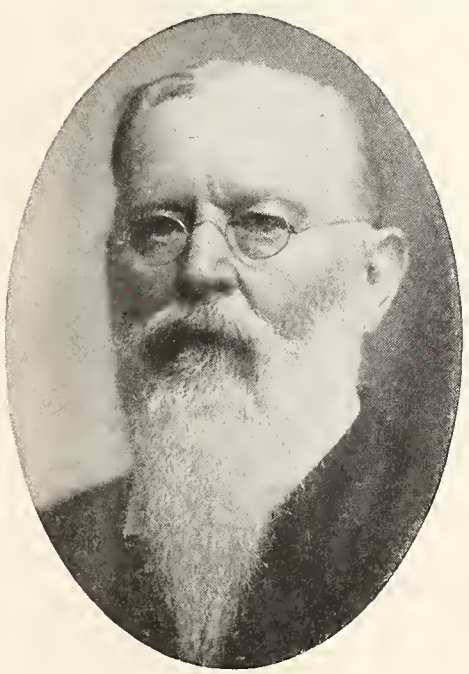
The Confederate Veteran was his favorite paper. This tribute goes where he would wish it. The thin line in gray has lost one of the truest of those who marched to the glory of its history. This knightly soldier of the cross has received his crown. Earth is richer because he lived; heaven dearer, for it holds him. Mourning, we hope; weeping, we rejoice. We know where to find him.

[Sketch by Rev. W. I. Canter, Fairmont, W. Va.]

Dr. George A. Lofton.

A most remarkable life came to its close in the death of Dr. George A. Lofton in Nashville, Tenn., on December 11, 1914, after an illness of several weeks. Born in Panola County, Miss., December 25, 1839, he had nearly completed his seventy-fifth year.

Dr. Lofton enlisted in the Confederate army in 1861 as a private in the 1st Georgia Regiment and served to the close of the war. He was adjutant of the 9th Georgia Battalion in 1862-64 and commanded a battery in 1864-65. After the war he returned to Mercer University and graduated in 1872 with the degree of A.M. The degree of D.D. was conferred upon him by Baylor University in 1880, and the degree of LL.D. by the University of Nashville in 1910 and by Carson and Newman College in 1911. He was married to Miss Ella E. Martin, of Atlanta, Ga., in 1864. His wife, ever a true helpmeet, survives him with one son.



DR. G. A. LOFTON.

Dr. Lofton first studied law and practiced for a year in Americus, Ga.; but, feeling called to preach, he entered the ministry and became a prominent minister of the Baptist Church. His pastorate at Central Baptist Church, Nashville, was continuous from 1881 until his death. During that time he accomplished a wonderful work. As a preacher Dr. Lofton was strong, intense, and eloquent; as a pastor he was wise, sympathetic, loving, and beloved. But he was even more widely known and admired as a writer. Chief among his books was "Character Sketches," of which some three hundred thousand copies have been sold throughout the country.

Mrs. E. H. Bleckley.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Bleckley, widow of Sylvester Bleckley, died at her home, in Anderson, S. C., after months of declining health. She is survived by five daughters, three brothers, and a sister.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hammond Bleckley was born on her father's country estate, near Anderson, S. C., in 1837. She received her early education at country schools and later became a student at Johnson University, of Anderson, from which she was graduated with distinction in 1853. She early evinced literary ability and was noted for her dialect stories, the material for which she found on her father's plantation.

Mrs. Bleckley was a member of the R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Anderson, since its organization, some twenty years ago, and no Confederate reunion of that section was complete without her presence and the word of love which she never failed to speak for her "boys in gray." She was a prominent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, serving as a member of the Committee on Historical Research and Preservation of Records. As a member of the local Civic Association she was ever ready to do anything for the betterment of her community. In all the duties of life, as Churchwoman, wife, mother, friend, she remained the same lovable, beautiful character of early years. Thoroughly enjoying life in its most beautiful phases, the sunshine of her presence brought pleasure to all with whom she came in contact.

Charles Royal McPherson.

Charles Royal McPherson died at his home, near Roswell, N. Mex., on January 12, 1915, the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth. He was born in Arkansas, the son of Henry and Nancy McPherson, and grew to manhood on his father's farm. In June, 1853, he married Miss Ann Barnett and emigrated to Texas, where he endured the hardships and dangers of frontier life, farming, raising cattle, and scouting after Indians. In 1862 he responded to the call for volunteers to defend the Southland, enlisting at San Antonio, Tex., in Company B, 33d Texas Cavalry, under Col. James Duff, leaving his wife and little ones in the care of friends until the surrender, in 1865.

Returning home, he engaged in the stock business in different parts of the State until about twelve years ago, when he located at Roswell, N. Mex., where he continued to reside until his death. As a Christian gentleman in his home the strength and beauty of his life and character were expressed in greatest fullness; as husband and father he was the embodiment of the highest ideals. He leaves the devoted wife, his companion of sixty-two years, six sons, and three daughters.

Thomas J. Pollard.

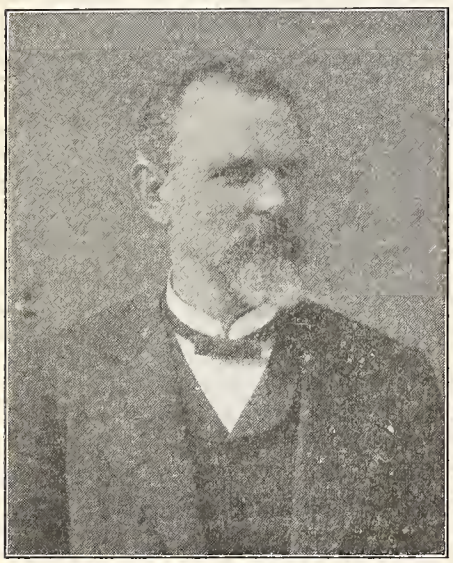
Thomas J. Pollard, Adjutant of Bowling Green Camp, No. 143, U. C. V., died in Bowling Green, Ky., after a lingering illness, Sunday, January 31, 1915, at the age of seventy-three.

Mr. Pollard was a man of sterling character and was highly respected by all who knew him. He served in the Orphan Brigade and was a faithful and gallant soldier throughout. A comrade who knew him well thus speaks of him: "Mr. Pollard was as brave a man as I ever knew and at the same time as gentle as a woman. I never heard him say an unkind word about any living being, and I never heard an unchaste word fall from his lips. He went into the war a frail and delicate boy, and he did not think he could stand the hardships; but he has outlived the most of us. He never shirked a duty, and he was always in the thickest of the fight."

Col. John Crowell Wright.

Col. John C. Wright was born in Talbotton County, Ga., March 14, 1835, and died at the home of his son-in-law, Judge E. O. Mahony, in Eldorado, Ark., on the 18th of January, 1915.

A life was thus called out of the world on which other lives had leaned; a man of genuine manhood, whose convictions of duty were illuminated by the realities of divine truth; a man whose integrity, sincerity, and generosity made an impression on the world and whose Christlike spirit of self-sacrifice abides as a benediction. It was his manful sympathy that enthroned him in the hearts of human lives; and as he had served and ministered to others, so loving hearts and tender hands ministered unto him in his last days. All through the days of a long life he was active and useful, and he leaves a record of honorable service as a precious legacy. In 1859 he was married to Miss Alabama Newton; and of their six children, there are now two sons and two daughters. His father, Maj. Edward Wright, removed to Union County, Ark., in 1843.



COL. J. C. WRIGHT.

In 1861 Colonel Wright raised a company for the Confederate army, and upon the organization of the 15th Arkansas Volunteer Infantry he was elected its lieutenant colonel. His regiment surrendered at Fort Donelson, but Colonel Wright made his escape, and before his regiment was exchanged, in connection with his brother-in-law, Col. A. S. Morgan, and Major Bell, of Pine Bluff, Ark., he raised another regiment. He was made lieutenant colonel of that also and distinguished himself in the battle of Prairie Grove, Ark., but on account of some dissension in that regiment he resigned. On his way home he met a friend, Captain Reed, of Monticello, Ark., who told him of a regiment of cavalry then being organized, and he persuaded Colonel Wright to go with him to the camp. Such was the personality of the man that, although he was known only to Captain Reed, he was almost unanimously elected colonel of the regiment, afterwards known as Wright's Cavalry Regiment, with which he performed distinguished service during the remainder of the war.

Colonel Wright was the leader of his people in throwing off carpetbag government, and his people hold him in eternal gratitude for his services after reconstruction. He held with honor and distinction the offices of Circuit and County Court Clerk and was also a member of the State Legislature, all with credit to himself and honor to his people.

[By committee: W. E. Lacy, A. C. Jones, J. T. Tatum.]

William H. Sanders.

William H. Sanders, of Company C, 11th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, died in Cooksville, Miss., January 6, 1915, at the age of seventy-two years. The burial was at his old home, in Greene County, Ala.

Hon. Alfred Brown Peticolas.

The William R. Scurry Camp, of Victoria, Tex., announces with profound sorrow the death of Past Commander Alfred B. Peticolas, who entered life eternal on January 27, 1915.

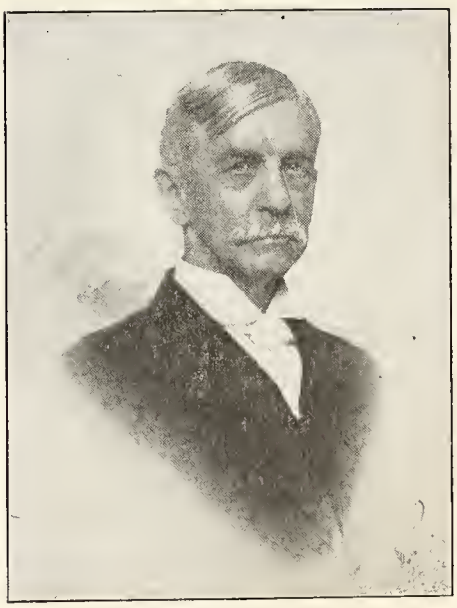
He was born in Richmond, Va., May 27, 1838, read law in Amherst, Va., and was licensed to practice in September, 1859, when he selected Victoria, Tex., as his home. Instead of the peaceful pursuit of his profession, however, he heard the South's call to arms and volunteered in Company C, Riley's Regiment, Sibley's Brigade, and shared all the privations and battles of the New Mexico campaign. Since the war he pursued the practice of his profession, happy in the companionship of his devoted wife and three sons. Many justly earned honors came to him on account of his legal ability and authorship, but he was never so grand as when addressing an audience of United Daughters of the Confederacy or as orator for his beloved old Green's Brigade. His last public appearance was on June 3, and his words were a masterpiece of eloquence and patriotism.

We will cherish his memory as that of a gallant, brave soldier, a gentleman in the highest sense of its meaning, and a faithful Christian.

G. O. Stoner, A. Goldman, *Committee.*

Samuel Taylor.

In the sixty-sixth year of his age, Samuel Taylor entered into rest at his home, in St. Louis, Mo., on June 3, 1914. He was born in Richmond, Va., April 8, 1848, the son of William F. Taylor, who for sixteen years was auditor of Virginia, and Elizabeth Skyren Temple, great-granddaughter of Alexander Spottswood, Colonial Governor of Virginia. He entered the service at the age of fourteen, serving as second lieutenant in Company G, volunteers for the local defense of Richmond, and this company was attached to the 25th Battery (Henley's), composed of government employees, and stationed in the trenches around Richmond, and for some time it acted as bodyguard for Gen. Custis Lee, then in charge of defenses around Richmond. He resigned from this command and was appointed a cadet in the regular army, in which he served the remainder of the war, the latter part acting as courier to Gen. John B. Gordon. At the close of the war he entered the Virginia Military Institute, graduating with the rank of captain of Company D. Later he went to St. Louis, where he married Miss Mattie Robbins, who, with their children, survives him.



SAMUEL TAYLOR.

He was a man of strong faith and a beautiful personality, and his many fine qualities endeared him to all with whom he came in contact.

Augustus Silas McGregor.

On October 29, 1914, The Florida State Reunion at Lakeland was saddened by the death in their midst of Comrade A. S. McGregor, of Tampa, Fla. His remains were taken to Tampa for burial.

Augustus S. McGregor was born near Rockmart, Polk County, Ga., on April 28, 1842, the youngest of seven children. In September, 1861, before he was of age, he enlisted under Capt. John Crabb in Company A, 7th Georgia Cavalry, serving at first in Forrest's Brigade and Martin's Division, Army of Tennessee. The first battle of importance in which he took part was at Murfreesboro, Tenn., July 30, 1862. Like others, he had many very close calls. Once while in the enemy's camps near Chickamauga he was discovered as a spy, but managed to make good his escape. Again, in June, 1864, while at home on a brief visit, the house was surrounded by forty-two Federal soldiers. Escape seemed impossible, as he had to cross a twelve-hundred-acre farm in his dash for safety, but this he accomplished safely.

After serving a while under Forrest, he was transferred to Wheeler's command. During his four years of service he took part in over a hundred engagements, the last one being near Raleigh, N. C. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., on April 28, 1865. He was wounded twice during his service, once at Somerset, Ky., in March, 1863, and again at Atlanta, Ga., in July, 1864.

After returning home he attended school until 1868, when he was elected sheriff of Polk County. He served thus until 1874. On December 15, 1870, he was married to Miss Dora Burge at Stilesboro, Ga., and lived on his farm until 1884, when he moved to Florida. In 1889 his life was saddened by the death of his wife. He is survived by five children, one brother, and two sisters.

Dr. Jacob Huggins.

Dr. Jacob Huggins was born in Perry County, Ala., July 13, 1836, and died at his home, in Newbern, Hale County, Ala., on January 31, 1915. The county never had a better citizen than Dr. Jacob Huggins. He was a highly educated gentleman of the old school. Prior to the War between the States he attended Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, from which he graduated with distinction, and at once entered upon the practice of his profession at Newbern, Ala. At the outbreak of the war Dr. Huggins volunteered as a private soldier, joining Company C, 36th Alabama Regiment, and acted as company surgeon until he was appointed, in the latter part of 1862, to the position of assistant surgeon, with the rank of captain, in the Tennessee Army of the Confederacy. He served in that capacity until the close of the war. He then returned to his old home at Newbern, where he practiced his profession until his death, endearing himself to all with whom he came in contact during his long and useful career.

Dr. Huggins was a charter member of the Alabama State Medical Society and was the last surviving charter member of this organization at the time of his death. He was held in very high esteem by the physicians throughout the State and was accorded the most distinguished consideration by them on all occasions. He was a modest man, but his merit as a man, a physician, and as a citizen was recognized by all.

Dr. Huggins was twice married, first to Miss Jordan Christian, of Greensboro, Ala., and after her death to Miss Lilly B. Smith, of Demopolis, Ala., who, with one daughter, survives him. He was a member of Camp Allen C. Jones, U. C. V., of Hale County, and was always interested in the welfare of the organization.

In the death of Dr. Huggins not only has his town and county lost an honored and valued citizen, but Alabama is poorer by his having passed away, as the State is better for his having lived.

Andrew Hynes Gay.

Andrew Hynes Gay was born in St. Louis, Mo., September 25, 1841, and died on November 29, 1914, in New Orleans, where he had gone for medical treatment. He was the eldest son of Hon. Edward J. Gay and Lavinia Hynes. At the beginning of the war he left his studies in St. Louis to join the Confederate army, with which he served throughout the war in Company A, 1st Louisiana Cavalry, under Col. John S. Scott, in General Bragg's division. He was captured near the close of the war and exchanged on the day of General Lee's surrender. Comrade Gay was a gallant soldier, and his splendid physique and soldierly bearing made him a commanding figure as a cavalryman. He was loved and admired by his comrades and was ever interested in their welfare, and he had happy associations with the members of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.



A. H. GAY.

Mr. Gay was twice married, his first wife having been Miss Mary A. Dickinson, daughter of Charles H. Dickinson; his second marriage was to Lodriska Clement, daughter of Charles Clement. His wife survives him with two daughters and two sons.

Mr. Gay succeeded his father in the management of his large sugar interests and helped materially toward the development of that industry. He preferred the life of a private citizen to the many positions tendered him in public matters, but he has left a high record of service to his State in many ways. He was President for many years of the Atchafalaya Levee Board and of the police jury of Iberville Parish, La. He was regarded by every one who knew him as a Christian gentleman, being for many years a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which Church represented the faith of his ancestors. The family was a distinguished one from Virginia. His paternal great-grandfather, Rev. Edward Mitchell, was an officer in General Campbell's brigade in the War of the Revolution, and his maternal grandfather, Col. Andrew Hynes, was an officer under General Jackson in the battle of New Orleans. His death is a heavy blow to his family and the State, for he was a man of sound judgment and high honor, who never shirked a duty.

Accompanied by loved ones, his remains were taken to St. Louis, Mo., and there interred in Bellefontaine Cemetery by the side of his father and mother.

THE STONEWALL JACKSON MONUMENT.

The assoeiation for the ereetion of an equestrian monument to Gen. Thomas J. (Stonewall) Jaekson at Riehmond, Va., has been diligently at work in seeuring the funds neeessary for the aecomplishment of its great purpose. With the aid of the State of Virginia, the eity of Riehmond, and the inspiring and enthusiastie effort of the Virginia Division of the Daughters of the Confederaey, the assoeiation has been greatly eneouraged. The eontributions have eome almost altogether from the people of Virginia, with some generous assistanee from Baltimore and a few gifts from other parts of the South. To eomplete the fund neeessary to ereet a monument which will be at all worthy of the great hero who gave his genius and his life to our eause and be in any sense an adequate expression of our admiration and grateful honor there remain a few thousand dollars yet to be seeured, and the opportunity is offered to the people of every part of the South to share in this long-delayed tribute.

Those who followed Stonewall Jackson on the battle fields of Virginia to vietories that are written on the pages of imperishable history eame from every State of the Confederacy. Regiments and brigades from all over the South fought under Jackson. The veterans of that commander have given to their children this most honorable inheritance. Contributions from Confederate Camps, from the Sons and Daughters of the Confederaey, and from individuals sent forward promptly will now bring the fund to a happy eompletion. Designs and proposals for the monument are under eonsideration. The eity of Riehmond has given a splendid loeation at the interseetion of two of the noblest avenues. And we expeet to lay a eorner stone at the approaehing Confederate Reunion, June 1.

Contributions should be sent to E. V. Hotehkiss, First National Bank Building, Riehmond, Va., Treasurer Stonewall Jaekson Monument Corporation.

James Power Smith, *President*,
2304 West Graee Street, Riehmond.

MOTHERS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

BY E. POLK JOHNSON, LOUISVILLE, KY.

How many mothers of Confederate soldiers are living to-day? This is a question of suffieient interest to be eonsidered by the Confederate Veteran with a request that reports from the various States be made. Kentueky is prepared to report three sueh venerable and venerated mothers. First, Mrs. A. J. Alexander, of Louisville, who was ninety-three years old November 14, 1914, mother of Dr. J. B. Alexander, late of the 2d Kentueky Cavalry, Morgan's Division; Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of Cynthiana, in her ninetieth year, and who has deelared her intention to attend the Panama Exposition. Mrs. Smith is the mother of the late Green R. Keller, who was a member of General Morgan's eommand. Mrs. Day, of Montgomery County, is ninety-five years old and the mother of Judge Frank Day, of Mount Sterling, also a member of Morgan's eommand.

There reeently died at the Confederate Home in this State a soldier whose father, still living, was his son's eomrade in the army. The veterans of the Confederate army are passing rapidly into the great beyond. Soon the last of them will have gone, and in the natural order it is to be expeeted that within a very few years there will be no longer living the mother or father of a son whose name was on the imperishable roll of honor of the Confederate army. Let them, then, be honored while they are still with us.

HONORARY DIPLOMAS FOR WAR STUDENTS.

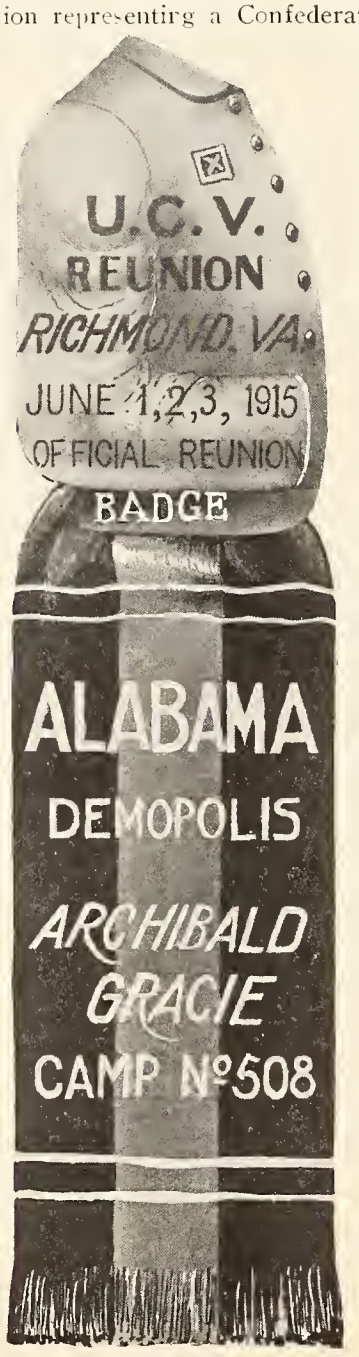
Aeting upon the request of the Alabama Division, Howard College, of Birmingham, Ala., will eonfer honorary diplomas upon the war students of this college. Those who served the Confederaey in the War between the States and who, beeause of their serviee, were prevented from eompleting their eourse are entitled to these diplomas.

The conferring of these honorary diplomas will be during the eommeneement exereises of the eollege on May 25 to those veterans or their representatives who are present and authorized to reeeive them. The exercises will be held under the auspiees of the Alabama Division, and all of the Confederate sons of Howard College and their friends, veterans, Sons and Daughters of the Confederaey are invited to attend that interesting oecasion.

All who are entitled to these diplomas should make immediate applieation to Dr. James M. Shelbourne, President of Howard College, Birmingham, Ala.

THE OFFICIAL BADGE.

The official badge for the Richmond Reunion is a medallion representing a Confederate jaeket on whieh appears "U. C. V. Reunion, Riehmond, Va., June 1, 2, 3, 1915. Offieial Reunion Badge." On the red-white-red ribbon pendant are printed in elear, distinct letters the name of the Division, the place where the Camp is located, and the name and number of the Camp. A fair idea may be had from the aeeompanying illustration.



As a souvenir of the Reunion this badge will be espeeially desirable, as never again will the "wearers of the gray" assemble on the saered soil of Virginia. The badge ean be arranged to suit the staffs of the various eommanders and of the Sons of Veterans.

These badges will be supplied at the following priees: Single badges, fifty eents; three to five, thirty eents eaeh; in lots of six to fifty, twenty-five eents eaeh; in lots of fifty to one hundred, twenty-two eents each; in lots of one hundred and upward, fifteen cents eaeh. At these priees the badges are easily within reaeh of every Camp and veteran, and eaeh eomrade should have one as a pleasing reminder of the Reunion or to give to some friend as a souvenir.

The official badge ean be proeured at general headquarters only. Orders should be sent to Gen. William E. Miekle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, New Orleans, La.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

REVIEWED BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY.

LIFE OF TURNER ASHBY. By Thomas A. Ashby, M.D., LL.D. The Neale Publishing Company, New York. 1914.

Turner Ashby represented one of the peculiar phases of the old Virginia life. The descendants of the Cavaliers cherished the traditions of knighthood, and up to the beginning of our great war they kept up such sports as the tournament. They prided themselves on their skill on horseback and in the use of arms and their devotion to their land. So when the war came on it was natural for Turner Ashby, who had been a leader in the social life of his county, to gather the youth of his neighborhood and lead them into the conflict. There was, of course, high principle that moved him, but there was an element of romance that loves adventure for adventure's sake.

This book presents to us the story of that brief, romantic, dashing career that carried this hero in one brief year from captain of a company of cavalry to his death on the field of battle as brigadier general. It reveals ability in military affairs of the highest order. If he had lived, Turner Ashby would have rivaled in exploits that other great paladin of romance, "Jeb" Stuart, of the same State. He was a man brave, pure, and tender, one of her sons whom the old State will ever cherish in memory among the noble names that glorify her annals.

A HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN THE UNITED STATES. By Vernon Blythe, A.B., M.D. The Neale Publishing Company, New York. 1914.

This is the effort of a son of a Confederate soldier to give a fair and impartial history of the war of 1861-65 between the sections of the United States, and, it seems to me, in the main successful. It attempts to give only the facts as they occurred in the campaigns of the war. There is little criticism of the generals' plans; but credit is given for brilliant strategy on each side, and the patent blunders of commanders, Federal and Confederate, are noted. The courage of the soldiers of the North and the South is praised. There is little, if any, discussion of the issues at stake in the war. Especially is any discussion of States' rights, one of the chief issues, absent. Also there is but little reference to the efforts of the South to secure peaceable separation.

But all these matters are foreign to the purpose of the writer. He, above all, wishes to give a truthful account of the course of the war, its campaigns, battles and sieges, and the policy of each side. I think I can detect evident indications of the writer's personal sympathy with his native South; but, on the other hand, in his anxiety to be fair and unprejudiced I think he has failed to emphasize some of the wrongs perpetrated by the Federal government and armies. However, I know of no book that gives so full and accurate a history of the war itself.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A MARYLAND CONFEDERATE SOLDIER AND STAFF OFFICER. By McHenry Howard. Baltimore: Williams and Wilkins Company. 1914.

The author of this volume is a descendant of that brilliant soldier, Col. John Edgar Howard, commander of the Maryland line in the Revolutionary War, who distinguished himself and his command at Cowpens, Guilford Courthouse, and Eutaw Springs. This descendant proved himself as a Confederate soldier worthy of his noble ancestry. With his traditions it was natural that he should take the side of the South. He served in the various campaigns of Generals Lee and Jackson, on the staffs of various generals, and won promotion for his gallantry and efficiency. His position enabled him to understand the movements of the Army of Northern Virginia, and his account of these movements is very valuable for history. He was captured in May, 1864, and kept in Fort Delaware until the following November. His account of life in prison is interesting and an offset to Andersonville. After his exchange he was active in the final operations of the army of General Lee until the surrender. The book is both interesting and valuable as history.

THE STORY OF A CONFEDERATE BOY IN THE CIVIL WAR. By David E. Johnson, 7th Virginia Infantry Regiment.

This bright story gives a vivid idea of the life and deeds of the Confederate private soldier. Entering the Confederate army with the 7th Virginia Infantry, Private Johnson served throughout the war until General Lee's surrender. Beginning as a mere boy just out of school, he did a man's part throughout all the dangers and hardships of the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. The story is enlivened with many humorous features of soldier life, and through all there runs a vein of reverence for the wonderful work of religious revival which prevailed in that army. The author now lives in Portland, Oregon, and is a judge of one of the courts of Oregon. Before leaving his home in West Virginia to go West, he had served in the State Senate and in Congress. He is still a faithful Confederate without sorrow or apology for his war record. It is such books as this that will help the future historian to understand the spirit and motive of the Confederates in the great war of 1861-65.

LYRICS OF THE LOST CAUSE. By Duval Porter. J. T. Townsend Printing Company, Danville, Va.

This little volume of melodious verse commemorates various persons and events of that mighty struggle in which the South sought to establish her constitutional rights in a separate Confederacy. One of the longest poems is entitled "The Modern Utopia, a Satire." There are other poems that pay graceful tribute to some of the noble souls of other days, such as Thomas Jefferson, Edgar Allan Poe, or that sing in sweet strains of love and duty. The volume has received the commendation of numbers of prominent and able men—Thomas Nelson Page, President Alderson, of the University of Virginia, and Senator John W. Daniels.

"CONFEDERATE WIZARDS OF THE SADDLE."

A special arrangement with the publishers of Gen. Bennett H. Young's book, "Confederate Wizards of the Saddle," enables the VETERAN to make a very attractive offer of it with a year's subscription at the price of the book alone. The offer is limited to the month of April; so your order should be sent at once if you would benefit by this special offer.

The book needs no further commendation in these columns. General Young has long been known as a writer of ability; and by his able pen the deeds of Southern cavalrymen have been woven into a narrative of thrilling interest, treating of the most important campaigns of Stuart, Forrest, Wheeler, Morgan, Shelby, Magruder, Tom Green, Wade Hampton—those gallant leaders of the sixties. It is a book for which there was need, that full justice might be done this wonderfully effective arm of our service, which set a new pace for the cavalry of the world.

Send $2.50 to the VETERAN and get the book and a year's subscription. This offer is good to April 30.

J. T. Maloney, of Bryan, Tex., is trying to help Mrs. C. B. Sherrod establish her husband's record in order to get a pension and would like to hear from some comrade who can testify to his service. Mr. Sherrod enlisted in Bell County, Tex.

Mrs. Cato Glover, 327 Sayre Street, Montgomery, Ala., wants information of William White, son of Charles and Mary Jenkins White, of Arkansas. He left school at Woodlawn, Ark., a country town west of Camden, and enlisted near the beginning of the war. She is trying to ascertain where he enlisted and with what company and regiment.

J. H. Black, of Hope, Ark., has in his possession a furlough taken from the pocket of a dead soldier, Calvin Gough, of Company F, 54th Alabama Regiment, after the Atlanta campaign, by W. E. McCauley, of the 18th Regiment of United States Regulars. Calvin Gough was born in Choctaw, Ala., and enlisted at Memphis, reënlisting at Jackson, Miss., and again at Selma, Ala., March 10, 1864. Any of his family or friends can obtain the furlough by writing to Mr. Black.

G. W. Gregson, of Trousdale, Okla., enlisted in 1863 in Billie Meriwether's company, 12th Kentucky Regiment, at the age of sixteen. He was transferred to Bell's escort at Jackson, Tenn., under Capt. Ab Hurt. No one in the company was over thirteen years old. They were called Bell's "Pups." Some members of this company were Ike Bell (General Bell's son), Will Yancey, Will Gates, Lock Boyd, Clarence Roberts. If any of the survivors of this company or regiment who can testify to his record will write to Mr. Gregson, it will be greatly appreciated.

W. C. Reynolds, 522 Thirty-Third Avenue, Meridian, Miss., writes that his brother, J. T. Reynolds, raised a battalion or regiment in Green and Knox Counties, Tenn., and he would like to correspond with any survivors of that command. He has some papers signed by James W. Davis, captain of a company of cavalry of Reynolds's Battalion, Allen's Legion; also duplicate descriptive roll, Capt. David Beals, October 28, 1862, approved by J. T. Reynolds, lieutenant colonel commanding a battalion under General Buckner, he thinks, when captured and placed in jail at Knoxville, Tenn., from which he escaped.

Mrs. E. May, of Hearne, Tex., wishes to correspond with comrades of her husband, Augusta McConico May, who can testify to his service. He enlisted as one of General Forrest's bodyguard at Selma, Ala., in 1862 and served until captured by Wilson's Brigade near the end of the war. When captured he was with the garrison, a detachment of Forrest's Cavalry, at Selma.

T. P. Register, of Lake Butler, Fla., wishes to ascertain if there are any Confederate soldiers living who helped to bury a brass cannon near the head of York River, in Virginia, in March, 1862. This cannon was buried by Hampton's Legion of Washington Artillery, under command of Maj. Stephen D. Lee. Mr. Register wants to hear from any comrade with a view to meeting in Richmond in June.

Mrs. Joe Wiggington, of Ghent, Ky., is trying to to establish the record of her husband in order to get a pension. She wants to communicate with some one who can prove that her husband, Sanford Wiggington, of Company B, 5th Kentucky Cavalry, under Captain Tilford and Col. D. Howard Smith, Morgan's command, was taken prisoner in Tennessee in September, 1864, and was released by taking the oath in February, 1865, at Camp Douglas, Ill.

Mrs. Harry S. Davis, 2112 Brookfield Avenue, Baltimore, Md., wishes to establish the record of George T. R. Peddicord, who was born and reared in Howard County, Md., later moving to Baltimore and then to Atlanta, Ga., from which place he eulisted in the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner at Cumberland Gap and placed in a Chicago prison, where he had been for eighteen months at the close of the war. He was the owner of property in Atlanta, which was destroyed by Sherman.

P. A. Blakey, of Mount Vernon, Tex., in order to help a comrade get a pension, would like to correspond with some member of his company. S. N. Baugh enlisted in Hot Springs County, Ark., about July 1, 1861, in Company C, 11th Arkansas Regiment, under Captain Sanders and Col. J. M. Smith. At the fall of Port Hudson he was separated from his command and joined Captain Thrasher's company (A), Cook's Battalion, General Cabell's brigade, Ragan's Division, and surrendered at Bentonville, Ark. He was third lieutenant in Thrasher's company.

Books Wanted.—Inquiry has been made for "A Secret History of the Confederacy," by Edward A. Pollard, and for "Noted Guerrillas; or, the Warfare of the Borders," by John N. Edwards. Those who can supply will please state binding and price asked.

Charles E. McCord, 2500 Avenue E, Birmingham, Ala., will be glad to help establish the records of those seeking pensions who served in the following commands: Magnolia Cadets, 7th Georgia Volunteers, Stephens's Rifles, and these companies of the 8th Tennessee Regiment: Bryant's Company A, Hall's Company B, McKinney's Company C, Higgins's Company G, and Thrash's Company H. Address him as above.

John A. Mitchener, of Selma, N. C., writes that in his father's family burying ground, near Smithfield, N. C., about fifteen miles from Bentonville, is buried John R. Harris, of Company B, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., and he is doubtless the only one living that witnessed the burial. Mr. Mitchener would like to communicate with any relative, friend, or comrade of this man who wishes to learn of his death and burial.

B. M. Bobbitt, of Ada, Okla., would be glad to hear from some comrade of his grandfather, J. R. Stanfield, who served under Captain Eblin, Colonel Rucker, in Gen. Craft Vaughan's brigade. He was under General Morgan for a while and later was in Virginia under Generals Longstreet and Lee. He was wounded in the battle of Greenville, Va., and in the spring of 1865 was captured trying to make his way home. He was an eyewitness of General Morgan's death.

P. J. Ayres enlisted in the Confederate service in 1862 and served in the Army of Northern Virginia, Stuart's Cavalry. He was first in Company F, 4th Virginia Cavalry, for eight months and was then transferred to Company G, 3d Virginia Cavalry, under Colonel Owen and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, and took part in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and others. He was color bearer in his regiment in 1864. Jim Cummings also belonged to this command. Will some surviving comrade who can testify to his record please write to N. E. Ayres, of Oklahoma City, Okla., in care of Ridenour-Baker Mercantile Company. This information is sought to help his widow get a pension.

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There was a tender friendship between he late editor of the VETERAN and the eteran leader of minstrelsy, Mr. Al G. ield; and out of a generous heart the uthor is giving a large share of the ales to help the fund for building a onument to his friend of many years.)f this book, Mr. Cunningham himself rote: "If Al G. Field had determined pon this book when a boy and had iven years of study to the subject, a ner production could not have been ected. It is as unique throughout as is he title, 'Watch Yourself Go By.' Open t anywhere, regardless of what precedes, nd soon you will be fascinated." And e offered a year's subscription to the ETERAN to all who bought the book and ere not satisfied.

The *New York Clipper* says: "From eginning to end this book will hold the ttention of the reader with its interingling of mirth and pathos, in which s entwined the record of a busy life. he boyhood scenes and the peculiar characters and incidents recorded are particularly amusing and instructive."

Many other notices could be quoted in raise of Mr. Field's book, written to ive pleasure to others. The author himelf says: "If those who peruse this book xtract half the pleasure from reading its ages that has come to me while writing em, my desires will be satisfied."

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ook Sent Prepaid, $1 the Copy

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Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

H. L. Watson, of Mansfield, Tex., would like to get in communication with some comrade who served in the army with Pose Ledbetter. This is wanted in the interest of his widow, Mrs. H. P. Ledbetter.

For the benefit of his widow, information is sought of the record of A. J. Ashworth, who enlisted in the 4th Georgia Cavalry at Rome, Ga., November 1, 1862. Send reply to Dr. J. N. McCormack, Bowling Green, Ky.

Mrs. J. D. Christopher, of Teague, Tex., wants information as to J. D. Christopher's service. He went from Louisiana and was under Captain Gray and Major Byra. Mrs. Christopher does not know the company nor regiment.

Miss E. I. Moore, of Kyle, Tex., would like to hear from some Union soldier of the 13th Army Corps, under General Warren, who spent the winter of 1863-64 at the little coast town of Indianola, Tex. She is especially anxious to hear from a member of Col. Oran Perry's command.

Zib Oliver, of Ratcliff, Tex., wants to hear from some surviving comrade who can help him establish his record as a soldier. He served in Colonel Bates's regiment, which was stationed at the mouth of the Brazos River and remained there until the war ended. He enlisted from Crockett, Tex.

Tom N. Shearer, 60 Garnett Street, Atlanta, Ga., wants to locate the whereabouts of Ike Prin, with whom he left Okolona, Miss., in 1861 under Captain Shackelford. Their first service was around Fort Pillow and in Missouri. They crossed the river into Tennessee in 1862 and were captured March 8, 1862, and made prisoners of war until late in that year.

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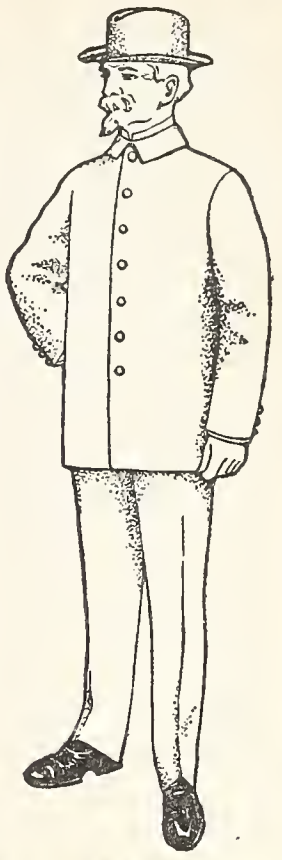
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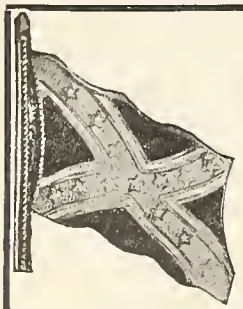
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Robert C. Ridley, of McLoud, Okla., would like to correspond with some member of Company A, 4th Mississippi Infantry, who can testify to his service. He is trying to get a pension.

Capt. John Kennedy, of Selma, Miss., needs the following numbers of the VETERAN to complete his file: All of 1893 except September and November; 1894, January, February, March, and June. He will pay well for them.

Mrs. M. A. Blakey, of Demopolis, Ala., wishing to obtain a pension, would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, Robert O. Blakey, who enlisted in the Warsaw Grays, of Warsaw, Mo., in June, 1861, and received his discharge at Gainesville, Ala., at the close of the war.

Josephus White, of Bethany, Okla., in order to get a pension, wants to hear from some surviving comrade who can testify to his record as a soldier. He belonged to Company H, 28th Louisiana Regiment, under Henry Graves, afterwards under Col. Tom Pool, of Homer, La. His captain was James Brice, of Arcadia, La.

Mrs. Fannie Neabuhr, of Dix, Ill., Route 1, wants to correspond with any of the Georgia Reserves who were in charge of Andersonville Prison, under command of General Winder, during the summer of 1864-65. Mrs. Neabuhr, then Miss Fannie Bond, was a nurse under Dr. Harrison, who had charge of the Confederate hospital.

Mr. Hal A. Irish, of Pomona, Fla., wants to correspond with some comrade of John L. Stanley, who enlisted at Cat Island, S. C., in March, 1863, in the service of the South Carolina State troops and became a member of Company C, 21st South Carolina Regiment. He was afterwards transferred to the 10th, in which he served until the close of the war and was mustered out at Delores, S. C.

Mrs. E. E. McCawley, 214 Missouri Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband who can testify to his service. Matthew McCawley enlisted in Company F, 15th Mississippi Infantry, under Captain Collins and Colonel Statham, and served until the close of the war. Write to Mrs. McCawley or to J. M. Freeman, 2630 Jennings Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex.

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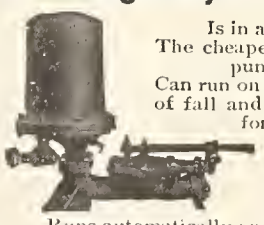
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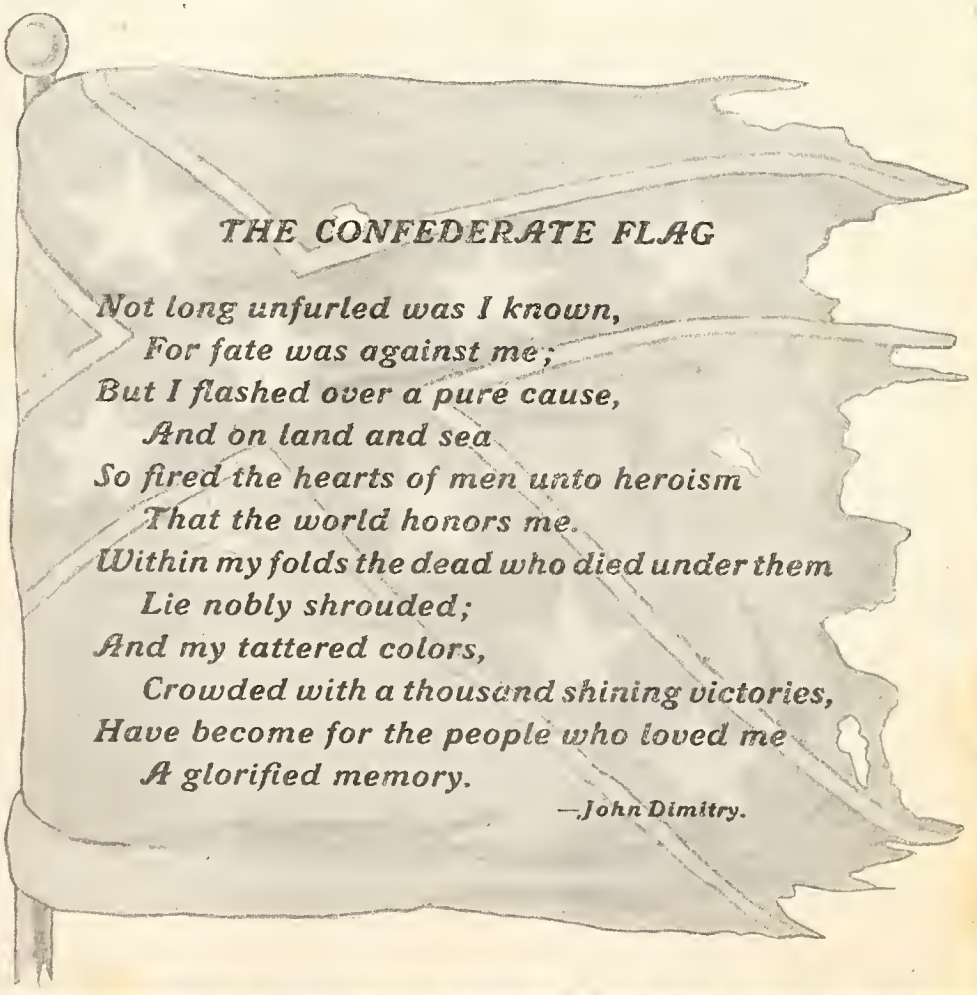
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VOL. XXIII. MAY, 1915 NO. 5



THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

Not long unfurled was I known,
For fate was against me;
But I flashed over a pure cause,
And on land and sea
So fired the hearts of men unto heroism
That the world honors me.
Within my folds the dead who died under them
Lie nobly shrouded;
And my tattered colors,
Crowded with a thousand shining victories,
Have become for the people who loved me
A glorified memory.

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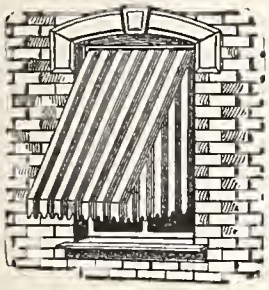
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SUNSET AFTER APPOMATTOX

By Emma Frances Lee Smith

IS done! The fateful words are said!
Furled is that flag for which men died,
For which in streams their blood was shed;
From many a vale and mountain side
On it they turned their glazing eyes
And blessed it with their dying sighs.

Where the sad Appomattox slips
Through wooded banks with murmured flow
The hosts of Lee with trembling lips
Whisper his name, then turn to go
Toward ruined homes and hearts that bleed
With anguish in this hour of need.

Homeward the soldier takes his way
With lagging step and mournful pace;
Beneath his tattered coat of gray
His heart lies cold; his war-worn face
Is set in lines of stern despair,
Where once youth smiled all debonair.

No clouds of war, no battle smoke
Dim the sweet sunset's rosy light
Where, seated on a storm-rent oak,
The great commander rests till night;
His faithful war horse by his side
Stands near him, still alert with pride.

Alone! What visions throng and press
Across the mirror of his soul?
Traced in dark lines of bitter stress
Do serried ranks of battle roll?
Or sees he in that solemn hour
A vision of God's wondrous power?

With eyes that pierce beyond the gloom,
Beyond the wreck of hopes now dead,
Beyond those bright rays that illume
With roseate hues that grand gray head,
Perchance he sees the new day rise,
Flashing athwart the Southern skies.

THE REUNION.

The twenty-fifth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, which will be held in Richmond, Va., June 1, 2, and 3, will be in many respects the most unique and interesting gathering of Confederates since Appomattox. Fifty years after the fall of Richmond, Lee's surrender, and the restoration of peace the gray-clad hosts will assemble in the old capital of the Confederacy, guests of the city for which they fought so nobly.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of the 1915 Reunion program will be the formal opening of the Confederate Memorial Institute, or Battle Abbey, as it is popularly known. This magnificent institution, built after years of disappointment, is a stone treasure house of rare beauty of design in which the relics of the Confederacy will be kept for the coming generations.

The Battle Abbey, with the exception of the interior, is entirely completed. The mural paintings, which are to be one of the chief features of the structure, have been interrupted by the European war, by reason of the fact that the artist, a distinguished French painter, has been called to the colors. His work, as far as it has progressed, gives great promise. It is expected that his experience on the battle fields will add virility to his battle scenes in the Abbey.

The military spectacle and parade of veterans, planned for the afternoon of June 3, will undoubtedly be the most impressive pageant seen in the South since the war. More than ten thousand veterans are expected to be in line, and military commands from many States have accepted invitations to take part in the parade. The committee in charge of the Reunion has determined to make the parade the most important part of the entire program. Plans for the parade call for a comparatively short line of march.

At the head of the parade will march the general officers of the United Confederate Veterans and the veterans themselves, according to divisions. The parade will move into beautiful Monument Avenue, which is to be converted into a flag-bedecked court of honor during Reunion week, and march west on the north side of this broad thoroughfare. On reaching the site of the new Jackson monument, the parade will halt for brief ceremonies; then, countermarching, the veterans will return to Lee Circle. Arriving at Lee Circle, the veterans will take seats in reviewing stands and review the parade of military commands.



GOVERNOR STUART, OF VIRGINIA.

Details of the parade are in the hands of a committee headed by Gen. J. Thompson Brown.

Of unusual interest will be the laying of the corner stone of the new monument to Stonewall Jackson, which is scheduled to take place on the afternoon of the parade. The monument, which is the gift of the State of Virginia, the city of Richmond, and the public at large, will stand in Monument Avenue, at the intersection of the Boulevard. In the same street are the Davis memorial, the Lee monument, and the Stuart monument. Exercises in connection with the Jackson monument are in the hands of Dr. James Powers Smith.

The 1915 Reunion will be distinguished by the number of relatives of famous Confederate chieftains who will be present. Among those who will attend are Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, Mrs. A. P. Hill, Mrs. George Pickett, Miss Mary Custis Lee, Mrs. W. H. F. Lee, and Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee. These ladies are to be the guests of the general committee.

President Woodrow Wilson has been invited by the general committee, through Lieut. Gov. J. Taylor Ellyson, of Virginia, to attend the Reunion. He has the matter under advisement. Invitations to the Governors of fifteen Southern States have been issued by Gov. Henry C. Stuart, of Virginia, and many are expected to attend the Reunion.

Richmond during the first week in June is to be turned over to the veterans. Arrangements are being perfected for the entertainment of thousands of visitors, and every attention will be paid to the comfort and welfare of each.

Extraordinary precautions to insure the comfort of the veterans who lodge in "Camp Stuart" are being taken by the committee which is headed by D. A. Brown, Jr. Instead of being lodged in tents, the visiting veterans will this year be comfortably housed in the big brick buildings of the Virginia State Fair Grounds, in which they will be protected from rain or perchance extreme weather. Meal tickets to various downtown restaurants will be given to the old soldiers in order that they may not have to return to camp during the day unless they desire.

To care for the health and comfort of the veterans the general committee has organized the graduating class of the Medical College of Virginia into a medical corps for the Reunion. This will put one hundred physicians at the service of the veterans while in Richmond. The Boy Scouts of Richmond, numbering several thousand, will be in uniform and on constant duty at the camp and in various sections of the city to give information and to lend aid to visitors.

From present indications, Richmond is to be decorated in Confederate colors from one end of the city to the other. Citizens in all parts of Richmond are preparing decorative designs for their homes, and the Reunion decorating committee will deck the streets in flags and streamers.



P. J. White, Chmn. Decoration Committee. | Capt. John Lamb, General Chairman. | Maj. Gen. J. Thompson Brown, Chmn. Parade Committee. | E. D. Taylor, Chmn. Executive Committee.

SOME OF THE MEN WHO ARE WORKING TO MAKE THE REUNION A SUCCESS.

Of music there will be no lack. The various military organizations will bring dozens of bands. The Virginia Military Institute cadets will have with them the fine Fortress Monroe Military Band, while other organizations will be equally as well served with music. In addition to the Confederate Choir of Portsmouth, there will be singing by the school children of Richmond, who are being drilled under Prof. Walter C. Mercer. The children will form a living Confederate flag of enormous proportions on a grand stand in the Court of Honor in Monument Avenue.

For information about the Reunion write to Capt. John Lamb, Chairman U. C. V. Reunion, Room 613 Mutual Building, Richmond, Va.

HENRY CARTER STUART.

It seems an auspicious omen that the nephew of J. E. B. Stuart should be Governor of Virginia at this Reunion, when the corner stone of the Jackson monument is to be laid. A peculiarly tender tie unites Governor Stuart with the Confederate soldier, for his lovely young mother was a victim to camp fever, contracted while nursing the wounded.

Governor Stuart was unanimously elected Governor of Virginia in November, 1913. It was the first time since 1878 that a Governor was elected without opposition and the first time since the war that a Democrat entered upon the office as the unanimous choice of his party as well as the uncontested favorite of the people as a whole. He has devoted to the service of the State all the resources of a richly endowed mind and the experience acquired in a varied and successful career, and the beneficial results of his administration are already apparent in many directions.

The Governor's home is in the famous blue-grass region of Southwest Virginia, upon a magnificent estate known as the Stuart Land and Cattle Company, and he is regarded as an authority upon all matters pertaining to agriculture as well as a profound student of political economy and its practical application to the problems of the hour. It is predicted that Henry Carter Stuart will rank among the ablest of Virginia's great executives.

RICHMOND AND VIRGINIA.

About the city of Richmond there is much association with the historic past. It might have been one of the earliest English settlements; for in May, 1607, after establishing the colony at Jamestown, Capt. John Smith went up the James River as far as the present site of Richmond looking for a better location for the colony, and a few years later he bought some land from the Indians near that site and was so pleased with his purchase that he called it "None Such." The real beginning of Richmond, however, was made by Col. William Byrd in 1733, and four years later he was advertising its advantages in the Virginia Gazette. As evidence of the enterprising spirit of those times, we learn that the son of Colonel Byrd in 1756, to expedite the sale of lots in the town of Richmond, established the well-known "Byrd Lottery," which is still referred to in conveyances of the present day. Richmond became an incorporated town by act of the General Assembly of Virginia in 1742 and the capital of the State in 1779, when the seat of government was removed from the older town of Williamsburg.

The present city of Richmond is largely a growth of fifty years; for upon the evacuation in April, 1865, the greater portion of the business section had been laid waste by fires started by the Confederate forces in destroying the warehouses and arsenals as a war measure. The incoming forces of the Federal army had to subdue the flames in order to save the city. Rising from the ashes of the past, Richmond is an example of marvelous growth, a city of the present, up-to-date and progressive, while still holding to a glorious past mutely attested by its many historic buildings and monuments.

It would be difficult to enumerate the many attractions of Richmond. Capitol Square is a park of ten acres in the heart of the city, and in its center is the magnificent Washington monument. The effigies surrounding the equestrian statue of the Father of his Country represent other great men of Virginia in different periods of its history—Lewis, Henry, Mason, Jefferson, Nelson, and Marshall. On this beautiful square are also buildings of historic interest—the old State Capitol, the State library buildings, and the Governor's mansion and City Hall.

Chimborazo Park was formerly the site of the largest Confederate hospital in Richmond; it is now the location of the United States Weather Bureau Station. From the park a view of James River is secured, and it also overlooks the valley of "Bloody Run," the scene of a famous conflict with the Indians. Other parks of the city are the William Byrd, Marshall (where the monument to the Confederate soldiers and sailors stands sentinel), Taylor's Hill, Gamble's Hill, Monroe, Jefferson, and Joseph Bryan, all well distributed throughout the city and having a combined acreage of over six hundred acres.

The historic buildings of Richmond are many and varied. Chief of interest at the present is the Confederate Memorial Institute, or Battle Abbey, which is to be dedicated during the Reunion in June. This will be the depository of the sacred relics of a nation that rose and fell "pure of crime." Another building dedicated to a similar purpose is the Confederate Museum, which was the "White House of the Confederacy," the home of President Davis while Richmond was the capital of the Confederacy. In this Museum are relics from every Southern State. The Valentine Museum, on East Clay Street, was one of the old-time residences of the city and is a fine example of the architecture of that period, with a formal garden and court to add to its quaintness. In addition to its many valuable old paintings and other works of art, the Virginia room of this museum contains the original cast of the recumbent statue of Gen. R. E. Lee by the famous Virginia sculptor, Edward V. Valentine, who also designed the Lee statue in Statuary Hall at Washington, the figures upon the Davis memorial in Richmond, and many other beautiful pieces of sculpture. The residence of General Lee during and just after the war, at 707 East Franklin Street, is now the home of the Virginia Historical Society. The residence of Chief Justice Marshall, Ninth and Marshall Streets, and the house on East Clay Street in which Matthew Fontaine Maury lived during the early part of the war have been fittingly marked by an appreciative generation. The old parish church of St. John's, on Broad and Twenty-Fourth Streets, is one of the most historic buildings of the city. Services were held there before the Revolutionary War, and on its walls are many memorial tablets, one of which commemorates the memorable eloquence of Patrick Henry which aroused his countrymen in defense of their liberty. In St. Paul's Church are the pews which were used by President Davis and General Lee and memorial windows and tablets to these honored communicants.

The monuments of Richmond are a striking feature in their beauty and number. The Washington monument on Capitol Square, the Lee monument gracing Lee Circle on Monument Avenue, and the Jefferson Davis memorial are doubtless the handsomest that have ever been erected in the South and surpassed in beauty by none anywhere. Among other memorials of the kind may be mentioned the Jackson statue on Capitol Square, "presented by English gentlemen as a tribute of admiration for that soldier and patriot, T. J. Jackson, and accepted by Virginia in the name of the Southern people, 1875." Another monument to Jackson is now under way, and the laying of its corner stone is to be an event of the Reunion. This will be a tribute of love from the Southern people. The equestrian statue to dashing J. E. B. Stuart stands at the beginning of Monument Avenue, and on the field of Yellow Tavern, north of the city, there is a shaft to mark the spot where this gallant soldier fell.



VIEW OF CAPITOL SQUARE, SHOWING WASHINGTON MONUMENT, CITY HALL, AND STATE CAPITOL.

There are many other memorials and historic places about the city which will interest visitors to the Reunion, while its industrial section also claims attention for its volume of business and the sound basis on which it is established. It is a great city and most worthily the capital of a great State.

Virginia is called the "Mother of Statesmen," and no less than eight Presidents have been sons of the Old Dominion in that their eyes have opened to the light within the boundaries of that State. A great part was hers in the establishment of American independence; and though reluctant to sever the ties which made her a part of the Union of States, when once her allegiance was dishonored Virginia failed not to give it to the young Confederacy, and through the four years of fratricidal strife her soil was a battle ground that drank deep of the blood of her sons. The following, from the pen of James Callaway, one of the editorial writers of the Macon Telegraph, is very appropriate in this connection:

"One cannot think of the Confederacy without recalling Richmond. Richmond and Virginia spring spontaneously into the mind. The whole war passes like a panorama before the mental vision.

"There were some strange things about the secession of Virginia. Virginia, the mother of Presidents, was also the mother of the Union. She was impoverished by the War of the Revolution, while Massachusetts grew rich. Virginia loved the Union. How could she withdraw? Why did she? She had not much in common with the cotton States.

"On February 13, 1861, Virginia's convention assembled at the old Capitol. They met to perpetuate the Union. The convention was composed of Virginia's best men, her elderly men, her men of affairs. The convention was against secession. Three different committees had been sent to Washington to confer with Mr. Lincoln, invoking his aid.

"On April 14 Lincoln heeded Virginia's appeal and commissioned General Campbell to go to Richmond with authority to negotiate with the convention in its efforts to hold Virginia in the Union and bring back the seceded States. Lincoln had been assured that Virginia would not withdraw if not called upon for troops to coerce her sister seceding States.

"General Campbell met the Committee on Federal Relations in the parlor of the old Ballard House. General Campbell produced his authority from Lincoln and the promise not to call on Virginia for troops if Virginia would not secede. General Campbell returned to Washington on April 15 and reported to Mr. Lincoln.

"But Seward and Stanton would not consent. They induced Lincoln to disregard the agreement. And Lincoln on April 16 issued his order for 75,000 men not only to march across Virginia to make war on her sister States, but demanded that Virginia furnish her full quota of troops to help do it.

"Virginia construed such conduct as a declaration of war, and the next day, on the 17th, that convention which met to perpetuate the Union passed the ordinance of secession. It was not the firing on Fort Sumter, as has been so often charged. The Union men of Virginia became 'rebels' at once when Lincoln issued that order. This same order decided General Lee as to what was his duty. He said: 'To lift my hand against my State and people is impossible.'

"What a predicament was Virginia's! She was forced by the Washington government to a cruel alternative. No other Southern State was in such a predicament as Virginia; no other had so much to lose. Only through Virginia could her sister States be reached. Her honor was above temptation."

THE GRAND REVIEW.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE.

What eager, stirring crowds
  Fill all our streets to-day!
They come to watch the grand review
  Of men who wore the gray.

With slow and feeble step
  The column passes by;
And as we gaze through tears we see
  Another host draw nigh.

For while we mourned and wept
  The toll that honor yields
And dreamed our soldiers lay asleep
  On hardened battle fields,

They come in phantom ranks
  To join the grand parade;
They move with sound of muffled drum
  And glint of flashing blade.

Marse Robert leads the van,
  With Stonewall at his right.
They smile as the old brigade falls in—
  It never lost a fight.

See yonder cavalier
  With laughing, bright-blue eye.
How gayly sings the *Beau Sabreur!*
  O God, did Suart die?

Sidney Johnston, gallant knight,
  From Shiloh comes again.
Pat Cleburne with old Erin's voice
  Is cheering on his men.

Pelham joins the spectral throng,
  With Ashby by his side.
'Tis Morgan's troopers passing now;
  How hard, how fast they ride!

Brave Zollicoffer comes
  From 'neath his native sod
To ride with saintly Polk, who fought
  For country and for God.

The Southern lads file by
  In numbers without ken.
Virginia's young cadets are there
  Who fought the fight like men.

A faded, tattered thing
  Droops o'er them as they move.
We look with misty eyes and see
  The Stars and Bars we love.

There comes a blare above the din:
  "I charge you; clear the way."
Fame's trumpet sounds: "My heroes come,
  The men who wore the gray."

RICHMOND'S A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL.

Respectfully Dedicated to Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside.

Would you like to hear the song (I'm afraid it's rather long)
Of the famous "On to Richmond" double trouble,
Of the half a dozen slips on a half a dozen trips,
And the very latest bursting of the bubble?
Then list while I relate this most unhappy fate.
'Tis a dreadful knotty puzzle to unravel,
Though all the papers swore, when we touched Virginia's shore,
That Richmond was an easy road to travel.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel, I believe.

First McDowell, old and gray, set forth the shortest way
By Manassas in the pleasant summer weather;
But he quickly went and ran on a Stonewall, foolish man,
And had a "rocky" journey altogether;
For he found it rather hard to ride over Beauregard,
And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother,
And 'twas clear beyond a doubt that he didn't like the route
And a second time would have to try another.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
Manassas gave us fits, and Bull Run it made us grieve—
O, Richmond's a hard road to travel, I believe.

Next came the Woolly Horse, with an overwhelming force,
To march down to Richmond by the valley;
But he couldn't find the road, and his "onward movement" showed
His campaign was a mere shilly-shally.
And Commissary Banks, with his motley foreign ranks,
The Dutchman and the Celt, not the Saxon,
Lost the whole of his supplies and, with tears in his eyes,
Ran away from that dunderheaded Jackson.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
The Valley wouldn't do, as everybody knows,
And Richmond's a hard road to travel, I suppose.

Then the great Galena came, with her portholes all aflame,
And the Monitor, that famous naval wonder;
But the guns at Drewry's Bluff gave them speedily enough
Of the loudest sort of real Rebel thunder.
The Galena was astonished, and the Monitor admonished,
And their efforts to ascend the stream were mocked at,
While the dreadful Naugatuck by the hardest kind of luck
Was very nearly knocked into a cocked hat.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
The gunboats gave it up in a stupefied despair,
And Richmond's a hard road to travel, I declare.

Then McClellan followed soon, with spade and with balloon,
To try the Peninsula approaches;
But one and all agreed that his best rate of speed
Wasn't faster than the slowest of "slow coaches."
Instead of easy ground, at Williamsburg he found
A Long-street, indeed, and nothing shorter,
And it put him in the dumps that spades wasn't trumps,
And the Hills he couldn't level as he "orter."

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
Lay down the shovel and fling away the spade,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel, I'm afraid.

He tried the Rebel lines on the field of Seven Pines,
Where his troops did such awful heavy chargin';
But he floundered in the mud, and he saw a stream of blood
Overflow the Chickahominy's sweet margin.
Though the fact seems rather strange, when he left his gunboats' range,
On land he drifted overmuch to Leeward;
So he quickly "changed his base" in a sort of steeplechase
And hurried back to Stanton, Abe, and Seward.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
We shouldn't be surprised that McClellan took to drinking,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel, I'm a-thinking.

Then said Lincoln unto Pope: "You can make the trip, I hope."
Quoth the bragging major general, "Yes, that I can,"
And began to issue orders to his terrible marauders,
Just like another Leo of the Vatican;
But the same demented Jackson this fellow laid his whacks on
And made him by compulsion a Seceder.*
And Pope took a rapid flight from Manassas's second fight—
'Twas his very last appearance as a leader.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
Pope tried his very best and was evidently sold,
And Richmond's a hard road to travel, I am told.

Last of all, the brave Burnside, with his pontoon bridges, tried
A road no one had thought of before him,
With two hundred thousand men for the Rebel "slaughter pen"
And the blessed Union flag a-flying o'er him;
But he met a "fire of hell," of canister and shell,
Enough to make the knees of any man knock.
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
On the banks of the pleasant Rappahannock.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
'Twas a shocking sight to view, that second Waterloo,
And Richmond's a bloody road to travel, it is true.

We are very much perplexed to know who'll try it next,
And to guess by what new high road he may go;
But the capital must blaze, and that in ninety days,
For 'tis written, "Delenda est Carthago"—
We'll take the cursed town, and then we'll burn it down
And plunder and hang up every Rebel.
Yet the Contraband was right when he told us they would fight:
"O yes, massa, they'll fight like the debble."

*See Cedar (Run).

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,
For Richmond's a hard road to travel;
We've played our strongest card, and 'tis plain that we are slammed,
And if Richmond ain't a hard road to travel, I'll be—blamed!

SHARPSBURG-ANTIETAM.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

We call it from the town, they from the creek. In the March number of the VETERAN I told about the capture of Maryland Heights by Kershaw's South Carolinians and my command, Barksdale's Mississippians. I left off just as we were entering the battle of Sharpsburg at the Dunker Church, about 10 A.M. on September 17, 1862. And thereby hangs a tale.

We met them in the woods just this side of the Dunker Church and drove them in the open beyond the church. We got the first fire and scattered them like leaves in Vallombrosa. Where that is, consult John Milton. Their flag fell, and six of us, all at once, rushed out of line to fill ourselves with glory in capturing "Old Glory." A Yankee ran back and flung the flag over his shoulder by seizing its northwest corner and ran, trailing the flagstaff behind him. We followed, and this brought us in sight of a little spitfire battery coughing up grapeshop; and to you who don't know I am here to relate that it is a different proposition from grape juice. We ran ahead of the line, thinking a battery would answer the same purpose in glory for us, while our line in the main shrank back in the woods from a counter charge and left the world to darkness and to us and this Yankee battery. The first fire struck down three out of our six. Two of them, Lieut. John M. Jennings and Hamp Woods, are there yet. Jesse Franklin, of my mess, caught a bullet in the thigh and survived the war and died at Santa Barbara, Cal. This left Jerry Webb, Bill McRaven, and this deponent to capture the battery, just as we did Maryland Heights. We slung Minies at the gunner at a range of six hundred yards or thereabout. Bill left his gun and disappeared over the brow of the hill. We stopped to capture a little Yankee boy in blue, about fifteen, lying behind a stump. Bill started to bayonet him, but I interfered and claimed him as mine because I saw him first.

About that time the gunner peeped over the hill, saw we were all down but three, seized the lanyard, and the grapeshot howled all around us, but missed us all, including the little "boy blue." Then a happy thought struck me to make breastworks of my captive, which I proceeded to do without delay. I called on Bill and Jerry to run back to the stone fence in front of the church, while I brought up the rear with my prize, holding him fast by his coat collar as a shield. The gunner held his lanyard in hand, ready to turn loose at the first opportunity. The little fellow prayed that I would not kill him. He was a Marylander and had a father in the Rebel army. I assured him that that was my last thought; that my first aim was to save him and thereby save myself. When we got to the fence I tried to get over and hold my Yankee too, but he wriggled out of my grasp and tumbled over the fence.

It may interest my readers to know what became of my Yankee. I never saw him afterwards. He is not too old to read this; and if he should do so, let him answer in the VETERAN, that all of us may know. Just as he twisted out of my grip that faithful gunner turned his lanyard loose, and another shower of grape fell about me. One struck about forty feet in my front while on the fence, and it ricocheted and bounded up against the roll over my shoulder and struck the roll at my side, bounded off, and knocked me over the fence, and I fell by the side of Jerry. Bill and the Yank had disappeared. At first it stunned me so that I thought I was shot through, but I soon began to work my locomotors till I was assured they would navigate with me. I asked Jerry to peep over the fence and see what the Yanks were doing. While we of the main line had fallen back, we were yet holding them in check. He answered that they were scattered about and coming slowly as if they had got a plenty.

I then recalled a novel that I had read about an old hunter who was chasing some Indians on the Texas frontier in the rescue of "Prairie Flower," whom they had stolen from the settlements. He had with him a lot of "tenderfoots," green from the States. The Indians had run them into a cave and were about to stifle them with smoke. The old hunter induced the boys to run out first, and he followed. The boys were slightly disfigured, but came off all right, like a good novel story, and so did the hunter. I suggested to Jerry that he go first, and I would follow with my lame limbs. This he kindly did; and while the bullets scalped the trees as he flew, yet he made it behind the Dunker Church, leaving me to follow on after the Yanks had shot away all their loads at Jerry. I wish here to remark that I never after that hankered for the capture of any more flags with the brand of "Old Glory" on them.

INVENTION OF THE COTTON GIN.

BY FRANK STOVALL ROBERTS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

My attention was attracted by the reference to the invention of the cotton gin in the interesting article, "Slighting Southern History and Literature" (page 113), in the March VETERAN. According to Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography, Eli Whitney invented the gin for separating the seed of the long staple, or Sea Island, cotton from the lint. This was in the latter part of 1792. Thomas Cooper, born in Henry County, Va., in 1767, and who went to Georgia about 1790, settling in Hancock County, is probably entitled to the credit of being among the first in the invention of the gin for upland, or short staple, cotton. He was the father of the Hon. Mark A. Cooper, of Georgia, who established the large iron works at Bartow, on the Etowah River, near Cartersville, Ga., in the early part of the last century. The scientist LeConte, referred to in the article, is a direct descendant of his sister.

Some two years ago Judge Joel Branham, of Rome, Ga. (a grandson of Thomas Cooper), gave me a sketch of his grandfather, in which the following occurs: "He was the first man that ever raised cotton for market in Hancock County or in that vicinity. There were no cotton gins in those days, so he invented a roller gin like that now in use for ginning Sea Island cotton and by which the seed were pressed out and the lint passed through the rollers. This cotton brought then from fifty to seventy-five cents a pound." This invention was about 1793. I remember well in my boyhood days before the war hearing of the Cooper gin."

Before moving to Georgia, Thomas Cooper and his father, Thomas Cooper, Sr., who also went to Georgia and died in Greene County about 1793, had a cabinet shop in Henry County, Va., near Martinsville, where they made some very handsome and substantial pieces of furniture. Hon. Mark A. Cooper had a desk made by his father which may still be in the possession of some of his descendants.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

Some fifty years ago the cry of "On to Richmond!" had a deep significance, as the effort of a foe determined to take the capital of the Confederacy. That "Richmond is a hard road to travel" was fully realized before the city was taken, which was accomplished only after the thin gray line had been stretched to the breaking point and the city it had guarded was abandoned to its fate.

"On to Richmond!" is again the cry, but now it is the hosts in gray that will take the city. After fifty years, they are going back, and Richmond will give them of her best and feel that it is none too good. Many will wonder if this is the city they left in ruins half a century ago and which they did not expect to survive the occupation of a victorious foe. On the ashes of her ruin a fairer city has been built, and the Richmond of to-day stands as a monument to the achievements of peace, as great a tribute to Southern valor as ever was gained in war.

Fifty years have passed since that sad day at Appomattox when the army of Lee disbanded "after four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude." Their hopes gone, their homes in ruins, their future dark and drear, yet their chieftain's words, "You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty well performed," made their hearts grow strong for what was before them, and they turned away to a different line of endeavor and faltered not until the South was again restored. Fifty years have passed, taking with it the strength of their young manhood, and in their age they go again to dream over what might have been, as they lift dim eyes in adoration to the images of those whose unequaled leadership made the Confederate army the wonder of the world. Through the mists of time they look back to its glorious achievements and live again the days that made them a sharer in that glory.



THE VETERAN'S HEADQUARTERS—JEFFERSON HOTEL.

CUNNINGHAM MONUMENT FUND.

Mrs. James Britton Gantt, U. D. C. Treasurer for the Cunningham Memorial, reports the following contributions received during March and April, 1915:

M. A. E. McLure Chapter, St. Louis, Mo.	$ 10 00
Hartford Chapter, Bel Air, Md.	5 00
New Orleans Chapter, No. 12	5 00
Southland Chapter, Alhambra, Cal.	1 00
John H. Reagan Chapter, Los Angeles, Cal.	3 00
	$ 24 00
Previously reported	293 00
Total	$317 00

May is the last month in which a part of the proceeds from the sale of Al. G. Field's book is promised to the Cunningham Monument Fund, so friends who would like to contribute by ordering a copy of this book should do so promptly. The generosity of Mr. Field will add quite a nice little sum to this fund.

MEMORIAL SERVICE OF RICHMOND REUNION.

Memorial service will be held on Wednesday, June 2, 1915, from noon to one o'clock, in the U. C. V. Auditorium, under the direction of Rev. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General U. C. V., and Mrs. W. J. Behan, President General Confederated Southern Memorial Association. The program is as follows:

Bugle call, Assembly, Memphis Fife and Drum Corps.

Hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," Choir and Veterans.

Opening prayer, Rev. J. W. Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V.

Address by Rev. J. Chalmers Cowan.

Hymn, "For All the Saints Who from Their Labors Rest," Confederate Choir and veterans.

Address, "Memorial Women and Their Sacred Task," Rev. Landon R. Mason.

Reading roll of honor of our dead, Gen. William E. Mickle, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff U. C. V., and Miss D. M. L. Hodgson, Recording Secretary General C. S. M. A.

Closing word, Mrs. W. J. Behan, President Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

Closing hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," Choir and Veterans.

Benediction by Rev. J. W. Bachman, D.D., Chaplain General U. C. V.

Taps, Memphis Fife and Drum Corps.

In this number the U. D. C. and S. C. V. departments have been confined to a limited space in order to make this a special number for the veterans. This explanation is made so that the omission of Division notes will be understood. Only what seemed necessary has been published this month.

Memorial Day at Camp Chase, Ohio, will be observed on Saturday, June 12, 1915. Any one wishing to send flowers or wreaths will please address Mrs. D. B. Ulrey, 26 North Harris Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

OUR CONFEDERATE HEROES ABROAD.

In the early part of the war now raging in Europe some officer of the German army characterized the War between the States in Ameriea as "a fight between two armed mobs." Had he been as well informed on the subject as he might have been by a little study of something more than Germany's greatness, he would have hesitated before committing himself so dogmatically. It is gratifying to know that a different opinion is held in other countries of Europe, where the campaigns of Lee and Jackson have had "the cold analysis of master taeticians, profound students, and psychologists."

An interview with Sir John French, the head of the English army in France, reported by Frederick Palmer in the New York Times, gives an estimate of our great commanders which shows thorough knowledge of their characteristics as leaders. Mr. Palmer writes: "Few Americans probably are as familiar with the campaigns of our Civil War as is Sir John. He has made a thorough study of them, and from them he has drawn lessons which he has found helpful in France. He mentioned Stonewall Jaekson. 'To me General Jackson was more like Cromwell than any other leader of history,' said the British commander. 'A heroic, martial figure, whose wonderful career came to the happy close a soldier desires in the hour of victory. I have followed all his marches and battles with unflagging admiration. He had the religious exaltation of Cromwell, his dash and determination, and his ready strategy and the genius of inspiring his troops with his own indomitable spirit of energy. But of all your commanders, Robert E. Lee, in his patience, his resouree, his poise, his soundness of judgment, and his possession of the qualities of high command in all emergencies, is foremost, in my opinion.'"

Another war correspondent of the present day, our own Irwin Cobb, wrote for the Saturday Evening Post an aceount of his visit to the home of Lord Roberts shortly before the death of the idol of the British army, who also possessed that information of the Ameriean war of the sixties which seems not to be thought necessary or desirable by a large number of Americans. The fame of our leaders has gone abroad, yet we are not expected to know wherein their glory lies—"a wrong to them and a shame to us." In writing of his visit, Mr. Cobb says:



JEFFERSON DAVIS MEMORIAL.

"Lord Roberts showed a particular animation and interest in speaking of our Civil War. He displayed an intimate knowledge of the campaigns of 1861-65 and of the leaders on both sides; and when he learned that my companion was the son of a Union soldier and I the son of a Confederate, he began plumping questions at us which I found it embarrassing to answer, inasmuch as he had a better acquaintance with the things regarding which he asked than I ever hope to have.

"'I am sorry,' he said, 'that I have never been in the States. * * * I would give a good deal to be able to say that I had gone over the eountry where the chief operations of your great war took plaee and the spots where the principal battles were fought. America produeed some magnifieent soldiers in those four years, and the greatest of them, to my way of thinking, was Jackson—Stonewall Jackson. In my opinion, Stonewall Jackson was one of the greatest natural military geniuses the world ever saw. I will go even farther than that. As a campaigner in the field he never had a superior. In some respects I doubt whether he ever had an equal.'

"Here some one of us was moved to repeat the story told of Jackson that he read only two books in the latter years of his life—the Bible and the campaigns of Napoleon.

"'Not so bad a choice if a man had to confine his library to only two books,' said Lord Roberts, who himself, as we knew, was of a deeply religious nature; 'an admirable choice for a soldier, at any rate. Any soldier might learn much by studying the campaigns of Napoleon, and Napoleon might have learned a good deal too by studying the campaigns of Jaekson had the order of the times in which the two men lived been reversed.'

"Some one mentioned having read that Jackson preferred to fight his battles on Sunday, beeause, believing, as he did, that he was doing the Lord's work in smiting the North, he regarded the Lord's day as fittest for the smiting.

"'I'm afraid the rule has not held good for other men,' commented Lord Roberts. 'I reeall that onee in my younger days in India I was sent into a fight on Sunday, and we got most soundly drubbed. Sinee then I have always been an advoeate of the theory that the best day on which to win a battle is the day on which you can win it. But, speaking of Jackson, I wish one of you would tell me more about him. Cannot you recall some personal, intimate story about him? I should like to know more of his human side.'

"So we told him what we eould remember of Jackson's manifold peeuliarities, and he did not seem to tire of listening. Later we learned that Lord Roberts had been instrumental in introducing the 'History of Jackson's Campaigns' as a textbook into the English military college at Sandhurst, and that when students from Sandhurst came to see him, as they frequently did, he was much given to quizzing them on their knowledge of the subjeet.

"During the eourse of the afternoon, in passing through the library of the house, I came on a steel engraving of the Southerner, placed against the wall where it faeed Lord Roberts when he sat at his desk."

An interesting account of a visit to the British military hospital at Versailles has been given by Mrs. Corra Harris, one of our leading Southern writers, who told how she cheered the sick and wounded by gifts of fruit and flowers, and when she found some who needed more than that to eheer them her heart prompted her to say: "Gentlemen, I come to bring you a message from an old veteran in the new America. He, like

you, fought for his country once. He fought under the great Lee in the battle of Gettysburg. He fought bravely and was wounded and carries his wounds to-day. He was a private, too, like you. He became a hero, too, just like all of you. He sends you these sweet flowers through me—the dear old veteran on the other side. 'Who is he?' they asked me, reaching forward to hear more of Lee and his men. 'My father,' I cried, 'and I never knew till I stood before you here what a hero he was and all those men who fought with Lee at Gettysburg.'"

Mrs. Harris adds: "Before I knew it I was declaiming to them. Those on the next benches were calling for me to tell them of the old veteran who fought at Gettysburg. It was there and then before these men, reaching with their wrecked bodies to beg a flower from me because I was the daughter of a veteran who had fought with Lee, that I felt the real glory of my country and my heritage. I was inspired by my own words; I could have stayed and tried to comfort those men through their pain forever."

America cannot boast of ever having had the wonderful fighting machine for which Germany has sacrificed the sons of her empire, but her armies in the War between the States were no insignificant "mobs" of untrained soldiery. Many of the battles of this war show far greater numbers engaged and a higher per cent of loss than the battles which history records as leading in importance in the making of nations. This has been most convincingly set forth in an article by Francis Trevelyan Miller, published in the New York Sun two years ago (copyright, 1913, by the Searchlight Library), from which the following is taken:

"Recent investigations show that the total enrollments of both the Federal and Confederate armies were 3,500,000, including reenlistments, or an approximate fighting strength of 3,000,000 soldiers.

"Thirty armies of the magnitude of that with which Alexander the Great undertook to conquer the whole world could have been gathered from the ranks of the American Civil War.

"Four armies equal to that which Napoleon led against Moscow in his conquest of Europe could have been marshaled from the soldiery in the American Civil War.

"Three armies greater than that under the military genius of Von Moltke in the Franco-Prussian War could have been mustered from the volunteers in the American Civil War.

"Thirty armies like that which Hannibal led across the Alps against the Romans could have been massed from the regiments of the American Civil War.

"Julius Cæsar, in leading his armies against the forces of Pompey, in Spain, did not have the fighting strength that Stonewall Jackson brought down the Shenandoah Valley, and the legions of Pompey were less than those of McClellan.

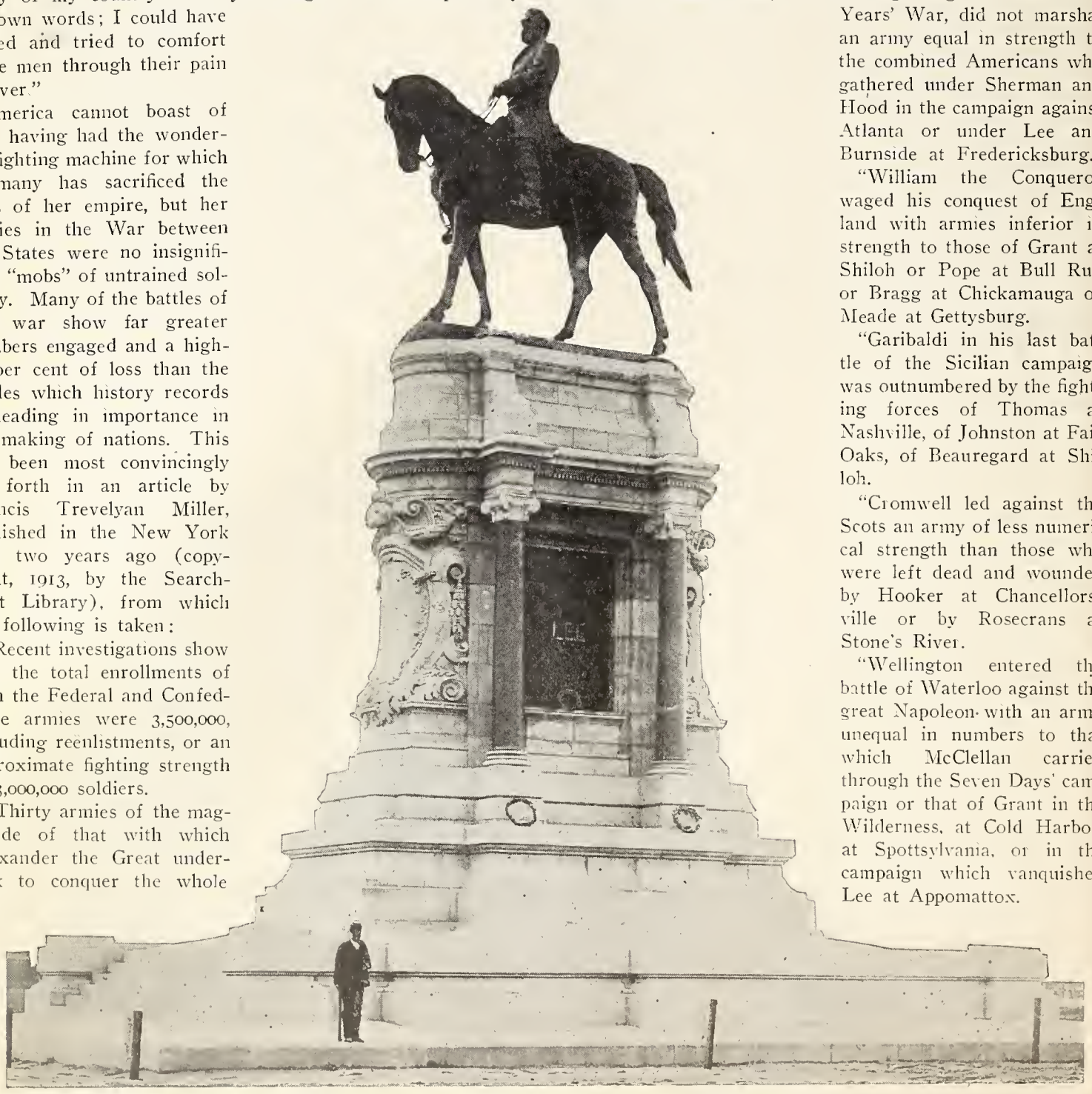
"Frederick the Great, in the beginning of his Seven Years' War, did not marshal an army equal in strength to the combined Americans who gathered under Sherman and Hood in the campaign against Atlanta or under Lee and Burnside at Fredericksburg.

"William the Conqueror waged his conquest of England with armies inferior in strength to those of Grant at Shiloh or Pope at Bull Run or Bragg at Chickamauga or Meade at Gettysburg.

"Garibaldi in his last battle of the Sicilian campaign was outnumbered by the fighting forces of Thomas at Nashville, of Johnston at Fair Oaks, of Beauregard at Shiloh.

"Cromwell led against the Scots an army of less numerical strength than those who were left dead and wounded by Hooker at Chancellorsville or by Rosecrans at Stone's River.

"Wellington entered the battle of Waterloo against the great Napoleon with an army unequal in numbers to that which McClellan carried through the Seven Days' campaign or that of Grant in the Wilderness, at Cold Harbor, at Spottsylvania, or in the campaign which vanquished Lee at Appomattox.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL LEE ON MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT AVENUE, RICHMOND.

"There were volunteers enough in the American Civil War to form two hundred and seventy armies greater than that of the Greeks when they drove the Persians into Asia.

"There were more wounded taken to a single military hospital in the American Civil War than were gathered under the standard of King Harold, of England, when he lost his life and his kingdom in battle against the Duke of Normandy.

"There were more lives lost in a single battle of the American Civil War than fought under the inspiration of Joan of Arc to save the realm from being conquered by the English.

"The single State of Massachusetts, which was but one of the forty-two States and Territories that sent volunteers to the American Civil War, furnished more troops than the combined armies on the field of Blenheim.

"The combined armies at Waterloo were a hundred thousand less than the citizen soldiery sent to battle from the State of New York alone during the American Civil War.

"The American Revolution, which established the great republic on the Western Hemisphere, becomes almost insignificant in military grandeur when compared with the battles and sieges of the American Civil War, which cemented the States into a perpetual brotherhood.

"There were two soldiers left killed or dying in the American Civil War to every man who fought in the American Revolution. More soldiers were left dead and wounded in the Seven Days' retreat than fought in the combined armies of the English and the Americans at Bunker Hill. More soldiers fell at Antietam than were in the entire British army which was surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga. Twice as many soldiers were missing after the battle of Gettysburg as were in the combined armies that lined up under Washington and Cornwallis when the British surrendered at Yorktown and the political integrity of a new nation was acknowledged by the civilized world.

"The American Civil War, in the magnitude of its combined fighting forces, has not been exceeded by modern wars. From its ranks could have been marshaled nearly two armies of the total strength of Russia and Japan combined in the Russo-Japanese War, more than two armies of the combined strength of France and Germany in the Franco-Prussian War, six armies of the combined strength of the British and the Boers in the Anglo-Boer War, more than seven armies of the combined strength of the Russians and the Allies in the Crimean War, and more than twenty armies of the combined strength of the troops actually engaged by Spain and the United States in the Spanish-American War.

"On the battle grounds of the American Civil War it is estimated that from 600,000 to 1,000,000 human lives were sacrificed by death in battle, disease, or by being permanently disabled. The latter figure is larger than that of the world's wars, except the Napoleonic campaigns, which, lasting nineteen years, or about five times longer, were responsible for just five times as many lives.

"The American Civil War cost, at its lowest estimate, twelve times more than the war between Prussia, Austria, and Italy in 1866, which entailed a loss of 45,000 men. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 and 1871, one of the swiftest and severest conflicts of modern times, the aggregate losses on both sides amounted to 225,000 men, or less than one-half that of the American Civil War. The Russo-Turkish War of 1877 cost almost a quarter of a million lives. The Boer War with Great Britain, from 1899 to 1901, cost in human life about one-fifth that of the American Civil War."

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

BY SAMUEL W. RAVENEL, BOONVILLE, MO.

In giving the following incident of the North Carolina campaign of 1865, which occurred on the night of the battle of Averysboro, N. C., it is from the impressions of a boy of sixteen years; and the fifty years' impairment of memory will be pleaded in excuse for any inaccuracies that may be detected by any survivor of that memorable night and occasion.

On the 16th of March, 1865, the battle of Averysboro, N. C., was bitterly fought during most of the day and until the darkness of night compelled a cessation of the struggle. Evidently the generals commanding had discovered General Sherman's intention of joining forces with General Schofield's army at Goldsboro before they could effect a junction with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army, which they naturally sought to prevent. To that end a conference was called that night, at which it was decided to withdraw during the night from the field at Averysboro, which had been held all day against great odds, and press on to a junction with Johnston's army. This they effected two days later, on the 18th of March, resulting in the hard-fought battle of Bentonville, N. C., the last real battle of the war, referred to by Johnston and Stewart as the battle of Cole's Farm. Hardee's and Johnston's corps, having joined forces during the day, suddenly, even while on the march, determined to hurry on to Bentonville and intercept Sherman before he could meet Schofield or possibly Stoneman.

What I am about to relate is an incident. At the conference referred to on the night of March 16 there were thirteen general officers and their staffs. The hour was near midnight, and the only light was that from the blazing trees of a turpentine-boxed pine forest, each tapering pine, with its box of gum at the root and its trunk scarified and scraped from ten to twenty feet high, all ablaze, making a most weird and unusual scene. These lights for miles around shone not upon the glitter and gloss of the betinseled and band-box sol-



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT, HOLLYWOOD CEMETERY.



CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL INSTITUTE, OR BATTLE ABBEY, RICHMOND.

dier or parlor warrior, but upon the faded and worn gray coats and caps of a remnant of as truly brave and doggedly determined set of veterans and battle-scarred men-at-arms—leaders in the field and at the front—as ever drew sword for battle or sheathed a saber in honorable defeat. Such was the scene that night. What of the personnel? This is the list as I remember: Hardee, Hampton, Wheeler, Taliaferro, McLaws, Haygood, Elliott, Kennedy, Kershaw, Connor, Anderson, Jackson of Georgia, and either Pemberton or Longstreet. (If the latter was at that surrender, then both were there, and there were fourteen generals, for Pemberton was at Taliaferro's headquarters unattached.)

A trivial incident often leaves its impress on the mind of the young. As this conference drew to a close, Capt. Frasier Mathews, of Charleston, S. C., inspector general on General Taliaferro's staff, accompanied by me, started to the battle field with orders from General Taliaferro relative to withdrawing the artillery preparatory to the retreat. As we rode away the Captain remarked to me: "It is not often that a boy has the opportunity to see such a sight. There were thirteen generals in that conference."

Reaching the field, we found that the enemy were literally raking with shot the road over which the trusty artillerymen were trying to save their pieces; so, exercising our good judgment, or precaution, we took to the woods. However, we soon found ourselves in the light of a blaze at which sharpshooters were firing every time it was darkened by anything crossing it, expecting to kill some poor fellow who had escaped the day's dangers. Here the Captain said, "You hold my horse while I go forward and put out that fire," which he soon did at the risk of his life by getting near enough to throw clods of earth on it until the blaze was extinguished.

When he left I realized the danger of his being killed and, boylike, began wondering how long I would have to wait for him, as the tree behind which I was trying to shield myself was struck so constantly that the Captain's fiery horse began jumping and cutting up so that he was continually pulling me from behind my selected breastwork. The firing ceased as soon as the light was out, and, thanks to a kind Providence, the Captain was not struck, nor was I, and I am here to tell this story fifty years afterwards.

DELUSIONS OF SOLDIERS.

BY GEN. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

I have read with keen interest all the letters, pro and con, in the claim of our veteran as to the real cause of Hood's much-discussed failure at Spring Hill.

I cannot see that the VETERAN has unfairly treated the very interesting and circumstantial narrative of Mr. Remington. The extraordinary claim he makes, however, is provocative of thought and discussion. Such cases are by no means uncommon, and it may well be that his memory of actual service during that momentous campaign, his industrious reading of the official reports, and personal reminiscences have combined in the course of years to make him implicitly believe the story with which he startled so many of your readers. Remington was a brave soldier—his comrades bear witness to that fact—but the tale he tells us of that November evening, if true, could hardly have been suppressed all the long years following the war and related only now. It would long since have made him more than famous.

An exploit such as he describes is quite unparalleled. A private soldier, an amateur assistant at the brigade bakery, he arrays himself in the garb of a Confederate captain and in the course of a few hours traverses the lines of both armies, holds familiar converse with most of the generals of Hood's army from the commander down to the brigadiers, rides about from division to division, giving vitally important orders, stopping the one obvious purpose for which they had come to Spring Hill, and, though a stranger to every one of those seasoned and experienced fighters, is implicitly obeyed. Then he rejoins General Opdyke and tells him his marvelous tale and is taken by Opdyke to the division commander, Wagner, to report it. Then he, Opdyke, and Wagner (the generals quitting their commands in their astonishment) go and tell it all to that stanch old fighter Stanley, the corps commander, and from him still farther to that sagacious soldier Schofield, chief in command; and not one of all their number, North or South, or of the staff officers, who must have seen all this and probably heard no little of the talk in all the years of their lives thereafter, was ever known to allude to it. What incredible indifference! Is it conceivable that a soldier who

had saved an army from utter destruction could rest content without so much as a word of thanks or mention and hold his peace no less than fifty years? Is it in the least probable that half a dozen division and brigade commanders such as the South mustered at the close of 1864 would accept such orders from a captain no one of their number ever saw before? Is it not remarkable that of all places in the Southland that spy cousin of Remington's should have been there at Hood's headquarters that very evening all ready to meet him on this unpremeditated mission? It is all magnificent, but it isn't war as the game was played so near the end.

Similar delusions have not been uncommon. An officer of high rank in our army used to describe as an eyewitness the Monitor-Merrimac fight, until an official report proved him to have been at the moment more than thirty miles away. An officer who grew in course of years to believe that he had been all through the battle of Gettysburg was convinced of his error only on being confronted with his own written report as to the whereabouts of himself and his command during the first week of July, 1863. And I know of "modern instances."

TROOPS IN THE BATTLE OF PORT GIBSON.

Hon. Pat Henry, of Brandon, Miss., responds to the complaint of A. H. Plecker, of Lynchburg, Va., in the February VETERAN for a "sin of omission" in his article appearing in the VETERAN for April, 1914, on General Bowen and his services to the Confederacy.

"In that I failed to mention that Captain Anderson's Virginia battery was in the battle of Port Gibson, May 1, 1863, I plead guilty," he writes. "The omission was through inadvertence, and I regret it exceedingly. A section of this battery, if my memory serves me aright, relieved Hudson's Battery on the Bruinsburg road on the morning of the 1st, first line of battle, and was soon in action. Nobly did the Virginians serve their guns, firing in the very faces of the advancing Federals until overwhelmed in front and flank. Their guns were captured, but not until many of their men were killed and wounded. Of my own knowledge, I cannot say how many escaped. Comrade Plecker, who was of this battery, was one of the few who did.

"General Bowen in his report says: 'A section of the Virginia battery was captured; two pieces had to be left for want of horses, all having been killed. The men endeavored to drag the pieces off by hand, but had to leave them.' ('War of the Rebellion,' Volume XXIV., Series 1, page 662.)

"It was not my purpose to make a detailed report of the battle of Port Gibson, but only to pay tribute to a gallant officer who, I feared, was being overlooked. I have said this much of this Virginia battery because of my regret over the failure to mention it as a part of the first line at Port Gibson and to do justice to that gallant band of Virginians who so nobly did their duty on this hotly contested line. I am grateful to Comrade Plecker for calling my attention to this 'omission.' No one can desire more than I to keep history straight."

J. W. Roby, of Sedalia, Mo., adds the following: "A. H. Plecker calls attention to an article by Hon. Pat Henry in regard to the troops under General Bowen in the battle of Port Gibson, Miss., May 1, 1863, but neither one mentions Missouri. General Bowen was a Missourian and part, if not most, of the troops in that battle were Missourians. I myself belonged to Green's Missouri Brigade, and we were there. So let's have correct history."

ARMY CHAPLAINS IN BATTLE.

BY L. FOWLER, KILDARE, TEX.

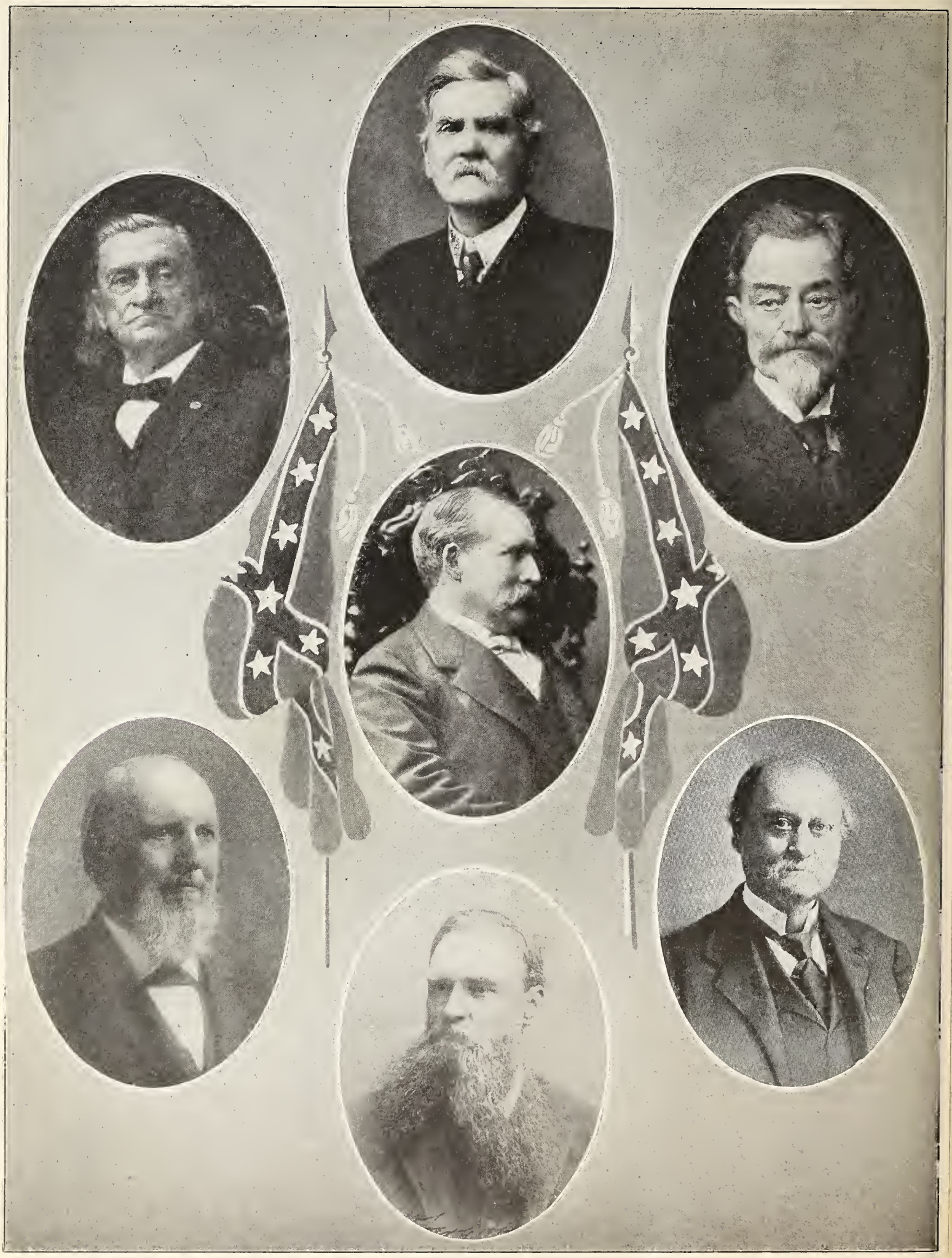
In the VETERAN for December, 1913, there is an article by J. Pinkney Thompson, of Lebanon, Ky., in which he states that the chaplain of the 10th Tennessee Regiment was killed at Jonesboro, Ga., September 1, 1864, and that he was the "only chaplain killed during the War between the States or any other war." Mr. Thompson is in error.

I belonged to Company G, 6th Texas Cavalry Regiment, Ross's Brigade. We were dismounted and served as infantry in the battle of Corinth, and our regimental chaplain was Vanderhurst, a talented young minister from Waco, Tex. As we were about to assault the strong works of the enemy on the morning of the 4th of October, 1862, he came to our company with a gun, went into the charge with us, and in the awful slaughter that followed was shot dead. He was succeeded as chaplain by Rev. Ed Hudson, who was also a member of Company G and who was wounded in the same battle. In the fight near Newnan, Ga., between our cavalry and McCook's raiders, about the 1st of August, 1864, Parson Hudson was desperately wounded while on the battle field assisting a wounded soldier. I was detailed to nurse him, and we remained with kind friends near Newnan until after the war closed, when I brought him back to Waco; but he was never able to walk again without crutches. He died about 1875.

The duties of these good men did not require them to go into much danger; but doubtless there were others whose heroic deeds have never been chronicled and who gave not only their services but also their lives to the call of mercy and of duty.



WHITE HOUSE OF THE CONFEDERACY, NOW THE CONFEDERATE MUSEUM, RICHMOND.



TOP ROW: GEN. ROGER A. PRYOR, GEN. WILLIAM M'COMB, GEN. BASIL DUKE. CENTER: GEN. WILLIAM R. COX.
BOTTOM ROW: GEN. F. M. COCKRELL, GEN. S. W. FERGUSON, GEN. M. J. WRIGHT.

THE LAST OF THE LINE.

Of all that gallant array of general officers who so daringly led the armies of the Confederacy on many hard-fought fields, how many are now left, and who are they?

With the passing years great gaps have been made in the "thin gray line," and now but a small per cent could respond to the long roll. Even smaller is the remnant of those who led this host where valor never faltered. On these pages appear the pictures of a "gallant remnant," nearly all of whom have passed the fourscore mark. Vigorous still in mind and body, they "exemplify in their spirit and career the splendid fighting qualities of the Confederate soldier."

Among them is one who lifted the first banner of the Confederacy and placed it upon the ramparts of Fort Sumter. Gen. Samuel W. Ferguson, a South Carolinian (now living in Gulfport, Miss.), was born in Charleston, and after graduating from its old military academy he was sent to West Point to be trained for the army. As a lieutenant of dragoons he was in the Utah expedition under Albert Sidney Johnston and was on duty in the State of Washington when he learned that South Carolina had seceded. He returned to Charleston and on March 1, 1861, entered the service of his State with the rank of captain. As aid-de-camp to General Beauregard he received the formal surrender of Major Anderson and had the honor of removing the Federal flag and placing upon the ramparts of Fort Sumter the Palmetto flag of his native State. He was made a brigadier general in 1863 and continued in active service to the end. After the surrender of General Lee, his command escorted President Davis from Charlotte to Abbeville, where it disbanded.

Gen. Roger A. Pryor, a Virginian, but a citizen of New York City since the war, is another of the surviving generals who witnessed the surrender of Fort Sumter. He was born in Petersburg, Va., and graduated from Hampden-Sidney College in 1845 and from the University of Virginia in 1848. He was editing the Richmond Inquirer, the leading newspaper of the South, in 1853, and later established a political journal of his own called "The South." He was a member of Congress in 1859 and 1860 and took a prominent part in the South Carolina Democratic Convention in 1860. He advocated Virginia's joining the Southern Confederacy; but, becoming impatient over the delay, he went to Charleston and joined the volunteer staff of General Beauregard, and witnessed the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Though offered the honor of firing the first shot, he declined, saying: "I could not fire the first shot of the war." He was soon made colonel of the 3d Virginia Regiment, and after the battle of Williamsburg he was promoted to brigadier general. As he was born in 1828, General Pryor is now in his eighty-seventh year and remarkably alert and vigorous.

Gen. Basil Duke, whose home is now Louisville, Ky., was a very young man when he was serving as a captain in Missouri. The Governor of that State commissioned him to go to Montgomery, Ala., and get arms from the Confederate government for Missouri troops. He became a "Kentucky colonel" in 1861 when placed in command of the 2d Kentucky Cavalry, and his later movements were closely connected with the operations of the intrepid Morgan, whose death put him in command of Morgan's Cavalry. General Duke was trying to join forces with General Johnston when he heard of the surrender, but he added his force to the small bodyguard of President Davis and escorted him to Washington, Ga.

Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, who has for more than a quarter of a century represented Missouri in the United States Senate, became a supporter of the Confederacy in May, 1861, when he entered the service of the Missouri State Guard. He was successively promoted and was serving as commander of the Missouri brigade during the siege of Vicksburg, receiving his commission as brigadier general a little later on in 1863. He was wounded in several engagements and severely so in the battle of Franklin, receiving wounds in one arm and both legs. General Cockrell has been prominent in public affairs of his State since the war, but held no office until 1875. He was born in 1834.

Gen. William Ruffin Cox, of Richmond, Va., is doubtless the most active and able-bodied of this group. He still looks after his plantation near Richmond, driving out there from his home in the city. General Cox is a native of North Carolina, born in Halifax County in 1832; but after his father's death his mother removed to Nashville, Tenn., where he was educated, graduating from Franklin College and from the famous Lebanon Law School. Returning to his native State in 1850, he was prominent in political circles until the outbreak of the war, when he was commissioned as major of the 2d North Carolina Infantry; and he was promoted successively until the three stars shone on his collar. He was thrice wounded at Chancellorsville and was commended in the highest terms by General Ramseur, his division officer. As soon as able he returned to his command and bore his part nobly in the hard fighting from the Rapidan to the James. After the battle of Spottsylvania he was promoted to the command of the brigade, though then but the junior colonel, and under his leadership the North Carolina brigade fought gallantly to the bitter end. His division led the last charge at Appomattox and covered the retreat so fiercely that the Federals abandoned the attempt to capture the command. General Cox has been prominent in public life since the war and has given much attention to his agricultural pursuits. His erect form, defying age, gives no hint of its eleven scars from wounds received upon the field of battle.



MAJ. GEN. E. M. LAW.

Maj. Gen. Evander McIver Law is the ranking officer of the surviving generals of the Confederacy. He, too, is a South Carolinian, born in Darlington in 1836, and graduated

from the Charleston Military Academy in 1856. Entering the Confederate service as a captain, he was elected lieutenant colonel of the 4th Alabama, one of the commands greatly distinguished in the battle of First Manassas, where he was severely wounded. Later in the year he was made colonel of the regiment and became a brigadier general in October, 1862. When General Hood was wounded at Gettysburg, General Law took command of the division and skillfully carried out the assault against Little Round Top. Again, at Chickamauga, where General Hood lost a leg, General Law led the division most gallantly. He was promoted to major general just before the surrender. He lived in South Carolina after the war until he became the head of the military college at Bartow, Fla., which he still directs.

Gen. Marcus J. Wright is a Tennesseean, born in McNairy County in 1831. He studied law and removed to Memphis, where he was clerk of the Common Law and Chancery Court when the war began. He entered the Confederate service as a lieutenant colonel, his command, the 154th Regiment of Tennessee Militia, having been organized several years before the war. Winning early recognition by his service in fortifying Randolph, on the Mississippi River, above Memphis, he was appointed military Governor of Columbus, Ky., and served until its evacuation. He then commanded his regiment in the battles of Belmont and Shiloh, and in the latter he was wounded. After serving as adjutant general, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, on the staff of Gen. B. F. Cheatham in the Kentucky campaign, he was promoted to brigadier general in December, 1862, and was put in command of Hanson's Kentucky Brigade, later relinquishing that for Donelson's Tennessee Brigade. His last military duties were performed as commander of the district of North Mississippi and West Tennessee under Gen. Richard Taylor, by whom he was surrendered. Since 1878 he has been in charge of the compilation of Confederate records by the government at Washington.

Gen. William McComb is a native of Pennsylvania, but he was a gallant Tennessee soldier in the War between the States. He came South in 1856, and his sympathies were with the South when the struggle began; so he enlisted as a private in the 14th Tennessee Regiment, which was a part of Anderson's Brigade in the Cheat Mountain campaign. He was in all the battles of this regiment, and by successive promotions he had become its colonel in September, 1862. He was repeatedly wounded and had not recovered from his wounds at Chancellorsville in time to take part in the battle of Gettysburg. When Archer's Brigade was consolidated with that of Bushrod Johnson, Colonel McComb was placed in command of the consolidated brigades and received his commission as brigadier general in January, 1865. He followed General Lee to the end—a glorious record for any man. General McComb now lives in Virginia, and he wants all the survivors of his old command to meet him at the Richmond Reunion.



THE COTTON TAX.

Mrs. James H. Gill, of Atoka, Okla., Recording Secretary of the Oklahoma Division, U. D. C., and Chairman of the U. D. C. Cotton Tax Committee, sends this open letter to Confederate veterans and asks their indorsement of the plan for securing the return of the tax. The following forms the basis of this plea:

"'Be it resolved by the United Daughters of the Confederacy in convention assembled in New Orleans, La., November 12, 1913, that we ask each Division represented to appoint a committee of five to bring before the Congressmen of their respective States the matter of the cotton tax collected from 1862 to 1868 and request that our Congressmen coöperate and pass a bill to return this money to the States from which it was collected and that these States return the same to their legal owners, their wives and heirs.'

"When this cotton tax resolution was presented by me at New Orleans it was first adopted by the committee of which Mrs. Kate Hickman, of Nashville, Tenn., was chairman, then presented to the convention as their report and adopted. The President General U. D. C., Mrs. Stevens, has asked me to fill the place of the chairman of the Cotton Tax Committee, as the appointee could not serve. I feel it fair and necessary that this explanation be made.

"With a host of others, I am still of the opinion that the cotton tax refund, if ever made to the South, should be to the legal owners from whom it was collected (illegally, it is true, though it is an error to state that the United States Supreme Court so ruled), not used for pensions for the 'pauper element.'

"The old aristocracy of the South is not dead. Their ranks are thinning. They were the cotton growers, not the overseers nor their sons. Many are in dire need, yet not a single name is to be found on any Southern pension list subscribed to the 'pauper's oath.' Thank God, these grand old soldiers still stand on the 'firing line,' their heads 'bloody but unbowed.' They neither stoop to ask nor accept pensions or admittance to a Home. We have only one means of aiding them, and that is in asking this refund as a just debt, not given as a 'hand-out.'

"We, the daughters of the South, may ask this without loss of self-respect. If the veterans will withdraw their request for this money to be used as pensions, join us in asking for it for the legal, rightful owners (upon reasonable proof, not on the old receipts, for many are lost), there is a fighting chance for success.

"Veterans, do we need to appeal to the chivalry of the South? I am a veteran's daughter. My father was one of the peerless Forrest's men. I feel that as such I have a right to make this plea to you. We want your aid at Richmond. We want you to indorse this resolution and all it stands for, and we ask that you stand shoulder to shoulder with the Daughters' organization until by our united strength justice is done the 'boys who wore the gray.'

"Dare we, who are so jealous of State rights, defraud the individual? We propose this when we ask that this tax, this money that belongs to the cotton growers of the South, be used as pensions for those to whom it does not belong, even if they are Confederate veterans and in need. It is not ours to give, but ours to aid in its restoration to the rightful owners.

"Do I ask my father's comrades in vain?"

THE HANOVER MONUMENT.

BY MISS MARY OVERTON HAW, RICHMOND, VA.

Last summer the historic old county of Hanover added another to the long list of monuments to our "heroes who wore the gray." This monument, erected on the green of Hanover C. H., Va., has been commended by one of the leading Virginia papers as "a monument not only to past valor but to present good taste, a plain obelisk of granite rising from a wide base, ornamented only with the crossed banners of Virginia and the South, being so graceful, so beautiful, and so impressive that it is worthy to rank as a model for future monuments."



HANOVER MONUMENT.

To the Hanover Monument Association is due the credit for erecting the monument from private subscriptions and a county appropriation; and when it was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, several thousand of the citizens of Hanover and many distinguished guests were present to do honor to the occasion. The program included a history of the movement to erect the monument by Hon. Rosewell Page, presentation of the monument by Mr. George P. Haw, President of the Association, to the Board of Supervisors, several songs by school children, and a splendid oration by Col. Robert E. Lee, of Fairfax, followed by the unveiling of the monument by six granddaughters of Hanover veterans.

In his speech Mr. Page called attention to the inscription, "Hanover, to her Confederate soldiers and to her noble women who loved them, 1861-65," and to the bronze tablets affixed to the monument bearing the names, rank, and military record of eleven hundred and fifty-eight soldiers, "which list speaks for itself as an example of consecrated patriotism, for it includes the total male population of Hanover able to bear arms during the war."

Mr. Haw told how three of these companies of the 15th Virginia Infantry, one from each district, were mustered into service and in Camp Lee five days after the ordinance of secession was adopted, justifying the words of Mr. Davis in regard to Virginia: "The voice of Henry called to her from the ground; the spirits of Washington and Jefferson moved among her people." Referring to the location of the monument, he said: "Could there be a more appropriate place to erect a monument than here, where the voice of Henry first rang out, clarionlike, denouncing tyranny and warning the tyrant? Furthermore, the blood of the men whose names are upon those tablets has consecrated every foot of Virginia soil. One of them at Fort Sumter fired the first gun, which, like that at Bunker Hill, was heard around the world. Starting with Manassas, the initial battle of the war, where Fontaine, Bowles, and Kimbrough of the cavalry gave their young lives, it passed along over the hundreds of battle fields—Raccoon Ford, where the gallant Newton died at the head of his charging column; Sharpsburg, where, under McLaws, they checked and hurled back the advancing columns of Sumner, where the Talleys, Wicker, Winston, and others fell; then to Gettysburg, where Leander Blackburn carried the flag of the 66th Virginia to the very crest of Cemetery Ridge and to the stone wall, releasing his hold on the colors only when the shell that took his young life tore its shattered staff from his dying grasp; down to Appomattox, where Henry St. Clair Jones, lieutenant in the 2d Howitzers, gave his lifeblood as a last libation poured upon the country's altar."

Colonel Lee charmed his hearers with descriptions of the brave deeds of Confederate leaders and incidents in the life of his illustrious grandfather and also of his kinsmen, "a noble band of Lees." He also referred to the capture of his father, Gen. W. H. F. Lee, while wounded and taking refuge at Hickory Hill, the beautiful old Wickham home not far from Hanover C. H. He was imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, and when his life was in jeopardy his brother Custis offered to take his place. As Colonel Lee noted how few of the veterans in whose honor the monument was erected were present, he bade them remember that there are two kinds of courage, that of the crisis, which all volunteers experienced when, led on by patriotism and noble excitement, they climbed the heights to fame and freely offered their lives; the other, that of steadfastness, which was demanded of the survivors. These, having risked all and, perchance, wounded or handicapped for life, returned to desolate homes to find all gone save their own manhood and dear ones dependent upon them, took up arms in another struggle, a longer and a harder one, and marched bravely through their valley of desolation without the plaudits of approving watchers to cheer them on to success.

In these well-deserved tributes to our heroes "the women who loved them" were not forgotten, and they received their meed of praise from the speakers, who recalled instances of the courage and self-denial of those women who followed their loved ones not only with their prayers but with every material offering that loving ingenuity could devise. As the sons and daughters of the Confederacy listened to these encomiums they knew them to be just and rejoiced to think from what a noble race they were sprung, and each one was inspired with the desire to help fulfill the prophecy that

> "Thy Southland now shall ever shine,
> Thy fame shall reach from clime to clime,
> Thy victory won, thy royal line
> Shall live in history."

A visitor in the Old Chapel Graveyard, in Clarke County, Va., asked the negro sexton if he knew the whereabouts of a certain grave. "Ole Mis' Annie? Why, ob co'se I know whar my ole mistis is. She yo' gran'ma? Just to think if you hadn't spoke we never would 'er knowed we wus related!"—*From "Dixie Book of Days."*

MEMORIAL DAY.

South winds a-whisper with love,
  Harvesting bees on the wing,
Earth in a transport of joy
  Dancing to welcome the spring;
Yet where the soft shadows fall,
  Sweet with the incense of May,
Silently, safely they sleep
  Under the lilies—the gray.

Murmuring ripple of brooks,
  Birds all a-trill with delight,
Meadow and orchard and lawn
  Dew-bedecked, fair, flower-bright;
Only they peacefully sleep
  'Neath the green branches a-sway,
Under the blossoms of love,
  Under the lilies—the gray.

Though all the earth is awake,
  Teeming with life and aglow,
Only with blossoms to-day,
  Love for our brave we can show.
So with hearts pure as the flow'rs,
  Pausing a moment to pray,
Let us remember who sleep
  Under the lilies—the gray.

So through the ages to come,
  Keeping thoughts nobler within,
Other lives purer will grow
  That such as these have once been.
Hearts and the world will grow young,
  Sweet with the incense of May,
Though hallowed dust they may sleep
  Under the lilies—the gray.

SONGS OF SOLDIER DAYS.

Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York City, sends the VETERAN the words and score of "Lorena," one of the most popular of the war-time songs of 1861-65, of which he writes:

"We are all creatures of sentiment—some of us so full of sentiment at times that we are lifted from our earth of common sense into the thin air of dreamland, from which we are awakened by the very proper sudden descent to our mother's lap.

"I first heard this song in 1862. In July or August of that year a detachment of Morgan's Cavalry came to my native village of Guntersville, Ala. Col. Basil W. Duke was in command, and this distinguished soldier was the guest of my parents. In a bout with our friends in blue a few miles away one of his men, Lieut. Frank Brady, had been wounded, and my mother, who was always doing this sort of thing, took care of him at our home. I was then just seventeen years old and dying to get off to the war. My father, over military age, had volunteered; and as I was the only other male member of the household, my parents insisted that I stay at home to look after the family, at least until I was eighteen.

"You may imagine that a wounded soldier in the house interested us all, and especially me. I made my first hero out of Frank Brady. To that date nothing so picturesque, romantic, nor chivalric had appeared on the horizon of my youthful mind—a handsome, fair-complexioned, blue-eyed Irishman, born a citizen of the world, as are all these sons of Erin, and this one so near a graduate in adventure that he would have fitted in and found himself at home in war or peace, in a hovel or a palace, or anywhere. He was my ideal of the *Beau Sabreur,* mounted splendidly, as were all of Morgan's men, on a blue-grass thoroughbred (for which neither they nor the Confederacy ever paid in other than promissory notes), with pistols and saber and spurs that jingled, and the well-fitted gray uniform, with the bars upon the collar, and that broad-brimmed black felt hat, with one side of the brim tucked up and held by a silver crescent. No wonder the boy was dazzled and small wonder when the time came that he saddled his own thoroughbred, Fanny, and rode away to the war in the shadow of this knight-errant. Among his many charms, not the least attractive was his voice; and when he sang 'Bonny Mary of Argyle' and 'Lorena,' to my musical appreciation at that period the *ultima Thule* of harmony was reached, and, to be frank, it has never gone beyond. I heard the soft, pathetic tones and words many times from the lips of this my minstrel, but never more unforgetably effective than on the occasion I now relate.

"It was the last day of December, 1862, and not only this incident but some other things transpired on that day and night which found an indelible record in my memory cells. Duke had been shot down the day before at Rolling Fork. He was with our company, Quirk's Scouts, when the shell, a shrapnel, exploded just over our heads, and bits of it came whirring among us. Two horses were killed. A fragment struck General Duke on the head, and we thought he had been killed. As he was falling from his horse, Tom Quirk caught him. Placing his limp form astride the saddle, Quirk, sitting behind, forded Rolling Fork, which was near swimming depth. The Yankees under Harlan, with their Parrotts, made the crossing lively for us. I remember one shell that struck in the water near by; and while it was considerate enough not to explode, it splattered the wounded man. Then came Bardstown, where we looted the big store and started at daylight for Lebanon. Some eight or ten miles on the road to Springfield we passed the home of an eccentric brotherhood known as 'Trappists.' As we approached, Lieutenant Brady told us he had heard that the author of 'Lorena' was a Trappist Brother and in this home, and as we rode slowly by he sang 'The Years Creep Slowly By, Lorena,' as I had never heard it sung before or since. I thought that if the sad, wan, heartbroken lover-recluse heard that song of his so sweetly sung, the music of the rich, full tenor voice floating upward to the heaven of harmony for which he was longing and waiting, what dreams of the past must have floated across his memory! what unspeakable sadness must have filled his heart!

"From the score sent me by a New England friend I learn that the author lived for a while in Franklin, Mass., and I infer that he was not a Trappist Brother, and in all probability my sympathy was a misfit; but, in any event, 'Lorena' is worth preserving, for love, its theme, is eternal.

"If any of Morgan's men survive who were in the ride around Lebanon on that awful night of the blizzard, December 31, 1862, they will surely not forget an experience said by General Duke to have been the most trying ordeal of that command during the war."

Lorena

Rev. H. D. L. Webster — J. P. Webster



THE STORY OF "LORENA."

PREPARED BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, OF NASHVILLE.

As the Veteran has been asked to publish the song "Lorena," so popular at the beginning and during the great war of 1861-65, it may be well to give the story of its composition. Several years ago I got a clipping from the Washington Post in which the writer claims to have had the closest personal relations with the author of the poem, and he gives the story of its origin. His statement was also corroborated by a niece of the poet. The articles in the Post were written by Edward Webster to correct the many fanciful statements as to the nature of the song.

The author of "Lorena" was Henry de Lafayette Webster, who was born in Oneida County, N. Y., in 1824, a descendant of a colonial Governor of Connecticut. In 1828 his father removed to Lorain County, Ohio, near Elyria. His opportunities for education were very limited, and he worked hard to help the large family. But when he was eighteen years old his right arm was disabled by an accident, and he set himself with earnest purpose to secure an education and succeeded. He became a preacher in the Universalist Church, much to the chagrin of his mother, an ardent Methodist; but she afterwards followed him into that denomination. In 1853-54 he preached to a congregation in Warren, Mass., and there the poem was composed and published in a paper in Boston. The name was in the first draft "Bertha," afterwards changed to "Lorena." In 1857-58 he was preaching in Racine, Wis., where he met J. P. Webster, a musical composer (but no kin to the author), who set the poem to music, and it went forth on its mission of love.

Now as to the stories that the song is the expression of a broken heart, disappointment in love by the cruelty of wealthy relatives of his beloved, his friend wrote in the Post that he had requested a statement from the author, and this was his reply, dated April 29, 1892: "The episode occurred a good while ago, Ed, and I have forgotten a great deal more than I can remember. If you care to know, I will say that there is much of all the histories I have thus far read that is true. There was an attachment existing once on a time between a Miss Ella Blockson (some write it Bloxom) and myself. A wealthy married sister, with whom the girl lived, raised 'Old Ned' about it and finally broke the engagement. She had higher notions than to have a poor preacher enter the family. To prove the woman's better sense as to the affair, Ella finally married a young lawyer who afterwards became the Chief Justice of Ohio and died about five years ago at Columbus while occupying that honorable position. That was Hon. W. W. Johnson. Our youthful episode occurred while I was settled at Zanesville, Ohio. To look back on the affair, I can honestly say that the girl did infinitely better than if we had had our way, and I felt better—after I got over it."

The author of "Lorena" was happily married at his old home in Ohio to a lady whom he had known from childhood.

THE WEST POINT OF THE CONFEDERACY.*

BY JOHN S. WISE.

BOYS IN BATTLE AT NEW MARKET, VA., MAY 15, 1864.

Lexington, Va., is a somewhat historic spot now, being the burial place of Robert E. Lee and of Stonewall Jackson; and it is by no means inaccessible, having no fewer than three railroads. When I first knew it, it not only had little pretense to fame, but was one of the most out-of-the-way spots in the State.

In the year 1839 the State of Virginia, having an arsenal at Lexington, established there a military school and placed her property in charge of the officers and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute. Under the control of its superintendent, Col. Francis H. Smith, a West Point graduate, the Virginia Military Institute prospered up to the period of the war of 1861. It was conducted in many respects like the National Academy at West Point. Virginia was a wealthy State in those days and took great pride in her military institute. And while the appropriations were not so large nor the appointments so complete as those provided by Congress, the Virginia academy was no mean imitator of West Point.



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE AT PRESENT.

With the outbreak of the war came, of course, a new impetus to everything pertaining to military knowledge; and the Virginia Military Institute, being the largest and the best-equipped establishment of its kind in the South, at once became prominent as a training school. At a later period of the war it had, I believe, the exceptional honor of having sent its corps of cadets as a body into battle. It is to chronicle that episode that I write; for the single martial exploit of that young band of boys was as brave as the archery of the boy marksman of the "Iliad" who launched forth death to the foe from behind the shield of Ajax Telamon.

In the autumn of 1862 the writer, then a lad under the regulation age of sixteen, but admitted as a special favor, reported as a cadet to the superintendent of the institute. It was almost the only school then open in the State. Men had been killed in battle upon the campus of old William and Mary College, at Williamsburg. Her lecture rooms were filled with sick and wounded. Grass was growing upon the pavements of the Virginia University; the colonnades of Washington College were deserted. Teachers and scholars had marched away from all these to the great passion play. But never in her whole history had the Virginia Military Institute been so crowded to overflowing or so aglow with life. Almost entirely depleted at the outbreak of hostilities by the draft of a splendid body of young officers from the corps, she had been replenished by the youngsters whom President Davis afterwards called "the seed corn of the Confederacy," and scarcely a historic family in the South was without its youthful representative there, preparing himself in the military art. The times were stirring. The boy who sought military education then did so, not with the vague idea that at some future day it might prove useful, but almost in hearing of the thunder of the guns. And at the period of my entering the institute the impatience of boyhood had been taught that there was little danger that the war would end before we had our chance. Big Bethel and Manassas had been fought; the Merrimac and the Monitor had met; our armies had passed a winter in camp; the disasters of Roanoke Island, Forts Henry and Donelson, and bloody Shiloh; the seven days' fighting around Richmond—all these had tempered the arrogance and subdued the confidence of men. Predictions of peace in ninety days had ceased, and too many hearts were already bleeding to make the hideous death grapple longer the subject of empty boast or trivial jest. Both North and South were settling down grimly to that agony of war which God grant that you who have never known it may always be spared.

The ante-bellum equipment of the Virginia Cadet Corps had been very complete and striking. It was fully as handsome as the West Point outfit and very much the same. Several years before I had seen those wonderful coatees with their forty-four buttons of shining brass, those marvelous cross belts, and the patent-leather hats with nodding plume or pompon; and since peace has come again, they have bloomed afresh in all their pristine glory. On my journey visions of all this finery had filled my youthful imagination; but when I arrived I found that the blockade and the growing scarcity of everything like luxury and adornment had wrought great changes in the dapper appearance of the corps.

In May, 1862, the cadets had been marched to Jackson's aid at McDowell, in the Shenandoah Valley. They had arrived too late to take part in the battle, but the effect of the march had been to wear out the last vestige of the peace uniforms. Then we had to resort to coarse sheep-gray jacket and trousers, with seven buttons and a plain black tape stripe. The cadet of to-day appears with felt chapeau and a ten-inch cock plume that never knew how to strut until, plucked from a rooster's tail, it was stuck on the top of a cadet's head. We were content with a simple forage cap, blue or gray, as we could procure. The cadet of to-day disports himself in white cross belts, shining plates, and patent-leather accouterments. Then we had a plain leather cartridge box and waist belt with a harness buckle. The cadet of to-day handles a

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bronze-barreled, breech-loading rifle of the latest Springfield pattern. Then we went into the battle of Newmarket with muzzle-loading Belgian rifles as clumsy as pickaxes.

As the war progressed our uniforms ceased to be uniform; for as the difficulty of procuring cloth increased, we were permitted to supply ourselves with whatever our parents could procure, and in time we appeared in every shade from Melton gray to Georgia butternut.

Cadet fare in those days was also very simple, so very simple, indeed, that I doubt whether any body of boys were ever so healthy as we were. What we did get was nutritious and palatable, save an ever-to-be-remembered lot of Nassau bacon that appeared to have been saturated with tar on its blockade-running cruise and an apparently inexhaustible supply of pickled beef so old and tough that it glittered with prismatic splendor in the light.

The course of studies was faithfully pursued. The full professors were nearly all too old for active service. General Smith, Colonel Gilham, Colonel Williamson, and Colonel Preston, after valuable services rendered at the outbreak in organizing forces, had returned to the institute. Colonel Crutchfield returned once wounded and then went back to die most gloriously. Stonewall Jackson, who had been professor, never, if I remember rightly, saw his classroom again; and after he went into the service he never entered the building until, borne upon the shoulders of eight weeping boys, his pale face looked up from the casket on the spot where he had taught, and his voiceless lips filled his old precinct with a silent eloquence which made soldiers and heroes at a single lesson.

The institute was an asylum for its wounded alumni, and many such, banished from home by invasion or distance, occupied the period of convalescence in teaching. One day Cutshaw, one of Lee's best artillerists, shot all to pieces at the front and sent home to die, would teach us mathematics until he could wear his wooden leg back to his battery; and another day Preston, with his empty sleeve, would show us that none of his Latin was lost with his arm. At another time "Tige" Hardin, pale and broken, would come to teach until he could fight again, or Col. Marshall McDonald, now famous as fish commissioner, would hobble in to point with crutch at problems on the blackboard until strong enough once more to point with sword toward the "looming bastion fringed with fire."

From such as these we learned with zest and zeal. They had our hearts to back their efforts. Their very appearance taught us lessons every hour which have been dropped from the curriculum in these tame days of peace.

The *esprit de corps* of the institute was superb. When the command marched forth for any purpose it moved as one man. The drill was perfect. Obedience was instant and implicit. As the war wore on, the stirring events following each other so rapidly and so near at hand bred restlessness and discontent in every high-strung boy among us. Each battle seemed to infuse fresh impatience in the cadets, who would assemble at the sally port for discussion; the mails were crowded with letters begging parents and guardians for permission to resign and go to the war. Good boys became bad ones to secure dismissal, and as the result of these conspiracies regular hegiras would occur. Many a night have I paced the sentry beat, thinking now of the last gay party that had scrambled to the top of the departing stage, commissioned for active service; now envying the careless gayety of the veterans assembled in the officers' quarters, as from time to time their joyous laughter over campaigning yarns burst from the window of some tower room; then hoping against hope, as it seemed, for the day when, like them, I would be a soldier indeed.

The combat deepened. Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and a hundred lesser battles were taking place around us. One day we buried poor Paxton; soon after Davidson was borne home to us; and a little later Stonewall Jackson, in the zenith of his brilliant career, was brought back by his comrades to his home. Who shall tell with what yearning our eyes followed those brave officers as they hurried back to battle from his grave? They left us there as if we had been babes.

But our hour was to come at last. Gettysburg is often referred to as the turning point in the war. It was, indeed, in many ways. Not only was it so in the fact that it baffled and disheartened the almost invincible army of Lee, but also in this, that for the first time it aroused the North to the dangers, the horrors, and the possibilities of fighting upon its own soil and to the necessity of unprecedented effort if the recurrence of invasion was to be prevented. To such an extent were the Federal armies recruited that from the surplus troops a system of raids and incursions was begun by bodies operating independently of the grand armies; and while our diminishing forces were grappling with Grant and Sherman, raiding parties commanded by Sheridan, Stoneman, Wilson, Kautz, Averell, Hunter, Burbridge, and others rode on their flanks or in their rear with torch and sword. This policy was begun late in the summer of 1863. Averell, appearing in the neighborhood of Covington, gave the Cadet Corps a long and fruitless march. The winter of 1863-64 was gloomy enough in the Confederacy. Our soldiers no longer returned from the front exuberant with the joys of camp life and of victory. They were worn and ragged and, if not actually dispirited, were at least sobered and reflective. The thoughtful, the wise shook their heads sadly at the prospects of the opening spring campaign. But in one spot of the Confederacy at least the martial spirit still burned high, and the hope of battle flamed fresh as on the morning of Manassas. One little nest of fledglings yet remained, who, all untried, too young to reason, too buoyant to doubt, were longing to try their wings.

On the 10th of May, 1864, the Cadet Corps was the very pink of drill and discipline and mustered three hundred and fifty strong. The plebes of the last fall had passed through squad and company drill, and the battalion was now proficient in the most intricate manœuver. The broad parade ground lay spread out like a green carpet. The far-off ranges of the Blue Ridge seemed nearer in the clear light of spring. The old guard tree, once more luxuriantly green, sheltered its watching groups of admiring girls and prattling children.

The battalion wheeled, charged, and countermarched in mimicry of war, until at sunset we formed in line for dress parade. The band played up and down the line. The last rays faded upon the neighboring peak of House Mountain. The evening gun boomed out upon the stillness. The colors of the institute dropped lazily from their staff. Never in all her history seemed Lexington and her surroundings more gently beautiful, more calmly peaceful. Such was the sunset hour of that lovely day on which we sought our cots, almost forgetful of the troubled world elsewhere. At midnight, save in the guardroom at the sally port, every light had disappeared. Suddenly the barracks reverberated with the throbbing of drums. We awoke and recognized the long roll. Lights were up; the stoops resounded with the rush of footsteps seeking place in the ranks; the adjutant by lantern light read our orders amid breathless silence. They told us that the enemy was in the valley, that Breckinridge needed help, and that we

were ordered to march for Staunton at daybreak—a battalion of infantry and a section of artillery—with three days' rations. Not a sound was uttered, not a man moved from the military posture of "parade rest." Our beating hearts told us that our hour had come at last.

"Parade's dismissed," piped the adjutant. Then came a wild halloo as company after company broke ranks. Again in fancy I see the excited rush of that gay throng, as eager as greyhounds in the leash, hurrying back and forth, preparing for the start, forgetful that it would be six hours before they should march.

Daybreak found us on the Staunton Pike after a sleepless night and a breakfast by candlelight. We had jeered the little boys who were left behind. We had tramped heavily upon the covered bridge that spans the river until it rocked and swayed beneath our tread. Exuberant with the joyousness of boyhood, we had cheered the fading turrets of the institute as they sank beneath the hills. And now, fairly started upon our journey, we were plodding on right merrily, our gallant little battery rumbling behind.

At midday on the 12th of May we marched into Staunton to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." We were not quite as fresh nor as neat as at the outset, but still game and saucy. I fear it was not the girls we left behind us that occupied our thoughts just then. Staunton then, as now, was filled with girls' schools, and we were very much occupied with the fair faces around us. Our preparation had been simple. Being muddy to the knees, we had waded in a creek until our shoes and trousers were cleansed, and then, picking our way daintily upon the rocks until we reached the pavements, we adjusted our locks in a fence corner by the aid of pocket comb and glass and hurried forward to society. The cadets were the favorites. Perhaps there was something of resentment for this that prompted a veteran regiment to sing "Rock-a-bye, Baby" when we marched past them in the streets.

There was little time, however, for gayety. Breckinridge's army, which had hurried up from Southwestern Virginia to meet Sigel, soon filled the town and suburbs. Now and then a bespattered trooper came up wearily from Woodstock or Harrisonburg to report the steady advance of Sigel with an army thrice the size of our own. Ever and anon the serious shook their heads and predicted hot work in store for us. Even in the hour of levity the shadow of impending bloodshed hung over all but the cadet. At evening parade the command came to move down the valley.

Morning found us promptly on the march. A few lame ducks had succumbed and were left behind; but the body of the corps were still elated and eager, although rain had overtaken us. The first day's march brought us to Harrisonburg; the second to Lacy's Springs, within ten miles of Newmarket. On this day evidences of the enemy's approach thickened on every hand. At short intervals upon the pike, the great artery of travel in the valley, carriages and vehicles of all sorts filled the way, laden with people and their household effects, fleeing from the hostile advance. Now and then a haggard trooper, dispirited by long skirmishing against overwhelming force, would gloomily suggest the power and numbers of the enemy. Toward nightfall in a little grove by a church we came upon a squad of Federal prisoners, the first that many of us had ever seen. It was a stolid lot of Germans, who eyed us with curious inquiry as we passed. Laughter and badinage had somewhat subsided when we pitched camp that night in sight of our picket fires, twinkling in the gloaming but a few miles below us down the valley. We learned, beyond doubt, that Franz Sigel and his army were sleeping within ten miles of the spot on which we rested.

For a while the woodland resounded with the ax stroke or the cheery halloo of the men from camp fire to camp fire; for a while the firelight danced, and the air was savory with the odor of cooking viands; for a while the boys grouped around the camp fires for warmth and to dry their wet clothing. But soon the silence was broken only now and then by the fall of a passing shower or the champing of the colonel's horse upon his provender.

I was corporal of the guard. A single sentinel stood post, while the guard and drummers lay stretched before the watch fire in deep, refreshing sleep. It was an hour past midnight when I caught the sound of hoofs upon the pike advancing at a trot, and a moment later the call of the sentry brought me to him, where I found an aid bearing orders from the commanding general. On being aroused, our commandment rubbed his eyes, muttered, "Move forward at once," and ordered me to rouse the camp. The rolls were rattled off, the short, crisp commands went forth, and soon the battalion debouched upon the pike, heading in the darkness and the mud for Newmarket.

Before we left our camp, something occurred that even now may be a solace to those whose boys died so gloriously on that day. In the gloom of the night Capt. Frank Preston, neither afraid nor ashamed to pray, sent up an appeal to God for protection to our little band. It was an humble, earnest appeal that sunk into the heart of every hearer. Few were the dry eyes, little the frivolity in the command when he had ceased to speak of home, of father, of mother, of country, of victory and defeat, of life, of death, of eternity. Those who but a few hours later heard him commanding Company B in the thickest of the fight, his already empty sleeve showing that he was no stranger to the perilous edge of battle, realized as few can how the same voice can at one time plead reverently and tenderly and at another pipe higher than the roar of battle.

The day, breaking gray and gloomy, found us plodding onward in the mud. The exceedingly sober cast of our reflections was relieved by the lightheartedness of the veterans. Wharton's Brigade, with smiling "Old Gabe" at their head, cheered us heartily as we came up to the spot where they were cooking breakfast by the roadside. Many were the good-natured gibes with which they restored our confidence. The old soldiers were as merry, nonchalant, and indifferent to the coming fight as if it were a daily occupation. One fellow came round with a pair of scissors and a package of cards, offering to cut off lovelocks to be sent home after we were dead. They inquired if we wanted rosewood coffins, satin-lined, with name and age on plate. In a word, they made us ashamed of the solemnity of our last six miles of marching and renewed within our breasts the true dare-devil spirit of soldiery.

The mileposts on the pike scored four miles, three miles, two miles, one mile to Newmarket. Then the mounted skirmishers crowded past us, hurrying to the front. Cheering began in our rear and was caught up by the troops along the line of march. We learned its import as Breckinridge and his staff approached, and we joined in the huzza as that soldierly man, mounted magnificently, dashed past us, uncovered, bowing, and riding like the Cid. Along the crest of the elevation in our front we beheld our line of mounted pickets and the smoldering fires of their night's bivouac. We halted with the realization that one turn in the road would bring us in full view of the enemy's position. Echol's and Wharton's Brigades hurried past us. There was not so much banter then. "Forward!" was the word once more, and Newmarket appeared in sight.

The turn of the road displayed the whole position. A bold range of hills parallel with the mountains divides the Shenandoah Valley into two smaller valleys, and in the easternmost of these lies Newmarket. The valley pike, on which we had advanced, passes through the town parallel with the Massanutten range on our right and Smith's Creek running along its base. The range of hills on our left breaks as it nears the town and slopes down to it from the south and west, swelling



GEN. T. J. JACKSON,

Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Instructor in Artillery, V. M. I., 1852-61.

up again beyond it to the north and west. On the right of the pike, looking toward Newmarket and running over to the creek, a beautiful stretch of meadow land spreads out down to and beyond the town. Orchards skirted the village in these meadows between our position and the town, and they were filled with the enemy's skirmishers. A heavy stone fence and a deep lane ran westward from the town and parallel with our line of battle. Here the enemy's infantry was posted to receive our left flank, and behind it his artillery was posted on a slope, the ground rising gradually until, a short distance beyond the town to the left of the pike, it spreads out in an elevated plateau. The hillsides from this plateau to the pike are gradual and broken by several gullies heavily wooded by scrub cedar.

It was Sunday morning and eleven o'clock. In a picturesque little churchyard, right under the shadow of the village spire and among the white tombstones, a six-gun battery was posted in the rear of the infantry line of the enemy. The moment we debouched it opened upon us. Away off to the right, in the Luray Gap of the Massanutten range, our signal corps was telegraphing the position and numbers of the enemy. Our cavalry was moving at a gallop to the cover of the creek to attempt to flank the town. Echol's Brigade was moving from the pike at a double-quick by the right flank and went into line of battle across the meadow, its left resting on the pike. Simultaneously his skirmishers were thrown forward at a run and engaged the enemy. Out of the orchards and out on the meadows arose puff after puff of blue smoke as our sharpshooters advanced, the "pop, pop" of their rifles ringing forth excitingly. Thundering down the pike came McLaughlin with his artillery, and, wheeling out into the meadows, he swung into battery action left and let fly with all his guns. The cadet section of artillery, pressing a little farther forward, wheeled to the left, toiled up the slope, and with a plunging fire replied to the Federal battery in the graveyard. At the first discharge of our guns a beautiful wreath of smoke shot upward and hovered over them.

The little town, which a moment before had seemed to sleep so peacefully upon that Sabbath morn, was now wreathed in battle smoke and swarming with troops hurrying to their positions. We had their range beautifully, and every shell, striking some obstruction, exploded in the streets. Every man of our army was in sight. Every position of the enemy was plainly visible. His numbers were but too well known to us; for, notwithstanding that his line of battle, already formed, was equal to our own, the reports still came that the pike was filled with his infantry. Our left wing consisted of Wharton's Brigade; the center, of the 62d Virginia Infantry and the cadets; and our right, of Echol's Brigade and the cavalry.

Up to this time I was still corporal of the guard, in charge of the baggage wagon, with a detail of three men, Redwood, Stanard, and Woodlief. We had not been relieved in the general bustle and confusion. My orders were to remain with the wagons at the bend in the pike unless our forces were driven back, in which case we were to retire to a point of safety. When it became evident that a battle was imminent, a single thought took possession of me, and that was that I would never be able to look my father in the face again if I sat on a baggage wagon while my command was in its first, perhaps its only, engagement. He was a grim old fighter, at that moment commanding at Petersburg and a month later fighting at odds against "Baldy" Smith until Lee could come up. He had a tongue of satire and ridicule like a lash of scorpions. I had nearly worried him out of his life with applications to leave the institute and enter the army. If, now that I had the opportunity, I should fail to take part in the fight, I knew what was in store for me. Napoleon in Egypt pointed to the Pyramids and told his soldiers that from their heights forty centuries looked down upon them. My oration, delivered from the baggage wagon, was not so elevated in tone, but equally emphatic. It ran about this wise: "Boys, the enemy is in our front. Our command is about to go into action. I like fighting no better than anybody else. But I have an enemy in my rear as dreadful as any before us. If I return home and tell my father that I was on the baggage guard when my comrades were fighting, I know my fate. He will kill me with worse than bullets—ridicule. I shall join the command forthwith. Any one who chooses to remain may do so." All the guard followed. The wagon was left in charge of the black driver. Of the four who thus went, one was killed and two were wounded.

We rejoined the battalion as it marched by the left flank from the pike. Moving at double-quick, we were in an instant in line of battle, our right near the turnpike. Rising ground in our immediate front concealed us from the enemy. The command was given to strip for action. Knapsacks, blankets, everything but guns, canteens, and cartridge boxes, were thrown down upon the ground. Our boys were silent then. Every lip was tightly drawn, every cheek was pale, but not with fear. With a peculiar nervous jerk we pulled our cartridge boxes around to the front and tightened our belts.

Whistling rifled shells screamed over us as, tipping the hill crest in our own front, they bounded over our heads. Across the pike to our right Patton's Brigade was lying down, abreast of us.

"At-ten-tion-n-n! Battalion, forward! Guide, center-r-r-r!" shouted Shipp, and off we started. At that moment from the left of the line sprang Sergeant Major Woodbridge and posted himself forty paces in front of the colors as directing guide. Brave Evans, standing over six feet two, unfurled our colors that for days had hung limp and bedraggled about the staff, and every cadet in the institute leaped forward, dressing to the ensign, elate and thrilling with the consciousness that "this is war." We reached the hill crest in our front, where we were abreast of our smoking battery and in full sight and range of the enemy. We were pressing toward him at "arms port" with the light, tripping gait of the French infantry. The enemy had obtained our range and began to drop his shell under our noses along the slope. Echol's Brigade rose up and were charging on our right with the Rebel yell. Woodbridge, who was holding his position as directing sergeant, was ordered to resume his place in the line.

Down the green slope we went, answering the wild cry of our comrades as their musketry rattled out its opening volleys. In another moment we should expect a pelting rain of lead from the blue line crouching behind the stone wall at the lane. Then came a sound more stunning than thunder that burst directly in my face. Lightnings leaped, fire flashed, the earth rocked, the sky whirled round, and I stumbled. My gun pitched forward and I fell upon my knees. Sergeant Cabell looked back at me sternly, pityingly, and called out, "Close up, men!" as he passed on. I knew no more. When consciousness returned, it was raining in torrents. I was lying on the ground, which all about was torn and plowed with shell which were still screeching in the air and bounding on the earth.

Poor little Captain Hill, of Company C, was lying near, bathed in blood, with a fearful gash over the temple, and was gasping like a dying fish. Read, Merritt, and another, also badly shot, were near at hand.

The battalion was three hundred yards away, clouded in smoke and hotly engaged. They had crossed the lane the enemy held, and the Federal battery in the graveyard had fallen back to the high ground beyond. "How came they there?" I thought, and "Why am I here?" Then I saw that I was bleeding from a deep and ugly gash in my head. That villainous rifled shell that burst in our faces brought five of us to the ground. "Hurrah!" I thought, "youth's dream is realized at last. I've got a wound and am not dead yet!" And so, realizing the savory truth, another moment found me on my feet trudging along to the hospital, almost whistling with delight at the thought that the next mail would bear the glorious news to the old folks at home, with a rather taunting suggestion that, after all their trouble, they had not been able to keep me from having my share in the fun.

From this time forth I may speak of the gallant behavior of the cadets without the imputation of vanity, for I was no longer a participant in their glory. The fighting around the town was fierce and bloody on our left wing. Patton's movements on our right were rapid and effective. He had pressed forward and gained the village, and our line was now concave with an angle just beyond the town.

The Federal infantry had fallen back to their second line, and our left had now before it the task of ascending the slope, on the crest of which they were posted. Pausing under the cover of the deep lane to breathe a while and correct the alignment, our troops once more advanced, clambering up the bank and over the stone fence, at once delivering and receiving a withering fire. At a point below the town where the turnpike curved the enemy's reserves were massed, in what numbers we could not yet descry. A momentary confusion on our right as our troops pressed through the streets of Newmarket gave invitation for a charge of the enemy's cavalry, who were unable to see McLaughlin's Battery, which had been moved up, unlimbered in the streets, and double-shotted with grape and canister. The cavalry dashed forward, squadron front, in full career. Our infantry scrambled over the fences, cleared the pike, and gave the artillery a fair opportunity to rake them. They saw the trap too late. They drew up and sought to wheel about. Heavens! What a blizzard McLaughlin gave them! They reeled, staggered, wheeled, and fled. The road was filled with fallen men and horses. A few riderless steeds galloped toward our lines, neighed,



VIRGINIA MOURNING OVER HER DEAD.

The touching figure which surmounts the monument commemorating the bravery of the cadets in the battle of New Market is the work of Sir Moses Ezekiel, who was himself one of those cadets. On the sides of the granite pedestal are bronze tablets bearing the names of all cadets who were in the battle. This monument stands in front of Memorial Hall, erected in memory of Stonewall Jackson by the V. M. I. alumni.

"Sleeping, but glorious,
Dead in Fame's portal;
Dead, but victorious;
Dead, but immortal!
They gave us great glory.
What more could they give?
They left us a story,
A story to live."

circled, and rejoined their comrades. One gallant fellow, whose horse became unmanageable, rode through the battery and at full speed passed beyond, behind, and around our line, safely rejoining his comrades and cheered for his daring by his enemies. This was the end of the cavalry in that fight.

Our left had meanwhile performed its allotted task. Up the slope, right up to the second line of infantry, it went; and a second time the Federal infantry was forced to retire. The veteran troops had secured two guns of the battery, and the remaining four had galloped back to a new position in a farmyard on the plateau at the head of the cedar-skirted gully. Our boys had captured over a hundred prisoners. Charley Faulkner, now a grave Senator from West Virginia, came back radiant, in charge of twenty-three Germans large enough to swallow him, and insisted that he captured every man of them himself. Bloody work had been done. The space between the enemy's old and new positions was dotted with their dead and wounded, shot as they fled across the open field. But this same exposed ground now lay before and must be crossed by our own men under a galling fire from a strong and protected position. The distance was not three hundred yards, but the ground to be traversed was a level green field of young wheat.

Again the advance was ordered. Our men responded with a cheer. Poor fellows! they had already been put upon their mettle in two assaults. Exhausted, wet to the skin, muddied to their eyebrows with the stiff clay through which they had pulled (some of them actually shoeless after their struggle across the plowed ground), they nevertheless advanced with great grit and eagerness, for the shouting on their right meant victory. But the foe in our front was far from conquered. As our fellows came on with a dash the enemy stood his ground most courageously. That battery, now charged with canister and shrapnel, opened upon the cadets with a murderous hail the moment they uncovered. The infantry, lying behind fence rails piled upon the ground, poured in a steady, deadly fire. At one discharge poor Cabell, our first sergeant, by whose side I had marched so long, fell dead, and by his side Crockett and Jones. A blanket would have covered the three. They were awfully mangled with the canister. A few steps beyond McDowell, a mere child, sank to his knees with a bullet through his heart. Atwill, Jefferson, and Wheelwright fell upon the greensward and expired; Shriver's sword arm dropped helpless to his side, and Company C thereby lost her cadet as well as her professor-captain. The men were falling right and left. The veterans on the right of the cadets seemed to waver. Shipp, our commandant, fell wounded.

For the first time the cadets seemed irresolute. Some one cried out, "Lie down!" and all obeyed, firing from the knee—all but Evans, the ensign, who was standing bolt upright. Poor Stanard's limbs were torn asunder, and he lay there bleeding to death. Some one cried out: "Fall back and rally on Edgar's Battalion!" Several boys moved as if to obey; but Pizzini, orderly of Company B, with his Italian blood at the boiling point, cocked his gun and swore that he would shoot the first man who ran. Preston, brave and inspiring, with a smile lay down upon his only arm, remarking that he would at least save that. Collona, captain of Company D, was speaking words of encouragement and bidding the boys shoot close. The boys were being decimated. Manifestly they must charge or retire, and charge it was. For at that moment Henry A. Wise, our first captain, beloved of every boy in the command, sprang to his feet, shouted the charge, and led the Cadet Corps forward to the guns. The guns of the battery were served superbly; the musketry fairly rolled. The cadets reached the firm greensward of the farmyard in which the battery was planted. The Federal infantry began to break and run behind the buildings. Before the order to "Limber up" could be obeyed, our boys disabled the trails and were close upon the guns. The gunners dropped their sponges and sought safety in flight. Lieutenant Hanna hammered a burly gunner over the head with his cadet sword. Winder Garrett outran another and attacked him with his bayonet. The boys leaped on the guns, and the battery was theirs; while Evans was wildly waving the cadet colors from the top of a caisson.

A staggering fire of infantry was still kept up from the gully, now on our right flank, although the cadets could see the masses of blue retiring in confusion down the hill. Then came the command to re-form the battalion, to mark time, and to half-wheel to the right, when it advanced again, firing as it went, and did not pause until it gained the pike. The broken columns of the enemy hurried on toward Mount Jackson, hotly pressed by our infantry and cavalry. Our artillery advanced to Rude's Hill and shelled their confused ranks until they passed beyond the burning bridge that spanned the Shenandoah at Mount Jackson.

We had won a victory, not a Manassas nor an Appomattox; but, for all that, a right comforting bit of news went up the pike that night to General Lee, for from where he lay, locked in the death grapple with Grant in the Wilderness, his thoughts were doubtless ever turning, wearily and anxiously, toward this flank movement in the valley.

The pursuit down the pike was more like a foot race than a march. Our boys straggled badly, for all realized that the fight was over, and many were too exhausted to go farther. As evening fell the clouds burst away, the sun came forth, and when night closed in no sound of battle broke the Sabbath calm, save a solitary Napoleon gun pounding away at the smoldering ruins of the bridge across the river. The picket fires of the cadets were lit at beautiful Mount Airy, while the main body bivouacked upon the pike a mile below Newmarket. Of a corps of two hundred and twenty-five men, we had lost fifty-six in killed and wounded.

Shortly before sundown, having had my head sewed up and bandaged, and having rendered such service as I could to wounded comrades, I sallied forth to procure a blanket. We had left our trappings unguarded when we stripped for action. Nobody would consent to be detailed. The result was that the camp followers had made away with nearly all our haversacks and blankets. I entered the town and found it filled with soldiers laughing and carousing as light-heartedly as if it were a feast or holiday. A great throng of Federal prisoners was corraled in a side street under guard. They were nearly all Germans. Every type of prisoner was there—some affable, some defiant, some light-hearted and careless, some gloomy and dejected. One fellow in particular afforded great merriment in his quaint recital of the manner of his capture. Said he: "Dem leetle tevils mit der vhite vlag vas doo mutch fur us. Dey shoost smash mine head ven I vos cry 'Zurrender' all der dime." A loud peal of laughter went up from the bystanders, among whom I recognized several cadets. His allusion to the white flag was to our colors. We had a handsome flag with a white and gilt ground and a picture of Washington. It puzzled our adversaries not a little. Several whom I have met since then tell me they could not make us out at all. Our strange colors, our diminutive size, and our unusual precision of movement made them think we were some foreign mercenary regulars.

The jeers and banter of the veterans had now ceased. We had fairly won our spurs. We could mingle with them fra-

ternally and discuss the battle on equal terms, and we did so. Glorious fellows those veterans were. To them was due ninety-nine hundredths of the glory of the victory; yet they seemed to delight in giving all praise to "dem leetle tevils mit der vhite vlag." The ladies of the town also overwhelmed us with tenderness; and as for ourselves, we drank in greedily the praise which made us the lions of the hour.

Leaving the village, I sought the plateau, where most of our losses had occurred. A little above the town in the fatal wheat field I came upon the dead bodies of three cadets. One wore the chevrons of an orderly sergeant. Lying upon his face, stiff and stark, with outstretched arms, his hands had clutched and torn great tufts of soil and grass; his lips retracted, his teeth tightly locked, his face as hard as flint, with staring, bloodshot eyes. It was hard, indeed, to recognize all that remained of Cabell, who but a few hours before had stood first in his class as a scholar, second as a soldier, and the peer of any boy that ever lived in every trait of physical and moral manliness.

A little removed from the spot where Cabell fell and nearer to the position of the enemy lay McDowell. It was a sight to wring one's heart. That little boy was lying there asleep, more fit, indeed, for the cradle than the grave. He was barely sixteen, I judge, and by no means robust for his age. He was a North Carolinian. He had torn open his jacket and shirt, and even in death lay clutching them back, exposing a fair breast with its red wound. I had come too late. Stanard had breathed his last but a few moments before I reached the old farmhouse where the battery had stood, now converted into a hospital. His body was still warm, and his last messages had been words of love. Poor Jack! Playmate, roommate, friend, farewell.

Standing there, my mind sped back to the old scenes at Lexington when we were shooting together in the "grassy hills"; to our games and sports; to that day, one week ago, when he had knelt at the chancel and was confirmed; to the previous night at the guard fire when he confessed to a presentiment that he would be killed; to his wistful, earnest farewell when we parted at the baggage wagon, and my heart half reproached me for ordering him into the fight. The warm tears of youthful friendship came welling up for one I had learned to love as a brother; and now, twenty-four years later, I thank God that life's buffetings and the cold-heartedness of later struggles have not dammed the pure fountains of boyhood's friendship. A truer-hearted, braver, better fellow never died than Jacquelin B. Stanard.

A few of us brought up a limber chest, threw our poor boys across it, and bore their remains to a deserted storehouse in the village. The next day we buried them with the honors of war, bowed down with grief at a victory so dearly bought.

We started up the valley crestfallen and dejected. Our victory was almost forgotten in our distress for our friends and comrades dead and maimed. We were still young in the ghastly sport. But we proved apt scholars. As we moved up the valley we were not hailed as sorrowing friends, but greeted as heroes and victors. At Harrisonburg, at Staunton, at Charlottesville—everywhere an ovation awaited us such as we did not dream of and such as has seldom greeted any troops. The dead and the poor fellows who were still tossing on cots of fever and delirium were almost forgotten by the selfish comrades whose fame their blood had bought.

We were ordered to Richmond. All our sadness disappeared. A week later the Cadet Corps, garlanded, cheered by ten thousand throats, intoxicated with praise unstinted, wheeled proudly beneath the shadow of the Washington Monument at Richmond to receive a stand of colors from the Governor, the band playing lustily:

"O, there's not a trade that's going
Worth showing or knowing
Like that from glory growing
For the bold soldier boy."

The boys who formed the corps of the West Point of the Confederacy are no longer boys. Many are dead. Many fill high stations in mature manhood. Many are already gray with care. The Virginia Military Institute still survives the wreck of war. But it is not the hotbed of war that it was in those days.

In giving the story of the V. M. I. boys in the battle of New Market, John S. Wise has used his master pen in a descriptive narrative that can hardly be surpassed for its vividness and pathos. Though wounded early in the action and not able, therefore, to give all from personal observation, his report agrees with the views of many eyewitnesses. In one particular he is corrected by Lieut. Carter Berkeley, who commanded a section of McClannahan's Confederate Battery, for saying that "the broken columns of the enemy could be seen hurrying over the hills and down the pike toward Mount Jackson, closely pursued by our infantry and cavalry," the fact being that General Breckinridge had no cavalry at hand at the time and used the artillery to drive the enemy off Rude's Hill, where they had attempted to rally. General Breckinridge had sent all of his cavalry around to the right to get in the rear of the enemy on the pike below Mount Jackson and consequently had to use his artillery instead.

Lieutenant Berkeley tells of the good-natured raillery of his men when passing by the cadets before they went into action in calling to them: "Bombproof!" "Wagon dogs!" "Get out of them good clothes!" The cadets were not accustomed to such badinage and became highly indignant. Later Lieutenant Berkeley noticed the cadets going into line of battle, the 62d Virginia of Imboden's Brigade, commanded by Colonel Smith (an old cadet), on the right, with Ector's Brigade on their left, and he called to his boys: "Look yonder at your 'bombproof' friends. How beautifully they are going into action! Let's help them." And the command was ordered to limber up and move nearer to the front.

"Soon after the fight," says Lieutenant Berkeley, "I met young Sandy Stuart, one of the cadets. I remember well what a gallant-looking fellow he was. He was wringing wet, and his hands and face were black with powder. They had muzzle-loaders then, and the men had to bite the cartridges before putting them in the gun. He said to me: 'Lieutenant, the blot on the Institute has been wiped out to-day by the best blood of Virginia.' I replied: 'Sandy, I never knew there was a blot on the Institute.' 'Yes,' he said; 'your boys tried to put a stigma on us this morning, calling us "bombproof and wagon dogs".' 'O,' I replied, 'my boys were only joking; they were all proud of you.'"

General Breckinridge's remarks to the cadets after the battle filled their souls with pride when he said: "Young gentlemen, I have to thank you for the result of to-day's operations."

"Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there
And knew who bore it knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die."

ORIGIN OF AN IRONCLAD.

How the Merrimac Came to Be Transformed—the Original Plans Still in Existence.

BY JOHN W. H. PORTER, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

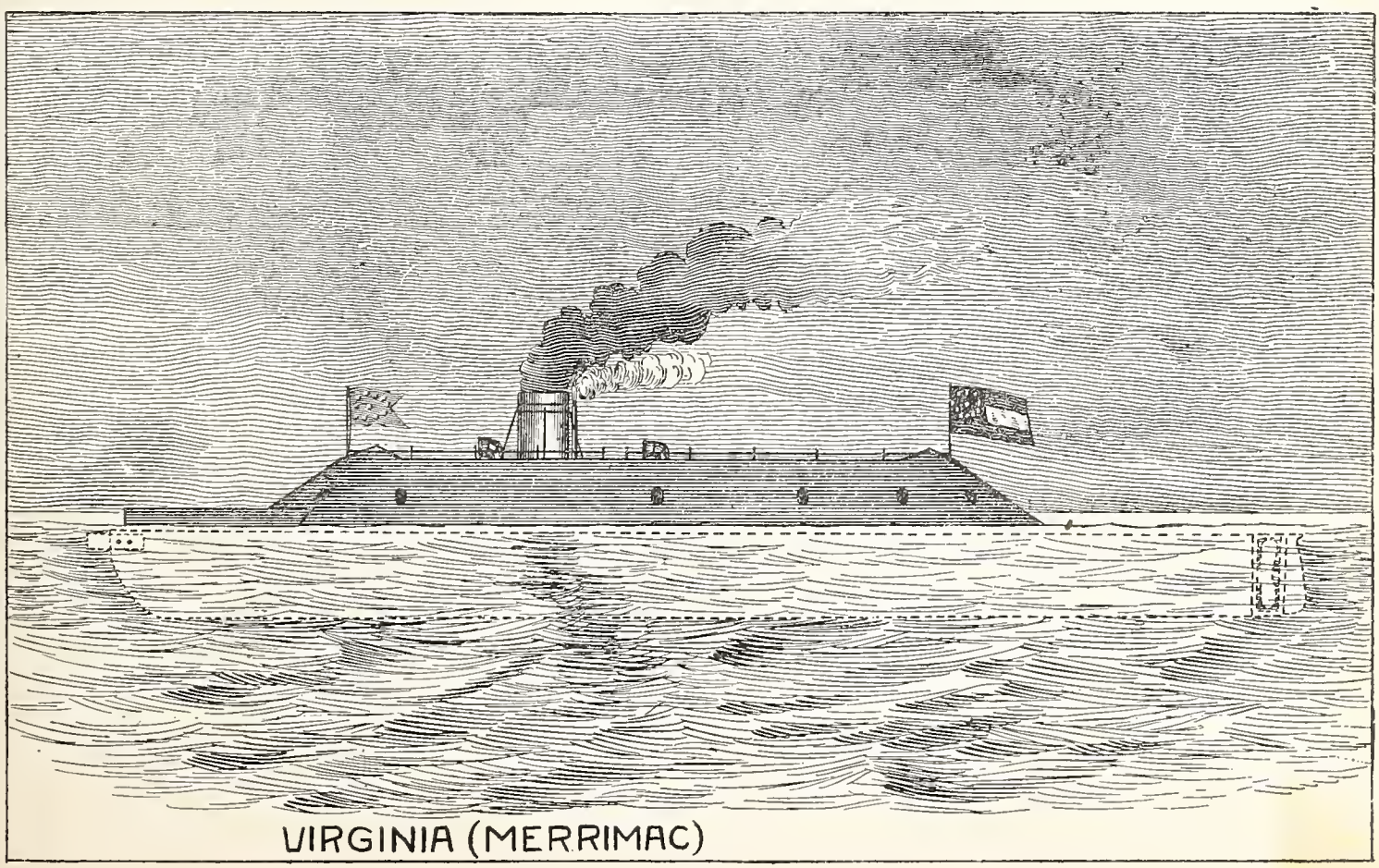
In the prize essay by Miss Margaret L. Von Der Au, entitled "Virginia's Contribution to the Confederacy," appearing in the Veteran for February, appears the following: "To Virginia, through John M. Brooke, is due the credit for introducing the ironclad vessel in naval warfare. Lieutenant Brooke had originated a plan to convert the hull of the Merrimac into a shot-proof steam battery with iron-plated sides and submerged ends."

President Davis, in his first book, "A Short History of the Confederate States," misled by a somewhat equivocal report of Secretary Mallory to the Confederate States Congress in 1862, gave the credit of this invention to Lieutenant Brooke; but when he wrote his later book, "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," he had discovered his error and corrected it. Since then a number of writers, following the idea that it is easier to copy what has already been written than it is to make an investigation, have copied Mr. Davis's mistake without noticing his later correction.

I am personally acquainted with nearly all of the facts connected with the conversion of the Merrimac into an ironclad and have in my possession the original plans under which the work was done. It is a mistake to say that the vessel was raised by the Confederate authorities with a view to converting her into an ironclad. She was not raised by the Confederate authorities at all. She was raised by the authorities of the State of Virginia, solely because she was an obstruction to navigation, before Virginia joined the Southern Confederacy and while the Confederate Congress was at Montgomery. The report of her raising was made by Commodore Forrest to General Lee, commanding the Virginia forces, and a later report was made by Captain Barron to Governor Letcher. The vessel was sunk at the Gosport Navy Yard by the Federal authorities in April, 1861, when they abandoned the yard; and while resting on the bottom of the river with her upper works above the water she caught fire from a burning ship house, and all of her that was above the water was burned. When she was raised, it was for the purpose of getting her out of the way. The idea of making an ironclad of her had not entered the mind of any one.

In 1846 Mr. John L. Porter, then an acting naval constructor in the United States navy, was ordered to Pittsburg to superintend the building of the iron sloop of war Alleghany, and while there he conceived the idea of a self-propelling ironclad vessel. There had been ironclad floating batteries before then. He drew his plans and submitted them to the Navy Department at Washington, but nothing was done with them except to acknowledge their receipt. Mr. Porter, however, transferred the plans to his book of naval designs for future use.

At the breaking out of the War between the States Mr. Porter, then a full constructor in the United States navy, was on duty at the Gosport Navy Yard, but resigned his commission in the navy and cast his fortunes with his native State, Virginia. The idea of his Pittsburg ironclad was revived, and he had a model made of it, so modified as to meet the facilities at the disposal of the South to build. On the 23d of June, 1861, he carried his model to Richmond and the next day took it to the Navy Department and submitted it to Secretary Mallory, who immediately appointed a board, composed of Mr. Porter, Chief Engineer Williamson, and Lieutenant Brooke, to consider it. Messrs. Williamson and Brooke were in Richmond. Though Mr. Porter and Mr. Williamson were friends, Mr. Porter had not up to that time seen Mr. Brooke,



VIRGINIA (MERRIMAC)

who was a near relative of Mr. Williamson. The board met the next day, June 25, and Mr. Williamson and Mr. Porter have stated repeatedly and positively that there was nothing before the board or considered by it except Mr. Porter's model. The board decided to adopt the model and build a vessel after it. In discussing the time it would require to complete her, Mr. Williamson remarked: "It will take a year to build her machinery unless we can utilize some of the machinery in the Merrimac." Mr. Porter replied: "I can adapt this plan to the Merrimac. Why can you not use all of the machinery in her?" Mr. Williamson replied: "I can." Whereupon, without further discussion, the board decided to recommend that the Merrimac be converted into an ironclad. The whole thing arose from a chance remark of Mr. Williamson's to utilize a portion of her machinery for another boat. Mr. Porter was the only one of the three who had seen the Merrimac since the Federals burned her. After she was raised, he had her put in the dry dock at the Gosport Navy Yard and made a thorough examination of her. The foregoing account of what took place at the meeting of the board is given by Messrs. Williamson and Porter, and both of them have stated with equal positiveness that Mr. Brooke had nothing to do with the vessel except to superintend the construction of some of her guns.

Lieutenant Brooke, in his testimony under oath before the Congressional Committee, which was investigating the Confederate Navy Department, on the 26th of February, 1863 (see page 410 of the published report), testifying as to the action of the board, confirms in the main the statements of Messrs. Williamson and Porter. He says: "The constructor brought with him a model. I should have said the name of the constructor was J. L. Porter. This model is one of the models now in the Secretary's room. It consisted of a shield, hull, etc. The Secretary directed the constructor, Chief Engineer Williamson, and myself to meet him at my office here. We met there, and this model was examined by us all, and the form of the shield was approved. It was considered a good shield and for ordinary purposes a good boat for harbor defense. Mr. Williamson proposed to put the shield on the Merrimac. Mr. Porter and I thought her draft was too great, but were, nevertheless, of the opinion that it was the best thing that could be done with our means." Mr. Brooke further says, after telling of the adoption of Mr. Porter's shield and the decision to put it on the Merrimac: "The Secretary then called the attention of Mr. Porter and Mr. Williamson to the drawing giving a general idea of the vessel I proposed." Later on he says those drawings were "rough pencil sketches."

Mr. Williamson and Mr. Porter positively deny that any of Mr. Brooke's drawings were before the board or considered by it, but this is immaterial in this connection; for, even according to Mr. Brooke's own testimony, Mr. Porter's shield was adopted and was put on the Merrimac, and this decision was reached by the board before there was anything said about his rough pencil sketches. What, then, did he have to do with it except to sign his name to the report? Are Mr. Brooke's friends willing to accept his own sworn testimony?

After the submission of the report to Secretary Mallory, Mr. Porter returned to the Gosport Navy Yard to make the necessary drawings, and Mr. Williamson also went there to take charge of the machinery of the vessel. Mr. Porter completed the plans (as already stated, I have them now in my possession), took them to Richmond July 11, and submitted them to Secretary Mallory, who approved them and wrote with his own hand the following order, which he asked Mr. Porter to deliver to Commodore Forrest. Up to that time Mr. Brooke had not even seen the plans of which some of his friends claim he was the author:

"Navy Department, Richmond, July 11, 1861.

"Flag Officer F. Forrest—Sir: You will proceed with all practical dispatch to make the changes in the Merrimac and to build, equip, and fit her in all respects according to the designs and plans of the constructor and engineer, Messrs. Porter and Williamson. As time is of the utmost importance in the matter, you will see that the work progresses without delay to completion. S. R. Mallory,

Secretary Confederate States Navy."

Where does Lieutenant Brooke come in? Can there be any question here as to whose plans the Secretary had approved? On the 19th of August he wrote again to Commodore Forrest and sent the following order, expediting the work, in which he goes so far as to declare the purpose of holding Mr. Porter and Mr. Williamson personally responsible for the success of their plans:

"Confederate States Navy Department,
Richmond, August 19, 1861.

"Flag Officer F. Forrest, Commanding Navy Yard, Gosport —Sir: The great importance of the service expected of the Merrimac and the urgent necessity of her speedy completion induce me to call upon you to push forward the work with the utmost dispatch. Chief Engineer Williamson and Constructor Porter, severally in charge of the two branches of this great work and for which they will be held personally responsible, will receive, therefore, every possible facility at the expense and delay of every other work on hand if necessary. S. R. Mallory, *Secretary Confederate States Navy."*

Again, on the 18th of July, 1861, Mr. Mallory submitted a report to the Confederate Congress in which he said: "The cost of the work is estimated by the constructor and engineer in charge at $172,523; and as time is of the first consequence in the enterprise, I have not hesitated to commence the work and to ask Congress for the necessary appropriation."

Now I will renew a proposition I made several years ago at a meeting of the Grand Camp of Virginia Confederate Veterans at Culpeper. I have submitted herein two separate orders and one official report from Secretary Mallory, contemporaneous with the work, crediting the plans of the vessel to Naval Constructor Porter and the machinery to Chief Engineer Williamson, and I will give $1,000 to any Confederate charity that may be named if any friend of Lieutenant Brooke will produce any authentic order, letter, or report emanating from the Confederate Navy Department or any newspaper account or other publication prior to the 8th of March, 1862 (when the vessel made her fight and proved a success), connecting Mr. Brooke's name either directly or indirectly with the authorship of the plans converting her into an ironclad. No such plans ever had existence.

In another connection Miss Von Der Au quotes from Scharf's history of the Confederate navy, which, by the way, is the only real history of the navy ever published, but overlooked the author's comments on the Merrimac. On page 151 he reviews carefully the evidence bearing on the controversy and says: "Weighing carefully all the evidence, it appears at this time that to Constructor Porter is due the honor of the plan, the only really original thought or idea about the ship; that to Engineer Williamson is due the credit of repairing and adapting the engines of the Merrimac to the propulsion of the new Virginia."

On the 29th of March, 1862, Mr. Porter wrote a letter to the Richmond Examiner, which was submitted to Mr. Williamson for his approval. The following extract is taken from it as published: "Of the great and skillful calculations of the displacement and weights of timber and iron involved in the planning and construction of this great piece of naval architecture and of her present weight, with everything on board, no other man than myself has or ever had any knowledge. If he has, let him show it; for while public opinion said she never would float, no one save myelf knew to the contrary or what she was capable of bearing. * * * I never thought for a moment that, after the many difficulties I had to encounter in making these new and intricate arrangements for the working of this novel kind of ship, any one would try to rob me of my just merits; for if there was any other man than myself who had any responsibility about her success or failure, I never knew it (except so far as the working of her machinery was concerned, for which Chief Engineer Williamson was alone responsible)."

I will add here, for I was present and saw it, that when the water was turned into the dry dock at the navy yard when the ship was floated not a single one of the officers who had been ordered to her remained on board. Fearing she would turn over, every one of them went ashore and stood on the side of the dock until she was afloat. And the day before, when Constructor Porter reported to Capt. S. S. Lee, executive officer of the navy yard, that he would turn the water into the dock the next day, Captain Lee asked with all seriousness: "Mr. Porter, do you really think she will float?" But after she proved a success there were a number of people who stepped up and claimed a hand in it.

The original plans under which the changes were made in the ship and which are still in my possession bear incontestible proof of their author. These plans have never been copied, except once. Some years ago they were loaned to the Navy Department at Washington and a copy was made by the Department to be placed on file among the "Confederate archives" there. With these plans in my possession, I cannot understand why some people of respectability and standing will persistently publish as a truth that the ship was converted into an ironclad after plans of Lieutenant Brooke, when no such plans ever had existence and, because they never existed, could never be produced. Too much has been written and published as history which belongs to the realm of fiction.

THE BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS.

[From "History of Norfolk County, Va., 1861-65," by John W. H. Porter.]

When the water was turned into the dry dock and the Merrimac was floated, her name was changed by order of the Secretary of the Navy to the Virginia; and though not really completed, Captain Buchanan, who had been assigned to her as her commander, decided to proceed with her to attack the Federal vessels in Hampton Roads, and on the 8th of March, 1862, a little before noon, she steamed slowly away from the navy yard. Both banks of the river were lined with spectators, and the troops stationed at the various batteries around the harbor cheered her as she passed. She appeared on the water like a sunken house with nothing but the roof above the tide. Her officers were:

Captain, Franklin Buchanan, of Maryland.

Lieutenants: Catesby ApR. Jones, of Virginia; Charles C. Simms, of Virginia; Robert D. Minor, of Virginia; Hunter Davidson, of Virginia; John Taylor Wood, of Louisiana; J. R. Eggleston, of Mississippi; and Walter R. Butt, of Virginia.

Midshipmen: R. C. Foote, of Tennessee; H. H. Marmaduke, of Missouri; H. B. Littlepage, of Virginia; W. J. Craig, of Kentucky; J. C. Long, of Tennessee; and L. M. Roots, of Virginia.

Paymaster, James Semple, of Virginia.

Surgeon, D. B. Phillips; assistant surgeon, A. S. Garnett—both of Virginia.

Captain of marines, R. T. Thom, of Alabama.

Engineer in chief, H. Ashton Ramsay, of Virginia; assistants, John W. Tynan, of Virginia; Loudon Campbell, of Virginia; Benjamin Herring, of North Carolina; E. V. White, of Georgia; E. A. Jack, of Virginia; and Robert Wright, of Virginia.

Boatswain, Charles H. Hasker; gunner, Charles B. Oliver; carpenter, Hugh Lindsay; clerk, Arthur Sinclair, Jr.; volunteer aid, Douglas F. Forrest; commandant united artillery, Capt. Thomas Kevill—all of Virginia.

Pilots, William Parrish, William Clarke, Hezekiah Williams, and George Wright—all of the Virginia Pilots' Association.

Her crew was made up of about three hundred men, some of whom were seamen; but the larger portion were landsmen, who volunteered from the army. For such service as was expected on the Virginia, landsmen were as good as seamen. No record has been kept of the names of the crew. Some of the men were obtained from General Magruder's army on the Peninsula, some were from Norfolk County and Portsmouth, and thirty-one men from the United Artillery Company of Norfolk, under Captain Kevill, volunteered to make up her complement. Sixteen of that number manned the forward gun on the starboard side, and the rest were distributed among the other guns' crews.

In order to guard against any accident to her machinery, her engines were worked very slowly until she reached Hampton Roads. Chief Engineer Ramsey is reported as having said that he had little confidence in it, but it worked very well during the engagement. After passing Seawell's Point, the pilot took the south channel for Newport News, where the frigate Congress and sloop-of-war Cumberland were lying at anchor. While the Virginia was heading for Newport News the United States steam frigate Minnesota started from Old Point by the north channel to the assistance of her consorts and was soon followed by the steam frigate Roanoke and the sailing frigate St. Lawrence. The Minnesota grounded about a mile and a half from Newport News, and the Roanoke and St. Lawrence, seeing the result of the battle with the Congress and Cumberland, retired to Fortress Monroe, not, however, before the latter had received a seven-inch shell from the Virginia.

While the Minnesota was moving up from Fortress Monroe she passed within range of the rifled guns in the Confederate batteries at Seawell's Point, manned by the Jackson Grays (Capt. William H. Stewart, of Norfolk County), Company A, 61st Virginia Regiment, and they opened fire upon her. She returned the fire, but without effect. Several shots from the battery struck the ship, and one of them lodged in her mainmast. The officers of the Minnesota took this for a shell from a six-inch Armstrong gun.

The Virginia was accompanied by the gunboats Raleigh (Lieut. J. W. Alexander), mounting one rifled 32-pounder gun, and Beaufort (Lieut. William H. Parker), mounting one rifled 32-pounder and one 24-pounder. The lookouts on the Congress and Cumberland sighted the Virginia as soon as she passed Craney Island, and both ships prepared for action.

Moving slowly toward the enemy, Captain Buchanan gave the order to fire the bow gun at the Cumberland when about a thousand yards from her. The gun was a seven-inch rifle, and it was so well aimed that the shell passed through the Cumberland, raking her fore and aft and doing fearful execution. The captain of the gun was named Cahill. He was from New Orleans and volunteered from one of the Louisiana regiments at Yorktown to serve on the Virginia. Mr. Richard Curtis, formerly of Portsmouth, but now of Norfolk, was also at this gun. He entered the Confederate service in one of the Hampton companies which was attached to General Magruder's command and, like Cahill, volunteered to serve on the Virginia.

The course the Virginia pursued brought her abreast of the Congress before reaching the Cumberland; but, passing the former vessel with a broadside, Captain Buchanan stood for the Cumberland and passed word down to his crew to stand fast, that he was going to ram her. True to his purpose, he struck her on the starboard side, knocking in her a large hole, from which she filled and sank in about fifteen minutes. The Congress and Cumberland both opened their guns upon the Virginia, but the shots glanced harmlessly from her shield. As the Cumberland careened over from the blow of the Virginia the men on the Virginia saw her bulwarks lined with sailors and marines armed with cutlasses and muskets to repel an attack of boarders, her commander thinking that was the purpose of the Virginia in coming so near without firing upon her. Almost immediately after the impact the bow gun of the Virginia was fired a second time into the Cumberland; and the sponger, in his enthusiasm, leaped into the porthole to sponge out the gun. As he did so he was killed by a musket ball from the Cumberland, which entered his forehead. His name was Dunbar, and he too was from New Orleans.

Passing beyond the Cumberland, which soon went down bow foremost with her colors flying and guns firing, the Virginia kept on until she found room to turn around, when she returned to engage the Congress. This vessel was run ashore by her commander to escape the ramming power of the Virginia, but was soon disabled, her decks strewn with dead and wounded, and the vessel on fire in three or four places. After about an hour's firing she hoisted a white flag in token of surrender. The Beaufort and Raleigh steamed alongside of her and took possession. Two of her officers, Lieutenants Smith and Pendergrast, went on board the Beaufort and surrendered their swords, after which they asked permission to return to the Congress to assist in removing the wounded to the Beaufort, as the Congress was on fire. The permission was granted, but they availed themselves of it to make their escape to the shore and never returned to the Beaufort.

The enemy kept up a constant fire of musketry and artillery from the shore to prevent the Confederates from taking possession of the vessel, and a number of men on the Raleigh and Beaufort were killed and wounded, among them some of the Federal prisoners from the Congress. Lieutenant Minor, of the Virginia, while rowing to the Congress in the Virginia's launch, was also wounded. This determined Captain Buchanan to destroy her. He accordingly set her on fire with hot shot from the Virginia. She burned until about midnight, when, the fire having reached her powder magazine, she was blown up.

During the engagement Captain Buchanan stood in one of the hatchways in the top of the Virginia's shield and from that position directed the movements of the vessel; but, desiring to return the fire from the shore, he called for a musket. Getting above the shield so that he could take better aim, he exposed nearly his whole body, and his thigh bone was broken by a musket ball from the shore. The wound disabled him, and the command of the vessel devolved upon Lieutenant Jones. Captain Buchanan's leg was subsequently amputated. Lieutenant Jones now directed his attention to the Minnesota, which was still aground and separated from the Virginia by the "middle ground," or shoal.

Before the Congress surrendered, the Confederate vessels had been reënforced by the James River squadron, composed of the Patrick Henry, twelve guns, under Capt. John R. Tucker; the Thomas Jefferson, two guns, under Lieut. J. M. Barney; and the Teazer, two guns, under Lieut. W. C. Webb. These vessels ran past the shore batteries at Newport News without suffering any material injury, except that the Patrick Henry received a shot through her boiler which disabled her temporarily. The escaping steam scalded four men to death. The Thomas Jefferson towed her out of action, and after a delay of about two hours repairing damages she returned and played a prominent part in the battle. These vessels, being of lighter draft than the Virginia, succeeded in getting much nearer to the Minnesota than the ironclad could. The Minnesota was very badly cut up, and Capt. Van Brunt, her commander, says it was more from the fire of the gunboats than from the Virginia. The engagement was kept up until darkness prevented a proper aim, when the Confederate vessels retired to Seawell's Point with the intention of renewing the battle in the morning.

During the night efforts were made to get the Minnesota afloat, but they were unsuccessful, and in the morning she was lying almost exactly where she grounded the day before. About 7 A.M. on the 9th the Confederate flotilla again advanced against her for the purpose of completing her destruction. A new antagonist, however, appeared upon the scene and offered battle. This was a Federal ironclad which had arrived during the night and proved to be the Ericsson Monitor. It consisted of a hull, sharp at both ends, standing about eighteen inches out of the water, and amidships on the deck was a round turret of iron nine inches thick in which were two eleven-inch Dahlgren guns. When the Monitor first made her appearance from behind the Minnesota she looked like a raft to the people on the Virginia, and Lieutenant Davidson remarked, "The Minnesota's crew are leaving her on a raft"; but the raft started toward the Virginia and showed fight.

The details of this combat are very interesting in marking a new era in naval warfare. For the first time in the history of the world two ironclads were contending for the mastery. They were made upon different plans. That of the Virginia, with inclined sides, was the better plan of the two and has since been adopted by the United States government in the construction of its later war vessels; but the greater mechanical facilities at the disposal of the United States enabled that government to build the better war vessel upon an inferior plan. The Virginia's great length, deep draft of water, and inferior machinery were disadvantages as compared with her antagonist's greater speed, lighter draft, and ability to turn in a shorter space. The armor of the Monitor was five inches thicker than that of the Virginia and was made in large plates without the wooden backing, but, being perpendicular, had to resist the shots of the Virginia by main strength; while the inclined sides of the Virginia caused the shots of the Monitor to glance off without imparting their full momentum.

When the ironclads became engaged the Confederate wooden vessels retired from the contest to await the result of the battle. For several hours, part of which the two ships were almost touching each other, they continued pouring broadside

after broadside into each other without any apparent effect. The Monitor fired both solid shot and shell, while the Virginia had nothing but shell. These were not heavy enough to penetrate the Monitor's armor, while the heavy projectiles from that vessel glanced harmlessly from the Virginia's inclined sides. Both seemed to be invulnerable. At one time during the action the Virginia got aground, and the Monitor took up a favorable position for attack; but the Virginia soon floated again and attempted to run down the Monitor. The latter however, partially avoided the blow, which glanced from her side.

It has been claimed by Confederate authority that, but for a mistake made at this time on the part of the Virginia, she would have forced the Monitor under water. It is said that while her bow was pressing against the Monitor's side that vessel was being bâdly careened and that a few more forward turns of the Virginia's propeller would have forced her under the water; but the Virginia's engines were reversed, and the two vessels separated. Finally a shell from the Virginia struck the pilot house of the Monitor and disabled her commander, Lieut. John L. Worden, who had taken up his position there The Monitor then withdrew from the fight and steamed away toward Fortress Monroe. The Virginia again turned toward the Minnesota as if to complete her destruction, and Capt. Van Brunt was considering the propriety of setting her on fire to prevent her falling into the hands of the Confederates, when, very much to his surprise as well as to his delight, the Virginia changed her course and steamed for Seawell's Point, whence she continued on to the navy yard.

No satisfactory reason has been given why the Virginia left the Roads without first destroying the Minnesota. The Monitor had withdrawn from the fight, and the Minnesota lay there a helpless prey, unable to move. The reported leak on the Virginia's bow, caused by the breaking off of her beak when she rammed the Cumberland, was an insignificant affair at best and had been stopped by Mr. Hasker, the boatswain. The machinery of the vessel was working very well, the tide did not necessitate her return, for she remained in the Roads until dark the day before, and there was no necessity for her immediate return to the navy yard. The only inconvenience which resulted from the action was the perforation of her smokestack with numerous shot holes; but the withdrawal of the Monitor left the Virginia in a position to have had those stopped up temporarily and with little loss of time. As it was, her returning to the navy yard without first destroying the Minnesota has enabled the Northern historians to lay claim to a victory for the Monitor.

Capt. Van Brunt, commander of the Minnesota, in his official report of the action, says the Monitor was the first to withdraw. He says: "The Merrimac, finding that she could make nothing of the Monitor, turned her attention once more to us, and now, on her second approach, I opened upon her with all my broadside guns and ten-inch pivot gun, a broadside which would have blown out of the water any timber-built ship in the world. She returned my fire with her rifled bow gun with a shell which passed through the chief engineer's stateroom, through the engineer's messroom amidships, and burst in the boatswain's room, tearing four rooms into one, in its passage exploding two charges of powder which set the ship on fire, but it was promptly extinguished by a party headed by my first lieutenant. Her second shell went through the boiler of the tugboat Dragon, exploding it and causing some consternation on board my ship for the moment until the matter was explained. This time I had concentrated upon her an incessant fire from my gun deck, spar deck, and forecastle pivot guns, and I was informed by my marine officer, who was stationed on the poop, that at least fifty solid shot struck her on her slanting side without producing any apparent effect. By the time she had fired her third shell the little Monitor had come down upon her, placing herself between us and compelling her to change her position, in doing which she grounded, and I again poured into her all the guns which could be brought to bear upon her. As soon as she got off she stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around and ran full speed into her antagonist. * * * The Rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot house of the Monitor, and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable that she had exhausted her supply of ammunition or sustained some injury. Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship, and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition. I was hard and immovably aground, and they could take position under my stern and rake me. * * * After consulting my officers, I ordered every preparation to be made to destroy the ship after all hope was gone to save her. On ascending my poop deck I ascertained that the enemy's vessels had changed their course and were heading for Craney Island."

Thus it is apparent that, had the Virginia remained ten minutes longer in Hampton Roads, the Minnesota would have been destroyed by her own crew.

The Virginia returned to the navy yard and was docked. A new and stronger prow was put on her, and a course of two-inch iron, extending four feet down from the knuckle, was placed all around her, wrought-iron shutters were fitted to her four quarter ports, and solid shot were cast for her guns. The holes in her smokestack were patched, and half a dozen pieces of armor plate were removed and replaced by new ones. These alterations consumed nearly a month's time, and it was the 8th of April before she came out of the dry dock. Commodore Tatnall had in the meantime succeeded Captain Buchanan as her commander, and on the 11th of April, accompanied by the Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Raleigh, Beaufort, Teazer, and a wooden tug or tender from the navy yard, he steamed down to Hampton Roads prepared to engage and capture the Monitor. Each of the small steamers was manned with a boarding party. There were three divisions on each boat, and it was expected that some of them would be sunk by the Monitor before reaching her; but if the crew of any boat should succeed in boarding her, the enterprise promised to be successful. One division was directed cover the pilot house with tarpaulins to prevent the wheelsman from seeing, another was to drive iron wedges between the turret and deck to prevent it from revolving, and the third was to ignite combustibles, such as turpentine, etc., and throw down the funnel into the turret and then cover the turret over with tarpaulins to smother the crew.

The Virginia found the Monitor under the guns of Fortress Monroe, and Commodore Tatnall, apprehending torpedoes and shoal water, approached her as close as he thought advisable and then lay to, challenging her to come out and fight. The challenge was not accepted, and, noticing two brigs and a schooner anchored off Hampton Bar, Commodore Tatnall ordered the Thomas Jefferson to capture them. The capture was effected without any resistance and, hoisting their flags with the Union down to tempt the Monitor to come to their rescue, the Jefferson took them in tow and carried them to Craney Island, whence they were taken to the navy yard. The brigs were the Marcus, of Stockton, N. J.,

and the Sabout, of Providence, R. I., and were loaded with hay for the United States army. The schooner was the Catherine T. Dix., of Accomac County, Va., and was in ballast. Finding that the Monitor would not fight, the Virginia returned to Seawell's Point and anchored. This affair was witnessed by a couple of English and French men-of-war which were anchored in the Roads and which, expecting a fight, moved up toward Newport News to give the combatants room. It is more than probable that, had the Monitor come out to fight the Virginia, she would have been captured.

The Monitor had another opportunity to fight the Virginia on the 8th of May, but again declined. On that day, a little before noon, the Federal fleet, consisting of the Monitor, Naugatuck, Minnesota, Dacotah, Seminole, and San Jacinto, moved over to Seawell's Point and began bombarding the Confederate batteries. The Virginia was at the navy yard and steamed down to the assistance of the batteries. As she turned Lambert's Point she came within sight of the Federal fleet about six or seven miles lower down the river, and the entire fleet retired to Fortress Monroe. Commodore Tatnall pursued until he reached the vicinity of the Rip Raps, when he returned to Seawell's Point.

On the first of May the order came to evacuate Norfolk and Portsmouth, and the proper disposition to be made of the Virginia became a question of considerable moment. Commodore Tatnall requested Naval Constructor Porter to have a set of wooden port bucklers made for her to keep the water from coming in her portholes. He said he knew a port in Georgia where there was sufficient depth of water for her, and he intended taking her there. The bucklers were made, but were never taken out of the carpenter shop at the navy yard. The fear of torpedoes at Fortress Monroe and the fact that the Virginia was not a safe sea boat in stormy weather, when the waves would be liable to wash over her, induced Commodore Tatnall to change his mind about taking her to Georgia, and he commenced lightening her for the purpose of carrying her up James River. The pilots informed him that they could carry eighteen feet over the principal bar in the river, and he desired to lighten her to seventeen feet. Paymaster Semple inquired of Naval Constructor Porter if the vessel would have stability on a draft of seventeen feet, but did not volunteer any information as to the object of his inquiry. Mr. Porter replied that she would. To have lightened her to that draft, however, would have necessitated the removal of almost everything in her, even to a part of her machinery. But the Commodore began on the morning of the 10th to throw overboard everything movable, and, having brought her hull out of water and not having succeeded in reducing her depth sufficiently to have carried her over the bar and having no means of again settling her in the water, he determined to set her on fire and destroy her. Accordingly, the match was applied, and about daybreak on the morning of the 11th she was blown up, the fire having reached her magazine.

Thus perished by the hands of her own commander this famous vessel which the most powerful engines of war in the possession of her enemies were unable to injure. How much more glorious would have been her end and how much higher her name would have stood in history had her commander, instead of setting her on fire, run past Fortress Monroe and destroyed or dispersed McClellan's fleet of warships and transports which were lying outside the fort and in York River! The guns of Fortress Monroe were as powerless to injure her as were those of the Monitor, Minnesota, Cumberland, and Congress. The enemy gained everything and lost nothing by her destruction; and her late antagonists, who were kept at bay by the terror of her name, steamed boldly up to the twin cities which she had so thoroughly guarded. Her crew marched to Suffolk and took part in the defense of Drury's Bluff later that month.

Whether or not Commodore Tatnall was justifiable in destroying the Virginia will remain a matter of discussion. A naval court of inquiry exonerated him from all blame, but his defense of himself was marred by an attempt to blacken the good name of the Virginia pilots and to fasten upon them the imputation of being deficient in personal courage.

The Federal government had a wholesome fear of the Virginia and offered rewards and promotion to any one who would destroy her. The Navy Department ordered the Potomac River to be blocked with vessels loaded with stone to prevent her coming to Washington. These preparations were kept up for several weeks, until it was ascertained that her draft of water was too great to enable her to ascend the river. General Wool was authorized by a dispatch from Washington, dated March 9 at 1 P.M. (after the Monitor had retired from the fight), to evacuate Newport News, but to hold Fortress Monroe at all hazards. President Lincoln issued orders that the Monitor be not too much exposed; he was afraid to risk the consequences of another battle with the Virginia. And on the 14th of March, five days after the battle between the two ironclads, Quartermaster-General M. C. Meigs, of the United States army, wrote Captain Dahlgren, commanding the Washington Navy Yard, as follows: "Your telegram relative to barges received. I have ordered eight more sent down. I have seen nothing yet to satisfy me that in the next engagement the Monitor will not be sunk."

These barges were to block up the Potomac River, and General Meigs was correct. Had the Monitor come out to fight on the 11th of April, when the Virginia was prepared for her, she would have been sunk or captured. General Wool, commanding the department at Fortress Monroe, in a letter of the 14th of March to Secretary of War Stanton, expressed the fear that the Monitor would be overcome in the next engagement and that Newport News would have to be abandoned; and on the 15th the Secretary, having no faith in the ability of the Monitor to successfully contend against the Virginia, proposed to make a contract with Mr. C. Vanderbilt to destroy her. But what the utmost exertions of the United States government were powerless to do was done by her own commander, and the first and most famous of ironclads passed out of existence.

History as generally written gives the victory in this first engagement between ironclads to the Monitor, that claim being based upon the misunderstood conditions surrounding the Virginia, her deep draft, for instance, preventing her following the Monitor into the shallow water. Historians will continue to accept such versions as correct unless the Southern people make more effort to set such things straight. When President Wilson's "History of the American People" came out, some years ago, Col. William H. Stewart, of Portsmouth, Va., called attention to this same error in his account of the battle of Hampton Roads. President (then Governor) Wilson expressed regret and stated that he had but presented it as the authorities consulted gave the facts. It should be our special aim now to see that a correct version is given to all important happenings affecting our history.

LITTLE JIMMIE ARNOLD.

BY MRS. J. D. RUDD, WASKOM, TEX.

Statistics show that the Lone Star State, though sparsely settled during the War between the Sates, contributed between fifty and sixty thousand men for military service to the Confederacy; and we all know that Texas soldiers fought on battle fields from Missouri and Kentucky to the Gulf of Mexico and from Pennsylvania to the Rio Grande.

Instead of mentioning any of our illustrious Texans whose names have already been perpetuated in history, I shall write of a private in the ranks—little Jimmie Arnold, a fifteen-year-old orphan boy, a boy from our neighboring town of Carthage, who was a member of Company G, of which company my husband was first lieutenant. This company left Texas for the war in 1861 with one hundred and forty men. Of this number, only thirteen returned to their homes. The bodies of one hundred and twenty-seven were left to molder into dust on the different battle fields from Corinth until they laid down their arms at Meridian, Miss., in 1865. And now only six of that thirteen are left.

Company G was a part of the 14th Texas Cavalry Regiment, one of the five regiments constituting Ector's Brigade. That brigade was highly complimented by General Hood for gallant action in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and for valor on other battle fields. The 14th Texas Cavalry was commanded by Col. J. L. Camp, of Gilmer, Tex., who, after the days of Reconstruction, became one of the judges of the Court of Appeals of Texas.

Little Jimmie Arnold was the pet of his company and of his regiment. They were proud of his courage and fidelity, and he was fond of each and every one of his comrades. Especially did he love and reverence his colonel. After months of hard service and privations, the music of the fife and drum, the glamour of battle, the glittering guns, bayonets, and swords, the plumed chapeaux, the handsome Confederate gray uniforms with the brass buttons, gold braid, and quivering epaulets of his officers—all were inspiring and still had a charm for the valiant young warrior, although he and a number of his comrades were ragged and almost barefooted, some with feet sore and bleeding, the blood running through the holes in their shoes; yet duty, with all of its appalling difficulties, still had its sweetness for him and was the lodestar of his existence. Nothing could daunt him, and danger was a word unknown to this hero of high ideals and loyalty to his country and to his friends. He fought under Beauregard, Bragg, Joseph E. Johnston, and Hood, and was as brave as the bravest of any of their men, always ready and eager to go into a battle.

But one day, when a line was forming at the battle of Chickamauga, he had a presentiment that he would be killed if he went into it, and he said to Colonel Camp: "Colonel, you know I am not a coward and have always obeyed my officers' commands; but don't let me go into this fight."

"Why, Jimmie?" asked Colonel Camp.

"Because if you do I'll be killed. I know I'll be killed. Can't you find some excuse for sending me to the rear?"

"I can't think of any," replied the good, conscientious Christian officer.

"Let me take your horse to the rear, Colonel," pleaded the boy.

"I can't find any excuse for sending him back, Jimmie. Go on and do your duty, as you always have done."

There was a fearful, a soulful pause; but in a moment, with heroic determination and courage stamped on his face, the nervy boy replied emphatically: "All right, Colonel, I will; but I'll never come out of this fight alive."

In a few minutes a charge was ordered, and in ten minutes after Jimmie went into the bloody battle of Chickamauga, where Texas was proud to own her sons, he was killed—the dauntless, brave Texas boy, as brave as Leonidas, who defended the pass of Thermopylæ with his three hundred Spartans against Xerxes's myriads of Persians. Who will say that his death was not as heroic as the Spartan king's? For he went into the battle facing death as did Leonidas in the narrow pass. Who will say that General Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Albert Sidney Johnston, Joseph E. Johnston, or any other of our brave leaders was a greater hero than the little orphan boy, Jimmie Arnold?

THE FLAG OF DIXIE.

BY LURA W. LOVE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

I love my country's banner, the Stars and Stripes that wave
In this broad land of freedom and o'er many a hero's grave.
God keep it pure and stainless. God keep its colors bright
And make of it the standard of the world for truth and right.

But there's another banner, and I love its colors too.
It bears my country's colors—the red, the white, the blue.
'Tis the flag our fathers fought for in the days of sixty-three;
The banner of the Southland, followed by immortal Lee.

The flag our men marched under, the gallant men in gray,
Eager for the noise of battle, for the clatter of the fray,
Glad to die for their convictions, for the banner that they bore,
Or to live and serve their country when the fighting should be o'er.

It's the flag my mother honored, for in her Southern home
She sang the Southland's war songs when soldier lads would come.
Dearer than their home and kindred, sweeter than their lives, I say,
Was the South they loved and fought for—the men who wore the gray.

I love the flag of Dixie; I love the thirteen stars
That cross the field of crimson on the broad and deep-blue bars.
Men of courage and devotion gave their wealth, their love, their all,
And faced their conquerors bravely when they saw the flag must fall.

Many years ago they furled it, when its heroes knew defeat;
When the soldiers who so loved it heard the bugles sound retreat,
Then the banner was surrendered with the Southland's captured guns;
But it cannot be forgotten by her daughters and her sons.

Yes, I pray, "God bless Old Glory," for the war is long since past
And the nation reunited, bound by ties we know will last:
One people and one country, the best 'neath heaven's blue;
But Dixie still remembers, gives honor where 'tis due.

I am truly very loyal to the Union, and my State
Is sixteenth star upon her flag; I share her glory great.
But the dear old South forever! For her I take my stand;
I love the conquered banner, the flag of Dixieland.

MRS. MARY ANNA JACKSON.

"'Neath the shade of the trees" in the old cemetery at Lexington, Va., the beloved wife of Stonewall Jackson now sleeps by the side of her illustrious husband. Throughout more than half a century of widowhood she kept fresh within her heart that love which crowned her happy wifehood, biding the time when they two should again walk together in newness of life.

Mary Anna Jackson was the daughter of Rev. Robert Hall Morrison, of North Carolina, a Presbyterian minister and founder of Davidson College. She was born in Mecklenburg County, near Charlotte, July 21, 1831, and the greater part of her life was passed in that city. She was educated at Salem Academy and College and the Moravian School at Winston-Salem, from which she graduated in 1849. She then returned to her quiet home life in Lincoln County until her marriage, in 1857, to Prof. Thomas J. Jackson, of the Virginia Military Institute. Jackson's fame as an officer in the Mexican War was still bright, and the wedding was one of great interest. Their married life was spent in Lexington until Jackson's departure for the front in 1861, when she returned to her parents in Charlotte.



MRS. JACKSON AND HER GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER, ANNA JACKSON PRESTON.

One child was born to them in Lexington, dying in infancy, and it was in Charlotte that the little daughter came to bless their home while the husband and father was fighting his country's battles and winning that fame which has made his name immortal. When General Jackson was wounded at Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, Mrs. Jackson hastened to his bedside with the baby girl, and his dying hours were soothed by the presence of those he loved best on earth. Mrs. Jackson continued to make her home in Charlotte, and there the little Julia grew into lovely womanhood and became the bride of Capt. W. E. Christian, now of Richmond, Va. She died many years ago, leaving two children, a daughter, Julia Jackson Christian, who is Mrs. E. R. Preston, of Charlotte, and Stonewall Jackson Christian, a lieutenant in the United States army, stationed in the Philippines. The little great-granddaughter whose picture is given with that of Mrs. Jackson bears her name.

Mrs. Jackson's life in Charlotte was that of an earnest and sincere Christian, and she was held in universal esteem and respect. She possessed a strong and forceful character, with great powers of reasoning and observation, strengthened by extensive reading. Her "Memoirs of Stonewall Jackson" gave the first intimate personal view of the man who is known most widely as the stern and taciturn leader, whose campaigns are studied by the strategists of every nation.

Mrs. Jackson was long one of the Honorary Presidents of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter at Charlotte, and in her death the whole organization felt the loss of a friend and wise counselor. When death released her brave spirit on March 24, 1915, Charlotte was in mourning for its beloved citizen. On the next day funeral services were held there in the First Presbyterian Church, which stands in a magnificent square shadowed by oaks that were old when Cornwallis marched under them. She was borne from her home through ranks of Confederate veterans to the shadowy church and lay for a little while amidst masses of bloom, while high above the chancel fluttered the flags her husband had saluted, now entwined with laurel wreath and palm. When the simple service of song and prayer was over, the casket was borne under military escort to the railway station and thence to Lexington, Va., accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Preston, Chief Justice Walter Clark, of Raleigh, and other friends, with six officers of the Fifth Coast Artillery, of Charlotte, as military escort. At Lexington ten cadet officers of the Virginia Military Institute acted as pallbearers, while members of the faculty of the Institute and Washington and Lee University and the board of deacons of the Presbyterian Church of Lexington were honorary pallbearers. Funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church there, followed by interment in the vault of the Jackson monument. Among those gathered beside the monument were Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and members of the faculty of the V. M. I., in which General Jackson was an instructor at the beginning of the war and where he met his wife, and of Washington and Lee University.

Dr. James Power Smith, of Richmond, Va., the last surviving member of General Jackson's staff, was of those who attended the funeral in Lexington. He was with General Jackson when wounded at Chancellorsville and remained with him until his death and then accompanied the body to Richmond, where it lay in state. After the burial in Lexington, he was one of the staff that accompanied Mrs. Jackson to her home in Charlotte, N. C. In his tribute Dr. Smith says of Mrs. Jackson:

"She was a gentlewoman by birth and nature, a lady of simplicity of character and cheerfulness of spirit and most amiable and pleasing manner, modest and unaffected. She was cordial and considerate toward all with whom she came in contact. Small in stature and well rounded in form, she was in striking contrast with the erect and soldierly man whose bride she became in her youth and whose home and life she made so happy in the few years of married life given to them. She became the wife of Major Jackson, of the Virginia Military Institute, in 1857. She remembered with amusement that when they were married the bridegroom was asked to promise that he would be an 'indulgent husband' and the bride was told to be 'an obedient wife,' and the vows were kept without a shade of question or hesitation and to the unmingled happiness of both. The stern and disciplined soldier was gentle indulgence itself, and the happy wife at his side was most happy in the strong-willed, heroic man whom she loved, admired, and trusted supremely.

"In the trying days of war she came to him whenever, in his judgment, conditions and duties permitted. During the last winter of his life, when his command was encamped in the Rappahannock Valley, one of his major generals, an incorrigible old bachelor, complained that there were too many ladies visiting their husbands in the vicinity of the camp and asked that they be compelled to withdraw. But the General walked the floor of his headquarters office and said with some heat: 'I will do no such thing. I wish that my wife could come to see me.'

"The first winter of the war Mrs. Jackson spent two or three months with the General in Winchester. And she came again for a week at Hamilton's Crossing just before the battle of Chancellorsville and at the last was at his bedside when he 'crossed over the river' at the Chandler home, at Guinea Station, May 10, 1863.



JACKSON MONUMENT IN LEXINGTON CEMETERY.

"For more than fifty years she had been a widow, a patient, cheerful Christian woman, honoring and loving the good and great man who was her husband, submissive to the will of God, faithful to every duty, having her own sicknesses and her own more painful sorrow, but gentle, steadfast, biding the time when she would find her appointed rest 'under the shade of the trees.'

"It will be a pleasing and abiding memory with the people of Richmond and Virginia that last May, at our earnest solicitation, Mrs. Jackson came to join us in the honor we wished to give to the memory of General Jackson on our Stonewall Jackson Memorial Day. Thinking not at all of herself, but only of him, she was as gentle, unaffected, and cheerful as we had always known her. More frail in body, showing the traces of her many years, she was uncomplaining, placid in countenance and peaceful in spirit. Happy in the enthusiasm of our hero worship, she was biding the time when she would enter in through the gates and find those whom by the wise and loving will of her Heavenly Father she had lost awhile.

"The women of the South have been teaching us that 'love makes memory eternal,' and with us all the loving memory of this most womanly woman, this widow so greatly widowed, this faithful and fruitful follower of Christ, will endure to the end of our days and make the world better and our lives sweeter because she was given to us through half a century."

THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG OF IT.

Clinton M. Mickle, of Chetopa, Kans., gives a humorous view of some incidents of his soldier days in the sixties:

"While stationed at Pulaski, Tenn., our company (G, 2d Iowa Infantry) went to Athens, Ala., to repair the telegraph lines. Returning, we camped on a plantation five miles north. I was sent to the house with a safeguard. Placing the sentries, I called at the door and told the planter to sleep soundly, for any disturber would have first to pass the dead bodies of the sentries. 'Would I step in?' I did so and soon became engaged in a friendly scrap on the negro. His wife stopped the scrap by telling me of their losses and hardships. Robbed by both sides, they had two mules and three hogs left; their last coffee cost $6 in gold per pound at Charleston, S. C. I sprang up and said: 'Mother, get a fire in that stove instanter,' emptying a pound of coffee on the table. 'The pleasure of seeing you drinking a cup will pay for the coffee a hundredfold.'

"The next morning we took the three hogs. After leaving, the captain said to me: 'I reckon old McWilliams don't feel sore. I gave him a voucher of fourteen cents per pound gross for the hogs, $120.'

"My mother was a native of South Middle Tennessee, my father of Kentucky. That pound of coffee I'll never forget. It is green in my memory yet. But that is offset by my only one misdeed of the war. I stopped at a house in South Carolina to get a drink. The women folk fled. I rapped on the hall door; no answer. From a side door I could see a large library, and I went in. Among the books was Moore's 'Lalla Rookh.' How my fingers did itch! Desire overcame scruples, and I took it and got no drink, lest I frighten the women. A soldier is a murderer by profession. I thought I was right; but, as Old King Hal said, 'The Lord has given me better health and more sense.'"

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"*Love Makes Memory Eternal.*"

THE ONLY SON.

O bitter wind toward the sunset blowing,
What of the dales to-night?
In yonder gray old hall where fires are glowing,
What ring of festal light?

In the great window as the day was dwindling
I saw an old man stand;
His head was proudly held, and his eyes kindling,
But the list shook in his hand.

O wind of twilight, was there no word uttered,
No sound of joy or wail?
"A great fight and good death," he muttered.
"Trust him; he would not fail."

What of the chamber dark where she was lying
For whom all life is done?
Within her heart she rocks a dead child, crying:
"My son, my little son."

—*Henry Newbolt, in Atlanta Constitution.*

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: Your President General is wondering if each you is doing what she can to assist in paying the Arlington debt. If every Daughter will give the small sum of ten cents, it will be quickly paid, and earnestly do I insist that you give that small amount. It means only the price of a drink of soda or walking twice instead of riding on the street car or jitney. Will you do it? I hope you will and that you will also sell as many copies of Colonel Herbert's "History of Arlington Monument" as possible. In this let us take "Do it now" as our motto.

Again I ask that those Daughters wishing U. D. C. badges will order them from the Custodian as soon as possible and not wait until the rush just before the next General Convention. That isn't exactly kind to the Custodian.

Please, too, see that every member of your Chapter has a certificate of membership. You know we are trying to make this a red-letter year in issuing certificates.

It is my intention to leave on the 29th of May for the Reunion at Richmond, Va., and to spend the month of June there and visiting Northern Chapters. I tell you this that you may know I will be away from my office that entire month.

Hoping to see many of you at the Reunion, and with expressions of an abiding interest in whatever nearly concerns you, believe me, faithfully, Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General U. D. C.

GENERAL RELIEF FUND, U. D. C.

As chairman of the committee on this important work, to which there has been so little response from the Chapters which make up the general organization of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, I am now making a plea to the Presidents of State Divisions and to Presidents of Chapters where no State Division exists, asking their earnest coöperation in the collection of one dollar from each Chapter for the relief of needy veterans of the Confederate service and the women of the Confederacy, who, with the infirmities of years and lack of provision for the necessities of life, are in great need and distress. In such calls for help we are powerless to meet the emergency without such assistance from the Chapter and from generous individuals. The Chapter in Boston, Mass., is a noteworthy example of what can be done in this work, as it has not only sent the sum of one dollar requested by your chairman, but voluntarily sent five dollars additional to this fund, the proceeds of an entertainment held for that purpose, with a promise of more during the year. This Chapter is composed of women living in different towns in Massachusetts. Such relief is the work to which we are pledged, each one individually, and failure means neglect and indifference. The lack of means by the Chapters can be overcome by a lawn party, a strawberry festival, etc., which will bring the members together in social harmony and coöperation and will certainly produce the one dollar that in the aggregate will bring relief to many who have faithfully served and suffered in defense of home and country.

I would also call your attention to the bill before Congress introduced by Senator Works, of California, for the relief of veterans of the South and Confederate women in State Homes, a most magnanimous yet just movement on his part. As this may be properly construed as general relief work by the indorsement given at the last General Convention, U. D. C., the request is made that you will ask the influence of your Congressmen and Senators for the passage of this bill when it shall come up for action. While nobly and generously subscribing to the sufferings of the war-scourged sections of Europe, let us not altogether forget the needs of our own, who are bound to our hearts by most imperative ties—ties that involve great devotion, fortitude and self-sacrifice, and all that is ennobling to man and woman.

Cornelia Branch Stone,
Chairman Committee on General Relief, U. D. C.

THE HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

See March VETERAN for notices concerning advance programs, Mrs. Rose's loving cup contest, and C. of C. prize offer, also for memorial day exercises in C. of C. program for April.

No more orders can be filled for "Wrongs of History Righted" nor for Washington and New Orleans addresses, as the editions are exhausted. A booklet containing the Washington and New Orleans addresses can be had for twenty-five cents, with one cent postage, but only a few copies of those remain.

Send checks for monument to Samuel Preston Moore and his assistant surgeons to the treasurer, Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, 1418 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Jefferson Davis *vs.* Abraham Lincoln.
2. Contrast in home influences, education, and personal appearance.
3. Contrast as to peculiarities, friendships, and political aspirations.
4. Contrast as to troubles in cabinets and problems to solve.
5. Traits of character contrasted.
6. Political differences. Views on colonization.
7. Lincoln's view on reconstruction.
8. Contrast the death of the two men.
9. Reason for Lincoln's assassination. What became of John Wilkes Booth?
10. Where are the two Presidents buried? What monuments have been erected to them?
11. Is it true to history to say that Lincoln is the greatest of all Americans?
12. Compare Lincoln with Robert E. Lee and other great men of the South.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song, "The Jacket of Gray," C. Ball.
2. Reading, "The Aristocracy of the Old South," Bill Arp.
3. Song, "Ben Bolt."
4. Reading, "Lyric of Action," by Paul H. Hayne.
5. Recitation, "Gather the Sacred Dust," Father Ryan.
6. Reading, "Jefferson Davis's Farewell to the Senate."

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JUNE, 1915.

JEFFERSON DAVIS VS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Responsive service.

Hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

1. Compare the two men. (1) Home influences. (2) Educational advantages. (3) Training for leadership. (4) Political offices. (5) Political opinions. (6) Death of the two men.
2. Glorification of the one, villification of the other. Why?
3. Principles for which each stood.
4. Which violated the Constitution?
5. In the true sense of greatness, which is the greater? Why?
6. Song, "My Old Kentucky Home."

LINCOLN'S RASH VOW; OR, HIS EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

(Barnes's "Popular History of the United States," page 531.)

On New Year's Day, 1863, the Emancipation Proclamation issued by Lincoln the preceding September went into effect. All the slaves within the seceded States were declared free. It is said that the original draft was prepared in July, when the Union forces were in the midst of reserves. Carpenter repeats the President's words thus: "I put the draft of the proclamation aside, waiting for a victory. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldiers' Home. Here I finished writing the second draft of the proclamation, came up on Saturday, called the cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday. I made a solemn vow before God that if General Lee was driven back from Maryland I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

JEFFERSON DAVIS VS. ABRAHAM LINCOLN—POLITICAL DIFFERENCES.

There was a very striking likeness in many ways between these two men which has led some to falsely suggest some degree of kinship between them.

Both believed in the constitutional rights of the States.

Both believed in the right to hold slaves by the Constitution.

Both were opposed to social and political equality for the negro.

Both believed it would be disastrous to free negroes among their former masters.

Both believed in educating the negro only along industrial lines.

Both believed in the preservation of the Union if possible.

Lincoln believed and urged the colonization of the negro. Davis believed in the gradual emancipation of the negro. He thought the South was the logical home of the black man and that the Southern people better understood him and were most ready to make excuses for his shortcomings. He believed that in the South the negro could always find sympathy, protection, religious instruction, work, and a home.

It has always seemed to me that when birthdays are being celebrated in the South the negroes had far better celebrate Davis's birthday than Lincoln's. He was their truest friend. Besides, it was Henderson's thirteenth amendment after Lincoln's death that freed them. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation did not free all the negroes and was made only to punish the seceding States. The negroes have been kept in ignorance along these lines, and their false worship of Lincoln is pathetic.

Did President Davis have any trouble with his Cabinet? He certainly did. Alexander Stephens, his Vice President, frequently disagreed with him. Some of his Cabinet resigned. Some accused him of being imperious and partial. George Vest said: "Had Davis's Cabinet stood by him, notwithstanding they did not agree with him, the Confederacy would not have failed." Some of President Davis's generals felt that he favored West Point men over others better fitted to command.

Did Lincoln have any trouble with his Cabinet? He certainly did. Ben Wade and Henry W. Davis issued a manifesto against him. Sumner, Wade, Davis, and Chase were his

"malicious foes." Lincoln was forced to appoint Chase to the office of Chief Justice in order to remove him from the Cabinet, for he was said to be "the irritating fly in the Lincoln ointment." Stanton called Lincoln "a coward and a fool." Seward said he had "a cunning that amounted to genius." Richard Dana said: "The lack of respect for the President by his Cabinet cannot be concealed." He was called "the baboon at the other end of the avenue" and "the idiot of the White House." Had not Grant succeeded in gaining a victory at Vicksburg, a movement to appoint a dictator in Lincoln's place would have gone into effect. His Cabinet had lost confidence in his policy.

Was Davis honest and true to his convictions? If by honesty is meant taking graft or accepting bribes, he certainly could never have been accused of either. If by honesty is meant being true to any principle which he knew to be right, whether it was expedient or not, he most undoubtedly was honest and true to his convictions.

Was Abraham Lincoln honest and true to his convictions? If by being honest you mean taking graft and accepting bribes, he certainly was honest and won the title of "Honest Abe." But if by being honest is meant true to the things he believed, then Lincoln was not. He wrote Alexander Stephens before he was inaugurated that the slaves would be as safe under his administration as they were under that of George Washington. Did he change his mind when expedient? He told a friend in Kentucky that if he would vote for him every fugitive slave should be returned. Was it expedient to return any? At Peoria, Ill., in 1854 he said: "I acknowledge the constitutional rights of the States, not grudgingly, but fairly and fully, and I will give them any legislation for reclaiming their fugitive slaves." Did he? He said the slaveholder had a legal and a moral right to his slaves. Was he honest when he violated the Constitution by freeing some of them? He believed at one time that it would not be constitutional to coerce the States, and then later he believed it would. A friend asked why he changed his mind. He replied: "If I allow the South to secede, whence will come my revenue?" In 1848 and in 1860 Lincoln said the Southern States had a right to secede; in 1861 he said they would be traitors and rebels if they did secede. No; Lincoln's convictions of right or wrong changed whenever expedient.

Did President Davis ever violate the Constitution? If he did, his worst enemies have never been able to discover it. Secession was not a violation of the United States Constitution. When a President of the United States offered to give him the highest office in militia military service, an honor he most desired, he refused because he said that was a gift from the State, not the government.

Did Lincoln ever violate the Constitution? Sumner said that when Lincoln reënforced Fort Sumter and called for seventy-five thousand men without the consent of Congress it was the greatest breach ever made in the Constitution and would hereafter give any President the liberty to declare war whenever he wished without the consent of Congress. In his anaugural address Lincoln said he had no intention of interfering with the slaves, for the South had a legal right by the Constitution to hold them. Why, then, did he issue his Emancipation Proclamation to free the South's slaves? Did he not violate the Constitution when he sanctioned the formation of West Virginia, a new State taken from Virginia, without Virginia's consent? Did he not violate the Constitution when he suspended the writ of habeas corpus May 10, 1861, in the Merrimac case? Yes; Lincoln violated the Constitution whenever he desired.

Was Jefferson Davis humane? He certainly was. When the soldiers were returning victorious from the battle of First Manassas and President Davis went out to meet them, he said that he commended their humane treatment of those ten thousand prisoners of war as much as he commended their valor, great as it was. When he was urged to retaliate for alleged cruelties to our prisoners at the North, his reply was: "The inhumanity of the enemy to our prisoners can be no justification for a disregard by us of the rules of civilized war and Christianity." The Richmond Examiner said that this humane policy of the President would be the ruin of the Confederacy. His heart went out in agony over the sufferings of the Andersonville prisoners and his inability to help them because of the refusal to exchange prisoners and to send medicines.

Was Abraham Lincoln humane? When Alexander Stephens, a personal friend, went on to Washington to plead for a renewal of the cartel to exchange prisoners, owing to a congested condition at Andersonville beyond the power of the Confederate government to relieve, he put this request on the score of humanity and friendship, not as a political measure. The request was refused. When President Davis, Colonel Ould, and Gen. Howell Cobb pleaded for an exchange of prisoners at Andersonville on the plea of mercy, as the stockade was overcrowded and the water conditions bad, was the request granted? When six of the prisoners were paroled in order to go to Washington to plead for exchange, was their request even given a fair hearing? When Colonel Ould begged that medicines, which had been made contraband of war, should be sent to their own surgeons to use only for their own men, was not that request denied? When Colonel Ould asked that a vessel be sent to take the sick and wounded home, because of the lack of room, lack of cooking vessels to prepare the food, and lack of medicines to give proper attention, it was refused, unless fifteen hundred men were sent to them. Word was returned that the vessel would be filled with well men to complete that number; and although this answer went in August, it was December before the vessel was sent, and that after many had died. When General Cobb sent the prisoners to Florida the Federal officers refused to receive them, but they were left there, anyway. Was Sheridan's treatment of the women and children in the Valley of the Shenandoah or Sherman's treatment of them in Atlanta or in his march through Georgia or at the burning of Columbia or Butler's treatment of the women in New Orleans humane? Yet Lincoln, as commander in chief of the army, allowed it and never once reproved it. No; Lincoln was not humane. Nevertheless, this quality has been given to him in full measure since his martyrdom.

Did Lincoln intend to free the slaves when war was declared? Certainly he did not. In his speech at Peoria, Ill., he said: "Free them and keep them here as underlings? That would not better their condition. Free them and make them socially and politically our equals? My own feelings will not admit this, and I know the mass of whites, North and South, will not agree to this. We cannot make them our equals. Free them and send them to Liberia would be my first impulse, but I know that if they were landed there to-day they would perish in ten days. If all earthly power were given to me, I do not know what to do with slavery as it exists in the South to-day. A system of gradual emancipation seems best, and we must not too quickly judge our brethren of the South for seeming tardiness in this matter."

Does this show that he had the Emancipation Proclamation or anything like it in his mind at that time?

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Memphis, Tenn.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, George W. Drummond, Savannah, Ga.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Harry L. Seay, Dallas, Tex.
Judge Advocate in Chief, John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. Selden Spencer, St. Louis, Mo.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
John W. Bale, Rome, Ga.
W. McDonald Lee, Irvington, Va.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
W. W. Old, Jr., Norfolk, Va., Past Commander in Chief.

COMMITTEES.

Historical Committee: ——, Chairman.
Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: A. L. Yates, Chairman, Columbia, Miss.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, E. Hening Smith, Montgomery, Ala., Member R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, A. D. Black, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, C. M. Philpot, Pine Bluff, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, J. A. Gallagher, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, John Clifton Elder, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, F. B. Adcock, Carrollton, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, A. W. Hawks, Ruxton, Md.
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, C. B. Denson, Raleigh, N. C.
Ohio, Ralph Reamer, Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma, M. J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, A. L. Gaston, Chester, S. C.
Tennessee, Thomas B. Hooker, Memphis, Tenn.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, A. D. Smith, Jr., Fayetteville, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

HEADQUARTERS SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
MEMPHIS, TENN., March 28, 1915.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 4.

TWENTIETH REUNION ORDERED.

1. The Commander in Chief announces that the twenty-fifth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans will be held in the city of Richmond, Va., Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 1, 2, and 3, 1915; therefore, in accordance with Section 59, Article IX., of the General Constitution, which provides that "there shall be held annually a Reunion of the Confederation at the place selected by the United Confederate Veterans," the several Camps of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will hold their twentieth annual reunion convention at Richmond, Va., Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, May 31, June 1, 2, and 3, 1915. The opening exercises of our convention will be held at the Auditorium on Monday, May 31, at 8 P.M., and all Sons of Veterans and their official ladies are urged to be present. The Reunion Convention will be composed of delegates from Camps, selected as hereinafter set forth, and also the Commander in Chief, Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders, and their Adjutants as *ex officio* members. Visiting comrades who are not delegates, as well as all Veterans and Daughters, are privileged to attend all the sessions, and an earnest invitation is extended to them to do so.

REPRESENTATION, DELEGATES, CREDENTIALS.

2. Each Camp whose current annual *per capita* tax and all arrears, if any, are paid in full and whose muster roll has been returned in the time and manner required is entitled to representation in the Reunion Convention as follows: One delegate for every ten active members and one additional for a fraction thereof of five or more, but every Camp is entitled to at least two delegates. All delegates must have credentials signed by the Commander and Adjutant of their respective Camps, to which should be attached the certificate mentioned in the section quoted in paragraph 4 below.

PER CAPITA TAX, ARREARAGES.

3. All Camps in arrears can be reinstated by the payment of said arrears, amounting to $5, and the *per capita* tax for the current year.

All Camps are urged to the prompt payment of their *per capita* tax, which is now due. The following sections of the constitution are given for information:

"Section 110. A yearly *per capita* tax of fifty cents shall be paid by each Camp for every active member in good standing in such Camp and not enumerated in any other Camp.

"Section 111. The fiscal year of this Confederation shall be from the end of one annual reunion to the end of the next annual reunion."

The *per capita* tax of Camps shall be paid annually before the annual reunion and shall be calculated upon the number of members shown by the annual muster roll.

RETURN OF CAMP MUSTER ROLL.

4. In accordance with Section 7, Article X., of the Constitution, blank muster rolls (Form 2) will be forwarded each Camp.

These blanks shall be filled out by the Adjutant of each Camp and certified to as the correct roll of the Camp and returned to the Adjutant in Chief on or before May 20, 1915. Upon this certified roll will be computed the Camp's representation at the annual reunion and a certificate issued to the Camp, signed by the Adjutant in Chief, certifying to the number of votes to which it is entitled if the dues have been paid in full.

These rolls must be returned on or before May 20, 1915, accompanied by money order or exchange (local checks positively not received) to cover the *per capita* tax. The practice which heretofore obtained whereby muster rolls have not been forwarded to headquarters at all or have not been handed in until the reunion and the further practice of delaying the payments of *per capita* tax until the reunion are contrary to both the letter and spirit of the constitution. The regulations of the constitution are wisely designed, and if a Camp expects to be represented at the reunion the muster roll and *per capita* tax must be sent in on or before May 20, 1915.

SPONSORS AND MAIDS OF HONOR.

5. The reunion would not be a success without the attendance of the fair daughters of the South. Following the usual custom, therefore, it is expected that sponsors and maids of

honor will be appointed by Department, Division, Brigade, and Camp Commanders. While the local committees will do all they can in a general way for the comfort and convenience of visitors in all cases, the officers appointing sponsors and maids of honor are charged with the duty of providing escorts and chaperons for them.

Tickets and other courtesies will be supplied on application to the proper local committees.

Committees.

6. The following is the list of committees in charge of the local preparations for the reunion—viz.:

Sons of Veterans Committee, E. Leslie Spence, Jr., Chairman.

Information and Quarters, Ralph P. Neale, Chairman.

Parade, Horses, Carriages, and Autos, P. D. Overton, Chairman.

Reception and Escort, L. Morris Warren, Chairman.

Sponsors and Maids, George H. Keesee, Chairman.

Music, Thomas P. Bryan, Chairman.

Baggage, Guy T. Mallone, Chairman.

Headquarters.

7. The headquarters of the Commander in Chief and staff and for the official sponsors and maids of honor, as well as all officers of the Confederation and all visiting Sons, will be at Murphy's Hotel. Sufficient reservations have been made at this hotel to accommodate all visiting Sons and their official ladies, provided such reservations are made at once. All comrades desiring reservations at this hotel are requested to advise the hotel immediately, asking for the reservation held for the Sons, so that the necessary arrangements may be made. Rates: European plan, room with bath, $2 to $2.50 per person. Rooms are large enough to accommodate from two to five people.

All comrades are commanded to report to headquarters immediately upon arrival. Tickets to the various social functions will be supplied on application at headquarters.

All business sessions of the Confederation will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium.

Registration.

8. A registration book will be opened at general headquarters at Murphy's Hotel. All comrades and official ladies are urged to register their names with the Richmond and home addresses immediately upon arrival.

Annual Reports.

9. Section 28, Article VI., of the constitution requires the Department Commanders to forward their annual reports to the Commander in Chief one month before the annual reunion.

Section 29, Article VI., makes the following requirement of the Division Commanders: "One month before the annual reunion they shall make a written report to the Commander in Chief."

Sections 31-37, Article VI., provide that annual reports be submitted by the general staff.

Section 109, Article XVII., in part is as follows: "Reports of committees shall be sent to the Commander in Chief one month before the annual reunion."

Department and Division Commanders, staff officers, and committees are hereby ordered to follow the constitutional requirements.

Confederated Southern Memorial Association.

10. At the request of its President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, the Commander in Chief takes pleasure in announcing that the Confederated Southern Memorial Association will hold its annual convention in Richmond on the same date as fixed for the reunion. The opening feature of the convention will be the usual memorial services.

Staff.

11. The several members of the staff of the Commander in Chief are expected to be in attendance upon the reunion. They will report for duty as soon as possible after arrival in the city.

Appeal.

12. It is the earnest desire of the Commander in Chief that this Reunion be the most successful in the history of the organization. Matters of great importance will come before the convention, and all visiting Sons are urged to be present and take part in the business meetings. All Camps should elect delegates at once.

Department, Division, and Brigade Commanders are expected to coöperate with headquarters and give publicity to this order, and all Camp Commanders are urged to have same read at a meeting of their Camps.

By order of Seymour Stewart, *Commander in Chief.*

Official:

N. B. Forrest, *Adjutant in Chief and Chief of Staff.*

EXTENDING THE ORGANIZATION.

[The recent trip into the West by Adjutant in Chief Forrest had fine results in extending the organization. His official report is here given.]

Mr. Seymour Stewart, Commander in Chief S. C. V., St. Louis, Mo.: I have the honor herewith to submit a report of my recent trips through the States of Texas, Oklahoma, and New Mexico.

I left Memphis on the 1st of March for El Paso, Tex., and upon reaching that city I was tendered a reception by the members of the Calvin Crozier Camp, S. C. V., assisted by the U. D. C. Chapters and the Confederate veterans of El Paso. The meeting resulted in adding a number of new members to this Camp, and Commander John N. Harris and Comrade W. W. Crosby are making a special campaign to double the membership of the Camp before the Richmond Reunion.

Since returning to headquarters, as per your instructions, Comrade Crosby has been appointed Assistant Adjutant in Chief and is now making his arrangements to attend the Richmond Reunion as a delegate from his Camp.

From El Paso I went to Silver City, N. Mex., at the invitation of Comrade Carl Hinton, formerly of Denver, who desired to form a Camp of Sons at that place. A banquet was given by the members of the Chamber of Commerce, of which Comrade Hinton is Secretary, and this banquet was attended not only by the sons of Confederate veterans, but also by many of the sons of Federal veterans who are connected with the Chamber of Commerce. Camp John A. Moses was organized at Silver City on March 8, with Judge Colin Neblett as Commander and Carl Hinton as Adjutant. The Camp was chartered with thirteen members, and since returning to Memphis I have been advised by the Adjutant that the membership is rapidly increasing, and they hope to report fifty members at the Richmond Reunion. Comrade Hinton

will attend the Reunion as a delegate from his Camp. He has also promised his assistance in organizing Camps at Deming, Albuquerque, Roswell, and several other points in New Mexico and Arizona.

On the return trip I stopped at Fort Worth, Tex., where on March 20 a Camp was organized with fifty-two members. This Camp was named in honor of Gen. K. M. Van Zandt, with O. W. Gillespie as Commander and E. W. Provine Adjutant. I went from Fort Worth to Dallas, where the members of the Dallas Camp gave me a luncheon, at which I had the pleasure of meeting the principal members of that Camp. That afternoon I attended a meeting of the members of the Chamber of Commerce and the principal Veterans and Sons, at which meeting plans were discussed and arrangements made for Dallas to invite the Veterans and Sons to meet there in 1916.

Comrade Edgar Scurry, of Wichita Falls, Tex., a member of our Executive Council, met me in Fort Worth and assisted in organizing that Camp. At his invitation I visited Wichita Falls and had the pleasure of attending a reception given by the U. D. C. Chapter to the Veterans and Sons, and at this meeting we added forty new members to the Wichita Falls Camp.

My next stop was at Tulsa, Okla., where I had a consultation with Comrade Glass, Commander of the Oklahoma Division, and Comrade Tate Brady. We made plans for an active campaign throughout the State of Oklahoma, and the officers promised to have not less than fifty Camps reported at the Richmond Reunion. A meeting was held that night at the Chamber of Commerce and was attended by the principal business men of Tulsa, as well as by Veterans and Daughters and Sons. A number of new members were secured by the Tulsa Camp, and Tulsa signified her intention of inviting the 1916 Reunion to that city.

Muskogee and McAlester were next visited, and both of these towns will be represented at Richmond.

Respectfully submitted. N. B. Forrest,
Adjutant in Chief S. C. V.

Since the above report was made Adjutant Forrest has been making a two weeks' trip through Mississippi with Commander in Chief Stewart. In a period of ten days they have succeeded in organizing Camps at Biloxi, Hattiesburg, Port Gibson, Winona, and have reinstated the Camps at Bay St. Louis, Gulfport, Vicksburg, Jackson, and Greenwood, and at Baton Rouge, La. At Gulfport and Jackson a reception was tendered Commander Stewart and Adjutant Forrest by the members of the local Camps.

Adjutant Forrest has left headquarters again on a three weeks' trip to Mississippi points and hopes to be able to report fully forty Camps from that State at the Richmond Reunion..

GENERAL INFORMATION.

During the Richmond Reunion the headquarters of the Commander in Chief and Adjutant in Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans will be at Room 100, Murphy's Hotel.

All business sessions will be held at the City Auditorium, on Linden and Cary Streets, and will be opened promptly at the hours designated.

A registration book will be opened at the Y. M. C. A. All comrades and official women are urged to register their names, with Richmond and home addresses.

Sponsors, maids and matrons of honor, chaperons, and their friends are expected to attend the sessions of the convention.

The opening session of the convention will be held on Monday evening, May 31, at the City Auditorium, when the welcome address and annual oration will be delivered and the official women introduced. Special attention is called to this session that all who are interested may reach there in ample time.

VIRGINIA'S DAUGHTER IN MISSISSIPPI.

A pleasing feature of the general Reunions, U. C. V., for many years has been the music rendered by the Confederate Choir, No. 1, of Portsmouth, Va., whose charming leader was Mrs. J. Griff Edwards, of Portsmouth. Her marriage to Dr. Hampden Osborne, of Columbus, Miss., was the romance of the Jacksonville Reunion last year. This popular daughter of Virginia has found a royal welcome in her adopted State, and she is now considered their "very own." Mrs. Osborne was matron of honor to the late reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., at Jackson, where she gave much pleasure by singing "Dixie." Her rendition of the South's favorite song has given her wide reputation, and at Jackson she carried the audience by storm. The report from that city said: "The old soldiers could not restrain themselves



MRS. OSBORNE AS LEADER OF THE CHOIR.

when this sweet little woman poured forth the notes of the most famous song of the war. Men and women stood upon benches and chairs giving vent to their feelings by waving handkerchiefs, yelling and crying alternately—a scene that can never be forgotten."

Mrs. Osborne has been in Virginia this spring training her Choir for the Richmond Reunion, for which a splendid program is promised.

ONLY LIVING CONFEDERATE TWINS.

A. M. and Edward Currie were born at Lumber Bridge, N. C., September 6, 1840, and both now live on the plantation where they were born.



A. M. AND EDWARD CURRIE.

Edward Currie enlisted in June, 1861, in Company F, 24th North Carolina, Ransom's Brigade, was wounded at Sharpsburg, and surrendered at Appomattox. He has always been greatly interested in military affairs and was presented a gold-headed cane by the Lumber Bridge Light Infantry a few years ago. One of his twin sons is a Spanish War veteran.

A. M. Currie was first stationed at Fort Moultrie, Charleston, S. C., and was then transferred to Company D, 51st North Carolina, Clingman's Brigade, and won a name for fearlessness under fire. He takes great interest in the social and political interests of his town. He is unmarried.

Their commercial interests are mutual and their home life beautiful.

THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

BY ROBERT T. HANKS, WEBBERS FALLS, OKLA.

As patriotic citizen, father, and friend there is no one more worthy of honorable mention, more highly esteemed, nor held in more veneration by the community in which he has lived since 1869 than John Henry Eiffert, supposed to be the oldest living veteran in the State of Oklahoma. He was born in Lexington, S. C., October 1, 1814. In 1830 he was conducting a mercantile business in McMinn and Bradley Counties, East Tennessee, on the Hiwassee River, some forty miles above Chattanooga, Tenn., when the "poor Los," or Cherokees, were compelled by Uncle Sam to take up their sad and enforced march to the then wilderness in the far West. In 1848 he was married to a Cherokee lady by blood, the widow of Dr. Robert T. Hanks, who was Margaret Ann Ward Morgan, a daughter of Col. Gideon Morgan, who commanded the Cherokees in the battle of the "Horse Shoe" under Gen. Andrew Jackson and a cousin to the late Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama.

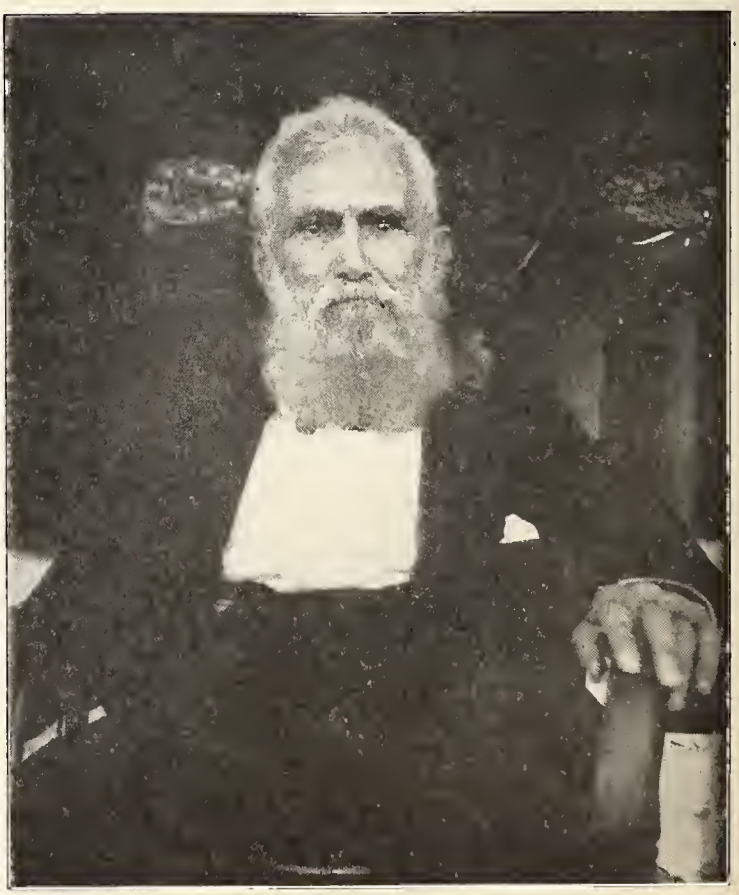
Mr. Eiffert went to California during the gold fever, but failed to capture any part of Dame Fortune's estate and returned to his farm and milling interests in Tennessee, where he remained until the tocsin of war sounded and the first gun echoed from Fort Sumter. Shouldering his old musket, he joined the second company raised in his town, under command of his son-in-law, Capt. Wellington W. McClelland, and was in the 29th Tennessee Regiment under General Zollicoffer, this brave officer falling early in the struggle. Afterwards he followed the fortunes of war under Gen. Kirby Smith and later on was transferred to the quartermaster's department at Knoxville, Tenn., where he remained an active and efficient aid throughout all the thrilling and eventful years of the war.

He was within reach of stray bullets during several bloody battles, but fortunately escaped injury. He was under fire all day in the famous battle of Lookout Mountain, having been sent down the hill for supplies early in the morning, and the engagement was on before he got back. Of this, in one of his reminiscent talks, he said: "It was a moving picture show that I had a free ticket to see. And when the curtain fell and audience and actors were to go, I did not stand on the order of my going, but went and have never cared to visit Lookout since, not even at a Reunion."

Mr. Eiffert is one hundred years and five months old and is able to read the newspapers and keeps posted on the European war. He is in good health, goes regularly to his meals, and helps about the house by carrying in stove wood and making fires.

HISTORY OF A NORTH CAROLINA COMPANY.

North Carolinians feel an especial pride and interest in the book recently brought out by Maj. William A. Smith, of Ansonville, N. C., "History of Company C, 14th Regiment N. C. V., Army of Northern Virginia." This book is a truthful, well-written narrative of the great conflict, full of incidents and of intense human interest, parts of it being from the diary of a private soldier of the company. It is a distinct and valuable addition to the history of the time and the men whose efforts and sacrifices made it.



JOHN HENRY EIFFERT, A CENTENARIAN.

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

Miss Annie Payne Pillow, of Washington, D. C., is selling a large, magnificent reproduction of the Great Seal of the Confederate States, which is beautifully colored and greatly admired for its artistic beauty. Mr. Allan G. Wyon, of 2 Langham Chambers, Portland Place, London, England, the engraver to his majesty, the King of England, has compared Miss Pillow's reproduction with an impression made from the original Great Seal of the Confederate States by his uncle, Mr. Joseph S. Wyon, who engraved the Great Seal, and has given Miss Pillow a certificate that her reproduction is a careful and accurate reproduction of the Great Seal.



MISS ANNIE PAYNE PILLOW.

Miss Pillow has written an interesting and carefully prepared history of the Great Seal of the Confederate States, which she has dedicated to her father, Brig. Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, Confederate States army (major general United States army), in which she describes the purposes of her reproduction as follows:

"The Great Seal is the 'coat of arms,' the emblem of sovereignty, of the once formidable Confederate States, which contained eight million souls. It is reproduced as a solemn, appropriate memorial to commemorate the valor, to perpetuate the name, and to honor the hallowed memory of the heroic Southern people, who, as a great and enlightened nation, bravely met and gallantly fought the invaders of their soil, embracing as they did all the perils and dangers of war, enduring with greatest fortitude unspeakable, unbelievable sufferings, and losing their families, their homes, their fortunes, their lives, their all, save honor, in the memorable, though unequal, conflict in defense of constitutional liberty. It marks a mighty epoch sacred to these unconquerable spirits, whose brave hearts and just cause still and shall forever live in the hearts of their children and their children's children for every generation to come, its inspired motto of prophecy, 'Deo vindice' (God vindicates) ever renewing the faith that the future will redeem, disenthrall, regenerate those great, eternal truths of States' sovereignty and the inalienable rights of man to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness asserted in the Declaration of Independence, in defense of which they freely gave their life's baptismal blood. It is a loving tribute of the second generation in grateful appreciation of the unsurpassed example of undaunted courage, zealous integrity, patriotic devotion, exalted self-sacrifice of the illustrious and deathless dead. These noble people designed the Great Seal to bind the laws of the Confederate States with the fond hope that it would be 'required for generations yet unborn.' We, their descendants, reproduce the Great Seal as a symbolical representation to consecrate and immortalize these fearless patriots by binding the hearts of the present and all future generations in love and reverence to the sacred cause for which they fell. May its living voice transmit forever the wonderful lesson of unselfishness, gallantry, devotion, faithfulness, and patriotism left by the Confederate soldier, whose valor amazed the world and is the most glorious and cherished legend of the South, where these valiant deeds are made eternal by song and story.

"This reproduction of the Great Seal of the Confederate States is sent forth upon its laudable mission with the earnest prayer that it may serve the lofty purpose of being the means of proclaiming forever the glorious achievements, the undying fame, the supreme self-abnegation, the invincible courage, the unalterable and fearless convictions of the ennobled patriots who wore the gray from 1861 to 1865."

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM FEBRUARY 12 TO MARCH 18, 1915.

Arkansas: W. H. and E. A. Ramsey Chapter, Argenta, $5; Mary Graham Chapter, C. of C., Camden, $2. Total, $7.

California: Stonewall Jackson Chapter, No. 476, $1; Gen. Joseph Wheeler Chapter, No. 1357, $3; Gen. John B. Gordon Chapter, No. 740, $2; Gen. Tyree H. Bell Chapter, No. 780, $5; Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, $25; Gen. J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, No. 815, $3; Gen. Sterling Price Chapter, No. 1343, $5. Total, $44.

District of Columbia: Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, $5.

Maryland: Baltimore Chapter, No. 8, $50.

Mississippi: Hon. John Sharp Williams (personal), $50.

Tennessee: Forrest Chapter, Brownsville, $5; Mrs. O. Z. Bond (personal), Nashville, $2; George B. Maney Auxiliary, Nashville, $5; Francis M. Walker Chapter, St. Elmo, $5; C. M. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, $3.85; Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson, $5; Kirby Smith Chapter, Sewanee, $10; C. M. Goodlett Chapter, Clarksville, $5. Total, $40.85.

West Virginia: Hedgesville Chapter, $1.50.

Interest, $319.64.

Total collections since last report, $517.99.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $31,414.40.

Total collections to date, $31,932.39.

Less expense, $51.83.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $31,880.56.

NOTE.—The Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, Tenn., should have been given credit for a contribution to the fund, whereas it has been put in returns from calendar sales. This should have been entered $3. Pledge, $4 freewill offering, $3 commission for calendars sold.

ATTENTION, U. D. C.!

A scholarly address, just completed, upon one of the Confederacy's most famous heroes will be delivered under the auspices of any local Chapter of the U. D. C. wishing to patronize it. The author requires no money guarantee and allows the Chapter half the receipts. For particulars, address Lock Box 28, Monterey, Va.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

The South has always shown a deep interest in the University of Virginia. This is natural, because a large number of the South's leaders in public life, law, medicine, the Church, science, and business were trained at the university founded nearly a century ago by Thomas Jefferson. This interest is maintained by the fact that from every Southern State there are students now enrolled in the several departments of the university. James Bryce, in his "American Commonwealth," recognized the influence that the University of Virginia has exerted in the life of the South, and in his discussion of American institutions of learning in general he classes the



ROTUNDA, SOUTH FRONT.

University of Virginia as the leading educational institution in the South and one properly to be classed among the best and most famous in the world.

Readers of the VETERAN will recall a gracious act of the University of Virginia three years ago, when those veterans who when students left the university to enlist in the Confederate forces were called back at finals and given medals in recognition of the appreciation by their *Alma Mater* of their service and devotion to the lost cause.

In view of these facts, it seems appropriate to set forth in the pages of the VETERAN a brief statement about the university as it is to-day at the beginning of a new period in its development.

Just ten years ago the first president of the university was inaugurated. Up to that time the institution's affairs had been administered by a chairman of the faculty, according to the plan originally devised by Jefferson himself. It was generally conceded, however, that the old system of administration, with executive powers vested in the chairman, had long overserved its day of usefulness when the decision was reached finally to elect a president, who was to be clothed with far greater authority than was ever delegated to the chairman of the faculty. The chairman owed his office to his colleagues of the teaching staff, and consequently it was difficult and embarrassing for him to inaugurate reforms and introduce new and up-to-date methods, however apparent the need might be. As a result the tendency was for the university to cling unduly to past processes of teaching and so was in danger of lagging behind in the onward march of progress in thus being slow to adapt itself to meet the altered conditions of a new educational era.

Much depended, therefore, on the selection of the right man to be the first president. The situation required a man of tact, diplomacy, broad learning, and wide experience, who should know how to solve the multitudinous problems presented and be able to do so without friction and with a proper regard for the traditions of the institution over which he was called upon to preside.

Judged by results, Dr. Edwin A. Alderman was without doubt the man for the place. Since he has been president he has inspired the people of Virginia with a new interest in the university, and he has brought their representatives to recognize the necessity of larger appropriations by making them see that without more money it was impossible for the university to keep pace with the progress of the times. These larger appropriations were necessary in order to provide for the creation of new departments, building of laboratories, and purchasing of suitable equipment, and so forth, with the result that it has at last come to pass that theory and practice have been brought into the supplemental and harmonious relationship that the one properly bears to the other.

The first decade of President Alderman's régime has been made notable by brilliant achievement in every direction that insures efficient work and enduring influence. Under his leadership the university looks to the future with implicit confidence in its power to serve Virgina, the South, and the nation even more adequately than in the past.

The courses of instruction given in the twenty-six schools are so coördinated as to form six departments, two of which are academic and four professional, or technical, as follows:

ACADEMIC.

The College, with the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Cultural Bachelor of Science, Vocational Bachelor of Science.

The Department of Graduate Studies, with the degrees of Graduate in a School, Master of Arts, Master of Science, Doctor of Philosophy

PROFESSIONAL.

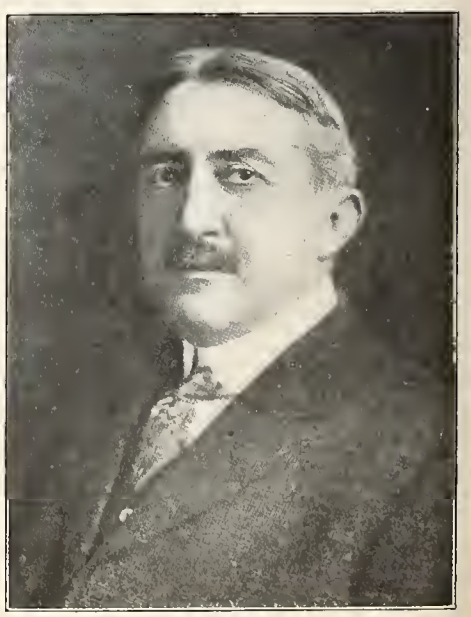
The Department of Law, with the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

The Department of Medicine, with the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

The Department of Engineering, with the degrees of Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, Electrical Engineer, Mining Engineer, Chemical Engineer.

The Department of Agriculture, with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Jefferson's scheme of instruction contemplated no fixed curriculum to be followed by every student alike. Each distinct branch was, as far as possible, assigned to an individual school with its own instructors. Students were allowed to matriculate in any school or schools for which they were prepared. Practically this "elective" system, which to some extent has been copied by universities and colleges all over the land, obtains to-day. A student may follow his bent as he wills, but of course there are certain fixed requirements for those seeking degrees. These, however, do not interfere with a student's freedom of choice.



DR. E. A. ALDERMAN, PRESIDENT UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Throughout the United States there has been a tendency among colleges and universities for several years to raise the standards of matriculation. The University of Virginia has kept pace with this and has gone farther than any other institution of learning in the South. The result is that there



MINOR HALL, LAW BUILDING.

is not a student now enrolled at Virginia who before he entered had not had a four-year course in an accredited high school or the equivalent as determined by an examination given at the university. In the graduate and professional schools the majority of the students won academic degrees before entering. To-day the requirements for matriculation are such that in this respect, as in others, the university stands among the first in America.

President Alderman's expressed hope to have one thousand students enrolled in the near future does not mean, therefore, merely that number of names on the register, but rather that one thousand young men, well equipped by previous training, will go to the university prepared to continue their studies intelligently and effectively.

There are now enrolled nearly nine hundred and fifty students. Nearly every State in the Union is represented among that number and five foreign countries.

A young alumnus recently set forth a number of reasons why a young man, especially a young Southerner, should choose the University of Virginia in preference to any other college or university. He said:

"Every college or university has some distinctive appeal that it can make to prospective students, some phase of its collegiate personality which attracts their enthusiasm—something which bulks large in their ideal of what one's *Alma Mater* should be.

"The choice of a college should not be carelessly made. It should represent a deliberate decision arrived at after the comparative advantages of all the colleges considered have been duly weighed.

"Why, then, should a young man, looking forward to his venture into the college world, choose the University of Virginia in preference to one of the many other institutions that exist in this country?"

Then he proceeded to make a number of points as to the distinctive features of the University of Virginia as follows:

"*Historical Background.*—The University of Virginia possesses the historical background so essential to the intimate life of a great educational institution. Founded by Thomas Jefferson in 1819, it has numbered on its Board of Visitors (trustees) three Presidents of the United States—Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe—and its century of history is closely interwoven with the intellectual life of a great section during that time.

"*Curriculum, Equipment, and Faculty.*—There are five departments—College, Graduate, Law, Medicine, and Engineering. The university confers on its graduates the following degrees: Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Master of Arts, Master of Science, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Laws, Civil Engineer, Mechanical Engineer, Electrical Engineer, and Chemical Engineer. The entrance requirements, fourteen standard units, equal those of the leading universities of the country. In the last decade the teaching strength of the faculty and the material equipment of the university have been increased one hundred per cent.

"*Honor System.*—At no other college or university in this country has the spirit of honor as a governing force in the student community been so highly and so efficiently developed as at the University of Virginia. In 1842 the faculty committed itself to the honor system as the true method of student government, and since that time the system has become an integral part of the life and traditions of the University of Virginia.

"*Religious Life.*—In founding the University of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson established it upon the broad basis of absolute religious freedom which has served to call forth the highest spiritual ideals of the students. The first student Young Men's Christian Association established in the world was founded here in 1858. The activities of this organization are varied, far-reaching, and beneficent.

"*A Cosmopolitan State Institution.*—The University of Virginia is a State institution, but its student body is probably more cosmopolitan than that of any other State university in this country. While the Southern States furnish the larger share of the enrollment, practically every State in the Union sends its quota. The advantages of such a cosmopolitan enrollment are obvious.

"*Alumni.*—At the present time the President of the United States, the Attorney-General, one member of the United States Supreme Court, nine Senators, sixteen Congressmen, the Ambassadors to Italy and Spain, and two State Governors are alumni of the University of Virginia. Space does not permit an enumeration of those alumni who have held prominent positions in the past; that is a matter of history.

"*Athletics.*—At the present time the university is represented in intercollegiate relations by football, baseball, track, and basket ball teams. While the success of the individual team varies from year to year, the university, viewed from the standpoint of athletic prowess, maintains all the prestige that comes to it by virtue of its scholastic achievements. Lambeth Field is easily the finest stadium and athletic field in the South.

"*Expenses and Opportunities for Self-Help.*—What opportunities does the university offer to the deserving student who is handicapped by inadequate finances? An investigation conducted by the university in 1911-12 showed that in all departments the average expenses of a student, including everything except clothing and railroad fare, amounted to $368.61. It is thus an established fact that the expenses at the University of Virginia are less per student than at most institutions of similar rank. The investigation also brought out the fact that nearly one-fourth of the students were themselves paying their expenses in whole or part. All students from Virginia are given free tuition in the Academic Departments. There are many scholarships, as well as nine endowed fellowships, and loan funds aggregating thirty-five thousand dollars available for deserving students.

"*Location.*—The university grounds are just outside of Charlottesville, in the heart of the beautiful and historic Piedmont country. Two great trunk lines (the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, running east and west, and the Southern Railway, running north and south) furnish admirable railroad facilities. The climate is dry, temperate, and equable.

"*University Life.*—Withal there is a simplicity about the life at the University of Virginia, a dignified relation between teacher and student, a beauty of grounds and architecture, a liberalism and a freedom of thought which distinguish it among American universities and give it strength of appeal, which, after all, is its most beautiful attribute."



UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL BUILDINGS.

NEW BOOKS.

LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP AND GENERAL. By William M. Polk, M.D., LL.D., Dean of the Medical School of Cornell University, formerly lieutenant of artillery and assistant chief of artillery Polk's Corps, C. S. A. With portraits, maps, and other illustrations. New edition. Two volumes.

The second edition of this biography of Bishop and Gen. Leonidas Polk is now being offered by the publishers, Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company, New York City, whose advertisement will be found in this number of the VETERAN. Their foreword states that "the work has been examined closely and has been treated in the light of criticisms made at the time of the first issue. It contains valuable and interesting additions to the revolutionary history of North and South Carolina, to the missionary history of the Episcopal Church in the Southwest, to that of the university at Sewanee, and to certain critical periods of the Civil War." The book was not received by the VETERAN in time for a special review in this number, which will come later, but the general press comment is an appreciation of the value of such a work. Dr. Polk has written the story of his father's life "without unmerited eulogy" and has spared no pains to secure authenticity throughout, for which he has drawn largely upon official records and correspondence. The New York Times says: "The book is an admirable presentation of a simple, sincere, and powerful character. * * * Many interesting glimpses of the war and war days are to be found in these volumes."

GRANDMOTHER STORIES FROM THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE. By Howard Meriwether Lovett.

A need of the present day has been met by the new book of American history stories so charmingly written by Howard Meriwether Lovett. Indeed, a patriotic service has been rendered in the gathering together and publishing in permanent form these records of heroism, invention, and discovery which have been a part of our country's history from early pioneer times to the days of trial in the War between the States. The literature of the South has been enriched by such a collection of stories, written especially for children, but no less appreciated by and valuable to those of mature years. Many years of effort were expended in gathering this historical data from official records and personal narrative, and our pride grows as we learn more and more of the great characters which have made a wonderful procession through the pages of our history. The Atlanta Constitution says: "With such books as this in the hands of our young people children need no longer remain ignorant of the glorious part played by the South in the founding of this nation—a part so vital that to blot it out would be to strike at the very heart of American history. * * * Here will be found the story of Matthew Fontaine Maury, Pathfinder of the Seas, whose wonderful brain founded the naval academy, navigation charts, weather bureau, Atlantic cable, etc., and who did more for the United States government than any scientist that ever lived. And here is the story of Meriwether Lewis, Pathfinder of the Wilderness, the first white man to stand at the source of the Missouri River; of William Longstreet, inventor of the steamboat; of Dr. Frank R. Goulding, inventor of the sewing machine; and others worthy of fame." There are twenty-two of these stories of Southern history, each of which records a worthy deed. The VETERAN is glad to commend this book, which is especially valuable for schools and for use in Chapters of Children of the Confederacy. It is freely illustrated and attractively bound, making a handsome volume in every way. See advertisement in this number. It is sold by the Columbian Book Company, Atlanta, Ga. Price, $1.50.

CONFEDERATE MONEY WANTED.

In response to the call for Confederate currency with which to "pay off" Confederate veterans at the Richmond Reunion, Miss Susie Gentry, of Franklin, Tenn., has sent to Paymaster-General J. M. Williams, of Memphis, a roll of five- and ten-dollar bills amounting to $1,600, which was a part of the salary of her father, Dr. Watson Meredith Gentry, surgeon in chief of Confederate hospitals, Montgomery, Ala., 1863 to 1865. In acknowledgment of this generous contribution, General Williams writes: "I thank you most sincerely and appreciate the noble, patriotic, and loving sentiment which prompted you and your father to make this donation. It is indeed valuable, and your and your father's names will be placed on the roll of honor and publicly announced at the Richmond Reunion in June, 1915. This donation and the interesting history of the gift is far ahead of any that I have so far received."

General Williams reports having received other nice contributions from every section of the country, and he now has a good sum of Confederate currency on hand, but needs more. Newspapers everywhere are asked to make note of his appeal, so that other friends may have a chance to contribute and thus enable all veterans attending the Reunion to get some of their "back pay."

OUR ADVERTISERS.

The VETERAN is proud to call attention to its handsome advertising pages in this number and asks of its patrons their careful consideration of everything that is advertised. Richmond is well represented in this Reunion number, and friends of the VETERAN can do it a real service by patronizing those who have so liberally patronized the VETERAN. Hotels, banks, manufacturers, insurance companies, and others of the business world of Richmond will appreciate your patronage. There are also books, schools, railroads, etc., which claim your attention, and some of our Nashville merchants make attractive offerings. You will be helping the VETERAN by patronizing its advertisers, and you will be serving yourself as well.

CAMP CHASE PRISONERS.—I am desirous of getting into communication with Confederate veterans who were imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio, during the War between the States. It is the intention of the committee to have several of them present at the memorial services on June 12, 1915. If you were a prisoner at Camp Chase, please address Al. G. Field, 50 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio.

The illustration on the first reading page of this number is used by permission of the publishers of the picture, "Sunset after Appomattox." Those who wish a copy for framing can procure it from W. F. Roberts Company, Washington, D. C., for 16 cents, postpaid.

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There was a tender friendship between the late editor of the VETERAN and the veteran leader of minstrelsy, Mr. Al G. Field; and out of a generous heart the author is giving a large share of the sales to help the fund for building a monument to his friend of many years. Of this book, Mr. Cunningham himself wrote: "If Al G. Field had determined upon this book when a boy and had given years of study to the subject, a finer production could not have been expected. It is as unique throughout as is the title, 'Watch Yourself Go By.' Open it anywhere, regardless of what precedes, and soon you will be fascinated." And he offered a year's subscription to the VETERAN to all who bought the book and were not satisfied.

The *New York Clipper* says: "From beginning to end this book will hold the attention of the reader with its intermingling of mirth and pathos, in which is entwined the record of a busy life. The boyhood scenes and the peculiar characters and incidents recorded are particularly amusing and instructive."

Many other notices could be quoted in praise of Mr. Field's book, written to give pleasure to others. The author himself says: "If those who peruse this book extract half the pleasure from reading its pages that has come to me while writing them, my desires will be satisfied."

MAKE SOME HEART MERRY BY A GIFT OF THIS BOOK

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ALL ORDERS MUST BE SENT TO THE

Confederate Veteran

NASHVILLE, TENN.

G. W. Rumble, 1511 Fairview Street, South Berkeley, Cal., makes inquiry for J. W. Weston, who belonged to a Virginia regiment and went to London in 1861 or 1862 in behalf of the Confederacy.

Dr. A. C. Bennett, of Vinson, Okla., wishes to correspond with some member of Company B, 3d Missouri Cavalry, Green's Regiment, Gen. John S. Marmaduke's division, Trans-Mississippi Department. He was known as "Talaho" Bennett.

The widow of J. N. Hall, who served in Company D, 23d Alabama Infantry, is in need, and any information of his service that can be given by surviving comrades will be appreciated. He was mustered into service at Bridgeport, Ala., April 9, 1862, by Colonel Beck, and his captain was J. S. Hester. Please address O. H. P. Wright, Box 574, Selma, Ala.

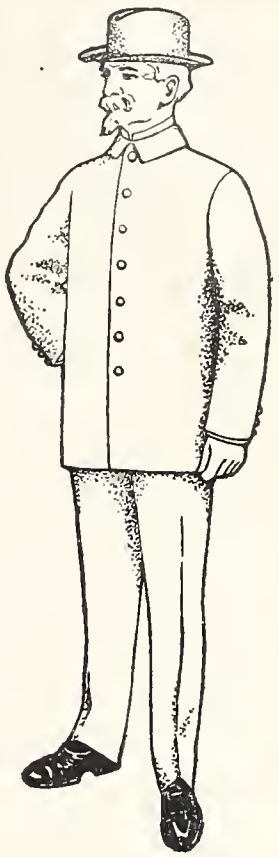
Dr. W. L. Hartsell, of Warren, Ark., would like to hear from some comrade of his father, Adam H. Hartsell, who was in Capt. Liget Jenkins's company, under Col. Lee Bentley and Maj. Carl Bentley. This company was known as the Home Guards of Lawrence County, Tenn.

T. J. Singletary, of Altus, Okla., wants to know whether there are any surviving members of the company raised by Capt John M. Garard at Savannah, Ga. This company was in service around Savannah and White Bluff and in that country. They disbanded at Union Factory, N. C.

Mrs. Bell Overton, of Mangum, Okla., is anxious to correspond with some member of the 13th Alabama Infantry that knew A. H. Overton, sometimes called "Doll" or "Kit." He enlisted in Alabama in 1861 and served to the end of the war. He died in Cleburne, Tex., in 1905.

Mrs. Adam F. Naff, 202 Montford Avenue, Greenville, Tenn., would like to correspond with some comrade who was with her husband in Company I, 61st Tennessee Infantry. He was in the commissary department, but was captain of his company. He was in Vaughn's Brigade and was in or at the siege of Vicksburg, Miss. His company was made up in Green and Washington Counties, Tenn.

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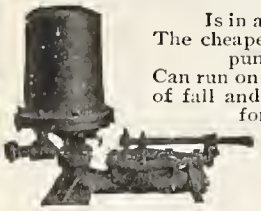
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INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES of CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Commissioner
Army Medical Library Building
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J. T. Shipman, of Glencoe, Okla., wants the address of any member of Company A, Bowlin's Regiment of Texas Rangers, under Capt. Major Raff.

W. W. Wood, of Greensboro, N. C., is very anxious to secure some copies of the VETERAN for May, 1898, and old subscribers who have these copies to spare will please write to him.

Samuel Young, 2213 North St. John Street, Greenville, Tex., wants the addresses of all surviving comrades who were in the 28th Tennessee Regiment, and especially those of Company G, of which he was a member.

G. W. Rumble, 1511 Fairview Street, Berkeley, Cal., wishes to know something of Maj. J. W. Weston, who was sent to Europe to represent the Confederacy in 1861 or 1862. It is known that he passed the blockade at Savannah.

Mrs. Virginia E. Farris, of Fulton, Ark., wants to hear from some comrade who can testify to her husband's war record. James Wesley Farris enlisted from Summerville, Tenn. (Hardeman County), in 1861 and served to the end. He was wounded at Shiloh.

Mrs. P. T. Williamson, 1710 North Eldorado Street, Stockton, Cal., asks that any one having knowledge of either of the following will please communicate with her: David N. Ray, Dr. Hugh L. Ray, and John Ray. Any information will be gratefully received.

P. J. Willis, of Marquez, Tex., wants the address of any one that belonged to Company C, Gordon's 4th Mississippi Regiment, which was first commanded by Captain Rayney, later by Captain Rogers, and was made up in Lauderdale County, Miss. There were two 4th Mississippi Cavalry Regiments.

J. W. Stith, of Bradley, Lafayette County, Ark., is anxious to hear from some comrade of his company or regiment who can testify to his service in the war. He enlisted from Nottoway County, near or in Burkeville, Va., in Company E, 3d Virginia Cavalry, Tom Owen's regiment, W. M. Field lieutenant, Colonel Wickham's brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's old brigade. He was color bearer for about six months and was in numerous battles in Virginia.

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35c *Gets the hottest Democratic paper in the United States one year. The Hornet, Box 14, Fork, N. C.*

Mrs. George W. Sulser, Mayesville, Ky.: "We feel that we cannot get on without the VETERAN, consequently I may be considered as in the list of life members."

Mrs. J. S. Burnett, 417 Twelfth Street, Oak Cliff, Tex., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some one who can testify to her husband's record. He enlisted at Bonham, Tex., in Duff's Regiment some time in 1864.

George W. Terry, 406 West Twelfth Street, Sulphur, Okla., has in his possession a beautiful Confederate cross found in that city. On this cross is the bust of Maj. Gen. P. H. Cleburne and the date 1911 just under the name. The owner may get it by writing to Mr. Terry.

Alex Ramsey, of Pleasant Plains, Ark., having lost his discharge from the Confederate army, wishes to correspond with some surviving comrade. He enlisted in Cross County, Ark., in Company A, under Captain Martin, of an Arkansas regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department.

Mrs. E. E. McCauley, 214 Missouri Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from any survivor of the 18th Mississippi Cavalry or any one who knew of the service of Mathew McCauley. Address either Mrs. McCauley or J. M. Freeman, 2630 Jennings Avenue, Fort Worth, Tex.

Mrs. James B. Keith, of Timmonsville, S. C., wants to know the number of Col. John L. Harding's regiment. He came from Maryland to Missouri, where he married and settled at a place called Waverly. He was one of the first to raise a regiment and was all through the war. He was with General Shelby and General Price in Arkansas and Mississippi.

V. L. Price, of Lewisburg, Ky., is interested in a veteran there, F. B. Moore, whose memory is deficient; but he thinks he served in Lyons's Brigade, under Captain Merriman and Lieutenant Lassiter, most of the time in Missouri. He enlisted at Paris, Tenn., in February, 1863. Any information that can be given of his service will be helpful in securing a pension for him.



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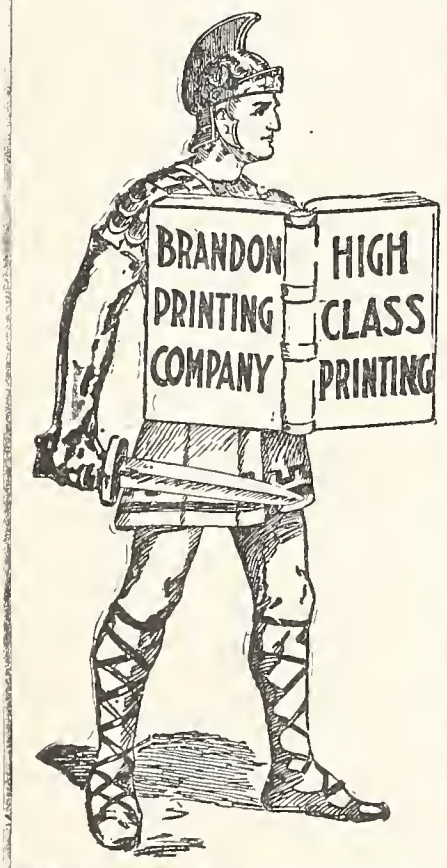
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ANNIE PAYNE PILLOW
2424 Pa. Ave. Washington, D. C.

T. F. Parramoure, of Seffner, Fla., wants to know if there was a regiment in Virginia known as the "Possum Regiment," Heth's Division, Davis's Brigade.

The State Library at Austin, Tex., needs the January number of 1893 to complete its file of the VETERAN and hopes to secure it from some old subscriber to the VETERAN.

Mrs. John B. Purvine, 503 A Street N. W., Ardmore, Okla., wants proof of the serviee of her husband and would like to hear from some surviving comrade. He served in Company G, 11th Texas Cavalry.

Mr. J. A. Thompson, of Guntown, Miss., Route 3, wishes to eorrespond with some member of his company. He served the last seven months of the war in Company F, Davenport's Battalion, Alabama Volunteers.

J. L. Lee, of Olaton, Ky., would be glad to hear from some surviving comrade who can testify to the war record of Isom Lee from June 30, 1864, until the elose of the war. He belonged to Company A, 2d South Carolina Infantry.

Any one who can testify to the service of Taylor Buskirk, who was a member of Company E, 4th Regiment of Arkansas Infantry, will eonfer a favor upon his wife by writing to J. A. Miller, Cane Hill, Ark. She needs a pension.

R. J. Herring, of Thomasville, Ga., wants to seeure a pension for the widow of a Confederate soldier and would like to hear from some surviving comrade of Oliver C. Cleveland, of Company A, 2d Georgia Battalion. He also wishes to know the captain of that company.

Inquiry has come to the VETERAN as to the means employed by the Confederate government after the fall of Vicksburg in keeping open the communieations between the Trans-Mississippi Department and the Treasury Department at Richmond, Va. An article on this subject would be very timely.

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God bless to-day.

O State without a peer,
Thy name to us is dear,
Almost divine;
The memories of our sires,
Their sacrificial pyres,
Thy purifying fires,
Our hearts enshrine.

Dominion dearly loved,
Thy title nobly proved
In blood and flame;
Thy children rally now,
On bended knee they bow
To swear a solemn vow
In thy great name.

A tyrant's foot hath trod
Upon thy saered sod
Our fathers saved;
Worse ehains than steel are forged;
Thy valiant race is scourged;
The funeral march is dirged;
Thy sons enslaved.

Thou God of battles, aid!
God of the unafraid
Our Leader be!
Father of liberty,
Ride on in majesty;
Lead us to victory;
Virginia free!

—*James Riddick Laughton.*

Rev. J. M. Blaylock, of Kennett, Mo., would like to correspond with any one who belonged to Maj. Jim Henry's battalion, from Asheville, N. C.

Dr. W. J. Stevenson, of Groveton, Tex., wants to establish the war reeord of J. S. Kemper, who enlisted from Franklin, La., in Mareh, 1862, in Company G, 13th Louisiana Regiment. He served in Adams's Brigade, Breckinridge's Division, of Bragg's army. He was made prisoner near the close of the war. This information is sought in order to seeure his widow a pension.

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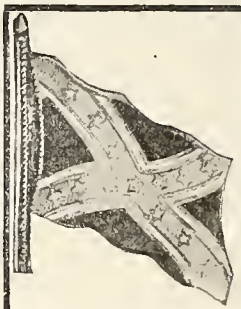
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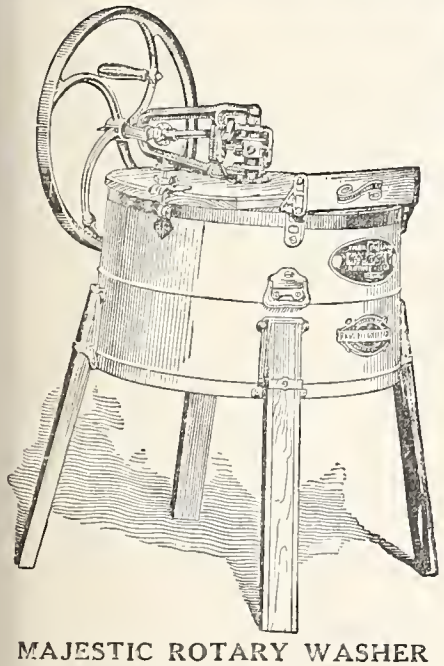
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Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIII. JUNE, 1915 NO. 6

FIFTY YEARS AGO

HEADQUARTERS A. N. V., APRIL 10, 1865.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 9.

AFTER four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them. But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuation of the contest, I determined to avoid the sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged.

You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

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WANTED—Any or all copies of the year 1893 of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. Address: "Son of Veteran, Post Office Box 1437, Pensacola, Fla."

T. M. Tackitt, Box 465, Weatherford, Okla., is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some surviving comrades who can testify to his record.

Mrs. A. Bellew, of Grand Prairie, Tex., wishes to communicate with some one who can give her information of her husband's service. Lieut. V. R. Bellew served in the 4th Kentucky Regiment, under Captain Alexander and Colonel Diamond, Breckinridge's command.

J. J. Brown, of Goodwater, Ala. (care of Bill Adkins Camp, U. C. V.), wants to hear from some one who can testify to the service of J. W. N. Rogers, known as "Jess Rogers," who went from High Falls, Oconee County, S. C., and enlisted in Capt. C. C. Hollingsworth's company.

Thomas Smith, of Bridgeport, Tex., enlisted in Company B, 22d Alabama. He was captured at Atlanta, near Peach Tree Creek, and carried to the Federal prison, Camp Chase, Ohio, and was exchanged the next March. Others with him at the time were Rus Dobbs, Jim Rogers, D. and Tom Mohorn. He is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from some of his comrades. Write him in care of S. H. Shook.

Mrs. L. E. Underwood, of Tecumseh, Okla., Box 403, wants to establish the record of her husband, Nelson Catlitt Underwood, who in 1861, at the age of sixteen, enlisted in Company C, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under Captain Snow. He went from Hamilton County, Tenn., near Chattanooga, served a few months as quartermaster, then as a regular cavalry soldier. He was wounded, captured, and confined for nine months in Camp Morton, at Indianapolis.

Mrs. Robert A. Matthews, of Fort Valley, Ga., Box 381, wishes to correspond with some comrade who knew her husband in the Treasury Department at Richmond and after he was commissioned to bear funds to the Trans-Mississippi Department, making a number of hazardous trips. These records were lost by fire, but doubtless some one can explain how communication was kept open between the government at Richmond and the Trans-Mississippi Department after the fall of Vicksburg.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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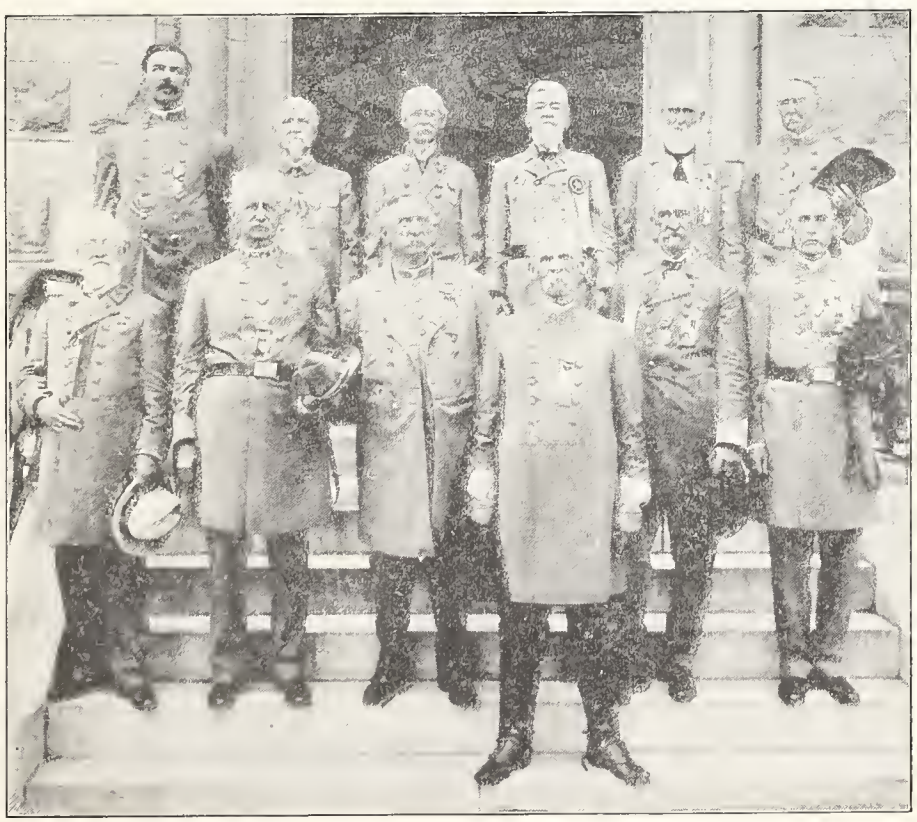
THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

[From the address by Gen. E. Porter Alexander on Alumni Day, West Point Centennial, June 9, 1902.]

The Confederate veteran! With these words does there not arise in every mind the thought of a meteoric army which, over forty years ago, sprang into existence, as it would seem, out of space and nothingness and, after a career of four years, unsustained by treasury or arsenal, but unsurpassed for brilliant fighting and lavish outpour of blood, vanished from earth as utterly as if it had been a phantom of the imagination? It had followed as a banner a starry cross, born in the fire and smoke of its battle line, which had flown over its charging columns on many fields and under many leaders whose names proud history will forever cherish, and then in a night it also had taken its flight from earth, to be seen no more of men. A Federal historian wrote of this army: "Who can forget it that once looked upon it? That array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets, that body of incomparable infantry, the Army of Northern Virginia, which for four years carried the revolt on its bayonets, opposing a constant front to the mighty concentrations of power brought against it, which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation!" * * *

Shall I name to you at once the Confederate hero who deserves the highest pedestal, who bore the greatest privations and contributed most freely of his blood to win every victory and resist every defeat? I name the private soldier.

Practically without pay and on half rations, he enlisted for life or death and served out his contract. He did not look the fighting man he was. He was lean, sunburned, and bearded, often barefooted and ragged. He had neither training nor discipline, except what he acquired in the field. He had only antiquated and inferior arms until he captured better ones in battle. He had not even military ambition, but he had one incentive which was lacking in his opponents, brave and loyal as they were. Meeting him on the march, one might recognize in his eyes a certain far-away look. He was fighting for his home. From the time of Greece to that of South Africa, all history attests the stimulus of the thought of home to the soldier fighting for it. So there was nothing anomalous about the fighting of our army. We fought for our homes under men that we loved and trusted. This brought out the best in every individual, whether private or general.



COMMANDER IN CHIEF U. C. V. AND STAFF AT CHATTANOOGA, 1913.

Top row: Col. Gale Kyle, A. D. C., Rogersville, Tenn. (son of a veteran); Col. Thomas Green, A. D. C., Charleston, W. Va.; Brig. Gen. L. B. McFarland, A. A. G., Memphis, Tenn.; Brig. Gen. H. M. Bryan, A. A. G., Talbotton, Ga.; Col. J. Z. McChesney, A. D. C., Charleston, W. Va.; Brig. Gen. R. P. Lake, A. A. G., Memphis, Tenn.

Bottom row: Rev. John R. Deering, Assistant Chaplain General, Lexington, Ky.; Col. R. E. Bullington, A. D. C., Memphis, Tenn.; Dr. J. W. Bachman, Chaplain General, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Brig. Gen. J. N. Thompson, A. A. G., Tuscumbia, Ala.; Col. J. A. Harral, A. D. C., New Orleans, La.; Commander in Chief, Gen. Bennett H. Young, in front.

BIRTHDAY OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BY EDITH T. LESSING, POET LAUREATE TEXAS DIVISION, 1913-14.

The third of June! O Southern roses, bloom and gleam and glow!
O Southern winds, waft fragrance through the trees!
O Southern hearts, beat high with loyal pride!
For on this day, more than a hundred years ago,
Jefferson Davis first saw the light.
Davis, the martyr hero of the South,
Born to be the master of adoring slaves.
His boyhood passed with gun and horse and hound;
His gently nurtured, studious youth was given
To learn the strategy of arms and to command.
War called, and underneath the waving Stars and Stripes,
In early manhood, like the knights of old,
He won his golden spurs in strife with Mexico,
Leading victorious armies through the gates
Of conquered cities, conquered by his skill,
And all men called him brave and tried and true.
When he returned triumphant from the war,
He filled high places in the government,
A grave and earnest statesman, with far-seeing eyes,
To sight the rocks and shoals the future held.
He served the Union with a loyal heart;
But when he saw his State oppressed and wronged,
With armed ships sailing to her quiet ports,
And heard her call him as a son to aid,
With tears he turned him from the Stars and Stripes,
From fame, preferment, and the place he loved,
To lay his sword, life, honor at her feet.
They made him head of the Confederate States,
And round his standard of the Stars and Bars
There thronged a mighty host of valiant souls,
Whose like the world will never see again.
Four years they struggled, like a giant chained,
Against the mercenary hordes of foreign lands,
And wrought such deeds of glory that, till time
Shall end and all things be forgot,
They will stand peerless in the eyes of men.
Borne down by numbers when the end had come,
On Davis fell the burden of defeat.
His petty conquerors heaped upon his head
Indignities that all the world to-day condemns.
He whose high honor would have held him bound
Was loaded down with heavy shameful chains,
His scholarly, fine hands locked in the shackles
Of a common thief.
He sat forsaken in a prison house,
The sight of wife and little child denied.
The shadow of a felon's death upon the door,
Death on a gallows for a man whose life
Was offered up for liberty and right.
The shadow passed, the prison was unbarred,
And he came forth a bowed and broken man,
An exile in the land that gave him birth.
Grand in defeat, he patiently pressed on
And there received his accolade divine.
God's knight, he trod the gentle ways of life,
His wife's wise counselor and tender guide,
His children's idol and the star of home.
And ever flooding round him through the years,
Like rare perfume borne on the Southern wind,
Came the undying love of Southern hearts.
And when he passed to that far country of our holy dreams,
His burial place became a sacred spot
Because of that great memory he left
Of stainless manhood and unchanging faith,
Of dauntless courage, rising pure and high
Above the wreck and ruin of his life.
The third of June! Bright day of roses and unclouded skies,
When all the fields are carpeted with flowers
And the green forest isles resound with song,
The jubilate of the mocking birds!
This day of days in love we dedicate
To Jefferson Davis, martyr of the South,
Who bore alone a nation's sorrow and a nation's chains;
Our martyr, crucified through years of pain;
Our hero, crucified and glory crowned.

"THE CASE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS."

Referring to a recent report in the press of the country of the marriage of one "Josiah Millard, eighty-nine years old, a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and foreman of the jury that convicted Jefferson Davis of treason," W. O. Hart says in the New Orleans American:

"It certainly came as a shock to all students of American history, because not only was Jefferson Davis never convicted of treason but was never tried for treason.

"The case of Jefferson Davis may be interesting at this time. After the capture of Mr. Davis in Georgia he was transported to Fortress Monroe, and preparations were at once made to try him. The charge of being instigator of the murder of President Lincoln was almost immediately dropped,

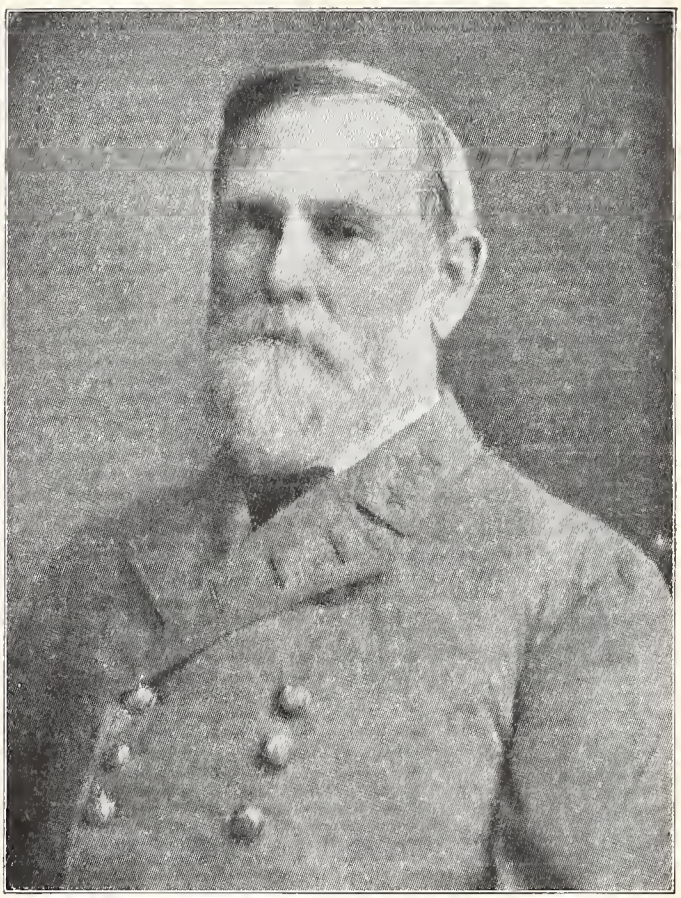


GEN. WILLIAM E. MICKLE, ADJUTANT GENERAL AND CHIEF OF STAFF, U. C. V.

and the government concluded to prosecute Mr. Davis for treason. So at Norfolk, where the United States Circuit Court was about to convene, Judge John C. Underwood being the presiding judge, an indictment was found against Mr. Davis and others for treason; but this original indictment was lost during the summer of 1865, and nothing was ever done in connection therewith. Subsequently an indictment was found in the District of Columbia; but no process was issued under it, though it was rumored at one time that Mr. Davis was going to be removed from Fortress Monroe to Washington for the purpose of trial.

"The next move in this matter was on May 8, 1866, when the grand jury at Norfolk presented another indictment for treason against Mr. Davis. On June 5 Mr. William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, and others of counsel for Mr. Davis when Judge Underwood was sitting at Richmond, appeared before the court and asked for an early trial. This was opposed by the government on the ground that Mr. Davis was in the custody of the military authorities of the United States and therefore not amenable to process in the civil courts of the United States. Finally the court adjourned until the first Tuesday in October, when it was expected that Hon. Salmon P. Chase, the Chief Justice of the United States, whose duties embraced the cases in the Fourth Circuit Court, wherein Richmond was situated, and the attorney-general could be present for the trial. On June 7 Hon. Charles O'Connor, of New York, and Hon. T. G. Pratt, Ex-Governor of Maryland, representing Mr. Davis, with the Hon. James Speed, attorney-general of the United States, appeared before the Chief Justice to ascertain whether he would entertain an application to release Mr. Davis on bail. The Chief Justice had some doubt whether martial law was not still extant in Virginia, so no application was made at that time; but on June 11, Judge Underwood being in Washington, an application was made to him for bail, which he declined to entertain, considering Mr. Davis a military prisoner. This was followed by a letter from President Andrew Johnson to the attorney-general, stating that, in his opinion, there was no reason why Mr. Davis should not be tried by ordinary process in the courts of the United States. This letter was dated Octber 6, 1866, previous to which Mr. Horace Greeley had visited Washington and had seen Judge Underwood at Richmond in an effort to secure the release of Mr. Davis on bail, but his efforts were unsuccessful. No action was taken during the fall term in Richmond; but in May, 1867, Judge Underwood opened court in regular form, whereupon Mr. Davis, through his counsel, George Shea, applied for a writ of habeas corpus, and Mr. Davis was produced before the court in Richmond on May 13 by Col. H. S. Burton, who had him in charge at Fortress Monroe, whereupon the judge held that Mr. Davis might be admitted to bail; and the counsel for Mr. Davis and counsel for the government having agreed on the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, the bond was thereupon signed by Mr. Horace Greeley and others, and the court entered this order, 'The marshal will discharge the prisoner,' and the report of the case goes on to say: 'The marshal did so, when deafening applause followed.'

"Under the terms of the bond Mr. Davis was to appear before the court at Richmond on the fourth Monday of November following, which was the 26th day of that month, when the case was continued until the fourth Wednesday of March, 1868, up to which time Mr. Davis was given leave to depart from the jurisdiction of the court. But before anything further was done, in March a new indictment was found which covers over twenty pages of ordinary print. Under this indictment Mr. Davis was required to give a new bond, which was signed by the same parties, and the case was continued until June 3. On June 23 it was again continued, and Mr. Davis was required to give another bond, whereupon a motion to quash or dismiss the prosecution was filed by counsel for Mr. Davis, and the case was set for hearing in Richmond on November 30, 1868, before Chief Justice Chase and Judge Underwood. On that day it was fixed for December 3, when it was duly called for trial, Mr. Davis being represented by Robert Ould, of Richmond, Charles O'Connor, of New York, William B. Reed, of Philadelphia, and James Lyons, of Richmond. The government was represented by District Attorney S. Ferguson Beach, Richard H. Dana, Jr., of Boston, and Gen. H. H. Wells.



GEN. K. M. VANZANDT, TEXAS, COMMANDING TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

"After argument of many of the counsel at great length the case was submitted; and on December 5 the Chief Justice announced that the court had failed to agree on the question presented, which was whether the indictment should be quashed, and a certificate of division was filed as required by law and forwarded to Washington in furtherance of a writ of error or appeal allowed under such circumstances. But nothing was ever done in the Supreme Court of the United States, and by the proclamation of general amnesty issued by President Johnson in December, 1868, further prosecution was at an end, and at the next term of the Circuit Court in Richmond the indictments against Mr. Davis were dismissed. At the time of stating that there was a difference of opinion between the judges nothing was given out as to how they stood, but subsequently the Chief Justice stated that, in his opinion, the indictment should have been quashed. After this hearing Mr. Davis was required to furnish another bond, but

in each case of new bonds the sureties were the same. The report of the case occupies one hundred and twenty-four pages of print and is found in the volume known as 'Chase's Report,' published in 1876, edited by Bradley T. Johnson, of Virginia, revised and corrected by the Chief Justice himself, and the first case in the volume is entitled 'Case of Jefferson Davis.' The names of the grand jurors are not given in the report, nor does the signature of the foreman appear; so I cannot say whether Mr. Millard was in any wise connected with the prosecution, but he certainly did not enjoy the distinction which the telegram gives him, because, as before stated, Mr. Davis was not convicted nor tried for treason nor for any other offense."

The publication in the general press referred to this old man as a native of Maryland, but a thorough investigation by Daughters of the Confederacy of that State shows that Maryland furnished no member of the jury impaneled for the Davis trial, "not even a negro."

CONFEDERATE STATES NEGRO TROOPS.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

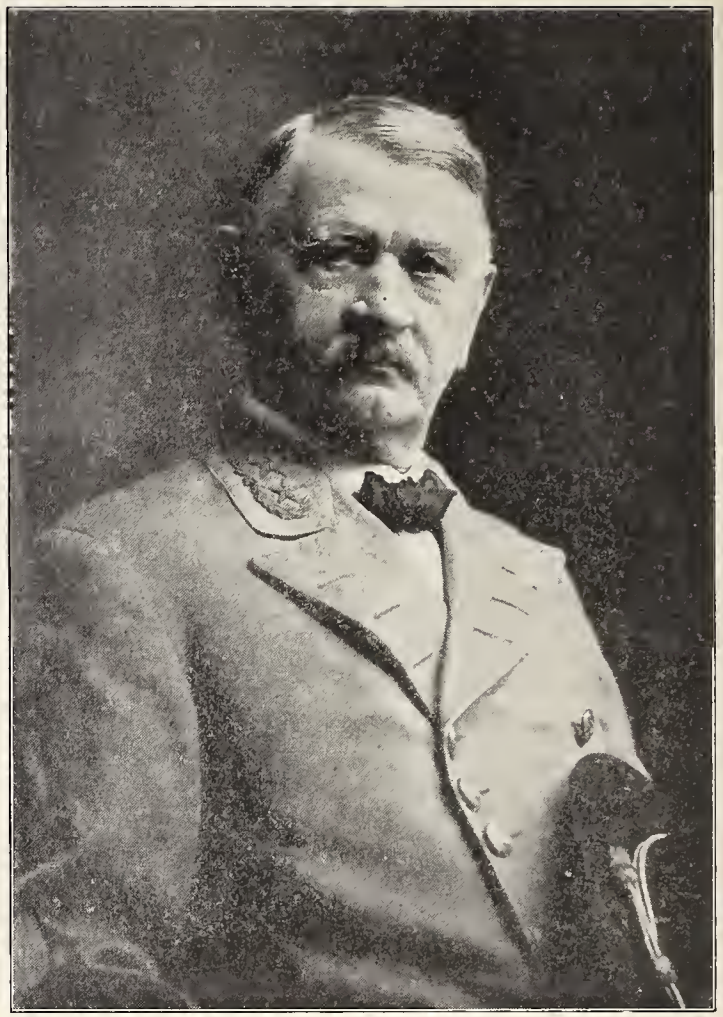
On account of the South's being practically drained of fighting men by the middle of the year 1864, the question of using the male slaves to reënforce the army was agitated. I shall give a few opinions on the subject taken from various sources.

As early as September 9 a gentleman from Augusta, Ga., signing himself a "Native Georgian," wrote to the department thus: "The idea may have been presented to you of employing the negroes as soldiers. They can certainly fight as well for us as against us. Let the negro fight negro, and he will show much more courage than when opposed to whites. Promise freedom when the war is over and colonize them either in Mexico or Central America."

On December 21 the Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, expressed himself as follows: "It appears to me enough to say that the negro will certainly fight against us if not used for our defense. There is no other means of swelling our armies than that of arming the slaves and using them as an auxiliary force. I further admit that if they fight for our freedom they are entitled to their own."

Gen. Howell Cobb, an unbeliever in this expedient, wrote from Macon, Ga., January 8, 1865: "I think that the proposition is the most pernicious idea that has been suggested since the war began. You cannot make soldiers of slaves or slaves of soldiers. The moment you resort to this your white soldiers are lost to you, and one reason why this proposition is received with favor by some portions of the army is because they hope that when the negro comes in they can retire. You cannot keep white and black troops together, and you cannot trust negroes alone. They won't make soldiers, as they are wanting in every qualification necessary to make one. [Note General Lee on the negro as a soldier.] Better by far to yield to the demands of England and France and abolish slavery and thereby purchase their aid than to resort to this policy, which would lead to certain ruin and subjugation."

Samuel Clayton, Esq., of Cuthbert, Ga., wrote on January 10, 1865: "All of our male population between sixteen and sixty is in the army. We cannot get men from any other source; they must come from our slaves. Some say that negroes will not fight, but they fought us at Ocean Pond, Honey Hill, and other places. The government takes all of our men and exposes them to death. Why can't they take our property? He who values his property more than independence is a poor, sordid wretch."



GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON, ALABAMA, COMMANDING ARMY OF TENNESSEE DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

General Lee, who clearly saw the inevitable unless his forces were strengthened, wrote on January 11: "I should prefer to rely on our white population; but in view of the preparation of our enemy it is our duty to provide for a continuous war, which, I fear, we cannot accomplish with our present resources. It is the avowed intention of the enemy to convert the able-bodied negro into soldiers and emancipate all. His progress will thus add to his numbers and at the same time destroy slavery in a most pernicious manner to the welfare of our people. Whatever may be the effect of our employing negro troops, it cannot be as mischievous as this. If it ends in subverting slavery, it will be accomplished by ourselves, and we can devise the means of alleviating the evil consequences to both races. I think, therefore, that we must decide whether slavery shall be extinguished by our enemies and the slaves used against us or use them ourselves at the risk of the effects which may be produced upon our soldiers' social institutions. My own opinion is that we should employ them without delay. I believe that with proper regulations they can be made efficient soldiers. They possess the physical qualifications in an eminent degree. Long habits of obedience and subordination, coupled with the moral influence which in our country the white man possesses over the black, furnish an excellent foundation for that discipline which is the best guarantee of military efficiency. We can give them an in-

terest by allowing immediate freedom to all who enlist and freedom at the end of the war to their families. We should not expect slaves to fight for prospective freedom when they can secure it at once by going to the enemy, in whose service they will incur no greater risk than in ours. In conclusion, I can only say that whatever is to be done must be attended to at once."

President Davis on February 21 expressed himself as follows: "It is now becoming daily more evident to all reflecting persons that we are reduced to choosing whether the negroes shall fight for or against us and that all the arguments as to the positive advantage or disadvantage of employing them are beside the question, which is simply one of relative advantage between having their fighting element in our ranks or those of the enemy."

The question was argued and thrashed over in Congress, and on March 23, 1865, the following order was issued from the adjutant and inspector general's office in Richmond: "The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact that, in order to provide additional forces to repel invasion, maintain the rightful possessions of the Confederate States, secure their independence, and preserve their institutions, the President be and he is hereby authorized to ask for and accept from the owners of slaves the services of such numbers of able-bodied negro men as he may deem expedient for and during the war to perform military service in whatever capacity he may direct. * * * That while employed in the service the said troops shall receive the same ration, clothing, and compensation as allowed other troops in the same branch of the service. * * * No slave will be accepted unless with his own consent and the approbation of his master by a written instrument conferring as far as he may the rights of a freedman. * * * The enlistment will be for the war."

On March 28 the following order was issued to various parties: "You are hereby authorized to raise a ——— of negro troops under the provision of Congress, and you are allowed sixty days' absence and will be detached from your command for that purpose."

If there were any such troops enlisted, there is no official record of same. For two reasons the act was never accomplished: First, the experiment was tried too late in the game; secondly, the owners of the slaves were so reluctant to part with their property that the following letter was brought forth on the subject:

"Richmond, Va., April 2, 1865.

"I have delayed writing in order to give you some information on the negro question. * * * If the people of the South only knew and appreciated General Lee's solicitude on this subject, they would no longer hold back their slaves. * * * Their wives, daughters, and the negroes are the only elements left us to recruit from, and it does seem that our people would rather send the former to face death than give up the latter. ——."

In my opinion, if this method had been adopted earlier in the war, it certainly would have made a material difference in its duration; but I am not prepared to say that I think it would have changed the final result. I feel, however, that the negro would have fought as well for us as against us, and when they were properly officered the records show that they put up a pretty good opposition. Since that time the negro in the United States army has always given satisfaction as a fighter, as the records of our Indian and Spanish-American Wars will show, and also the records show that thirty-two of these people are holders of medals of honor given for personal gallantry on the field of battle.

POSTPONEMENT OF THE VICKSBURG MEETING.

The National Association of Vicksburg Veterans, through its President, F. A. Roziene, has sent out a letter relative to the postponement of the meeting of Vicksburg survivors which had been planned for this year. Owing to the carnage now raging in Europe and attendant universal disturbances in commercial and financial circles, it has become an imperative duty to conserve our own interests and the general welfare; and in the present condition of affairs resting upon the administration it has been thought unwise by the House Committee on Appropriations in Congress to recommend appropriations for the National Memorial Celebration and Peace Jubilee at Vicksburg National Park in October, 1915. Without an appropriation by the government adequate for the preparation of the grounds, camp equipment and utilities, and provisions for the sustenance and comfort of attending veterans during the meeting, the purposes and spirit of this fraternal reunion cannot be successfully accomplished. It is hoped that the meeting may be successfully planned for October, 1917. In the meantime the National Association does not contemplate any surrender of prerogatives through indorsement already received and will also remain a source for information in connection therewith. All veterans are cordially invited to communicate with Mr. F. A. Roziene, President, 4316 North Kildare Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



GEN. WILLIAM C. HARRISON, COMMANDER PACIFIC DIVISION, U. C. V.

J. M. Williams, of Memphis, Tenn., writes: "I would not feel right if deprived of this monthly publication. I have been a patron since the first issue. Put me down for a life subscriber, which I hope will be my pleasure for at least twenty years more."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE HEAVENLY REUNION.

BY HUGH G. BARCLAY.

(Dedicated to Confederate Veterans.)

Our sainted Jackson surely knows his earthly fame and glory
A loving people gladly gave in epic song and story
Since he has dwelt in Paradise.
But has he quaffed one sweeter cup or felt one throb of purer bliss
Than when he met his loved world mate and gave to her a holy kiss
With rapturous gaze into her eyes?

SPONSOR FOR THE SOUTH.

Miss Anne Carter Lee, daughter of Capt. Robert E. Lee and granddaughter of Gen. Robert E. Lee, has been appointed by Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., as sponsor for the South at the Richmond Reunion. Miss Lee is named for General Lee's mother, Anne Carter, who was a daughter of King Carter, of Virginia. No more appropriate selection could have been made than to have this daughter of Virginia and a descendant of the Lee and Carter families to represent the whole South at this great Reunion.

In response to a request for her picture, Miss Lee wrote the VETERAN: "I am sorry not to have a picture to send you. Really, I have no picture at all."

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

The article in the VETERAN for May under title of "The Last of the Line" was misleading in that it created the impression that the generals whose pictures appeared with that article were the only surviving general officers of the Confederate army. Failing to get in communication with some of the known survivors and others not being known at the time, an explanation should have been given to that effect in connection with the article. It is not known definitely now just how many are with us yet, but mention should have been made of Gen. John McCausland, of West Virginia: Ge- Felix Robertson, of Texas; Gen. George P. Harrison, of Alabama; Gen. T. T. Munford, of Virginia; Gen. Thomas Benton Smith, of Tennessee; and the following should perhaps be included in the list of survivors: Gens. W. W. Kirkland, Robert D. Johnston, William McRea, North Carolina; R. M. Gano, Texas; James P. Sims, Georgia—all brave and gallant soldiers.

The last lieutenant general (S. B. Buckner), two major generals (C. J. Polignac and L. L. Lomax), and two brigadiers (Francis T. Nicholls and J. M. Logan) have died within the past three years.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Previously reported	$2,375 95
Rev. John Gordon Law, Walhalla, S. C.	1 00
Magnolia Chapter, U. D. C., Auxiliary of Fairfax Chapter, Fairfax, S. C.	1 50
U. C. V. Camp, No. 662, Nevada, Mo.	5 00
Mrs. Latimer Small, York, Pa.	10 00
Col. John A. Rowan Camp, U. C. V., No. 693, Sweetwater, Tenn.	5 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Parsons, Kans.	1 00
Charleston Chapter, U. D. C., Charleston, S. C.	5 00
J. E. Horton, Belton, S. C.	1 00
W. M. Cochran, Forney, Tex.	1 00
W. S. Cummins, Bowie, Tex.	1 00
William Brightman Chapter, U. D. C., Hayneville, Ala.	3 00
Sidney Lanier Chapter, U. D. C., Alexander City, Ala.	5 00
Gen. Josiah Gorgas Chapter, U. D. C., Montevallo, Ala.	1 00
Dixie Chapter, U. D. C., Montgomery, Ala.	50
Tuskegee Chapter, U. D. C., Tuskegee, Ala.	1 00
Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Sheffield, Ala.	5 00
R. E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Seattle Wash.	2 00
Total	$2,414 95

CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

The following have been added to the list of surviving mothers of Confederate soldiers given on page 254:

Mrs. Mary Owen, of Hawesville, Ky., born February 26, 1819, survives the son who entered the Confederate army as a boy about fifteen years old when the family was living in Arkansas. She then returned to Kentucky as a refugee. She is doubtless the oldest living Confederate mother and, sad to say, is in straightened circumstances.

Mrs. Elizabeth Agnes Smith, who now lives at Bauxite, Ark., was born in Dekalb County, Ga., in 1827. Her son, John W. Smith, was under General Price for two years.

A CORRECTION.—Judge Cummings asks a correction of the statement in his article on Sharpsburg-Antietam, in the VETERAN for May, that "Bill left his gun and went over the hill." It should have been that "the man at the gun left his gun." He says Bill McCraven, afterwards killed at Gettysburg, "never at any time left his gun and went over the hill." Also it was Lieut. John M. Jones who was killed instead of "Jennings." There was a saying in the army that one of the glories of war was to be killed in battle and have your name spelled wrong in the returns.

The beautiful poem on "Memorial Day" which appeared in the VETERAN for May, page 210, was written by Miss Grace Imogene Gish, of Roanoke, Va. By an oversight the name of the author was omitted. Miss Gish has been an appreciated contributor to the VETERAN for several years, and her work shows high merit always.

LATE COMMANDER A. N. V. DEPARTMENT, U. C. V.

The death of Judge Theodore S. Garnett, which occurred on April 27 at his home, in Norfolk, Va., removes one of the most prominent and beloved of Confederate veterans. In addition to having served prominently in local and State Camps of the Confederate Veterans, Judge Garnett at the time of his death was in command of the Army of Northern Virginia Department, U. C. V., with the rank of Lieutenant General.

Theodore Garnett was born in Richmond, Va., October 28, 1844, a son of Theodore S. and Florentina I. (Moreno) Garnett. His father was a distinguished civil engineer, and his mother was the daughter of Francisco Moreno, a Spaniard who settled in Pensacola, Fla., when Florida was still a Spanish colony.



GEN. T. S. GARNETT.

The Garnetts are one of the most distinguished families in Virginia. The founder of the family in America settled in Gloucester County, Va., early in the colonial period, and some of his descendants removed to Essex County, Va., where they became the progenitors of some of the most eminent Virginians, such as James Mercer Garnett, the famous agriculturist and rural economist; Robert Selden, the Congressman; Richard B. and Robert Selden, Jr., prominent soldiers of the Southern Confederacy; Muscoe Russell Hunter Garnett, a prominent political leader of the last generation; and James Mercer Garnett (his brother), one of the best living scholars of his day.

In his childhood and youth Theodore S. Garnett was active, healthy, and strong, fond of outdoor and athletic sports. He had no tasks except such as were entirely voluntary and afforded amusement. At ten years of age he learned something of bricklaying during a summer vacation, and he believed that every boy should be taught some form of manual labor. His elementary education was received at the Episcopal High School of Virginia, and he took higher academic studies at the University of Virginia while studying law. In between these two periods of study he gave four years of his life to the service of his State in the War between the States. At seventeen years of age he obeyed the call of Virginia and enrolled himself in her forces, serving first in the Hanover Artillery and afterwards as a private in Company F, 9th Virginia Cavalry. He was a courier for Gen. J. E. B. Stuart and was promoted January 27, 1864, to aid-de-camp. After General Stuart's death he was appointed first lieutenant of the provisional army of the Confederate States and assigned to duty on the staff of Gen. W. H. F. Lee, and on March 1, 1865, he was made captain and assistant adjutant general of Gen. W. P. Robert's North Carolina cavalry brigade and served as such to the surrender at Appomattox.

After the war Captain Garnett entered the University of Virginia to complete his academic education and to study law. After entering upon the practice of law, he served three years as judge of Nansemond County, Va. For over thirty years he had practiced law in Norfolk, Va., where he stood high with his colleagues at the bar and with his fellow citizens in general. Judge Garnett was a member of the Virginia State Library Board, of the Board of Trustees of the Virginia Theological Seminary and High School, a member of the Virginia Bar Association and of the American Bar Association. He was elected to membership of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of the William and Mary College, a just recognition of his high attainments.

From his youth Judge Garnett had "borne without abuse the grand old name of gentleman." Fortunate in his parentage and rearing, fortunate in his early opportunities for study and reading, he had not only maintained the prestige of his family, but had earned personally high and honorable positions and reputation.

Judge Garnett had been twice married. His first wife was Miss Emily Eyre Baker, of Norfolk, and his second wife was Mrs. Louise Bowdoin, of Northampton County, Va., who survives him with a daughter and son, Theodore S. Garnett, Jr., of Norfolk.

THE SOUTH CHALLENGED.

BY O. M. BUZHARDT, NEWBERRY, S. C.

From Waterloo, S. C., during the War between the States, eleven brothers by the name of Anderson went forth to defend Southern homes and firesides. The names of these soldiers were: D. W., O. P., R. W., C. S., George, Adolphus, Thomas, John, Joel, Patrick, and Benjamin Anderson. Four were in the Western army (one of them an engineer), one was a member of the 2d South Carolina Regiment, two were in James's Battalion, Kershaw's Brigade, one was a member of a cavalry regiment, two were incapacitated to serve in the ranks and were assigned to a different branch of the army, and the youngest, on account of age, was with the State troops. One was killed in Virginia, and one was wounded in the battle of the Wilderness. The casualties of those in the Western army are not at hand. All have passed over the river except two, now past threescore and ten.

Mr. George Anderson and Mrs. Amelia Smith Anderson were the uncrowned king and queen of this remarkable family of sixteen children all told. Mr. Anderson was born about the close of the eighteenth century, Mrs. Anderson four years later, and both attained a patriarchal age.

I am disposed to challenge our Southland to produce the name of a family that gave more sons to fight for Southern rights.



FAIR REPRESENTATIVES FOR RICHMOND REUNION.

From left to right: Miss Mary Rice, Atlanta, Ga., Maid of Honor Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.; Miss Sarah Norris Leech, Clarksville, Tenn., Maid of Honor to Sponsor for the South; Miss Pearl Butler, Pulaski, Tenn., Maid of Honor Pacific Division, U. C. V.; Miss Carolyn Hamilton, Columbus, Miss., Sponsor Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S VISIT TO CAPT. R. E. LEE.

BY GERALD SMYTHE, HONORARY MEMBER R. E. LEE CAMP, NO. 1, C. V., RICHMOND, VA.

The late Capt. R. E. Lee was for some days my host during a visit which I paid to Virginia in the months of May and June, 1909.

As the train drew into Romancoke Station I inquired of the conductor if Captain Lee was at the station. He pointed to a tall gentleman standing under the shade of the trees which border the track at this point, saying: "He's standing right there." I do not think that, even failing this indication, I could have mistaken the individuality of the person in question, so strikingly did he appear to me to resemble the portraits which I had seen of his father. I made myself known to him, receiving the heartiest of greetings, and we were friends at once and for all time. He had brought what is, I believe, known as a "buckboard" wagon down to meet me, and we had a very pleasant drive through the pine woods—which much reminded me of those in the neighborhood of Leith Hill, in the county of Surrey, in the old country—up to his house. This is a very pretty "frame" building, put up by the Captain himself, standing in beautifully wooded grounds stretching down to the Pamunkey. A most kindly welcome from Mrs. Lee and her daughters made me feel at home at once and, indeed, as if I had known the whole family for years. We spent the afternoon in the grounds chatting and listening to the songs of the birds, amongst which that of the mocking bird, quite new to me, was prominent; and as the darkness drew on, the melancholy cry of the whippoorwill, heretofore also a stranger to me, broke the evening calm. The morning brought me another fresh experience, the clear, distinct call, "Poor bob-white," then a rapid flash of brilliant blood-red plumage through the bushes betokened the presence of a red, or cardinal, bird, whilst high in the clear blue sky soared a turkey buzzard.

Church at West Point or a country drive were the alternatives put before me this morning. I most unhesitatingly chose the latter, and the whole party drove off to Custis Pond, a most lovely lake shaded by beautiful trees which were mirrored in the still, clear waters. I had my camera with me and secured two very pretty pictures of the lake, also one of an old Virginia draw well, with a group of colored women and children standing by it, and of the quaint, old wooden building known as Custis Mill.

A pavilion by the side of the lake forms the headquarters of a fishing club established at Richmond, which had been holding a picnic on the previous day. Evidences were not wanting of this festivity, and I observed that, as on the Thames at home, so here in Virginia, fishing is a thirsty sport.

Another engagement, the Oakwood memorial celebration, called me back to Richmond on the next day; but I returned to Romancoke at the end of May for a somewhat longer visit. On this occasion I drove into West Point several times with Captain Lee. This struck me as being quite a picturesque little country town, its main street planted with trees on each side, thus forming a pleasant boulevard. Captain Lee told me that in the yard attached to the Baptist chapel are two ancient grave stones, one bearing an inscription, now undecipherable, to a British ship's captain who was laid to his rest there in the seventeenth century. The huge piles of oyster shells stacked in the yards and wharves of the various depots on the river bank would indeed afford a happy hunting ground to the street urchins in London, who cry, "Please remember the grotto," at the opening of the oyster season is one of the few remaining traditions of the London pavements. On one of our drives Captain Lee pointed out some earthworks which had formed part of a *tête-de-pont* constructed by the Yankees during their occupation of West Point at the time of McClellan's campaign in the Peninsula. The roads in this district are well-nigh beyond description. They seemed to consist largely of ruts and holes, corduroyed here and there with pine logs and in other places simply cobbled with brushwood. "They served our fathers, and they will serve us" appears to be the normal attitude of the Virginians toward them.

To a very great extent the roads in this neighborhood are cut through woods, and altogether the country gives a stranger a very good idea of the conditions under which campaigning in Eastern Virginia was carried on. When it rained (and it can rain in Virginia) the roads were converted into sloughs, pretty well bottomless in places, and one wonders how men

could move along them, to say nothing of horses, guns, and wagons. The horses would often be belly-deep in mud, and the vehicles sunk up to their axles. Then, with the countryside practically covered with forest and jungle, it was impossible for either side to see the other during the fighting, so that all that could be done was to blaze away in the direction of the opposite fire. Captain Lee told me that if any one examined the trees during the bush fighting it would be found that a large percentage of the bullets struck above the ordinary level of a man's head. Evidently there was sore need of the "fire discipline" enjoined by Parson Smith at Rorke's Drift: "D—n it all, men; don't swear, but aim low." The Southerners, being more apt at wood-fighting than their adversaries, were, however, under these conditions able to discount to some extent the vastly superior numbers brought against them.

Captain Lee told me the following incident of the campaign in the Wilderness: Grant had gotten hold of a resident in that part of the country and had pressed him into his service as a guide, and it was from this gentleman that the story came. He was in Grant's tent one day when the General, with his corps commanders and staff standing around, was stretched on the ground poring over a map of the surrounding country and tracing out with his finger the various roads and clearings. Presently he rose and, stretching himself, said: "Well, gentlemen, if we don't hear his guns in five minutes, I have got him at last." The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a most terrific cannonade burst forth. Grant slapped his hand on his thigh and said: "By —, he's got me again." And it is a fact that whenever and wherever Grant made a move in that campaign he found Lee facing him.

Captain Lee had a profound admiration for the "plain" men who went into the ranks of the Confederate armies, such as small farmers and their sons and men of the artisan class. These had nothing to gain, nothing to hope for or to expect in the way of promotion, nor any reward for or recognition of their services. They formed the backbone of the army, but were leavened by a strong admixture of gentleman privates drawn from country gentlemen and their sons, professors and students at the military institutes and universities, professional men of the three learned classes—clerical, legal, and medical—and, generally speaking, of all the well-to-do and educated members of the community. These took their places in the ranks and served in close communion with their humbler comrades, their only badge of superiority being their proud determination to observe the motto, *Noblesse oblige,* sharing with them all the dangers, sufferings, and privations that had to be undergone in a like spirit of cheerfulness and fortitude. All were animated by the same spirit of devotion to their country, fighting shoulder to shoulder in one common bond of brotherhood; and with a very full knowledge of the deeds of valor done by the British army in days past and present, I venture to assert that out of this amalgam was forged the finest weapon of war the world has ever seen—the Army of Northern Virginia.

Captain Lee had in his possession the very handsome presentation sword which his father was wearing at the surrender at Appomattox. It was not the General's practice to wear a sword, and when on the eve of the abandonment of Richmond he rode in and called at his house for it his family expressed some surprise and asked why he was taking it. He replied that he could not tell what was going to happen and rode off to meet with an even mind and unswerving front whatever fate had in store for him.

A pouring wet day confining us to the house one morning, Captain Lee beguiled the time by telling me some of his personal experiences. When the War between the States broke out he was a student at the University of Virginia, a boy eighteen years of age. Two companies were formed among the students, which were known respectively as the "Sons of Liberty" and the "Southern Guard," to which latter young Lee belonged. They were drilled, armed, and uniformed by the State. The first-named wore red shirts with black collars and cuffs, the second blue shirts. The headdress in each case was the French kepi, red with a black band for the Sons of Liberty and blue for the Southern Guard. Both companies wore black pants. The boys received orders to join some of the State troops from Lynchburg at Strasburg and proceed thence to Winchester, the object of the expedition being to attack the Federal arsenal at Harper's Ferry, where they hoped to secure the arms and ammunition there in store.

Not long after the boys started the authorities of the university, fearing that the whole establishment would be broken up, wired to th Governor begging him to recall them. He did so, but by that time the boys were well on their way.



STATE REPRESENTATIVES FOR RICHMOND REUNION.

Top row: Miss Bessie Burkheimer, of Charlotte, Sponsor for North Carolina Division, U. C. V.; Miss Kathleen Hargraves, Nashville, Sponsor for Tennessee Division, U. C. V.; Miss Lois Dale, Texarkana, Ark., Maid of Honor for Arkansas Division, U. C. V.

Bottom row: Miss Anna Bryant, Macon, Sponsor for Georgia Division, U. C. V.; Miss Emily Tyler, Clarksville, Maid of Honor for Tennessee Division, U. C. V.; Mrs. A. H. Branch, Maid of Honor for Virginia Division, U. C. V.

The weather was hot, and the boys were wearing their Sunday boots of patent leather; so it is not a matter of surprise that the majority broke down on the march and had to be carried on wagons. The hardier ones, Captain Lee among them, continued to foot it, and on their arrival in Winchester they were received with open arms by the young ladies of the place, who gave the young heroes the best of times. On the approach of these doughty warriors the commandant at Harper's Ferry abandoned the post, destroying such of the stores as he could, but leaving a goodly quantity of arms and ammunition to fall into the hands of the boys and their comrades. Captain Lee's subsequent career in the army, first as a private in the Rockbridge Artillery and then in the cavalry,



STATE SPONSORS FOR RICHMOND REUNION.

Top row: Miss Martha A. Bonham, Anderson, Sponsor for South Carolina Division, U. C. V.; Mrs. Charles W. Sumter, Christiansburg, Sponsor for Virginia Division, U. C. V.

Bottom row: Miss Martha Hill, Fort Smith, Sponsor for Arkansas Division, U. C. V.; Miss Henrietta White, Sponsor for Kentucky Division, U. C. V.

where he attained his commissioned rank, is doubtless well known to the readers of the Veteran and needs no comment from the writer of this article except so far as the remarkable position strikes him.

Here was the case of a man who was the son of the general commanding the Army of Northern Virginia, who had only to ask to obtain what he desired. Yet there is no evidence whatever that he in any way pressed that son's advancement nor that the son sought to take the least advantage of his father's position to push his claims for promotion. What better evidence could be required to prove the extreme modesty and lack of self-seeking which were such prominent characteristics of the Lee family?

When my visit came to an end it was with the very greatest regret that I bade farewell to my kind friends at Romancoke, and I am well assured that it was no mere figure of speech when Captain Lee spoke of me to Mrs. Lee as "Brother Smythe." Although we had been in correspondence for some years, my personal acquaintance with "Rob" Lee was all too short. Yet it lasted long enough for me to form a very genuine affection for him (and who, indeed, that knew him had not?), and I am proud to think that the feeling was reciprocated. The news of his death brought very real grief to me. I shall always think of him as the highest type of that splendid race of men, the gentlemen of Old Virginia.

The preceding article was sent to the Veteran by Philip Alexander Bruce, a well-known writer, whose "Life of Gen. R. E. Lee" forms one of the American Crisis Biographies. Mr. Bruce writes from London, England, under date of April 3 and gives an interesting reference to this Englishman, Mr. Gerald Smythe, who is such an admirer of General Lee and whom he had been visiting at his home at Tunbridge Well. He says: "Mr. Smythe's home is full of souvenirs of the Confederacy, with valuable autograph letters of General Lee, various pictures of him, and all the biographies which have been written of the General. His library contains all the principal works relating to the Confederacy, and he is never so happy as when talking on that subject. On the occasion of my arrival I found the Confederate flag flying in his grounds, and I was greeted in passing the first door with the strains of 'Dixie' and 'The Bonnie Blue Flag.' The table at luncheon was decorated with flowers representing the Confederate colors. I was greatly moved by his interest in the cause for which the South had fought and by his profound admiration for our heroes in gray. Mr. Smythe is a man of high position in England and very much respected."

THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF THE SOUTHERN CAUSE.

[From the conclusion of a long and elaborate review of General Alexander's "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," contributed to the Oxford and Cambridge Review, the well-known English quarterly, by Capt. W. Gordon McCabe, of Richmond, Va., formerly adjutant Pegram's Battalion Artillery, 3d Corps, A. N. V.]

It is no exaggeration to call this a great book, a permanent contribution to logistics and tactics written out of the fullness of exact scientific training and long knowledge of war by one of the most high-minded, resolute, and resourceful officers of that veteran army which for four years "bore upon its bayonets" the mightiest revolt in history.

In his "Point of View" (or preface) General Alexander has seen fit to say that, had the Confederate cause succeeded, "it would now prove a curse," and adds: "We have good cause to thank God for our escape from it."

He has, of course, a right to his opinion, and he is not of the stuff that "bows down in the House of Rimmon." "This fell sergeant, Death," as Shakespeare hath it, "is strict in his arrest," and ever thinner grows the thin gray line. But we make bold to say that there are not a few left of his old companions in arms who, while accepting in all good faith the pitiless logic of the heavier battalions, believe still in the absolute righteousness of their contention and hold that it is not good that a righteous cause should ever perish from the earth; who, recalling the supreme sacrifices, the self-abnegation, the heroic constancy of a whole people as they stood at

bay for four long years, ringed with steel and fire, remembering with a passion of pride the simple faith and splendid valor of the men who died at their side in battle, whose bright and gracious figures sweep athwart our troubled story, "wearing their wounds like stars"—there are not a few of these surviving veterans who neither share his opinion nor sympathize with his feeling of thankfulness.

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FREDERICKSBURG.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

After Sharpsburg, about the last days of November, my brigade, Barksdale's Mississippians, took up quarters in the good old city of Fredericksburg, named by the Virginians for Frederick the Great, an admirer of Washington and Washington of him, for he was a great fighter—a trait inherited by his kinsman, the present Emperor of Germany. On the opposite side of this city was Stafford Heights, which overlooked the city and commanded it for this reason. For several days we were expecting Burnside, and at last he came and planted on Stafford Heights one hundred and fifty guns of large caliber to sweep the town when the battle opened. And the battle opened about 3 A.M. December 11, 1862. With two comrades, I was stationed at the middle crossing, where Washington in his youth was said to make a Spanish silver dollar go farther than anybody by throwing it across the Rappahannock, some one hundred and eighty yards wide at Fredericksburg, where he was reared and where his mother's grave is.

I was sergeant of the post and had orders to report the first placing of the pontoons by the boys in blue. We had heard the rumblings of those hollow boats on their wagons long before they made their appearance on the river bank. There was a light fall of snow, enough for us to clearly outline the figures on the opposite bank when these dark forms in the starlight came to the bank with them. When they glided in noiselessly the first pontoon, according to instructions, I withdrew with my comrades and reported it to my captain, Andrew Govan, of Company B, 17th Mississippi. He sent me to General Barksdale, at the city hall, who was up with lights expecting it. My orders were to tell Captain Govan to open fire on the pontoons, which I did, and so was opened the bombardment of Fredericksburg. It lasted all day and far into the night. After they had crossed by sending skiffs between the places of crossing (for they never succeeded in putting in their pontoons at that crossing, as we shot them off as fast as they got one in), we fought them in the streets and finally retired to Lee's main line in the rear of the city. We were posted in town to hold them back until Lee could form his line on the hills, and on the 13th occurred the great battle of Fredericksburg, when Burnside was driven back across the river, whence he came, with great loss.

An incident occurred here in which I took an interesting part. As I was hiking back to give the order to Captain Govan to open on the pontoons, I halted on the way and roused the father of a beautiful Virginia lass, who came to the door in the dark. I told him my orders to the captain of my company and that pretty soon the one hundred and fifty big guns from Stafford Heights would open fire on the doomed city and that to save himself and family they would have to flee forth in the snow, which they did, with the entire city, with such covering as they could snatch up on the run.

Years fled past, as years always do. One day there was a comrade in an office opposite mine here in Fort Worth who took the Fredericksburg Free Lance, and in it I read that the City Council were deliberating on changing the names of the streets (old English names) and substituting numbers instead as more convenient to read. On reading this I entered my solemn protest, as I and my comrades held a vested right in those names, since we left the bodies of many of them there who died in defending them. I signed my name and command, and in a short while I received a letter from that fair lady for whose sake I halted to give warning. She had mourned me as dead and has married and lived over in the valley.

When Burnside left, our brigade reoccupied the city in our same old quarters, and the blue boys that fought us were still on the opposite side. On Christmas morning, in the year 1862, I went with a companion to the riverside to perform our morning ablutions—in plain American, to wash our faces. Knowing that it was the 89th New York, an Irish regiment, which led the crowd across the day of bombardment and that they were yet in the same position, we hailed them with "Christmas gift!" The fog was so dense that we could see only a few feet away, but a voice floated across the waters with the rich Irish brogue attached in answer: "All right, Johnnie, come over and get it." I told him that we had no canoe and to bring over one he used in visiting us in the bombardment. He took me at my word and came over by direction of my voice (I assured him as sergeant of the post that we would use no arms), and when within a few feet of me



OLD COURTHOUSE AT HANOVER, VA.

The Confederate monument stands near this old building, which was erected in 1735 and whose walls echoed the eloquence of Patrick Henry in his celebrated speech in the "Parsons' Cause" on December 1, 1763.

he turned out to be the adjutant of the 89th with a comrade as rower. I went over with them and got a good breakfast of hard-tack, bacon, and United States coffee. I was dressed in a full suit of blue, even to white leggings and a large overcoat, and I explained that we were just off the Maryland-Sharpsburg campaign and were short of clothing, so we had to borrow from his boys in blue; but as they were in a condition never to need them more, no harm was done, which was received with true Irish hospitality. There were ten thousand blue boys on the Heights looking down on us on the bluff of the river bank, and pretty soon on my return I found our boys equally as numerous on the other bank. I promptly placed myself under arrest for disobeying orders, but General Barksdale just laughed.

"Hark! I Hear a Bombshell Sing."

After we had driven Burnside back across the Rappahannock, we of Barksdale's Mississippi Brigade reoccupied its old quarters on the river bank in this historic old city, and from then till May 3, following the Federals, we were on the Stafford Heights opposite till Chancellorsville. During January, February, March, and April, 1863, we and the Yanks over the way would "gather at the river" with our glee clubs and have a duel of song bouts, applauding one another, which could be heard across the waters, one hundred and eighty yards wide. One night the Yanks sang, "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on." Our applause was, of course, not visible to the naked ear. So a night or two after we met, as usual, in the moonlight and sang more songs. I had been, with Little Ross, of my company, writing a parody on "Hark! I Hear an Angel Sing," a very popular song in those old days, and we gave it with the title above a few nights after to the Yanks:

"Hark! I hear a bombshell sing;
Bombshells now are on the wing,
While their grooves are screaming clear
And tell us that the death is near.
Dost thou hear them, gentle one?
Don't you see that ugly bomb
Coming nigher and still nigh
As each time, each time it passes by?

Just beyond yon Stafford Heights
Yankee colors gleaming bright,
Shining guns and Yankees too
Mantled in their robes of blue.
Bugles, fifes, and drums all hours
Ring out their infernal powers,
While our boys are singing lays
Of some happier, happier days.

But look, O look, the Southern sky
Mirrors Rebs of every dye;
Graybacks, rushing o'er the plain,
Drive the Yankees back again.
The Yanks are running, and the Rebel yell
Rises up through vale and dell,
And see how they fling away their guns.
Huzzah! the Yankee runs; he runs, he runs!"

We waited for some moments for the usual clapping of hands to float across the waters, but after a bit a lone voice rang out: "Nay, nay, Johnnie, we can't clap you for that." To which I answered: "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

MOTHERS OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

Mrs. Mary Fairfax Childs writes from New York City:

"As a request is being made for the names of living mothers of Confederate soldiers, I would state that Mrs. Eleanor Elizabeth (Carter) Childs, mother of the late William Ward Childs, of New York City, who served in Guibor's Missouri Battery, is still living in Schell City, Mo.



MRS. CHILDS AND TWO GRANDSONS.

"Mrs. Childs is probably the nearest living relative of General Washington, as she is the daughter of William Farley Carter, whose father, Charles Carter, married Betty Lewis, the only niece of General Washington by his sister Betty and the wife of Col. Fielding Lewis, of Virginia.

"Mrs. Childs is in her ninety-first year. Her only two children—sons, now deceased—served in the Confederate army during its four years of conflict."

This was the first response to the request for information of living mothers of Confederate soldiers, but others have come, until there is quite a list of those who gave their sons to fight for the South. Some of these mothers are still active and interested in affairs of the day, though so advanced in age.

Mrs. Sarah C. Ferguson, residing at Crowell, Tex., is the mother of Frank G. Ferguson, who served in Company H, 11th Tennessee Infantry, and is now Commander of the U. C. V. Camp at Crowell. She was a daughter of George E. Montcastle and was born at Rogersville, Tenn., in January, 1828; was married in 1846 and was the mother of fourteen children, nine of whom are still living. The family went to Texas in 1886 and were among the first settlers of Foard County.

Mrs. Jane Caroline Sanders, of Fizella, Ga., who is now over ninety years of age, had three sons in the Confederate army, and her husband also served a short time.

Mrs. Eliza F. Shields, of Columbia, Tenn., celebrated her ninety-fourth birthday on May 14. She is the mother of John L. Shields, a private of Company H, 1st Tennessee Cavalry, under Col. James Wheeler. Mrs. Shields has never felt the need of glasses, and she can still do fine needlework, knit lace, and read as when younger. Two or three years ago she took premiums on knit lace at the State Fair in Nashville and the Tri-State Fair, Memphis.

Mrs. A. M. Rosser, of Eatonton, Ga., was eighty-nine years old on October 5, 1914. Her son, John Rosser, who also lives at Eatonton, was a private of Company A, 27th Georgia Battalion.

Mrs. Alzara Foster, of Marietta, Pickens County, S. C., now ninety years of age, had three sons in the Confederate army.

Mrs. Amanda Dick, of Kemah, Tex., was the wife of Capt. John Dick and the mother of a Confederate soldier.

WHAT THE SOUTH IS DOING FOR HER VETERANS.

BY CAPT. PERRY M. DE LEON, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The table herewith, which it has cost infinite trouble to prepare, shows the meager relief our indigent veterans receive from their respective States. It is a powerful plea in behalf of the Works bill, which is designed to relieve our poverty-stricken and afflicted comrades—in no point of view a pension measure, but one in the interest of humanity. It is a complete reply to those in comfortable and affluent circumstances who object to government aid on the ground that it is not consonant with our self-respect and that the South should take care of her own veterans. The answer to which is: "She does not and in some States cannot." We are confronted with "a condition, not a theory," and a condition which is now acute.

Some of the States are prohibited by their constitutions from issuing bonds and cannot levy taxes beyond a prescribed maximum. In other States the legislatures take but a languid interest in their Confederate veterans and widows; West Virginia none.

It is to be hoped that the U. D. C. will agitate the question of adequate pensions and force the legislatures to do their duty and, above all, demand that the women should receive proper aid and the homes be opened to them. In this good work the U. C. V. should join.

Less oratory at our various reunions and more work in behalf of the needy should be the order of the day. Monument-building should be secondary, the care of the living our first duty, and until discharged not another monument should be built save those under way. Time enough for that when the old heroes and heroines have passed away. It can well be said that they ask for bread and are given a stone.

Men may be indifferent, but I know our noble women will take this matter up and, as heretofore, carry out what they undertake. The widows, above all, need help. Our U. D. C. can, if they will, cause the legislators to do their duty, which in some States they have not done.

Florida, Kentucky, and Oklahoma have set an example (see table) the other States should follow. The figures presented speak more eloquently than words. Two or three dollars a month is only more of a mockery than four or five. Ten should be the minimum. A few years, a very few, and the veterans will be but a memory.

References to Table Below.

(A) Virginia, burdened with an enormous debt, the battle ground of the war, ravaged and dismembered, necessarily pays less than other States, but private charity perhaps does more. Small as is the pension, at times she has been unable to pay promptly, as has been the case with Georgia and perhaps others. Georgia this year is short $40,000, which cannot be paid until her legislature makes an appropriation therefor.

(B) North and South Carolina pay smaller pensions than any other State save Virginia. Their legislatures should be required to do their duty. Logically, South Carolina should do more for her veterans than any other State. She seems to be doing less, although she started secession.

(C) Alabama appropriates $150 *per capita* for inmates of the Home; Tennessee, $175 *per capita*.

(D) Texas pays $100 when special tax to provide pensions permits. She provides a separate home for women and pays pensions quarterly.

(E) Total expended by Arkansas and Tennessee for pensions and Homes, estimated. I have been unable to get data from officials.

(F) Kentucky only recently commenced paying pensions to her veterans. She, Florida, and Oklahoma pay the largest pensions. The other States should emulate their example.

(G) Maryland and Missouri pay no pensions, but provide a Home. It is time they should pay pensions, as Kentucky does.

(H) Oklahoma's legislature has just passed a law giving indigent veterans and widows $10 per month. All honor to her!

(I) West Virginia has done nothing for her Confederate veterans.

(J) Mississippi, Oklahoma, and Missouri admit wives and widows to their Homes, which all the States should do at once.

Pensions Paid by the States of the South, Number of Inmates in Homes, and Other Data Compiled from Reports of State Officials.

State.	Year Home Was Established.	Inmates in Home, 1914.	Appropriation for Home, 1914.	Pensions First Paid.	Pensions Paid 1914.	Annual Pensions to Veterans and Widows.	Expended for Pensions and Home Since 1865.	Veterans on Pension Rolls.	Widows on Pension Rolls.
Virginia	1884	274 (A)	$ 50,000	1888	$ 540,000	$ 30	$ 6,645,000	9,207	5,013
North Carolina	1891	160 (B)	35,000	1885	450,000	32	6,000,000	9,274	6,242
South Carolina	1909	90 (B)	16,600	1887	258,528	36	3,625,000	4,130	4,732
Georgia	1901	132	30,000	1889	1,125,000	60	17,750,000	10,000	7,000
Florida	1891	23	5,850	1885	624,000	120	6,514,000	2,646	2,542
Alabama	1902	86 (C)	12,000	1889	925,000	64	10,718,000	8,000	6,500
Mississippi	1904	220 (J)	40,000	1888	450,000	40	5,504,000	9,635	Both sexes
Louisiana	1882	125	48,000	1898	550,000	96	3,567,000	3,234	2,256
Texas	1891	365 (D)	96,000	1899	850,000	90	6,300,000	18,000	Both sexes
Arkansas	1891	108 (E)	37,500	1892	625,000	50	5,500,000	4,985	4,985
Kentucky	1892	210 (F)	38,850	1913	281,000	120	985,000	1,800	900
Tennessee	1889	92 (E)	16,000	1891	800,000	100	7,500,000	5,094	3,189
Maryland	1888	87 (G)	15,500	None	None	None	360,500	None	None
Oklahoma	1911	95 (H)	17,500	1915	None	120	125,000	None	None
Missouri	1895	309*	60,000	None	None	None	730,000	None	None
West Virginia	None	None (I)	None	None	None	None	None	None	None
Total		2,376	$518,800		$7,473,528		$81,823,000	86,005	43,359

MAGRUDER CAMP, NO. 105, U. C. V., GALVESTON, TEX.

Commander, William Schardt.
Adjutant, Judge R. M. Franklin.

ROSTER OF MEMBERSHIP, 1915.

Adriance, John, private Co. A, Brown's Bat. Mtd. Inf.
Anderson, W. D., private Co. A, 1st Tenn. Inf., Archer's Brigade.
Arnold, Isadore, private Co. F, Timmon's or Waul's Legion.
Bavoux, F. B., private H. B. Andrew's Cav. Co. (Ind.)
Best, Charles, private Co. B, Cook's Reg. Tex. Heavy Art.
Boddeker, Frank, private Texas Marine Department.
Borden, J. C., captain Co. D, 1st Tex. Cav. (Buchel's).
Briggs, George D., lieutenant Co. D, 26th Tex. Cav. (Debray's).
Brockelman, Joseph, private Texas Marine Department.
Cameron, W. L., midshipman C. S. navy, Cruiser Nashville.
Cotter, John A., seaman C. S. navy, cruiser Florida.
Crain, J. M., private Co. B, 8th Tex. Cav. (Terry's Rangers).
Eckhardt, William, private Co. K, 24th Tex. Cav.
Eggert, C. W., seaman Texas Marine Department.
Foth, John, sergeant major Wilke's Bat. Light Art.
Franklin, Robert M., major Debray's Regt. Tex. Cav.
Fugger, Joseph, private Co. E, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Funck, Charles, private Co. E, Parson's Tex. Cav.
Garnett, R. B., private Co. C, 14th Va. Inf., A. N. V.
Ginn, O. X., private.
Gresham, Walter, private Co. H, 24th Va. Cav., A. N. V.
Harris, P. N., captain Co. I, 4th Tenn. Cav.
Heideman, W. H., private Co. B, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Hirschfield, Arthur, private Co. B, Terry's Texas Rangers.
Holt, Charles A., private Semple's Bat., Ala. Lgt. Art.
Hooker, Dan S., private Co. A, 32d N. C. Inf.
Hume, F. Charles, major Co. D, 5th Tex. Inf. (Hood's).
Janasch, John, private Co. C, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Johnson, W. H., private Co. G, 7th La. Inf.
Kauffman, C. A., private Co. C, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Klaus, Fred, private Co. B, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Lasker, M., private Co. F, 2d Tex. Cav.
Lockett, N., private Cadet Troup, 7th Ala. Cav. Regt.
Mann, George E., private Richmond (Va.) Howitzers.
Manry, W. H., private Co. F, 4th Tex. Cav. (Green's Brig.).
McCormack, John T., private Co. E, 6th La. Inf., A. N. V.
McMahan, C. T., private Terry's Rangers, 8th Tex. Cav.
Menard, J. M. O., private Co. I, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Moore, John, private Edgar's Bat. Light Art. (Walker's Texas).
Moody, W. L., colonel 7th Texas Infantry.
Murch, J. M., private C. S. navy, cruiser Rappahannock.
Ortlipp, A., private Co. B, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Owens, J. A., private Co. C, Ford's Regt., Rio Grande.
Park, F. A., private Co. A, Timmon's or Waul's Legion.
Peetz, John J., lieutenant Gravat's Light Art., Louisiana.
Picture, W. H., private Co. D, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Reifel, Charles R., private Co. D, 7th La. Cav.
Rice, E. E., adjutant Timmon's Regt. Tex. Inf.
Riddell, J. W., private Co. B, 21st Tex. Cav.
Robertson, J. A., private Co. G, 6th Ala. Cav.
Rodrigues, Frank, private Co. A, 26th Tex. Cav.
Rogers, Joseph W., private Co. K, 8th Tex. Cav., Terry's Rangers.
Ruenbuhl, H., private H. B. Andrew's Tex. Cav. (Indpt.).
Schardt, William, private Co. L, 1st Tex. Inf. (Hood's Brig.).
Schuld, Charles, private Co. E, Texas Engineer Corps.
Stafford, W. M., captain Tex. Light Art. Co.
Stavenhagen, Ernest, private Co. D, 26th Tex. Cav.
Stowe, John N., private Co. C, 26th Tex. Cav.
Street, Robert G., private Co. I, 20th Ala. Inf., later Co. H, 51st Ala. Cav.
Shaw, Frank D., private Tex. Marine Dept., Timmon's Regt.
Shaw, M. W., private Co. F, 26th Tex. Cav.
Smith, J. F., captain Co. I, 17th Tex. Inf.
Standfield, J. W., private Co. A, 5th S. C. Inf.
Sterling, B. F., captain Co. B, Waul's Legion.
Tellefson, O. C., private Texas Marine Department.
Wainright, A. N., private Co. G, 7th La. Inf., A. N. V.
Washington, Courtney, private Co. H, 4th Va. Cav., A. N. V.
Watson, Sam, private Co. F, Ford's Regt. Tex. Cav., also Co. B, Griffin's Regt Tex. Inf.
Weekes, N., sergeant major Co. A, 3d Ala. Inf., A. N. V.
Wilkinson, C. H., private Darden's Miss. Light Art.
Wilson, George, private Co. B, 1st Tex. Heavy Art.
Witter, McMillan, private Co. F, 3d Miss. Vol. Inf.



MISS DORIS GAUTREAUX, OF GALVESTON,
Sponsor for Camp Magruder at Richmond Reunion.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE CAMP.

For courtesies extended by the VETERAN, Camp Magruder has expressed its appreciation in the following:

"*Resolved*, That it be the sense of the members of Camp Magruder that we take an active part in an endeavor to aid the CONFEDERATE VETERAN to increase its subscriptions by an earnest effort with our friends to have them subscribe for that very interesting and instructive publication.

"*Resolved*, That we most fully appreciate the fact that in printing the names of our members a large outlay will be made by the VETERAN, and it is but justice that this action be taken."

WHO LOST GETTYSBURG?

WILL H. THOMPSON, IN TACOMA DAILY NEWS, WASHINGTON.

From the viewpoint of a Confederate soldier, Gettysburg should have been a triumph of the Southern arms. Never before nor after was there such a superb army gathered under the Stars and Bars. However much one may challenge the justice of the cause for which it warred, it is doubtful whether any equal force that ever marched to battle could have beaten it upon an open field.

A year before, when nearly half its number were untried soldiers, it had driven the great army of McClellan from its intrenchments at Beaver Dam and behind Powhite Creek, across the flooded Chickahominy, through White Oak Swamp, with battle after battle from Gaines's Mill to Malvern Hill. Always the attacking party, it had done this with 70,000 men against 110,000. Scarcely waiting to bury its dead or house its 12,000 wounded in hospitals, it marched, 50,000 strong, against the fresh army of Pope and broke it on the old, scarred plains of Manassas. Leaving behind its dead and mangled thousands, it invaded Maryland; and after fierce fighting at the gaps of the South Mountain and the capture of 12,500 men at Harper's Ferry, the wasted remnant, about 37,000 strong, met the consolidated armies of McClellan and Pope, 85,000 strong, at Antietam in the bloodiest single day's struggle since guns were invented, and its battle-raveled flags showed all the next day along the shrunken lines, waiting for the assault that did not come.

Two months before Gettysburg two-thirds of this same army (Longstreet and most of his corps being at the time in North Carolina) boldly attacked the 130,000 under Hooker, and in two days of dreadful battle drove it out of its intrenched positions and back across the Rappahannock River.

When, two months later, Lee marched through the rich valleys of Maryland and Pennsylvania, his 75,000 men were all veterans. Every man had tasted victorious battle. They were well clothed, well fed, armed with fine captured guns, were inured to hardships, and heroically eager for the final grapple.

When the first day of violent fighting at Gettysburg ended, despite the stern resistance of Reynolds, Buford, Howard, Doubleday, and their men, the Union forces, beaten and bereft of more than 4,000 prisoners, took refuge on Culp's Hill and Cemetery Ridge. The remainder of Meade's forces, far separated from each other, were marching hard to reach the field so as to take their places beside their comrades and share the gloom or glory that heroic devotion might meet.

In view of those conditions, well might the Southern soldiers and their great commander look forward with confidence to a completed victory on the next day.

Lee acted with great energy. Ewell was ordered to attack Culp's Hill and the north end of Cemetery Ridge at dawn of July 2. Longstreet, whose veterans were fresh and eager for battle, was ordered to crush Meade's left flank, which, of course, carried with it the duty to either "seize or carry" Round Top in the alternative of finding it unoccupied or in possession of the Federals.

During that night and the forenoon of the next day Gettysburg was lost by Lee and won by Meade without the firing of a gun. It is true that after noon of the next day many thousands of guns were fired, three hundred cannon shook the hills, men rushed upon batteries with trailed arms, and deep in the stifling smoke and flame the wild, shrill cheer of the gray people cut like a knife through the deep bass of the Northern cheer. But it was all too late. It was glorious, but, as at Balaklava, "some one had blundered." The corpse-encumbered "wheat field" and the blood-splotched rocks of Devil's Den gave hideous accusation against some one.

And on the third day, when Pickett and Trimble, Pettigrew, Kemper, Garnett, and Armistead rode against Meade's flaming front and left their matchless infantry heaped in front of Doubleday's guns, they unwittingly registered a horrible protest against the blunder of the preceding day.

Who failed to seize Round Top? Every military expert—Federal, Confederate, and foreign—concedes that the possession of Round Top by the Confederates on the second day of the battle would at once have rendered Meade's position untenable, and he would have been compelled to retreat to the east with a triumphant army in pursuit.

Gen. E. M. Law, of Longstreet's Corps, who commanded Hood's Division after Hood was wounded and who held the extreme right of the Confederate forces, says of Longstreet's march to the right in advancing upon Round Top: "We moved very slowly, with frequent halts and deflections from the direct course." Later on he says: "It was now past four o'clock in the afternoon, and our troops were in position for the attack." After that (about four o'clock) Law says he sent scouts up Round Top, who sent back a messenger, reporting that there was not a single Union soldier on the mountain. Law also says that he captured a dozen bewildered Federals who came around from behind Round Top and who said that there were no troops on Round Top. Law then informed General Hood of these facts and explained to him how easily the commanding and controlling position could be gained and says: "He [Hood] coincided fully in my views, but said that his orders were positive to attack in front as soon as the left of the corps should get into position." Law then "entered a formal protest" to General Hood against the frontal attack upon four grounds, the third ground being that the "occupation of Round Top" was "not only practicable but easy."

Law continues: "General Hood called up Captain Hamilton, of his staff, and requested me to repeat the protest to him and the grounds on which it was made. He then directed Captain Hamilton to find General Longstreet as quickly as possible and deliver the protest and to say to him that he [Hood] indorsed it fully. Hamilton rode off at once, but in about ten minutes returned, accompanied by a staff officer of General Longstreet, who said to General Hood in my hearing: 'General Longstreet orders that you begin the attack at once.' Hood turned to me and merely said: 'You hear the order.' I at once moved my brigade to the assault." This assault, be it remembered, was not upon Round Top Mountain, but against the front of Sickles's Corps far in front and to Meade's right of that great bulwark, then without a Union soldier to save it. This was almost five o'clock. Law says: "It was near 5 P.M. when we advanced to the attack." Jackson was dead. His mantle of mystery and celerity did not fall upon the shoulders of General Longstreet.

General Hunt, chief of artillery of the Union army, says: "As soon as Longstreet's attack commenced [near five o'clock] General Warren was sent by General Meade to see the condition of the extreme left." Warren found Round Top entirely unoccupied. "Fully comprehending the imminent danger, Warren sent to General Meade for a division." Before the committee on the conduct of the war General Warren testified: "Before a single man reached Round Top, the whole line of the enemy moved on us in splendid array, shouting in the most confident tones." Sometimes in dreams I once more can hear that cheering—the high, shrill charging cry of the gray people. How fast they came on!

Warren says: "While I was still all alone with the signal officer the musket balls began to fly around me." And that was at five o'clock.

A wealth of accumulative evidence might be quoted to the same effect—that is, that Round Top, the dominating position upon the field, stood unguarded, beckoning to Longstreet from dawn to five o'clock, and he did not seize it.

Virginians have assailed him with charges of treason on account of this failure, but no slander was ever more vile. Lee's "old war horse," as he loved to call him, was brave to a fault, steel-true to his cause and to his commander, and from Bull Run to the last dark hour at Appomattox gave the full measure of his soul's devotion to commander, cause, and comrades. He was a great soldier. In the power to win and hold the love and confidence of men he had no superior. In the defense of a position not even Jackson was greater. His attack after he had organized it, when operating under his own eye, was as grand as ever rushed upon a foe. No great soldier is without fault. Two grievous faults lessened the effective strength of General Longstreet. First, he was slow to act; secondly, if his commander's order did not meet his approval, he would delay its execution until he had argued its propriety out with him. He admits that he did this when Lee wished him to use his corps to capture Harper's Ferry. Lee finally ceased to contend with him and sent Jackson to do the work. He admits that when Lee ordered him to march to South Mountain to succor the small command of D. H. Hill, which was holding back the advance of McClellan's army, he wrote and sent a protest and suggested that instead thereof Hill be ordered to abandon the gaps of the mountain and join him (Longstreet) and waited until the messenger rode nine miles to Lee and returned. He was late in his march to Hill, and the small force of the latter was almost destroyed. He admitted that he tried hard to persuade Lee not to attack General Meade on July 2 at Gettysburg, but tried to induce him to march past the Union left flank in the direction of Washington. This protest he repeated twice before he responded to Lee's order to carry the position of the Federal left flank. Hood and Law saw the opportunity. They urged it upon Longstreet; but he persistently clung to his hope of inducing his commander to change his views and moved to the attack only when the amazed Warren had by the most frenzied activity gathered enough force on the mountain to hold it until the hurried march of the advancing Union reënforcements reached the field. As it was, the Confederates were almost in time.

Not only at Gettysburg and at South Mountain was General Longstreet behind time. He was many hours late at Chickamauga, while the right wing of the Confederates was wasting itself in terrible charges against the constantly augmented forces of Thomas, and the battle was almost lost to the South before Longstreet's long-delayed advance began. But he made us almost forget his sluggish action when his grand, thoroughly massed assault slammed back the right wing of the army of Rosecrans as a wind gust slams a door. He was slow in his movement against Burnside at Knoxville, waiting day by day as the Union troops hastily marched into the city and intrenched themselves, and then when too late made his bloody and persistent assaults upon Fort Sanders. He was many hours too late in marching to the relief of A. P. Hill on the morning of the second day of the battle of the Wilderness. Hill and Ewell had borne the tremendous weight of Grant's whole army throughout the first day of conflict. Not one man of Longstreet's Corps had tasted battle. Ordered to reach the field at daylight, he came down the turnpike road at nine o'clock and found the mangled remains of Hill's Corps, officers and men, without form or organization, fighting around the parked and silent guns of Lee's reserve artillery.

At gray daylight Grant had driven three army corps, Hancock leading, against the shattered remnant of Hill's Corps and had driven it, despite heroic resistance, back to these parked and helpless guns, where Hill and his staff and field and line officers who had lost their commands ranged themselves before the guns, rallied around them the men who came up by companies, squads, and singly, and prepared to do the last duty of a soldier to his flag.

And then at last down the famous old road came the corps of Longstreet. Thoroughly handled, a great, compact machine, it swung by, guns at right shoulder, shift, elbows touching as if on parade, Field's Texans leading and Robert Edward Lee riding at the head. They swept through the wreck of Hill's Corps like a river through a mass of drift. They smashed the front and left flank of Hancock's Corps and reestablished Lee's desperate battle.

In the hour of his triumph Longstreet fell, terribly, almost mortally, wounded by his own men in the same wilderness that hid the fall of Jackson when the bullets of his loved men had struck him down a year before.

The soldiers of Lee's army loved Longstreet. They admired him, too, as they admired Jackson, but in a different way.

The power and courage of a great beast that dies before its den moves us strangely; but how we are thrilled by the roar of wings as from a great height the eagle swoops upon its prey!

Stonewall never questioned an order of his commander. "I could follow General Lee blindfolded," he said. Nor did he fail to strike when and where ordered. Long after the last gun was fired General Lee was asked what quality made Jackson the greatest of his lieutenants. He said: "If I ordered him to make a march and attack the enemy at a given hour, he got there, if possible, with his whole corps; if not, with a division; if not with a division, at least with a brigade. Meantime he attacked."

"Obedience is the bond of rule," and in an army it should be no less unquestioning in the case of a general to his superior than in that of a private to his captain.

Longstreet's faults were temperamental. He was wise, and his plan of battle was always good. Lee might, perhaps, have benefited by the acceptance of many of his suggestions; but the "old war horse" was opinionated and could not wholly subordinate his views to those of the greater genius under whom he served, nor could he ever act in emergency with the celerity and precision that built the fame of Stonewall Jackson.

The writer of the above article, Mr. Will H. Thompson, will be recognized as the author of one of our most noted poems, "High Tide at Gettysburg." He is a brother of the late James Maurice Thompson, a versatile Southern writer, and both served as Confederate soldiers. Mr. Thompson is a lawyer and distinguished as an orator as well as the author of some remarkably strong poems. He has made his home in the West for many years. The tragedy of loss in high endeavor is thrillingly told in his poem on Gettysburg, and its conclusion expresses the pathos of a nation in mourning:

"Fold up the banners, smelt the guns;
Love rules; her gentler purpose runs;
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons."

CANNONEERS AS CAVALRYMEN.

BY JAMES W. BRUNSON, FLORENCE, S. C.

A few days before the battle of Gettysburg the artillery of the 3d Corps, A. N. V., was in camp near South Mountain, Md. The long, hot march from Fredericksburg had proved very hard on all the animals of the army, and many of the horses of the artillery were practically exhausted. It seemed, therefore, almost an absolute necessity that fresh animals be secured from the farmers of the surrounding country. These, however, were not to be taken without remuneration. Specific values were to be fixed and quartermaster receipts given in exchange, redeemable in gold at the close of the war.

Pursuant to the idea, a detail of twenty men was made from Pegram's Battalion for the enterprise, commanded by Lieutenant Chamberlayne, Adjutant B. Boswell, I. C. Pettigrew, and myself constituting the contingent from the Pee Dee Light Artillery. Starting early, about ten o'clock we came to a very prosperous-looking farm and asked if we could get lunch. The owner was absent (?), but the lady of the house surprised us with a layout of good things to which we had been strangers for years. She was evidently a lady of education and refinement, neatly dressed in black and wearing a long, old-fashioned gold chain and watch. She presided with an ease and dignity which reminded us of home, and when she calmly remarked, "I hear you gentlemen are looking for horses for your artillery; I am happy to inform you that mine are out of your reach," and some one replied, "Be assured, madam, we are equally so in view of your kind hospitality," it seemed the sentiment of us all. Upon asking the name of an unfinished railroad near by, she answered somewhat sarcastically, I thought, "Stephens's Folly," evidently an unpopular project of Thad Stephens.

Much impressed and with many thanks, she refusing our Confederate money, we bowed ourselves out, mounted our horses, and proceeded some distance on our way when the lieutenant ordered me to take four men and surround a house distant about seven hundred yards on the left. The house was of brick, and we found all doors and blinds closed and no sign of life save a blind bay horse in the adjoining orchard. When we met at the front door, some of the men reported having seen a horse led through the gate into the yard as they rode up. Being unable to find this horse in the yard, the conclusion was unmistakable that he was in the house. After repeated knocking at the door, a pale and greatly frightened woman presented herself. Seeing her distressed condition, I hastened to say: "Do not be frightened, ma'am; we would not hurt a hair of your head. We are looking for horses for our artillery, for which we are willing to pay." "I have no horse but that one in the orchard," she replied. "You can take him if you want to." "Where is the horse, ma'am, that was led into the yard a few minutes ago?" "No horse was brought into the yard." "O yes, ma'am; these men saw it led through the gate." "Then where can it be?" looking around quite innocently. "Why, in the house, of course." At this she seemed very much distressed and said: "If you men come into the house, you will scare my poor crazy sister to death." Telling the boys to remain outside, I followed her into a hall with two doors opening on each side and one at the end. The crazy sister was a reality, judging from the facial contortions of a pale woman seated within.

The side doors were readily opened with the remark: "You see no horse is here." "You have not opened that one," pointing to the end door. Rather spiritedly she said: "Surely you would not go into a lady's bedroom." "By no means, ma'am; but it is no harm to look in." After some parley, she cracked the door a few inches; but, being unable to see anything but a blank wall, I pushed open the door, and there stood before me a fine bay horse, his feet upon a mantilla to deaden the sound. He seemed to be a pet animal, as he stood with his head and neck over a bed upon which were three little children playing with his mane. The woman rushed forward and, throwing her arms around the horse's neck, screamed out: "You shan't take my dead husband's horse!" The children set up a yell in which the crazy sister joined with a vigor which clearly showed that, though her mind might be out of order, her lungs and vocal organs were sound.

I was certainly in a fix and regretted that I had prosecuted the search, and then atrocities and barbarities perpetrated on our own women and children by the Yankee soldiers flashed through my mind. But before me were the tearful faces of that woman and children, and their appealing cries were ringing in my ears. Going to the front door, I told the outsiders that I had found the horse and directed one of them, whom I knew, to come with me and help me decide whether the horse was really fit for our work. On the way I told him that we must find something the matter with that horse. After a close examination, he, being taller than I, found a little saddle gall on the back, and we pronounced him sore-backed and unfit for artillery. I seized the opportunity to impress upon this woman the barbarities of her own people. She replied that she had had no hand in it.

Our party, having secured about twenty-five horses, had reached the crest of a long hill when we were greeted by a solitary Minie ball flying harmlessly above our heads, and, looking down the hill before us, we descried what appeared to be a small party of Yankee cavalry. We immediately charged, but found, to our sorrow, that we had run into a considerable body of troops which had been hidden by a bend of the road. Within three minutes Chamberlayne and twelve of our men were captured, Boswell among the number. Eight of us were saved by the led horses rushing in and cutting us off from the Yankees and blocking the road. We wheeled and took to our heels, the loose horses so blocking the road as to give us some fifty yards the start and then so hindering the pursuit that we kept pretty well ahead. Pettigrew, however, had unfortunately, in order to rest his horse, changed his saddle to a large Pennsylvania draft animal, which had neither speed nor bottom. My horse was thoroughbred, of Planet stock, and I was holding him in to keep pace with my friend and kinsman. After a race of about two miles, Pettigrew's horse fell, blood gushing from his mouth and nostrils. At that time the Yankees were about sixty yards behind. Throwing one foot out of stirrup, I called to Pettigrew: "Get your overcoat and jump behind me." "Never mind the overcoat," said he and sprang up behind me. I gave my horse the spur, and we soon faded from the sight of our pursuers. The enemy must have had poor horses, or they would have picked us up before Pettigrew's horse fell, and they were certainly poor shots; for, although they kept up a fusillade with their repeating carbines, they failed to hit anything, unless possibly Pettigrew's horse, the immediate cause of whose death we deemed it unwise at that particular time to investigate.

We reached camp about ten o'clock at night, a pair of tired and disgusted men; for we had not only failed to get any fresh horses, but had lost our gallant Chamberlayne, with twelve of our brave fellows, to say nothing of twelve of our best artillery horses. But, tired as we were, we fed and faithfully rubbed down the splendid animal that by his speed and bottom had saved us from the horrors of a Yankee prison.

EXCITING TIMES IN ARKANSAS.

BY GEORGE R. WOOD, VAN BUREN, ARK.

From Capt. J. C. Wright, of the 34th Arkansas Infantry, and Lieut. W. J. Pevehouse, both noted characters and brave officers in the sixties, were obtained the following accounts of two important events which occurred in this county in 1864—namely, the capture of Col. Thomas M. Bowen and the killing of Captain Beeler, both of the 13th Kansas.

Concerning the capture of Colonel Bowen, Captain Wright said:

"The Federals had had possession of Van Buren and the surrounding country for quite a while and had completely devastated the country, in many instances being cruel and barbarous in the treatment of helpless Southern women and children. Several of the 'boys' had slipped in home and were mixing with the bluecoats occasionally. Two Confederates, John Norwood and Bill Carey, who had recently surrendered with the distinct understanding that they were to be treated as prisoners of war, had been tried by a drumhead court-martial and were at Fort Smith, Ark., sentenced to be shot.

"A crowd of us got together and decided that if we could capture Colonel Bowen, commander of the 13th Kansas, stationed at Van Buren, we might secure the exchange of Norwood and Carey or at least a commutation of the death penalty. Colonel Bowen was very much a ladies' man and had become smitten with the charms of Miss Maggie, the accomplished and charming daughter of Dr. Richard Thruston. Dr. Thruston was out South; but his family, consisting of his wife, daughter, and one or two faithful negroes, occupied the old-fashioned Southern home of the Doctor's, about one mile from the corporate limits of the town. Bowen was a frequent visitor at the Thruston home, and, to make sure of his safety in these visits, he had his outpost pickets placed nearly opposite and close to the Thruston yard gate, and as a further precaution it was his custom to take an orderly with him.

"On the night of July 21 I took eleven men—J. H. Marlar, Nelse Tingler, little Sol Wagner, Cune Covington, Bill Black, Nick Wacks, John Huggins, Young Hight, Walk Foster, John Brodie, and George Williams—through the mountains to a point five or six hundred yards north of the Thruston home. We arrived there just before daylight, dismounted, and secreted ourselves in a blackjack thicket on the top of the hill overlooking the Thruston home. The country was full of Federals, and so we put sentinels out on the public road, which ran east of us some two hundred yards. About nine o'clock on the morning of July 22, 1864, Colonel Bowen, accompanied by his orderly, rode up to the Thruston home, dismounted, and went in. I sent four men down on the west side of the Thruston field, which was north of and between us and the house. I took some of the other boys and went through the field, throwing down the fence to facilitate our escape. Black and his party reached the house a little ahead of us and had held up the orderly and captured Bowen. When I rode up they were bringing Bowen out of the house, and he was put on Black's mare, while Black rode Bowen's horse, and he was a good one, too. Mrs. Thruston and Miss Maggie begged piteously for Bowen not to be taken away. Mrs. Thruston did not recognize me, although I had known the family for a number of years. I hurriedly told her that I had recently seen her husband, Dr. Thruston, down in Hempstead County and that he was well.

"Giving the command to double-quick, away we went with the commandant of the Van Buren Post. We took him out on Frog Bayou to the old Howard Place, about fifteen miles north of Van Buren, and there we held a conference as to what to do with him, as we realized how difficult it would be for us to keep him. Things were pretty hot around there then, and we were shot at almost every time we turned a bend in the road or looked around the corner of a house. Some of the boys wanted to kill him, but I knew that would never do. After quite a parley, we made him promise to be less cruel and barbarous in his treatment of the helpless Southern women and children and to do all in his power to save the lives of Norwood and Carey. With this understanding, I paroled him and sent Bill Black down as far as the Winfrey place with him. From there he returned to Van Buren alone. Bowen also agreed to give us $300 in Uncle Sam's money, and a few days thereafter I sent my wife (we lived about twenty-five miles north of Van Buren in the Frog Bayou Mountains) down after it. Pevehouse and some of the boys, fearing that some scoundrel would take it away from her, shadowed her all the way to Van Buren and back. Bowen gave her $100 in greenbacks and $100 in Missouri State warrants. We used the greenbacks all right, but could do nothing with the State warrants.

"It is due Bowen to say that he did make the lives of our women and children less burdensome, but that his efforts to save Norwood and Carey were unavailing. They were shot. Afterwards Bowen married Miss Thruston and under Reconstruction rule was supreme judge of Arkansas. Later he was thought to be living near Del Norte, Colo."

The Killing of Captain Beeler.

Lieut. W. J. Pevehouse gave this account of the killing of Captain Beeler, of the 13th Kansas:

"On the night of August 8, 1864, Capt. J. C. Wright, Bill Black, Jim Marlar, Lum Basham, Jack Cottrell, and I went to the old Rankin place, northwest of Chester, hoping to be able to spend the night without molestation. No one lived at the place at that time. The house was a double-roomed log house with a wide, open entry between the rooms. We turned our horses out in an old field to graze while we slept. The night was warm, and a drizzling rain was falling. Wright and Black lay down in the entry, while the rest of the boys stretched out on the floor in the rooms. About nine o'clock Wright heard some one say in a low tone: 'O John, O John!' He aroused the others, and we awoke to find the house and ourselves surrounded by about sixty-five men under command of Captain Beeler. We knew our capture meant death, for our hides were at a premium in those days; so each one set himself to fight his way out.

"Wright, Marlar, and Black went out on the east side of the house and the others on the west side. We went out under full fire from the enemy. I ran into about twenty-five of them at the corner of an old smokehouse. They fired, but overshot me. I wheeled and was thrown in front of the blazing pistols of Captain Beeler, who had one in each hand and was using them very skillfully. I snapped both barrels of my shotgun, but it failed to fire, as the caps had gotten wet. By that time he had hit me twice, once in each thigh, pretty high up. I was knocked down by the impact of the balls and from loss of blood and fell into a little draw. I tried to pull myself up by a little sapling and partially succeeded. Beeler was within six feet of me, using both pistols and cursing me with every breath. I steadied myself by the little bush and turned my old Remington six-shooter loose. I was so close to him that I saw the fire strike his stomach. He changed his tune, said 'O Lord,' and fell.

"I dragged myself off into the bushes and lay there the rest

of the night, nearly famished for water. I put my hat out, hoping to catch a little from the light rain still falling, but failed. I was bleeding freely. A short time previous one of our men was shot and bled to death from a severed artery. Fearing that that would be my fate, I tore my handkerchief into shreds and stuffed it into the wounds, hoping to check the flow of blood. I dragged myself around there for nearly two days, without food or water, not knowing whether any of the boys had escaped or not. Occasionally I heard horses' feet, but could not tell whether they were ridden by friend or foe. By Saturday morning I was very sore, and my limbs were swollen and black. I realized that without assistance I would surely die, so I made a desperate effort to reach Captain Wright's house. I dragged myself to the roadside, where I saw the tracks made by the horses I had heard passing. I knew they were our horses, because the shoes had but six nails, while the Yankees used eight, but I did not know who were riding them. I found about a pint of water in a hog wallow. It did not have ice in it, but it was good. I got hold of some old dead limbs and improvised a pair of crutches, with the aid of which I managed to make my way to Wright's house Saturday evening. The boys were all there, not one of them hurt, and they gave me a hearty welcome. They washed and dressed my wounds the best they could, put me on a piece of ladder used as a litter, and carried me to a spring back in the mountains, where I stayed without shelter for three weeks, at the end of which time I was able to mount my horse and go at it again. As a treatment I used nothing but salt and cold water. I went South that fall, rejoined my command, and surrendered with it down in Texas."

GEN. T. L. ROSSER IN ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY, VA., IN 1864.

BY LESLIE H. DAVIS, FREDERICKTOWN, MO.,
Chaplain House of Representatives of the 46th and 48th General Assemblies of Missouri.

During the latter part of March, 1864, Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, with his brigade, after months of uninterrupted service, went to Rockbridge County, Va., and camped on a woodland slope not far from the village of Brownsburg. Their presence in that quiet and peaceful retreat, so far from the seat of military operations, was to afford opportunity to the men and their horses for needed rest and recuperation. The brigade at the time consisted of the 7th, 11th, and 12th Regiments of Virginia Cavalry and 34th Battalion, led by Col. Lige White.

Turner Ashby, of Fauquier County, had been its first commander. During the brief period of less than a year in which his leadership had extended over this splendid body of men his name had become illustrious and the brigade distinguished for its unusual courage. His untimely death, which occurred June 5, 1862, near Harrisonburg, while bravely withstanding the advance columns of General Fremont's army, was as great a loss to Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley as was the loss of the latter to General Lee in May, 1863, at Chancellorsville.

Sometime after the death of Ashby Col. William E. Jones, by promotion, succeeded to the command. While lacking in some of the noble traits which his predecessor possessed, the new commander soon won the esteem and confidence of his men. But for an unfortunate occurrence between him and his superior he might have continued indefinitely at the head of this troop of cavalry. In September, 1863, charges were presented by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart of using disrespectful language to his superior officer, and in the court-martial which ensued he was removed from this command and assigned to duty in Southwest Virginia. In the spring of 1864, while gallantly defending the cause of the South, he was among the fallen in a battle near New Hope, in Augusta County.

Within less than thirty days after this unfortunate occurrence between the two brave officers T. L. Rosser, the dashing colonel of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, was promoted to the command of brigadier general and placed at the head of that tried and splendid body of troops. The new general at once manifested the highest qualities of leadership. In his relations with his officers and men, in the saddle and on dress parade, or where the battle fiercely raged, his personal bearing was most commanding. His undaunted valor in the din of battle and on the march inspired his men with confidence and courage, and they were ready to follow wherever duty seemed to require. But the writer, in observing these men from an unprejudiced viewpoint, feels satisfied that Ashby, in point of lofty manhood, stood unsurpassed among the commanders of this brigade, which rendered such valiant service on the border of Northern Virginia. Had he been spared, he would doubtless have won a place by the side of Jackson and J. E. B. Stuart.

Apart from the service of guarding the approaches in the vicinity of Lee's army, following Rosser's promotion, a number of battles were fought, and skirmishes were of frequent occurrence. In the early winter a movement was planned the execution of which entailed unsual suffering and privation. Rosser was to lead his brigade to the Shenandoah Valley and join Early's command, which was at New Market. Accordingly on December 16 he and his men entered Fredericksburg and awaited the low tide, when in the twilight with difficulty they succeeded in crossing the Rappahannock. These brave knights of the saddle now entered upon their line of march in the gloaming shadows and over the battle field where Burnside twelve months before had battled unsuccessfully against Lee's veterans. Not far distant on their left could be seen the camp fires of Meade's army, thus reminding them that they were passing between the nation's capital and Lee's antagonist. Near midnight the column halted and awaited the light of day, when in the gathering storm the march was resumed, though chilled by wintry winds and pelted by rain.

On the 17th, amid the darkness of the night and the continued rain, they found their way obstructed at the railroad crossing at Sangster's Station, when a charge was made and the stockade was captured; but, in consequence of the darkness, most of the garrison escaped by flight.

When the wounded and dead had been cared for, the march was resumed. Upperville was reached soon after early dawn, when men and horses were halted for refreshment and food. The falling rain having changed into sleet during the night, the men were suffering from cold and fatigue. The night of the 18th was spent at Front Royal, where for the first time in the march of nearly ninety miles the brigade went into camp.

The command now moved via Luray, where the next night was spent, and on the next, December 20, after great privation and self-denial, Rosser reached his destination and where the brigade remained until December 28. In this line of march in several instances this brave commander came in near approach to marauding detachments of Federal cavalry. Owing to the state of the weather, condition of the roads, and swollen streams, great courage had been required and personal hardship endured by men and officers. The conflict at Sangster's Station had been carried forward amid flashes of lightning and rumbling thunder.

While at New Market a season of repose followed in striking contrast to the ordinary experience of soldiers. Noble women vied with one another in making their stay an oasis of pleasure and social enjoyment. All kinds of nice things were spread for them, and the hungry soldiers gladly yielded themselves to the festivities which delicate hands had provided for the Christmas times.

From New Market General Early sent two detachments into the South Branch Valley during the winter of 1864. The first consisted of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's and Rosser's cavalry; the second was conducted by Early in person, in which Thomas's Brigade of Infantry and Rosser's Cavalry composed the aggressive force. Many cattle were secured and wagon trains captured containing supplies that were sent on to Gen. R. E. Lee's army. These movements extended to the foothills of the Alleghany Mountains, while General Rosser and his brigade went as far north as Patterson's Creek Depot, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, six miles below Cumberland, Md. Rosser's Brigade in these incursions was engaged in a number of battles and skirmishes, in which many prisoners were captured.

On Patterson's Creek, where quite a battle occurred, Robert McClintic and Andrew Wallace, members of the Bath Cavalry, 11th Virginia Regiment, were among the fallen. When these brave men made their appearance at Brownsburg, they had just returned from a forced march made almost to the defenses of Richmond to aid in repelling Kirkpatrick and Dahlgren in their adroit scheme to gain access to the Confederate capital.

JUST BEFORE FIRST MANASSAS.

BY C. K. HENDERSON, AIKEN, S. C.

In July, 1861, four regiments of South Carolina troops were camped at Fairfax, Va.—the 2d, Col. J. B. Kershaw commanding; the 3d, Colonel Williams commanding; the 7th, Col. T. G. Bacon commanding; and the 8th, Colonel Cash commanding. These constituted Gen. M. L. Bonham's brigade, the first brigade formed in Virginia.

We spent most of our time drilling. We hardly had time to cook our rations. In the morning we had the squad drill, company drill, skirmish drill, battalion drill, regiment drill, and brigade drill. In the afternoon we had the brigade drill, regiment drill, battalion drill, skirmish drill, and company drill. If there were any other kinds of drills, "we had 'em."

On the morning of July 16 the long roll beat. The enemy was advancing, and our pickets were being driven in. Some of my company were on picket duty. They came running in out of breath; they had been doing the double-quick for two miles. We fell back to Centerville, then to Bull Run. Here we formed a line of battle on the south side of the Run, at Mitchell's Ford, about three miles north of Manassas Junction. At once we began digging trenches along the bank of the creek. We worked day and night. The ground was hard, and tools were scarce. The enemy hurried us up by throwing shells in our line for four days from a battery up the road toward Centerville. Colonel Bacon climbed a high tree, and from it he could see the smoke of the cannon before we could hear the sound, then he would call, "Look out!" and into the trenches everybody jumped.

On the 18th, at Blackburn's Ford, on our right, General Longstreet had quite a little fight with a force of Federals about equal in number to his own brigade. The enemy seemed to be feeling their way across the Run, yet they never tested Mitchell's Ford, which was on the main road from Centerville to Manassas, about halfway between the two.

On Saturday, the 20th, between sundown and dark, Colonel Bacon ordered Capt. John S. Hard to take his company (F) to the north side of the Run to do picket duty. Fording the creek, we marched about half a mile in the direction of the enemy and filed left into a field of clover. Here we halted, and half the company was detailed for vidette duty, four men to a post. The other half was held in reserve in the rear, under the hill.

The first group of four was taken from the left of the company, these being the smallest men—mere boys, in fact—and posted nearest to the main road to Centerville. This group of four were Benjamin Sharpton, James Cadle, Smithfield Radford, and Calloway K. Henderson. Orders were given us that two should stand watch while two slept in the clover, and a fine, soft bed it was.

We had relieved each other a few times, and it was perhaps after midnight when an officer rode up from the rear, Capt. Samuel McGowan, a special aid on General Bonham's staff. I was awake when he came up, and he asked if anything was going on.

"Nothing," I replied, "except that the enemy is moving up the creek to our left."

"How do you know that?" he asked.

"We hear the wheels of wagons and artillery rolling over the rocks in the road. Wait a little, and you will hear them."

At this he dismounted and, leaving his horse with us, went forward a little way and listened. We could see him put his hands to his ears. Presently he came back in a hurry.

"Has this been reported to General Bonham or to General Beauregard?"

"No, sir; we were forbidden to leave our post, and no officer or other person has visited us till now."

"Have not your company officers gone the rounds of the pickets?"

"They have not been here."

Country boys, only five weeks from the plow, we were too new and too green to know the importance of what we did know. A little later in the war and one of us would have gone on a run with the news, orders or no orders.

"It is very important that General Beauregard should know this at once." Saying this, Captain McGowan hastily mounted and rode away.

We continued to relieve each other till day, and just at sunrise the company deployed as skirmishers and moved forward through the woods. Arriving at the north side of the woods, we beheld the columns of the enemy in full view, still marching up the Run. A wonderful sight to us green boys fresh from the cotton fields of Carolina were these ranks of men in blue, flowing like a river, their thousands of bayonets flashing back the sunlight like silvered mirrors.

A company coming to relieve us, we marched back and took our place in the trenches. In a little while the battle of Manassas began, and what followed the world knows. The enemy gave way near sundown, and we pursued them into the night. Near Centerville we were ordered back to the trenches at Mitchell's Ford, where we got a full night's sleep. But our splendid opportunity for taking Washington was lost forever.

I have often wondered whether General Beauregard knew of this move of the enemy before Captain McGowan learned of it from us boys, and after waiting thirty years I wrote to

General McGowan and asked him. As a reply he published my letter in the Abbeville Press and Banner and said: "The story is true in every particular, except that it is not the whole truth. Captain McGowan did report the facts to General Bonham, who then sent Captain McGowan to report to headquarters at Manassas, three miles distant. Captain McGowan aroused General Beauregard about two or three o'clock in the morning (July 21) and gave him the news. General Beauregard then sent Captain McGowan to General Jackson, at McLean's Ford, and General Jackson sent him on to arouse Colonel Walker, of the New Orleans Artillery. When Captain McGowan on his return reached Mitchell's Ford, the sun was just rising, and the first gun of the battle of Manassas was fired."

General McGowan added that he had often reflected how much the work of those faithful young videttes, far in front of the battle line, contributed to our first great success on the plains of Manassas.

It may be well to state here that Captain McGowan (afterwards colonel of the 14th South Carolina Volunteers) came into command of his brigade at the death of Gen. Maxey Gregg, who was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862. McGowan's Brigade was one of the finest brigades that South Carolina ever sent to battle. After the war General McGowan was honored by his State in many ways. He was many years a member of the State Supreme Court, and he was considered one of the best judges that ever served the State.

It may be of interest to know what became of my boy comrades, the videttes. James Cadle was killed at Gettysburg, Benjamin Sharpton was killed at Second Cold Harbor, Smithfield Radford died soon after the war of sickness contracted in the army, and Calloway Kirksey Henderson lives to write this letter on his seventy-first birthday.



GEN. J. E. B. STUART.

Illustration in "From Bull Run to Appomattox," by Luther W. Hopkins.

CAVALRY FIGHT AT SECOND MANASSAS.

BY J. B. FAY, DUNN LORING, VA.

The cavalry engagement which took place late in the evening of August 30, 1862, on the heights south of Lewis's Ford, on Bull Run, just as Pope's army, after a three days' battle, was giving way in disorder, was duly reported by the several officers in command of the Confederates, but, except indirectly, has no official standing in the Union records of the war.

The principals in the affair were Buford's Federal Brigade, reënforced by the 4th New York Cavalry on the one side and what was then known as Robertson's Brigade on the other. This latter brigade was composed of the 2d, 6th, 7th, and 12th Regiments and the 17th Battalion of Virginia Cavalry and in this affair carried about four hundred men of the regiments named into action, the battalion being absent on special duty. After its successful fight at Brandy Station, August 20, 1862, and its numerous skirmishes along the Rappahannock and Rapidan, this brigade had led the advance of Jackson's Corps in its march around Pope's army when it struck the railroad at Bristow Station and, coöperating with the infantry, had captured many prisoners, arms, ammunition, and great stores of supplies at Manassas Junction. When Jackson withdrew from the railroad to the vicinity of the turnpike and Sudley Church, the 7th Virginia, of this brigade, to which I belonged, was his rear guard; and I shall never forget that march across the plains of Manassas, which then was nothing more than a treeless and uninhabited desert. Looking back toward the station when some distance away, not a house, tree, fence, man, or beast was to be seen; nothing but a wide and, only for the wheel ruts made by artillery that had passed, a trackless waste; a scene of such utter desolation that it remains vivid in my memory now, after a lapse of more than half a century.

For a week we had not been in touch with our commissary, and during that strenuous period men and horses had to subsist on the scanty rations which chance might throw in their way in a section of country then almost a wilderness. As a result the material strength of the brigade had greatly diminished. Corn, parched or roasted, a few crab apples, and an occasional hoecake from some negro cabin were the staple articles of food;

while the luxuries consisted of the "hard-tack and raw bacon" now and then secured from the haversack of some dead or living Yankee soldier, "a banquet fit for the gods."

How we envied our foes their well-filled haversacks (the only particular in which we did envy them), and how we relished their contents! No child ever enjoyed his Christmas dinner with half the zest and appetite with which we did the bacon and crackers of our Yankee commissaries.

On Saturday, August 30, 1862, the closing battle of Second Manassas took place, and early dusk saw the defeated army of Pope in full retreat toward the intrenchments surrounding the Federal capital. All day long we lay in the rear of our "incomparable infantry," resting on the hills overlooking the low grounds and interminable woods in which the battle raged. The booming of cannon on all sides became monotonous, but toward evening it was varied by the rattle of musketry, which extended in louder and louder peals along the lengthening line. We could hear the yells and cheers of the combatants as they charged back and forth over the fields below or, unseen by us, in the woods beyond. The atmosphere became charged with smoke, and the very air grew oppressive.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we were ordered to mount and form. In numbers we were shockingly deficient. To give one an idea how attenuated my regiment had become in consequence of severe marching and the lack of subsistence, it is only necessary to state that only eighty men constituted the rank and file of the 7th Virginia when it formed in line for duty on that eventful afternoon. My company (F) mustered but eight men in ranks, under its only officer present, Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Kuykendall. This would have been very humiliating to us but for the fact that our company had double the number of men that the company in our front could muster on that occasion. One lieutenant and four men were all that Company E carried into the fight that day.

The senior officer, Capt. Samuel B. Myers, was in command of our regiment; a gallant Pennsylvanian, who for years before the war had made his home in the Valley of Virginia, and whose cheerful manner and smiling face had raised the drooping spirits of his comrades in many a camp and conflict. We had been stationed all day in the rear of the right flank of Lee's army, and the brigade was now marched still farther to the right. Presently we came to a high hill over which wended the road upon which we were marching. The 2d Virginia was in the advance, the 12th next, then the 7th, the 6th bringing up the rear. When our regiment reached the high hollow to ascend the hill, we saw the leading squadron of the 2d going over the crest in front in a headlong charge and rapidly followed by the rest of the regiment. The sounds of a conflict we could not see fell upon our ears, and as the 12th Virginia moved rapidly up the hill we prepared to follow it. Just then Colonel Flournoy, of the 6th, sought to lead his regiment in ahead of the 7th, but was halted by Myers, who, shaking his head, said: "No, no; the 7th is next in line and will be next in the charge." There was little interval, either of time or space, between the regiments in the forward movement. When the 7th reached the crest of the hill we could see where the intrepid Munford, of the 2d Virginia, had met and broken the enemy's ranks after his leading squadron had been badly shattered in the first onset. There was an old abandoned field to the right of where the road went over the hill, and there the combat had taken place. The dead and wounded of both sides lay scattered about, riderless horses were dashing here and there, and the deep gulleys which frequent rains had cut into the hillside were filled at places with men and horses, struggling to extricate themselves. It had evidently been a fierce and bloody hand-to-hand encounter, though of brief duration.

There was no time for us to do more than cast a hasty glance around. On a lower hill a long line of Federal cavalry appeared, drawn up as if on parade. The men of our brigade, now intermingled and in wedgelike form, dashed headlong toward the battle line of blue; and as the apex of this swiftly moving mass was about to pierce the center of their line, it wavered for an instant, then broke and fled in every direction. We pursued them hotly and made a number of prisoners. In the pines on the low grounds approaching Bull Run I overtook and disarmed one of the 4th New York. After exchanging horses with him against his earnest protest that he would be shot if he went unguarded to the rear, I started my prisoner back and went on in the charge, when we found ourselves in the rear of the Union army, in full retreat. As this was not a very safe location and night was fast approaching, we returned, but where we bivouacked that night I cannot recall and only remember that it was intensely dark.

Some three hundred prisoners were taken, including Colonel Brodhead, Major Atwood, and other officers of the 1st Michigan Cavalry. Colonel Brodhead was mortally wounded and died next morning. The brunt of the battle fell upon the 2d Virginia Cavalry, which sustained a loss of three killed and thirty-nine wounded, out of a total loss of five killed and forty-eight wounded. Among the officers wounded were Lieutenant Colonel Watts, Major Breckenridge, and Lieutenants Kelso and Martin, all of the 2d Virginia.

This was the only regular cavalry fight that took place during the three days' conflict known to history as Second Manassas, and the courage and gallantry displayed on that occasion elicited glowing encomiums from "Jeb" Stuart and General Lee in their official reports of the affair.

WHO FIRED THAT SHOT?

BY D. W. JARRETT, GUNTERSVILLE, ALA.

I was a member of Company A, 1st Battalion of Confederate Light Artillery, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. In the spring of 1864, after the Wilderness fight, the Federal army resorted to the tactics of outflanking Lee, moving to their left in the direction of James River, and in the maneuvering Lee threw his army in front of Grant's at Hanover Junction with a pretty good line of fortifications. The 1st Battalion of Confederate Light Artillery was a short distance southwest of Hanover Junction. There was a small valley in our front and a small creek running through it. On the opposite side of the valley there was a ridge of high land about the same as the height of the ridge on which we were.

One morning a line of Federal infantry came over that hill in plain view. We were ordered to fire on them with our artillery, and we cut our fuse for fourteen hundred yards. Our shells burst in their front and caused them to fall back beyond the hill. An hour or so later General Lee and his staff rode along our line, stopped just behind our battery, and looked over the open country. In our front there was a skirmish fight going on at that time. After looking over the situation a few minutes, Lee and his staff rode on.

My captain, John Donald Smith, had been looking through his field glasses, and some one called his attention elsewhere. He laid his glasses on the embankment to attend to the business called for. I picked up the glasses that I might see the

skirmish fight better. Two Yankees walking out from behind a piece of woodland attracted my attention. They walked out some distance from the woods, and one of them then lay down behind a rifle pit and rested his gun on a pile of dirt. I saw the smoke from the muzzle of the gun, but I had no thought that he was shooting at me, as he could see only my head. I thought he was shooting at some of our men in the skirmish line; but, to my surprise, the ball hit the glasses, splitting the left tube about two inches, and, glancing between the tubes, knocking out the regulating screw, it broke in the left tube and stopped within one-fourth of an inch of my eye, driving the glasses against my face and throwing me sprawling on my back.

I am satisfied that the man who fired that shot made another mark, for one more rifle knocked out; but I kept on doing my duty as cannoneer No. 1 until the close of the war. At any rate, I have always given him credit for being a fine marksman; for the distance must have been fully fourteen hundred yards, he being where that line of infantry was when we cut our fuse for fourteen hundred yards. Those men must have been sent to that place to pick General Lee off, but he was out of sight when they got to their place. Now, if either of those men see this, I should like to hear from him.

THE ATTEMPTED CAPTURE OF GENERAL CRAWFORD.

BY I. S. CURTIS, SHERMAN, TEX.

In the battle of Brandy Station, June 9, 1863, Gen. W. H. F. Lee was severely wounded and fell into the hands of the Federal troops. His friends and compatriots were bitterly distressed over the misadventure and set about at once to lay plans whereby his release could be effected. Ordinarily this was accomplished through an exchange of prisoners; but at that time no one of equal rank with General Lee was held by the Confederates, and it was of first importance that by some means they should secure the coveted prize and attain the end in view. With this in mind, Capt. Frank Stringfellow, chief of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's scouts, conceived and carried out an adventure that for boldness and daring was not surpassed by any of the many exploits that occurred during that long and eventful struggle.

At this time General Crawford, of the Federal army, was camped with his brigade on the farm of a Mrs. Lewis, near New Baltimore, in Fauquier County, Va., and his headquarters were in Mrs. Lewis's home.

Happening to meet Captain Stringfellow while he was on a reconnoissance through Thoroughfare Gap, he suggested that we make the attempt to capture General Crawford. The undertaking was hair-brained and hazardous in the extreme; but for that reason, if for no other, it appealed strongly to the bunch of hot-bloods that had chanced to come together and was heartily and enthusiastically agreed upon.

Dick Lewis, a son of the lady at whose home General Crawford was making his headquarters, was one of the party, and, being perfectly familiar with the lay of the land in that locality, he piloted us to a ledge of the mountain overlooking the valley. From that vantage point we could take in the whole situation and lay our plans for carrying out this purpose the following night.

The whole valley was flecked with the white tents of the enemy and blue with Yankee uniforms. We could see the picket lines as the sentries with measured tread walked their beats. The approaches to the Lewis home and the location and distance of the nearest tents from General Crawford's headquarters were burned into our brains in order not to become confused and miss our way either in the advance or retreat, trusting to the darkness to conceal the paucity of our numbers and to enable us to effect our escape in the event that the plan was successful or otherwise.

There were eight men in the little squad, the most daring scouts of the different generals of the Confederate army. Their plans were thoroughly digested, and, with each man well drilled as to the part he was to play in the stirring drama to be enacted, the squad moved down the mountain side at the appointed time toward General Crawford's headquarters.

The plan we had worked out was that as soon as we got in the neighborhood of the outpost Channing Smith was to ride in front, and I was to dismount and follow out of sight behind his horse's tail. When the challenge of "Who comes there?" should come from the sentinel, Smith was to reply, "Friend without the countersign"; and when the command came to "Dismount and advance," he was to comply at once. I was to follow him up closely, and when in striking distance the two of us would overpower the guard and disarm him. The way would then be clear for us to rush forward as quickly as possible, surround the headquarters of General Crawford, secure his person, and make good our escape. But "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

The sentry was a nervous fellow and had his gun cocked and his finger on the trigger, and before we could knock it out of his hand he had fired it, thereby giving the alarm to the entire camp. We were not to be turned aside so easily, though, from our undertaking; so, putting spurs to our horses, we dashed on toward the house. The tents of the Signal Corps were pitched under two large trees just at the entrance to the capacious lawn in front of the Lewis home, and as we were passing by them one poor fellow slipped out of his tent door to ascertain the cause of the alarm. Taking no chances, I downed him with my pistol and galloped on.

As an extra precaution against the success of just such attempts as this General Crawford had ordered ropes to be stretched from tree to tree of the grove of oaks and maples that were scattered here and there over the lawn immediately in front of the house and had stationed his private bodyguard inside the ropes. It seemed as if we all struck the ropes at the same time, which, taking us about the breast and glancing upward, scraped away everything that would come off and nearly unseated us all. The rope took me under the chin and came near removing my head along with my hat and other impedimenta, and I bore its marks for many a long day afterwards. In the mix-up my pistol was accidentally discharged, shooting my horse. The ball entered his head behind the ear and came out just over the left eye. He dropped like a piece of lead, but, fortunately, soon recovered himself, scrambled to his feet again, and carried me off safe and sound with the others.

Undaunted even by this unexpected and most serious hindrance to our plans, we formed again and charged on to the house. But these two unfortunate occurrences had given our quarry the alarm, and before we could surround the house he jumped out of the window of the parlor, where he had been sleeping, and made good his escape in his night clothes to the nearest regiment. It was worse than useless to remain longer, so we dashed back the way we came through a perfect hail of bullets; but, strange to say, not a single bullet found lodgment in either man or horse. Our adventure had been bootless, and our retreat was hatless, for we had left them all scattered about under the ropes on the lawn. Though hotly

pursued, we made good our escape by dividing into twos and taking to the mountains. A man by the name of Smith and I found our way through Snigger's Gap to the Shenandoah Valley and secured rest and refreshment for ourselves and horses at the home of another Mrs. Lewis, on the west side of the Shenandoah River.

There wasn't a more gallant man in the army than Captain Stringfellow nor one who courted more danger or performed more arduous service for the cause he loved. But when the Stars and Bars went down to rise no more he accepted the situation like the man that he was and devoted the remainder of his long life of sixty years and more to the rehabilitation of his beloved homeland and healing the wounds of that fratricidal strife as an Episcopal clergyman, preaching the gospel of peace and good will toward men.

SERGEANT WARD'S GALLANTRY AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY JAMES T. GILLIAM, RICHMOND, VA.

No country on earth has ever produced so brave, so gallant, and so heroic soldiers as our grand old Mother Virginia; and in the dark days of the sixties, when her sons poured out their blood in rivers, heroic deeds became too frequent to be recounted. One of these untold stories of the War between the States, about a sergeant and a flag, far surpasses for bravery that of Jasper at Sullivan's Island.

Our great leader, Stonewall Jackson, received his death wound while placing some battery in position on a ridge just in front of the last line of works that we had captured about nine o'clock that night, from the fire of some fresh troops (a North Carolina brigade) that had just come in charge of the captured works. The enemy was busy fortifying in our front all night, and the next morning, May 3, we charged them in their new position and were repulsed four times, leaving the ground covered with our dead and wounded. Here the brave and gallant commanders of Companies E, G, and I, Lieutenant Noah Walker, of Richmond, Captain Walker, of Farmville, and Capt. William A. Gilliam, of Massingford, were either killed or received their death wounds, and many of the best and bravest officers and men of the regiment met the same fate. The color bearer and the entire color guard were either killed or wounded, and but few of the color company (E) escaped uninjured. Lieutenant Walker was shot dead as he caught the colors from the hand of the falling and dying bearer, and as he fell Sergt. Wyllie W. Ward, of Company I, caught and bore the colors back with the regiment, which was then falling back, receiving at the same instant a painful wound in the leg. The regiment retired only about one hundred yards, where it was protected from the terrible fire of the enemy by a slight rise of the ground. Here Sergeant Ward gave the colors to the colonel, informing him that the wound in his leg had become so painful that he could not carry them. The colonel bore the colors to the front and called for volunteers to carry them. There was not a soldier in the regiment but knew that the colors had been fatal to every man who had borne or touched them that morning, and to volunteer to carry them appeared as if volunteering for a sure and speedy death, as we were then preparing for another assault. Can we wonder that the men were slow to respond? At this time Gen. J. E. B. Stuart rode up and said simply: "Advance your colors." Sergeant Ward arose from the ground and said: "Give them back to me, Colonel. Though wounded, lame, and in pain, I will carry them." And he did carry them nobly, bravely, and proudly; and the colors of the 44th were the first to float over the abandoned works of the enemy, for this assault was successful, and they led in the pursuit across the open field toward the Chancellor house. Sergeant Ward was promoted to a lieutenancy soon after the battle.

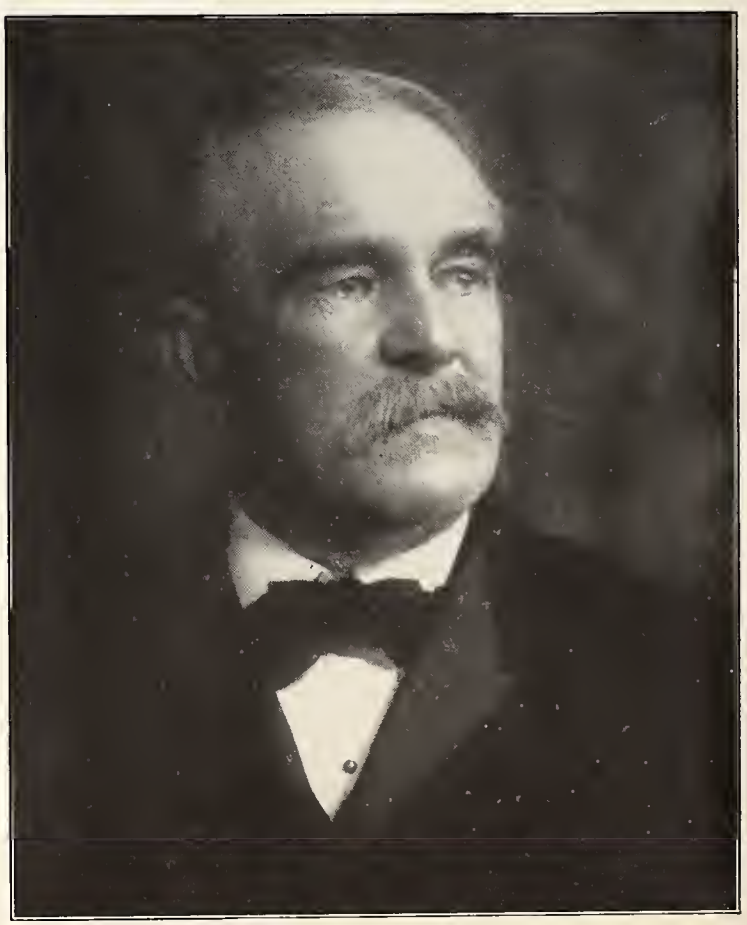
This account of the 44th at Chancellorsville is substantially as related to me by my brother, the late R. H. Gilliam, Captain of Company I, 44th Virginia Regiment, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 2d Corps, A. N. V.

I am glad to say that Lieutenant Ward is still living and is so young, active, and highly esteemed that, notwithstanding the age limit of sixty-five years within which the present post office administration considers applicants for post offices eligible, the congressman from his district and the United States senators, in response to a general demand from the people of South Boston and Halifax County, secured for him the appointment as postmaster of the thriving little city of South Boston, Va. He hopes to be at the Reunion in Richmond next June and to greet his old comrades.

SENATOR JOSEPH FORNEY JOHNSTON.

When the deliberations of Congress were suspended on January 9, 1915, for the reading of memorial resolutions, many tributes were paid to the late Senator Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama, whose "high and lofty ideals of duties and responsibilities" made his life that of an honorable and patriotic statesman.

Joseph Forney Johnston, the eleventh of twelve children, was born in Lincoln County, N. C., and was reared on his father's farm, near Charlotte. His forefathers, of sturdy Scotch stock, were among the pioneers of the State while it



HON. JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON.

was yet a colony. Two of his kinsmen served as Governors of North Carolina—one, Gabriel Johnston, before the Revolutionary War, and the other, Samuel Johnston, during the war. Both of his grandfathers served with distinguished gallantry as colonels of militia in the war for independence.

With such an ancestry it is not strange that when the South took up arms in behalf of her independence he and his four brothers, Gen. Robert D., William H., Capt. James F., and Bartlett F., entered the Confederate service and were loyal and gallant soldiers. At the beginning of the war Joseph Johnston was living in Alabama, a boy in school. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in Company I, 18th Alabama Regiment, and as a soldier he was noted for his cheerfulness in the endurance of hardships, for his soldierly bearing and manly conduct, and for his courage and coolness in battle. In the battle of Spottsylvania his gallantry was such as to attract the personal attention of Gen. R. E. Lee, who observed him, by the side of another young officer, dash forward in advance of their command to capture a flag posted on the breastworks of the enemy. It was an inspiring scene. They were so evenly matched in the race that it could not be told which would win the race. Just as they were reaching out to seize the flag one of the officers fell stricken by the bullet of the enemy—the gallant Johnston. His gallantry was so conspicuous on this occasion that General Lee made special mention of it in complimenting his command for its part in this battle.

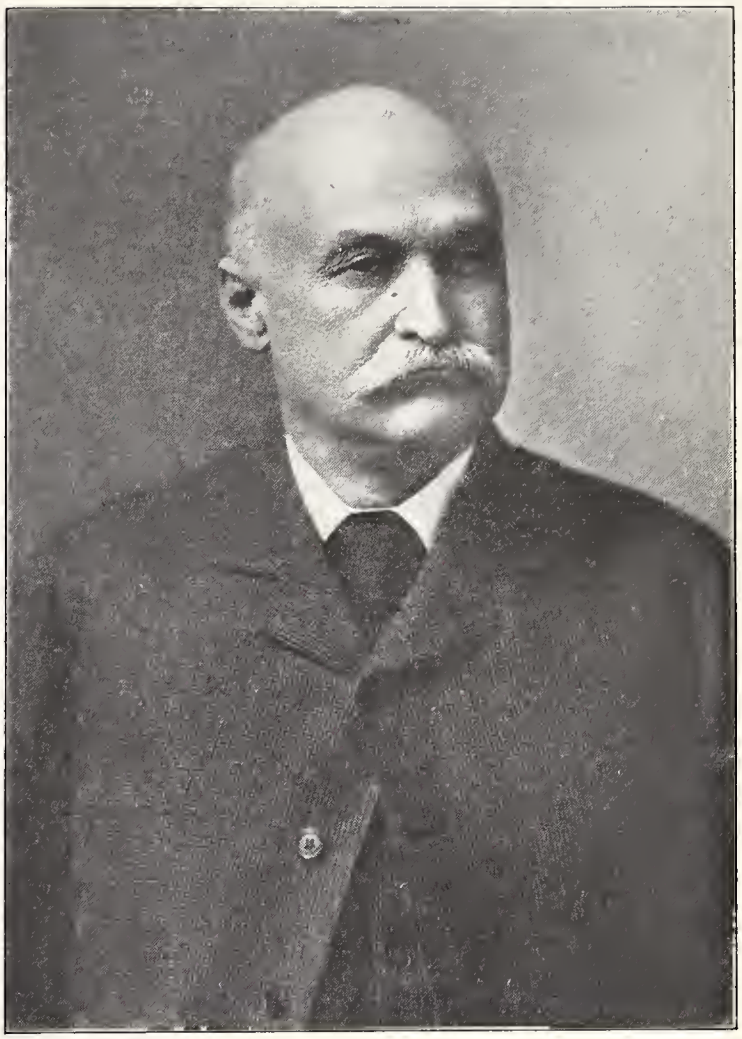
Captain Johnston was wounded five times during the war. In the fighting near Winchester a fragment of shell passed entirely through his chest, so seriously wounding him that he made his way with great difficulty to his home in North Carolina, where he finally recovered and rejoined his command before the close of the war.

Returning to the State of his adoption, during the terrible days of reconstruction "he guided his people through the wilderness of woes and helped to bring them safely back to their rights and to restore their hopes. He helped to preserve their priceless honor, their sacred homes, and to restore their liberties." His State rewarded him with "the highest gifts she could bestow, and as Governor and Senator he gave to Alabama the service of a devoted son. When the history of the great men of Alabama is written, his name will be recorded there.

THE GOLDEN RULE IN BUSINESS.

The late Dr. James H. Parker, of New York City, was one of those Southerners who made a success in the business world of the great metropolis. After the war, in which he had a real soldier's part, he was in the cotton business in Charleston, S. C., for some years; but in 1872 he went to New York, got a seat in the Cotton Exchange, and became one of the active men of that city. He served as President of the Cotton Exchange for three terms and was President of the Mutual Alliance Trust Company until it combined with another big company, when he became one of the directors. It is of this business connection that a story is told so illustrative of the Golden Rule in business that it is a pleasure to record it.

When the big Claflin failure occurred, Dr. Parker's bank was carrying a good amount of the firm's paper, which had been bought by Dr. Parker, this paper having for years been considered as good as government bonds. After the failure was announced, Dr. Parker had all of this stock transferred to his private account, thus taking all the loss, amounting to several hundred thousand dollars, upon himself and preventing any depreciation in the value of the stock of his bank, which would have caused a loss to so many others. It is rare, indeed, that commercial life has the record of such sacrifice of self-interest.



DR. JAMES HENRY PARKER.

Dr. Parker was a native of North Carolina, a schoolboy when the war began. He enlisted at once and was made a lieutenant, at the age of nineteen, in the 62d Regiment of Georgia Cavalry, later being transferred to a North Carolina brigade. After the war he studied medicine and practiced for a while; but in 1870 he became a cotton commission merchant in South Carolina, going from there to New York City. He had been President of the New York Southern Society and also Commander of the New York Camp of Confederate Veterans. He and his wife, who was Miss Juliet A. Jones, of Charleston, have been prominent figures of the Southern colony of the city, and Mrs. Parker is President of the New York Chapter, U. D. C.

From the ravage of life and its riot,
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last?
For the lights with their welcoming quiver,
That throbbed through the sanctified river
  Which girdles the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

RECOLLECTIONS OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.

BY ALICE WEST ALLEN, COLUMBIA, S. C.

During the war between the North and South I had no brothers old enough to shoulder a musket. My father had been a captain under Fremont in the Mexican War and was too feeble to take up arms again. I, a schoolgirl of eleven, rather enjoyed the excitement of the war, as I felt so sheltered in our home nest, undisturbed by the cruel partings which nearly all of our neighbors endured. My home was in the beautiful Piedmont section of Virginia, and the Confederate army was continually passing and repassing. My father was opposed to sending me off to school, so we had a small private school at home. My first impression of the horrors of war was from seeing in Harper's Weekly awful cuts and accounts of John Brown's raid and execution, and many a night I was afraid to go to sleep after looking at those pictures.

Early in the beginning of the war we heard that a company of Georgia soldiers was on its way to join the army. They encamped near us, and all the ladies and children and house servants went down to see them. We carried cakes, fruit, chicken, ice cream freezers, butter in fancy shapes, and we had a fine picnic. I took a large basket of roses, which the boys stuck on their bayonets. The soldiers looked very handsome in their new gray uniforms and white linen havelocks buttoned on their caps as a protection from the sun. That was the last time I ever saw a havelock, as later nothing but the barest necessities were seen. After eating heartily, the girls packed the soldiers' knapsacks full, seeing that even their bodyservants had all they could carry. The bugle sounded, and all fell into line. The band played "Lorena," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia Shore," and "Dixie," and the whole crowd was singing "Dixie" as they marched away. The boys wished to join the army at once, and we all thought it would be fine to be a soldier; but, alas! that was the poetry of war.

In 1864 cakes, sugar, tea, and coffee could not be used, for sugar was selling at $2 an ounce; salt, $1 per pound; flour, $80 per barrel; tea, $100 per pound. Even calico was out of the question; but we had lovely homespun dresses and hats plaited out of white straw and bulrushes, and the geese and chickens provided our plumes and quills. We were as proud of them as of any Paris hat now. We children, white and black, were kept busy cutting up sweet potatoes into little squares, which the cook dried, then toasted and ground for coffee, which was sweetened with sorghum molasses. Our cakes were made with this same homemade molasses. Our ink was pokeberry juice—everything homemade or a makeshift of some kind.

One day we were all out walking and saw a heavy cloud of dust. We rushed back home, not knowing whether it was made by Confederates or Federals. Soon Gen. Wade Hampton and staff rode up to the house, and his headquarters were at my home on the 11th of June, 1864. Here it was that a fine meadow, ready to be cut, and the South Anna River flowing through it, gave the needed rest and food to the weary horses. General Hampton told me since that that grass and river saved his horses, as they were nearly worn out. Generals Rosser and Butler came that night, and our sitting room was full of these noble men bending over maps and finding out from my father the lay of the country. Our place was in the open country, but a thick body of woods was between our forces and the enemy. Gen. Fitz Lee was nearly ten miles off. The cooks were serving meals, and everywhere the soldiers were eating and bathing in the stream, also washing their clothes, many of them resting asleep in the long grass until they dried. After supper our teacher played the piano, and the soldiers and young ladies danced and sang all the war songs. It saddened us to read that General Hampton's son, who danced and sang with us that night, was killed shortly after while gallantly leading a charge at Burgess Mill, October 27, 1864.

About eleven o'clock that night, while the dancing was still going on, a courier dashed up on a foaming horse and handed a dispatch to General Hampton, stating that the Federals were only eleven miles below; that Fitz Lee was falling back to Butler and Rosser. Papers were collected and burned out on the front walk, orders were given, and soon all was bustle. Just here one of our friends came up as fast as his jaded horse could run, stating that two hours before he had managed to escape from within the enemy's lines. He had left Fitz Lee's command to run in to see his wife at Louisa C. H. (for the first time in two years) and had scarcely gotten seated in the house when his old negro mammy came in and said: "'Fore de Lord, dey got you, honey!" He looked out and saw the bluecoats riding from every direction toward the house. He rushed out to get his horse, but found that he could not reach it and that in a minute he would be captured. His old mammy drew him out into the outdoor kitchen and told him to go up into the loft, then removed the ladder steps, and there he remained for hours, lying on the floor, peeping through the cracks at the Federal soldiers eating as fast as the cook could prepare food. There he was hungry, but no one dared to hand him anything to eat. About nine o'clock, when all was quiet in the kitchen, the cook threw him one of her dresses, a sunbonnet, and some fried chicken and bread, all tied up in one of her aprons. After eating heartily, he put on the dress and bonnet, took a tub on his head, and went to the ice house. The soldiers in the darkness thought it was the cook going for more ice to cool the milk for the many thirsty soldiers. In the ice house he hid in the straw until all was quiet. He then slipped out and kept in the dark until he reached a neighbor's, where he got a horse and came on to report to Hampton. The bugle called to "boots and saddle," and in a few minutes they were on the move. The girls felt distressed that General Hampton never saw his room which they had decked with flowers; even his pillow was strewn with roses fresh from the garden.

The first sound that aroused us on the morning of the 11th of June was the booming of cannon. Then we started to find places in which to hide the things we valued most. Our best clothes and jewelry, especially our heirlooms, we concealed upon our persons. My father, who kept a little brandy for medicinal purposes, took his demijohn into the garden, where there was a load of fresh sand, and buried it. A few minutes later my mother, with old "Uncle Zachary" carrying a large pot of preserves, came to the same place. He dug a hole in the bank of the sand, and out flew the brandy. My mother exclaimed: "O, my poor husband's brandy!" Down went old Uncle Zachary upon his knees, saying, "Law, Missis, I couldn't miss this!" and he sucked the brandied sand until he was drunk. The servants were faithful, and we trusted them to hide the horses, carriages, bacon, and flour in the woods. Some of the silver hidden at that time was not found until five years ago, when the carriage driver, who helped my father to hide it, plowed it up. A large ladle has a dent where the plow struck it.

By midday our house, yard, and office in the yard were filled with the wounded. Later they were moved to large barns, as our house was still Hampton's headquarters, though he never came back. My grandmother sewed up one

soldier's head with a large darning needle and white silk pulled out of the fringe of a white crape shawl. No antiseptics were used. I held the basin while she cut the hair and washed and sewed up the wound. He lived for many years after the war. One poor dying man called me his sister and begged me to stand where he could see me, so I stood looking at him and he at me until he died. He was wounded so badly that the blood trickled through the mattress to the floor. He was buried by torchlight in our orchard. After the war his family took his body back to Georgia.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Nearer and nearer came the sound of guns, flashes of light from cannons and shells, the terrible din of battle. About noon we heard that the enemy was coming back of us; then we thought all was over, but afterwards found that Hampton had sent Fitz Lee to hold them from his rear. He captured several hundred Federals and encamped them under heavy guard at the foot of our lawn. As Lee came through the yard to reënforce Hampton, Rosser, and Butler, we saw many of our relatives, but none could stop even for a minute. All we could do as they rode to battle was to hand them up bottles of milk, bread and meat, and even some onions, which they dearly loved. Some of them reached down and filled their canteens with buttermilk, which they enjoyed as they rode along. To many it was their last meal.

Late in the evening of the second day's fighting the firing sounded fainter and fainter. In the morning we heard that Hampton had fallen back to give battle in the open and waited to attack Sheridan, but he had been so badly beaten that he retreated in the night. General Rosser was wounded in the first day's fight and taken to a neighbor's.

After the war General Hampton called on me, then a bride of a few days, at the Exchange Hotel, in Richmond, and in talking about the fight he said it was the hardest-fought cavalry battle of the war. I have met many old veterans who said they never saw such deep ditches and thick undergrowth as were in those woods. Hart's and Thompson's Batteries did some fine work those two days.

A few days after the battle we rode over the battle field. The dead had been carried off or buried in trenches. By the main road we found two graves side by side, with a rude stick cross at the head, and we were impressed by these being the only two separate graves there. Later we heard that the bodies had been removed to their homes in South Carolina, and only in the last year did I find out that those were the graves of Whitfield Butler Brooks and Eddie Padgett, the former the beloved brother of my friend, Gen. U. R. Brooks. The whole country was covered with shattered fallen trees, broken rifles, empty shells, and houses riddled with bullets. Many trees and houses still bear the marks of that battle. After this we had less and less to eat, but money was abundant. It took several hundred dollars of Confederate money to buy a pair of shoes or a dress, and in the cities one carried a market basket full of money to buy a meal for a family.

The last Christmas of the war my parents thought our home would soon be in the enemy's lines, so they decided to send us to Richmond until all danger was over. We were wild with delight at the thought of going to the big city. As we had to leave in four days, everybody helped the negro seamstress to get us ready. The boys were happy with jackets made from old Confederate uniforms, with the brass buttons on them, feeling as though they were real soldiers. We left home about daylight to catch the early train, and as we reached the railroad crossing, which Hampton and Butler had fought so hard to retain, we saw just ahead of us twelve Federals well armed. We were terribly frightened, but they gave us just a glance and went on, as they saw only a jersey wagon full of frightened children driven by an old negro man. I must say that the boys were not so brave then and wished that they could hide their gray jackets, as each moment we expected to be arrested. We told at the station what we had seen, but our fears were laughed at. Later these men were captured after they had torn up several yards of the railroad track. It was some time before it could be repaired, which made us fifteen hours later than we had expected in taking the train to Richmond. When the train came in, it was laden with prisoners bound for Libby Prison and many wounded soldiers going to the large hospitals, Chimborazo and others.

We were delighted when we got to Richmond. The next morning our aunt took us out shopping; and as each of us had one hundred dollars to spend, we felt that we could give presents to all at home. We soon found out that toys and candy were as costly as food. A dear friend of my mother's found that we were to spend our Christmas in the city, so she invited us to a Christmas tree given to President Jefferson Davis's children. The tree was a lovely holly laden with homemade candies and dolls made out of hickory nuts and Canton flannel; then there were cotton and Canton flannel rabbits, dogs and cats, and numerous other presents, all homemade, as was everything on the supper table—homemade coffee, tea, sugar, and everything. I have never seen anything that looked so pretty to me. Probably some of it was due to Maggie and Jeff Davis, our President's children. Maggie Davis had the honor of presenting the gifts, and I fell in love with her when I saw her worshiped by all. She and her brother were full of fun and mischief, and we played hide and seek all over the house, they the leaders in every game. Mrs. Davis called me to her side and said: "Your dress, I see, is very much like Maggie's. You are both happy in wearing dresses made from your mothers' wedding gowns." I think she just wanted to make me feel good. President Davis came in for them. Their home was only four doors away. He was tall and thin and sad, presenting quite a contrast to his wife.

The times grew even harder, the shadows lengthened, and in a few months we heard the rumor that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. My father had the large farm bell rung, calling all hands from work, and with tears he told them that they had been very faithful and had made it easy for him to be a good master; they were now free, and he had nothing but best wishes for each. A few threw up their hats with joy, but most of them crowded around him and said they would not leave him. My father told them they could stay and work their truck patches for their own use, but he had no money to pay them. Confederate money was all he had, and that was worthless. He heard sobs behind him and, turning, saw his bodyservant Lewis, who had been his faithful companion since boyhood. They clasped hands; no word was spoken; none was necessary. Lewis remained with us for years. He is now a preacher in North Carolina and comes often to see "Old Marster." How hard it was to realize that our money could buy us nothing! We could use it now only for paper screens and to play store with. The lines written on a Confederate note most fittingly express the only value that this money then held—

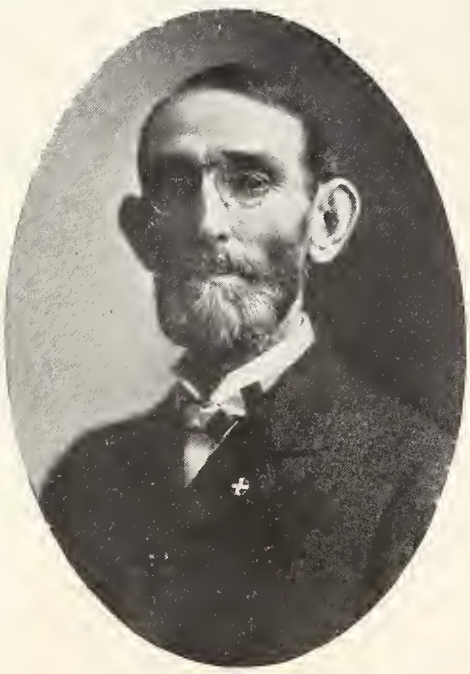
"Representing nothing on God's earth now
And naught in the waters below it."

THE LAST ROLL

"They are passing away from us, passing away;
The weights they have lifted, the burdens they've borne,
They have all been heavy, and shall we mourn
That they are all passing away?"

Hon. James W. Blackmore.

James W. Blackmore, the son of William M. and Rachel Barry Blackmore, was born in Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., March 9, 1843, and died May 11, 1914. Having received his earlier education in the primary school and his academic course at Transmount Academy, Mr. Blackmore was pursuing his collegiate course at Central University, Danville, Ky., when the War between the States began. Fired with that lofty patriotism so characteristic of his family, he hastened home and enlisted in Company I, 2d Tennessee Regiment. As first lieutenant of ordnance, he participated in the battles of Manassas, Richmond, Perryville, Murfreesboro, and all of those hard-fought battles of Johnston and Sherman's campaign, surrendering with the Western Army at Greensboro, N. C., on the very day that closed his four hard years' service to his country. In his military career he knew no motive higher than duty, no ambition loftier than devotion to his country. In his soldier's life he won the admiration and love of his comrades and the commendation of his superior officers by the untiring devotion to duty and enthusiasm that he manifested in the cause of his country.



HON. JAMES W. BLACKMORE.

After the war he finished his literary course and entered the Law Department of Cumberland University, from which he was graduated with honor in 1867. Soon thereafter he began the practice of his profession, in which he became especially proficient and prominent, being regarded as a strong and able advocate and finally advancing to the very forefront of our ablest and most successful practitioners. Mr. Blackmore was always a strong partisan Democrat and always deeply interested in the important discussions of the day. As State Senator he ably represented the counties of Sumner, Robertson, and Trousdale, 1883-87, making a splendid record for his integrity, his honesty, and faithful discharge of every duty. In his after life many times he was sought by his people to return to political life, but he invariably declined.

Mr. Blackmore was very active in the inauguration of the city schools of Gallatin, and from their very inception he became a member of the board of education and for seventeen years was chairman of this board, holding this position at his death. Every impulse of his heart seemed to go out toward the education and the promotion of the youth of the country; and, next to his Church, the building up of schools seemed his fondest ideal. He was very enthusiastic over the progress and maintenance of Howard College and for years was a prominent member of the board of visitors of that institution. He also took an active part in the establishment of the Sumner County Training School. He was not only generous with his time and influence, but liberal to a fault with his financial aid. He was at all times a friend to the poor and a generous giver to the widows and orphans.

As he was a gallant and chivalrous soldier, so until his death he was thoroughly imbued and in true sympathy wit the tenets for which he had fought. He was a charter member of Donelson Bivouac, and, unless urgently called off, he was always present at the meetings, taking an active part in the dispatch of all important business. He was one of the active workers in the building of the Confederate monument, giving his time and money to erect the beautiful memorial that stands upon our grounds. He held every office and honor which his comrades could confer, and assuredly the memory of Comrade Blackmore will ever remain fresh and green in the hearts of this Bivouac, whose members so fondly loved him.

Mr. Blackmore was married twice, first, in November, 1871, to Miss Maria L. Ewing, who died in 1896, and then to Miss Lola Ezell, who survives him. Both wives were intellectual and affectionate, making his life happy and his home one of joy and peaceful contentment.

In the loss of this chivalrous soldier, this able lawyer, this devoted Christian, this esteemed and honored fellow citizen, this true and tried friend, his people recognized a sad affliction and that his place could hardly be filled. He was faithful in the discharge of every duty, his ideals were of the very highest, his devotion to friend and to principle true and uncompromising.

R. E. Lee Camp, Fort Worth, Tex.

George E. Estes, Adjutant, reports the following deaths since January, 1914:

R. D. Fuller, January 31, 1914; Maj. J. J. James, February 1, 1914; Dr. Frank Raney, February 6, 1914; Capt. J. B. Littlejohn, February 8, 1914; A. J. Lee, February 8, 1914; Noah Harding, April 19, 1914; Thomas Tramwell, May 17, 1914; W. T. Steele, May 24, 1914; H. L. Abston, June 7, 1914; Joseph S. Young, June 14, 1915; Capt. James T. Field, June 21, 1914; Capt. J. A. Martin, June 26, 1914; Capt. J. C. Richardson, October 11, 1914; Dr. E. J. Bell, October 24, 1914; A. B. Frazier, November 1, 1914; J. W. Patterson, November 15, 1914; John Rogan, December 6, 1914; J. Q. T. Morris, December 12, 1914; W. R. Brantham, December 20, 1914; J. T. Whitsett, January 24, 1915; J. E. Boyd, February 21, 1915; T. G. Gillespie, February 23, 1915; L. K. Dockery, March 7, 1914; T. T. Ball, March 11, 1915; Col. A. C. Harris, March 28, 1915; J. R. Thomas, April 8, 1915; Dave Matthews, April 13, 1915; J. E. Martin, April 13, 1915; J. P. Perkins, March 23, 1915.

Robert J. Breckinridge.

Danville's most brilliant, polished, and courageous patriot has passed over the river to "rest under the shade of the trees."

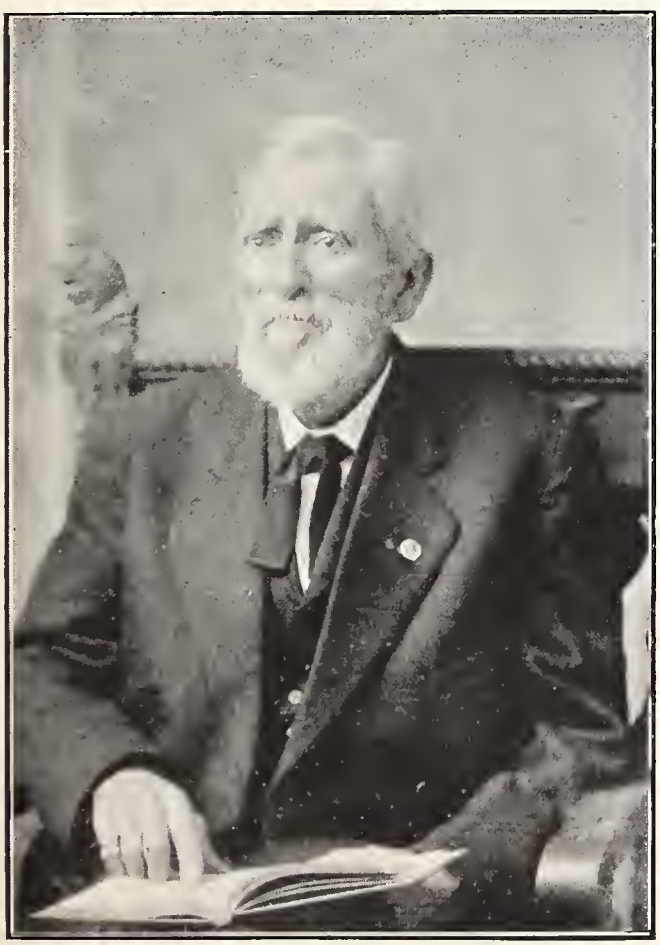
On a Kentucky blue-grass farm near Lexington on September 14, 1834, there was born to Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, Sr., and wife a little son, Robert. He grew into manhood with his brother, W. C. P. Breckinridge, and his cousin, Gen. John C. Breckinridge, who made his home with them.

When the dark clouds of the war of the States spread over America, Robert Breckinridge rushed to the cause of Dixie. He enlisted on July 5, 1861, at Camp Boone, Tenn., to serve for the war. He was appointed captain of Company B, 2d Kentucky Infantry (also designated Mounted Infantry), C. S. A., July 13, 1861. Having been elected a member of the Confederate States Congress, he resigned his commission on April 5, 1862. On September 13, 1863, he was appointed colonel and sent into Kentucky to raise troops. It was through his pickets at the opening of the war that the dauntless Morgan and his men passed to defend their rights and join the cause of the Confederacy.

Colonel Breckinridge was captured in Woodford County, Ky., February 22, 1865, was received at Louisville, Ky., from Frankfort, Ky., February 25, 1865, and on February 27, 1865, was sent to the State prison at Columbus, Ohio, where he was received on the following day. He was brought from Columbus, Ohio, on May 8, 1865, and confined at Johnson's Island, being released June 22, 1865, on taking the oath of allegiance, which he was compelled to take nine times during the remainder of the year.

At the close of the war Colonel Breckinridge removed to Danville, where he engaged in the practice of law. He was prominent in politics, holding many offices both by appointment of the State and popular vote. So passes from us this grand old man with a spotless character, though before the public his whole life. Once more the flag of Dixie droops as another of her heroic sons with a cheery smile obeys the last order of his Commander in Chief, March 14, 1915.

[Sketch by A. C. Terhune, Danville, Ky.]



HON. ROBERT J. BRECKINRIDGE.

Dr. M. P. Alexander.

Dr. M. P. Alexander was born near Anderson, S. C., April 26, 1830, and died at his home, in Maysville, Ga., on March 17, 1915. In 1839 his parents removed to Franklin County, Ga., where his early life was spent. He chose medicine as his profession, and after graduating at the famous medical college in Cincinnati, Ohio, he located and practiced at Homer, Ga. In 1858 he was united in marriage to Miss Pelona David, of Jackson County, Ga.

When war between the States was declared, in 1861, he organized a company of volunteers and took it to Savannah, Ga.; but on account of a misunderstanding with the War Department the company was not mustered into service, but disbanded, and the members returned to their homes.

In March, 1862, Dr. Alexander enlisted as a member of Company K, 43d Georgia Regiment, and was mustered into the Confederate service at Big Shanty, Ga., on July 12. He was commissioned assistant surgeon, C. S. A., and served in that capacity through all of the subsequent campaigns of the Western Army until he was assigned to hospital duty at Blacky Hospital, Augusta, Ga., where he served until the surrender, in 1865, when he was paroled by order of General Sherman.

Dr. Alexander located at Maysville, Ga., where he practiced medicine for a period of thirty-five years. For a number of years he had been an honored member and surgeon of J. H. Morgan Camp, No. 1330, U. C. V,. at Commerce, Ga., and was universally loved and honored.

Gen. Bennett H. Young, Commander in Chief U. C. V., appointed Dr. Alexander on his staff as assistant surgeon with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

His long and useful life ended, he was laid peacefully to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Maysville by his comrades, members of his Camp.

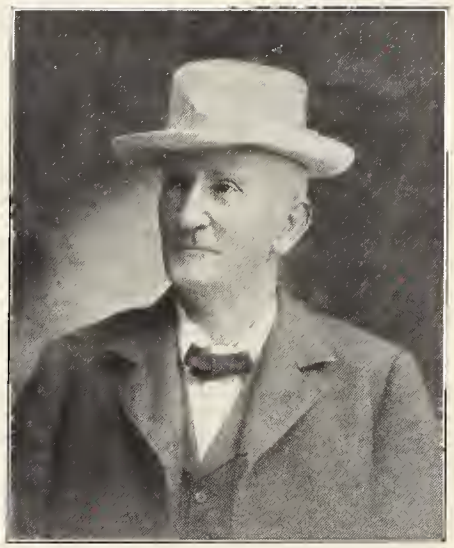
[From a tribute by John H. Morgan Camp, of Commerce, Ga., through the committee composed of G. L. Carson, H. J. David, and D. D. Holland.]

John H. Morgan Camp, No. 1330.

The following list gives the loss in membership of John H. Morgan Camp, U. C. V., at Commerce, Ga., since its organization, in 1900: Oliver Tolbert, W. T. Harbor, W. T. Nunn, W. B. Jackson, J. Z. Cooper, William Barnett, William Bone, J. E. Massey, Jefferson Sanders, L. M. Gober, W. T. M. Brock, J. H. Burns, C. T. Nash, Jasper N. Wood, Marion P. Wood, Jesse P. Wood, James O. Wood, Dr. W. A. Nelson, W. D. Carrington, R. W. Howington, T. J. Carr, W. A. Borders, Charley Allen, H. S. Cook, Sterling Jackson, James T Rodgers, John Minish, Jefferson Jennings, Henry F. Hoyt, D.D., J. C. Wade, W. C. Farabee, W. D. Power, W. B. Power, James Sailors, T. J. McClain, Gus Allen, A. H. Hix, J. B. Hix, F. T. Webb, David B. Hall, P. H. Wright, William F. Langston, E. P. Eberhart, R. S. Eidson, W. French Lord, D S. McWhirter, Charles Fleeman, W. M. Smith, T. H. Self, B. T. Mercier, R. Z. Vaughn, W. S. Edwards, J. T. Moore A. J. Cobb, William Anthony Quillian, Shannon A. Langston, William M. Potts, Mannen P. Alexander, M.D.

Maj. Martin Walt.

Maj. Martin Walt, for sixty-five years a resident of Memphis, Tenn., died in that city on March 6, 1915, at the age of seventy-nine years. He was born in Parkersburg, Va., December 24, 1836, and went to Memphis when that city was just a village. He entered the steamboat business and was captain on one of the early packets when only nineteen years of age. When the War between the States began he went into the Confederate service with Capt. (afterwards Maj.) Frank Gailor, who was first on the staff of Gen. William H. Carroll. Major Gailor was killed in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862, and was succeeded by Martin Walt, his comrade.



MAJ. MARTIN WALT.

Major Walt served as quartermaster of his division and was for two years on the staff of Maj. Gen. Pat Cleburne. He had numerous stirring and trying experiences, one of which was his capture, with his entire train, while in the rear of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army, by Kilpatrick's raiding expedition in 1864. He was in the hands of the Federal cavalry for twenty-four hours and was then suddenly released on the approach of the Confederate cavalry. He was again captured at Lincolnton, N. C., and, with fourteen hundred others, was taken to Nashville and paroled there. After the surrender he returned to Memphis, where he had been engaged in business ever since. He again went into the steamboat business with his brothers and was interested in a number of boats plying up and down the Mississippi River. He entered the commission business in 1867, and for more than forty years he had his office at the same place on Front Street. He is survived by his wife, two daughters, and three sons, two of whom succeed him in the business.

W. M. Duncan.

Died on his plantation, in Sunflower County, Miss., W. M. Duncan, on January 17, 1915, aged seventy-two years. He was born near Jefferson City, Mo., and was among the first to volunteer under the call of Governor Jackson for troops to defend the State against invasion. While in the Missouri State Guard he took part in all the engagements in that State—Springfield, Wilson's Creek, and Lexington. Having served out the time for which he volunteered, he enlisted in the 2d Missouri Regiment, C. S. A., for the war at Springfield in January, 1862, and served faithfully as a private soldier until the end.

His regiment was first under General Little, who was killed at Iuka, Miss., in September, 1862, then under General Bowen until his death, in July, 1863. From that time until the close Gen. F. M. Cockrell commanded the 1st Brigade, Missouri troops. His regiment was consolidated with the 6th and was known as the 2d and 6th Missouri Infantry after the surrender at Vicksburg.

He fought with his command in the battle of Pea Ridge, or Elk Horn, in Arkansas, and after crossing the Mississippi in April, 1862, he was in the siege of Corinth, Iuka, second battle of Corinth, Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, Big Block, siege of Vicksburg, through the Georgia campaign, Allatoona, and Franklin, where he was seriously wounded. He recovered sufficiently to take part in the battle of Fort Blakely, near Mobile, where he and most of the Missourians were captured and carried to Ship Island. From there they were taken to New Orleans and then up the Mississippi by steamboat to Vicksburg. There they disembarked and walked out to Jackson, Miss., and were paroled.

Missouri furnished the following regiments and batteries to the Army of Tennessee: 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and Samuel's Battalion of Infantry (the 1st Cavalry dismounted and fought as infantry), Wade's, Bledsoe's, Clark's, Guibo's, and Low's Batteries—in all probably eight thousand men. Of this number, less than five hundred were left at the surrender at Jackson in May, 1865.

It is enough to say for the honor of Comrade Duncan that he was a member of this band of patriots who shed their blood in seven States of the Confederacy.

Lewis M. Williams.

Lewis M. Williams was born in Greeneville, Tenn., June 26, 1835, and died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles V. Cunningham, in Springfield, Mo., on February 14, 1915. He is survived by his widow and three children, two sons and a daughter.

Mr. Williams spent his boyhood days in Dixie Land. He went to Southwest Missouri at the age of eighteen years and located in Newton County, near Newtonia, where he lived until the spring of 1861. At this time, when excitement was running high, he had to choose whom he would serve. True to the land of his birth, he enlisted in the Confederate cause. He served in Gen. Joe Shelby's brigade and was personally acquainted with Gen. Sterling G. Price, familiarly known as "Pap" Price, whom he loved as a brother. He often spoke of Gen. Ben McCulloch and of his many heroic deeds of valor. He participated in the battles of Wilson's Creek, Springfield, Pilot Knob, Mo., Pea Ridge and Pine Bluff, Ark., and took part in many skirmishes in Southwest Missouri. He was once captured in Springfield, Mo., by the Federals and held as a spy. He was then on his way to St. Louis to purchase medicines for his command and had about his person some papers that would have betrayed his mission had the Federals found them. He was put in a covered wagon, when he crawled under an old wagon sheet and ate the papers, leaving no trace to tell the tale. How long he was held a prisoner is not known, but through the friendship of a brother Mason it was made possible for him to escape, and he was never put in prison.



LEWIS M. WILLIAMS.

At the close of the war Mr. Williams removed to Denver, Colo., probably because of the order issued by Gen. Hugh Boyl Ewing, the Federal commander of Missouri, known as "Order No. 11," in which it was stated that all Confederates caught in the State after a certain date would be shot. In 1868 or 1869 he removed to Manhattan, Kans., and there purchased a large farm on the Big Blue River. In January, 1870, he was married to Nancy Catherine Weems, a Southern woman in the truest sense. After several years in Kansas, when peace and quietude once more reigned in Southwest Missouri, he sold his Kansas farm for quite a large sum and returned to Newton County, Mo., and lived near Newtonia for many years.

"Uncle Lew," as he was generally known, was a man who loved his friends and neighbors as himself, and his home was the home of his friends. Especially was this true in regard to the ministers of the gospel; his house was the circuit riders' home. True to the traditions of the Southland, the latchstring hung on the outside of the door, and the invitation was: "Come in and sup with me." He was a pillar in the Methodist Church, South, of which he was a member for many years. He loved the sons of the South, and among his heroes were Henry W. Grady, Bob Taylor, and the late editor of the VETERAN, S. A. Cunningham. * * * He lived his allotted threescore years and ten and now rests from his labors.

MRS. FRANCES B. PLECKER.

Mrs. Frances Burton Smoot Plecker died at her home, in Staunton, Va., on January 11, 1915. She was born September 22, 1833, on her father's plantation, in Madison County, Va. She was the daughter of Daniel Jenifer Smoot and Harriet Medley, a granddaughter of Ambrose Medley and Frankey Burton and a great-granddaughter of Maj. May Burton, a soldier of the Revolution.

The late Bishop Meade, in notes on St. Thomas Parish, "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," makes mention of Major Burton, Sr., as a stanch patriot and a stanch churchman, who served his country in the Revolutionary War and, in the absence of the minister, served as layman in the little historic church of Ruckersville, eighteen miles from Orange Courthouse.

On her paternal side Mrs. Plecker was the granddaughter of another gallant soldier of the Revolutionary War and also the War of 1812, John Smoot, who married Elizabeth Jenifer, daughter of Dr. Daniel Jenifer, a distinguished surgeon in the War of the Revolution. She was descended from patriotic stock on all sides, her father having rendered faithful service in the War of 1812. A few years ago the National Society of the Daughters of 1812 bestowed upon her a "Real Daughter" pin. Mrs. Plecker came from a lineage that was influential in the history of both the commonwealth and the Virginia colony.

She was the widow of Jacob H. Plecker, of Augusta County, who served in Company F, 62d Virginia Regiment. While her husband was away fighting she and her faithful slaves spun and dyed the yarn, wove the cloth, and made the clothing for him and his fellow soldiers.

She was laid to rest by the side of her husband and five children. Two children survive her—a daughter, Mrs. J. F. F. Cassell, of Staunton, and a son, Dr. Walter A. Plecker, State Registrar of Vital Statistics, of Richmond.

MRS. A. W. HUTTON.

The death of Mrs. A. W. Hutton, of Los Angeles, Cal., is deeply mourned by the members of Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of which she was a beloved and revered member from the time of its organization. Her life was full of noble deeds and self-sacrificing kindnesses. She served the Robert E. Lee Chapter as President in its early days and later was elected Honorary Life President. To all those who have succeeded her in office she was an ever-present help.



MRS. A. W. HUTTON.

Miss Kate Travis went to California in 1869 from Gainesville, Ala., where she was born, in 1851, the daughter of Amos Travis and Eliza A. Coleman, both of prominent families in the history of Alabama and the South. All of her relatives were most loyal Confederates, and every male relative able to bear arms was a volunteer in the Confederate army. In February, 1874, she was married to Aurelius W. Hutton, a young attorney of Gainesville, Ala., who had gone to California with her father's family. Judge Hutton was a cadet in Company B, Alabama Corps Cadets, from the summer of 1863 to the end of the war, and has twice served as Commander of the Pacific Division, U. C. V.

Mrs. Hutton was the mother of ten children, six of whom, with her husband, survive, all the daughters being members of the Robert E. Lee Chapter and the husband an associate member. She was a wonderful wife and mother and friend. Of her it may be said that, "though her sun has set, the sphere in which she moved will long be aglow with the light of her deeds and her many virtues."

CAPT. J. B. WILSON.

At the age of seventy-nine years, Capt. J. B. Wilson died in Orlando, Fla., on February 2, 1915. He was born in Morgantown, Ky., January 5, 1839, and enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Capt. Thomas H. Hine's company from Bowling Green, Ky., John H. Morgan's regiment, with which he served through the battle of Shiloh. After that he went to Summit, Miss., raised a company, and joined the 39th Mississippi Infantry in June, 1862, taking part in the battles of Talahatchie Bridge, Bolivar, Tenn., Corinth, Miss., Hatcher's River, and Port Hudson, La. He was captured and sent to New Orleans, from there to New York, thence to Johnson's Island, Ohio, and was released in 1865. During every battle his old negro servant, "Uncle John," was always near him, and when he was taken prisoner the old negro stayed in prison and cared for him the entire time.

Captain Wilson was related to President Wilson and to Gen. Wade Hampton. His wife was the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Mullin, of Grenada, Miss. She survives him with two sons and two daughters.

Mrs. Daniel Giraud Wright.

Mrs. Louise Sophie Wright, wife of former Judge Daniel G. Wright, of Baltimore, Md., died in that city on March 7, 1915, after an illness of several months. She was a daughter of Gen. Louis T. Wigfall, United States Senator from Texas before the War between the States, who was later a member of the Confederate Senate and an aid on the staff of President Davis. Mrs. Wright spent several years in Washington in her youth and occupied a place in the society of the capital. Intellectually, she was brilliant beyond most women and a writer of strength and charm. Several years ago she published a book, "A Southern Girl in 1861," which was filled with reminiscences of life in the South and of Washington in the days prior to the war.

Mrs. Wright founded and was for many years President of the Baltimore Chapter, and the membership of the State Division, U. D. C., under her leadership increased rapidly. The imposing monument which commemorates the service of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy was the gift of the Maryland Daughters of the Confederacy to Baltimore during Mrs. Wright's presidency. With her exceptional mental ability and strong character, she possessed great energy and unwavering purpose, and as an executive she was distinguished for the calm reasonableness that makes for unbiased judgment. When the fourth convention, U. D. C., met in Baltimore in 1897, Mrs. Wright, as First Vice President General, presided on account of the illness of the President General, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee.

Personally, Mrs. Wright possessed the warmth of heart that inspired others to seek her presence and the pleasant environment of her home. The atmosphere of her home was beautifully suggestive of the Southland, and the welcome of its mistress always possessed the simplicity and warmth of the old times.

I. A. Looney.

From a tribute by Hill County Camp, No. 166, U. C. V., of Hillsboro, Tex., the following is taken:

"Comrade I. A. Looney was born February 22, 1840, and died January 9, 1915. He entered the Confederate service in Tennessee on the 22d of May, 1861, in Company B, 18th Tennessee Regulars, as second sergeant and was promoted in the year 1862. He bore the battle flag at Fort Donelson; was captured and imprisoned at Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., getting without the prison walls on the morning of his twenty-first birthday, and was exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. He followed Gen. Joseph E. Johnston and the varied fortunes of the Tennessee Army until the close of the war and surrendered at Goldsboro, N. C., never missing an engagement in which his command took part, save one in which but a small part of the army was engaged. He was then in the hospital. He carried the battle flag in nine battles, some of which were Murfreesboro, Nashville, Chickamauga, and Franklin. He was struck eight times with Minie balls and once with a piece of shell. He also bore the flag in the last battles of Bentonville and Raleigh, N. C.

"As a soldier for his country he was ever ready, brave, and true; as a soldier of the cross he wore the full armor and left his escutcheon unsullied when laid aside to meet the summons of his recall; as a citizen he was ever for the moral, the charitable, and the right; as a husband and father he was industrious, energetic, provident, loving, and kind.

"Committee: W. L. McKee, Tam Brooks, W. H. Dickson."

James B. Conroy.

James B. Conroy was a lieutenant in Captain Kelley's company (A), of the 5th Missouri Infantry, Cockrell's Brigade, C. S. A., and was twice severely wounded in battle. He served in the early battles in Missouri under General Price, later at Corinth, Miss., and afterwards in the army of General Pemberton at the siege of Vicksburg. He was in the Georgia campaign under Gens. Joseph E. Johnston and John B. Hood, taking part in all the battles around Atlanta and in the assault at Allatoona. Lieutenant Conroy also fought in the battle of Franklin, Tenn., where he was captured inside the Federal works with a number of his comrades.



JAMES B. CONROY.

Death came to him suddenly at his home, in St. Louis, Mo., on the 5th of March, 1915. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, and two sons. He was a charter member of the Knights of Father Mathew.

W. F. Crutcher.

W. F. Crutcher, son of R. A. and Susan Vance Cruteher (Virginians), born in Giles County, Tenn., January 30, 1844, died at his home, in Lonoke, Ark., April 2, 1915.

Comrade Cruteher went to Arkansas with his parents at the age of fourteen years and located near Old Austin, in Lonoke County. At the outbreak of the war, at the age of seventeen years, he volunteered and enlisted with the 25th Arkansas Infantry, Company I, commanded by Capt. James Adams, later under Gen. Braxton Bragg's Division, and served as a private until the close of the war.

He participated in the battle of Corinth, Miss., Richmond, Va., Harrisburg and Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Tenn., and other battles. At Murfreesboro he was wounded in both thighs while charging a battery. When in the hospital there he was taken prisoner and was then sent to be exchanged at Richmond. He was recaptured while on parole in Alabama and Tennessee and sent to Camp Morton Prison, in Indiana, where he was held for twenty-two months.

In the spring of 1865 he was exchanged the second time and went back to his old command, then in Greensboro, N. C., when the surrender eame.

Returning to his home in Arkansas to battle with the ruin and desolation that lay over his home country, he set to work elearing land, and in farming and stock-raising he made a success.

On March 28, 1869, Mr. Crutcher married Miss Ola T. Ferguson, daughter of Lieut. W. T. Ferguson. He became a member of the Baptist Chureh in 1871 and lived an honorable Christian life, holding the love, respeet, and eonfidence of all who knew him. He was a kind and devoted husband and father. His wife, four daughters, and two sons survive him.

Charles T. Loehr.

Charles T. Loehr, a gallant Confederate soldier, died at his home, in Richmond, Va., on March 5, 1915. He was prominently identified with many affairs pertaining to the welfare of the city, and for many years he was connected with the insurance business of Richmond. At the time of his death he was Secretary and Treasurer of the Virginia Building and Loan Company. Few men of Richmond were better known among the Confederate veterans of the South. As Chairman of the Information and Registration Committee for the Reunion he had been in correspondence with Camps and veterans wanting accommodations in Richmond during the meeting, and it will be a sorrow to many that he will not be there to greet them.

Charles Loehr was born in Altena, Germany, August 8, 1842. He came to America in 1854 and landed in Richmond in 1855. Although born in a foreign land, he cast his lot with the South at the outbreak of hostilities in 1861 and made an enviable record as a Confederate soldier. He helped to organize the first company of the 1st Virginia Regiment, enlisted for service with the command, and was in many of the most notable battles of the war, such as Manassas, Williamsburg, Yorktown, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Frayser's Farm, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, New Bern, South Mountain, Dinwiddie, Five Forks, Point Lookout, Plymouth, Drewry's Bluff, Milford, Cold Harbor, and Second Manassas. He was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

Always observant and a reader and student, Mr. Loehr had gathered a great deal of information which was of value in setting history straight about the great battle of Gettysburg. He was one of the organizers of Pickett's Camp in Richmond and had been its Commander. For many years he was a prominent member of the old First Regiment Association, which he helped to organize.

Mr. Loehr was also one of the oldest members of the Knights of Pythias in Richmond, a charter member of Syracuse Lodge, and a Past Grand Chancellor of the order in the State of Virginia. He was married in 1866 to Miss Amelia H. Jonas, of Richmond, and is survived by two sons and two daughters.

John S. Bell.

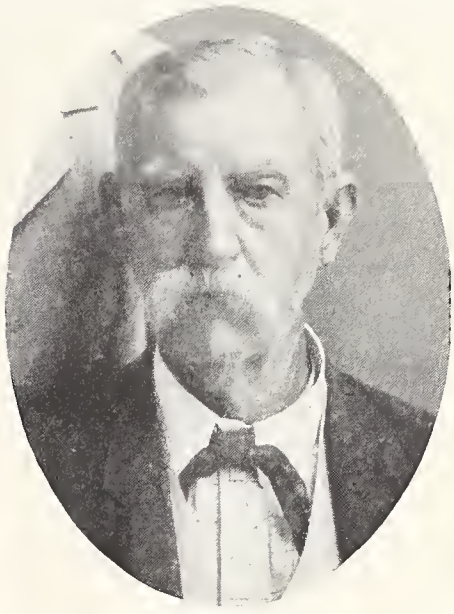
John S. Bell, of Shepherdsville, Ky., answered the last bugle call on February 15, 1915, in his seventieth year. He was a member of Company D, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, and also a member of the celebrated Orphan Brigade. His surviving comrades will all mourn his loss and miss him at their reunions. Faithful to the memory of the cause for which he fought, he will be remembered and regretted by the remnant of the old command, which grows sadly smaller with each passing year.



JOHN S. BELL.

Capt. W. J. F. Ross.

Capt. W. J. F. Ross, member of Winnie Davis Camp, No. 108, U. C. V., also a member of Waxahachie Lodge, No. 80, I. O. O. F., and Stonewall Lodge, No. 13, K. of P., died February 14, 1915, in Foard City, Tex. Captain Ross was born in or near Macon, Ga., September 22, 1833. He entered the Confederate service April 19, 1861, in Company C, 2d Georgia Battalion; was promoted to the rank of sergeant major in 1861, to second lieutenant July 15, 1862, and to the rank of captain June 22, 1863. He took part in the battles of Seven Pines, Seven Days around Richmond, Fredericksburg, Wilderness, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Gaines's Mill, Gettysburg, and Appomattox. He was wounded at Gettysburg on July 2, 1863, and again at Petersburg June 22, 1864. He was taken prisoner at Gettysburg July 5, 1863, and released August 15, 1863, at Baltimore, Md. In 1863 he was detailed as acting adjutant general by order of Brigadier General Wright when Captain Evans resigned. He was detailed in 1863 as sergeant major by Maj. Jack Moffett. His service expired on April 9, 1865, at Appomattox.



CAPT. W. F. ROSS.

Charles McDonald Sexton.

At his home, in Cheatham Hill, Smythe County, Va., on March 11, 1915, Charles McDonald Sexton, a gallant Confederate soldier and Christian citizen, died. Joining the Smythe Blues, under Capt. A. G. Pendleton, the first company organized in the county in 1861, which became Company D, of the 4th Virginia Infantry, a part of the famous Stonewall Brigade, he served throughout the entire four years of the war and was surrendered by Lee at Appomattox without ever having had permission or opportunity to visit home.

He was born on March 22, 1839, near the place of his death, having reached within a few days the age of seventy-six years.

In the company with him was a brother and three cousins, all brothers, bearing the same name. The brother was shot down by his side in the battle of Chancellorsville; the cousins were all killed or died in prison.

Comrade Sexton leaves three daughters. His only son, A. C. Sexton, became a prominent citizen of Alabama and was connected with a department of the State government for several years, also being Adjutant in the State organization of Sons of Confederate Veterans. He met a violent death at his home in Alabama about three years ago. The private life of C. M. Sexton has been above reproach and such as we should expect from a man who had served his country so bravely and loyally throughout that desperate struggle for Southern independence. Honest, brave, moral, and sympathetic, his loss to his family and the community is irreparable.

[A brother's tribute.]

Robert J. Small.

At Mulberry, Tenn., on August 25, 1914, Robert J. Small, a gallant veteran of the Confederacy and a prominent citizen of this community, passed over the river to the "bivouac on Fame's eternal camping ground."

Responding to the call of the Southland, though but a boy, "Bob" Small enlisted in Company D, 8th Tennessee Regiment, Cheatham's Division, and participated in all its battles until the surrender. At Murfreesboro this regiment went into action with four hundred and thirty-six men and sustained a loss of three hundred and one killed and wounded, including its colonel and every commissioned officer. The charge in this engagement was made across a mile of open fields under a desolating fire. A six-gun battery was captured and the Federal line swept away by their irresistible onset. The percentage of loss of the 8th Tennessee was greater than that of any other regiment during the war, save that of a North Carolina regiment in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and much larger than that in the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava. Ever thereafter it was known as the "Bloody Eighth." At Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, in the long campaign to Atlanta, and in the sanguinary battles around that city the "Bloody Eighth" gathered new laurels. In the fearful and disastrous battle of Franklin, that awful "Valley of Death," the intrepid boys of the 8th Tennessee, after a charge of a mile under a murderous fire, fought the Federals across the earthworks with bayonets and clubbed guns. It was here that "Bob" Small mounted the ramparts, killed two of the enemy with a repeating rifle, and regained his side of the breastworks uninjured.



R. J. SMALL.

When the tattered battle flags were furled over a nation prostrate and bleeding, he returned to his home and became an exemplary citizen. His wife, who was Miss Alice Shofner, survives him. Gentle, genial, and lovable in his temperament, he was also among the "bravest of the brave where all were brave."

CAPT. WILLIAM H. STANLEY.

From the memorial tribute by a committee, composed of E. A. Wright, R. G. Hewett, and Carloss Reese, appointed by Camp Wilcox, U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala., in honor of Capt. William H. Stanley, the following is taken:

"Comrade William H. Stanley was born in Lynchburg, Va., on May 18, 1846, the son of William and Martha Stanley. When the War between the States began, in 1861, he was a student in the city of his birth. He enlisted there in June, 1861, in Lee's Battery, commanded by Captain Anderson. Immediately on its organization the company was ordered to Staunton, Va., and thence to Cheat Mountain, Va. Its first engagement was on the top of Rich Mountain, where it was defeated and driven back to Philippi. It was then ordered to Monterey and later went into winter quarters on Rich Mountain, remaining there until another engagement was fought, in which Captain Anderson was killed. It was then ordered to Luray Valley, under Stonewall Jackson, and fought through the noted valley campaign, participating in nearly all the battles. Returning with Jackson to Richmond, it took part in the Seven Days' engagements and continued with Jackson up to and including the battle of Chancellorsville. After the death of Jackson the company was in a battalion till the close of the war.

"Comrade Stanley was a brave, gallant, and fearless soldier, and it is said that he participated in twenty-two battles. At Mine Run, Captain Raines was killed, and Stanley caught him in his arms as he fell from his horse.

"Captain Stanley was married to Miss Martha C. Moyer, of St. Augustine, Pa., in November, 1870; and in 1885 he moved to Birmingham, Ala., where his spirit of comradeship soon gained him a host of friends. He was always interested in the affairs of the community, and his advice and counsel were depended upon. His death occurred on December 17, 1914."

Maj. D. B. Stewart.

Maj. David B. Stewart, for nearly ninety years a resident of Monongahela County, died at his home, in Morgantown, W. Va., on March 21, 1915. While he retired from active business in 1897, Major Stewart retained his interest in affairs almost to the last. He was a son of William and Elizabeth Cunningham Stewart. His ancestors were Scotch-Irish, and the founders of the family in this section of Virginia went to Monongahela County from Lancaster County, Pa. David B. Stewart was born November 4, 1826; and after receiving his early education in the schools of his native county, he studied at Kingswood Academy and at Monongahela Academy, at Morgantown, especially fitting himself in engineering, and it was he who introduced horizontal land measurements in surveying in that section.

At the outbreak of the War between the States David Stewart was commissioned by Governor Letcher, of Virginia, as major in the active volunteer forces of the State and was ordered to report to Colonel Porterfield at Grafton. He took part in the engagement at Rich Mountain, and on August 1, 1861, he was assigned to the 48th Virginia Infantry, with which he served until the regiment was reorganized in May, 1862. In this year he was authorized by the Confederate War Department to raise a battalion of partisan rangers, and while engaged in this work he was captured and taken to Camp Chase, Ohio. After being exchanged at Vicksburg he made his way to Richmond and proceeded with the organization of the Rangers. The command was later reorganized as cavalry and made a part of the 20th Virginia, under Col. (later Gen.) William L. Jackson. In 1863 and 1864 Major Stewart was a member of the Virginia Legislature and during the latter part of the war an aid on Gen. William L. Jackson's staff. He took part in the battles of Philippi, Rich Mountain, Kernstown, third battle of Winchester, Monocacy, Walkerville, and many smaller engagements, including those of Jackson's expedition to Beverly, in June, 1863. He was also with Gen. Jubal Early in all his expeditions, including the advance on Washington. After the surrender at Appomattox, Major Stewart lived on his farm until 1897, when he removed to Morgantown. His first wife was Miss Rhena Snider; and of their three children, a son, Terence, survives. His second marriage was to Miss Sarah Jane Evans.

Gen. Henry A. Tyler.

Gen. Henry Ashburn Tyler, soldier, lawyer, statesman, manufacturer, financier, planter, philanthropist, is dead. The end came peacefully at the magnificent Tyler homestead, Oakwood Farm, three miles east of Hickman, Ky., on Monday morning, April 26. Like a tired child who seeks repose from a day of play, this great, good man fell gently to sleep amid the scenes of a beautiful spring day. The announcement of his death was a source of sorrow and anguish to thousands of loving friends throughout the entire South.



GEN. H. A. TYLER.

Henry Tyler was born on the 2d of April, 1838. He was a son of Austin S. and Susan A. Tyler, both natives of Kentucky; and his great-grandfather, Capt. Robert Tyler, was the first Virginian ever in the State of Kentucky, coming out in the year 1769 with Squire Boone. As he was reared on a farm, Henry Tyler's first education was in the country schools, and later, at the age of twenty, he graduated from Bethel College, Carroll County, Tenn. He read law and first began the practice of his profession in Hickman, Ky. He was eminently successful and practiced for many years. He joined the Confederate army in May, 1861, and served one year in the 5th Tennessee Infantry, afterwards in the cavalry for three years, until his parole at Columbus, Miss., May 16, 1865. His deeds of valor were a source of honor to him and a mark of distinction until his death. He was the most popular figure at the Reunions of the Veterans, and, except for his unstinted generosity, many of the honored, but financially unsuccessful, battle-scarred survivors could not have participated in these enjoyable affairs. General Tyler's war record is one upon which he and his posterity can rest with justifiable and pardonable pride. No man who ever drew a saber, not even his own best-loved commander, Forrest, excelled him in dash, daring, or any of the attributes of a successful cavalry leader. He enjoyed the enviable distinction of having been mentioned for gallantry in action more often than any other officer in the Confederate cause, with its legion of brave captains.

General Tyler's war record is one that gives him a place in "Fame's eternal camping ground." "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," and there is one incident in the career of General Tyler in time of peace which to most men is an evidence of greater heroism and self-sacrifice than any of his dashing deeds in war. In 1878, during the dreadful yellow fever epidemic in Hickman, when all who could had fled the city, he remained, organized, and was made chairman of a relief committee for the aid of the sufferers, turned his residence over as a hospital, and in every way possible relieved the distress of the stricken people.

General Tyler was honored by many marks of esteem by his people. He was for many years mayor of his home city; he also served two terms in the State Senate and was, by gubernatorial appointment, judge of the Kentucky Supreme Court of Appeals. And time and again he was chosen by his old comrades as Commander of Forrest's Cavalry Corps, with the rank of Lieutenant General.

On April 2, 1868, he was married to Miss Bettie Fowlkes, of Dyer County, Tenn., who preceded him in death over twenty years; and of the three sons given to them, only one survives. His chivalry and kindness, his unselfish loyalty to friends, his fairness and frankness to foe, his scorn of pretense, sham, and fraud, his disdain of trickery, his dauntless courage and devotion to duty, generosity, and high ideals crowned him at his death with imperishable honor.

Dr. Sampson Eagon.

Dr. Sampson Eagon, one of the most prominent physicians of the South, died at his home, in Dallas, Tex., January 30, 1915. He was born in Staunton, Va., seventy-nine years ago, and his forbears were among the early settlers of the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, taking part in the colonial wars and the war for American independence. It was said of his paternal grandfather that "he was one of the first martyrs to the cause of American liberty." His father, Dr. John Eagon, was once Mayor of Staunton. His mother was Mildred Yancey, daughter of Col. Charles Yancey, of Yancey Mills, Va., who was a colonel in the War of 1812. His grandfather served many years in the Senate of Virginia.

Dr. Eagon was graduated from the University of Virginia at the age of twenty-one and then took a postgraduate course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City, at the same time pursuing a special course of study under Dr. Austin Flint. From New York he went to New Orleans, where he lectured in the New Orleans School of Medicine, now Tulane University. During the war he had charge of the Trans-Mississippi Hospital of the Confederacy. He was a stanch Confederate. After the war he moved to Louisiana and from there to Jefferson, the most flourishing of East Texas towns, where he earned a reputation as one of the foremost surgeons and general practitioners. He went from Jefferson to Sherman and from there to Dallas some thirty years ago.

Dr. Eagon married Miss Elizabeth Smith, daughter of Dr. Robert Smith, of Louisiana. She died shortly after their removal to Dallas. A ripe scholar, he was very broad and very generous in his views and one of the best-read men of the day. He was noted for his real charities. The poor loved him, and the unfortunate were never turned away from his door. He was a splendid type of the old Virginia gentleman, and in his home true hospitality was dispensed to all who entered its portals. Two daughters and one son survive him.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

GREETINGS FROM THE FAR WEST.

Miss Spokane, sponsor for our city, extends a general invitation to the many coming to the Pacific Coast this year to stop off and see us; and while we join heartily in this, our hearts go out in longing for the presence of the faithful daughters of the Southland, and we, the members of Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., of Spokane, Wash., with loving greeting extend a cordial invitation to those coming West to visit us, especially this year, as the Panama Exposition celebrates the completion of another great achievement by our government.

Think of us and of the noble work we have undertaken; think of the debt of gratitude we owe to the Southern explorers, Lewis and Clarke, who won for us the vast inland empire named Washington for the illustrious Virginian, patriot, soldier, and statesman.

Visiting Daughters would naturally inspire us with fresh zeal and enthusiasm. Our much-loved Regent, Mrs. Frank G. Sutherland, resides at East 209 Nara Avenue, and waits with happy anticipation to greet any daughter of the South who passes this way in search of the wonders and beauties of this "Land of the Setting Sun." Come and enjoy our royal Southern-Western hospitality.

Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Spokane, Wash.

THE MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

FROM NOTES BY MRS. L. C. PERKINS, OFFICIAL EDITOR.

The nineteenth annual convention of Mississippi Daughters of the Confederacy was held in historic and battle-scarred Vicksburg. The famous hospitality of this Southern city was fully sustained throughout this most interesting convention, the members of the Vicksburg Chapter entertaining the delegates (one hundred and fifty-eight of them) in a cordial, able, and beautiful manner.

As it was election year, the interest was high at all times. The names of two of Mississippi's most cultured and ardent daughters were before the convention for President: Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, of Carrollton, and Mrs. Janie Turner Saunders, of Swan Lake. The contest was very close, Mrs. Price being elected by a majority of only thirty-six votes.

Pledges to education, maintenance, also to the Arlington, Shiloh, and Beauvoir monuments, were handsome contributions, and much was accomplished for the good of the order. The presence of Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President General U. D. C., was an inspiration at all times.

Of the many prominent women attending the convention were Past President General Mrs. Lizzie George Henderson and Mrs. Noel, the lovely wife of Mississippi's ex-Governor.

The retiring State President, Mrs. Lillie Scales Slaughter, of Starkville, was a splendid presiding officer. Her devoted service was recognized by the Division in the presentation of an exquisite U. D. C. pin to her on opening night.

Historical Evening, with its sentiment and oratory, was a most beautiful occasion. Dr. Dunbar Rowland gave a scholarly address on Jefferson Davis, and the musical numbers were very fine.

Meridian's two Chapters, the Winnie Davis and Col. H. M. Street, were fortunate in obtaining honors. Mrs. Albert Weems ably presented two resolutions for the Winnie Davis Chapter, one regarding the naming of the oceanic highway from Kentucky to the Gulf as the Jefferson Davis Highway, also that the life of Mr. Davis be studied in the schools in the month of December to conform with the work being done for Generals Lee and Jackson in January. Both were adopted by the convention.

Col. H. M. Street Chapter was most prominent in the convention by having the largest number of votes of any Chapter present. The addition of one hundred and twenty members through their late membership contest gave this Chapter thirteen votes, counting that of the President. The Chapter was presented with the Rose Banner on opening night for having the largest paid-up membership in the State. There are two hundred and eighty-eight members. Greenwood and Vicksburg came next in this contest. This Chapter introduced resolutions asking the Division to indorse Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, of West Point, Miss., as the next Historian General, the election to be at San Francisco in November. The resolutions were passed unanimously. Mrs. Rose is a noted historian, one whose authenticity in history is regarded throughout the general order. Miss Demmon Newman, as Recording Secretary for the past year, was complimented everywhere and unanimously reëlected. The election of Mrs. Lillian C. Perkins, First Vice President, as State Historian was an unexpected but appreciated honor.

The social events of the convention were numerous and beautiful, ably testifying to the culture and loveliness of all Vicksburg. The convention will meet in Gulfport in 1916.

The newly elected officers are as follows: Mrs. Sara D. Eggleston, of Raymond, Honorary President; Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, of Carrollton, President; Mrs. Mary R. Wallace, of Beauvoir, Honorary Vice President; Miss Leila Lum, of Vicksburg, and Mrs. Jennie Tucker Buchanan, of Okolona, Vice Presidents; Miss Demmon Newman, of Meridian, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Alice Tolbert Turner, of Carrollton, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. R. R. Howell, of Crystal Springs, Treasurer; Mrs. Lillian Crawford Perkins, of Meridian, Historian; Mrs. Lloyd Magruder, of Starkville, Registrar; Mrs. W. F. Simrall, of Columbus, Organizer; Mrs. R. L. Patrick, of Laurel, Recorder of Crosses; Mrs. E. J. Ellis, of Greenville, Editor of the State official organ; Mrs. Nettie Story Miller, of Forest, Associate Editor; Mrs. Emma McGregor, of Hattiesburg, Director Children of the Confederacy.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. A. ROUNTREE.

The nineteenth annual convention of the Alabama Division, held in Bessemer May 4-7, was one of its most successful meetings. Bessemer, under the leadership of Mrs. E. L. Huey, Chapter President, astonished the visitors by its lavish hospitality and cordiality, the men of the city taking as active a part in entertaining as the ladies. The sessions of the convention were remarkable for their spirit of harmony and good fellowship. Not an unpleasant incident occurred to mar this spirit of good will, yet much was accomplished that was of vital importance to the members, and many new movements were inaugurated. Much of this harmony was due to the executive ability of the President, Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, who, as a presiding officer, could have no superior and has few equals, her judgment, wisdom, and breadth of conception being a revelation even to those who knew her best. Her successor will find every department in a remarkable state of good order, for she has kept every officer and every committee up to the highest standard of achievement by giving her entire time, thought, and effort to the good of the Division.

The convention opened on the evening of May 4. Addresses of welcome were made by the city, the Veterans, and the Sons, to which response was made on behalf of the Division by Mrs. W. S. Pugh, of Mobile. May 5 the convention settled down to regular business—reports of officers, committees, etc. That afternoon memorial services were held in the Methodist church, where fitting tributes were paid to members who had passed away. Later an automobile ride was enjoyed by the daughters, and in the evening a beautiful reception was given by the hostess Chapter. On Thursday afternoon, May 6, there was a garden party in the city park; and that evening was devoted to historical matters, led by Mrs. C. J. Sharpe, Historian. Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General, was the guest of honor and principal speaker.

On Friday, May 7, came the election of officers and new business. For Division work there was adopted the plan of the Selma Chapter to mark the sites of the Confederate Foundry and Naval Supply Works already begun by the local Chapter, and also that of the Tuscaloosa Chapter to place a bronze memorial tablet at the University of Alabama in memory of Mrs. Amelia G. Gorgas.

Several minor changes were made in the by-laws and special work outlined for the ensuing year. Greetings were exchanged by wire with the President General and with the Divisions of Florida and Mississippi, then in convention assembled.

The following officers were elected and installed just before the convention closed: President, Mrs. Bibbs Graves, Montgomery; Vice Presidents, Mrs. J. A. Rountree, Birmingham, and Mrs. J. M. Burt, Opelika; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. L. Huey, Bessemer; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. S. Crittenden, Montgomery; Treasurer, Mrs. A. L. Harlan, Alexander City; Registrar, Mrs. Lewis Sewall, Mobile; Historian, Mrs. Charles J. Sharpe, Birmingham; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. J. E. Aderhold, Anniston; Director C. of C., Mrs. F. R. Yarbrough, Auburn; Chaplain, Mrs. L. S. Handley, Birmingham.

Mrs. Graves, our new President, is a woman of unusual charm and personal magnetism and has served the Division faithfully in various ways for many years. She is a member of Sophia Bibb Chapter, the largest Chapter in the State, and was at one time its President. When Mrs. Graves was installed as President of the Division, her Chapter showered her with red and white roses, a tribute of their love.

VIRGINIA DIVISION NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

Manassas Chapter has presented to the Manassas High School a life-size portrait of Joseph W. Latimer. This portrait is a copy of the one at the Virginia Military Institute and was secured through the efforts of Mrs. A. W. Sinclair, who has labored so faithfully to honor the memory of the "boy major of the Confederacy."

Powhatan Chapter has been busy trying to raise funds for the monument at Huguenot Springs to the two hundred and fifty soldiers buried there, many of whom are unknown and all of whom are believed to be from States other than Virginia. The President of the Chapter, Mrs. R. D. Tucker, at Powhatan, would appreciate any information concerning these heroes from readers of the VETERAN. Powhatan Chapter will give a five-dollar gold piece as a prize to the pupil in the Powhatan schools who writes the best essay on the subject, "Virginia Leads."

Stonewall Chapter, of Portsmouth, had a most interesting bestowal of crosses on April 9, the Confederate choir and Stonewall Camp taking part in the exercises. Mrs. Joseph R. Woodley made a beautiful address; Mrs. Yates McAlpine Wilson, President of Stonewall Chapter, presented the crosses; and the music was a particularly charming feature of the occasion.

J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, of Staunton, is doing splendid historical work in marking spots of interest and collecting valuable data. This Chapter has secured the original muster rolls of the West Augusta Guards, the 5th Virginia Regiment, and Captain Marquis's Boys' Battery.

Fredericksburg Chapter reports splendid historical work and most interesting meetings. This Chapter will ably assist Maury Camp, U. C. V., in entertaining the Grand Camp this fall. The Chapter has earnestly requested that only members of the U. D. C. be appointed as sponsors and maids of honor, as the women who labor in the cause deserve this recognition. Our charming girls can so easily become eligible for appointment by joining Chapters and taking part in the work that this provision would not exclude any one of Confederate lineage, and those who are not certainly have no right to a place of honor at a Confederate Reunion.

The Spotsylvania Chapter and the Ladies' Memorial Association are working enthusiastically for the monument in Spotsylvania Cemetery to the soldiers buried there, most of whom fell in the Wilderness battles. Only ninety-eight of them are from Virginia; one hundred and fifty-eight are from Georgia; one hundred and thirty-one are from North Carolina; sixty-six are from South Carolina; and smaller numbers are from Alabama, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas. All these graves have been lovingly cared for all these years by the Spotsylvania ladies. The State of Virginia has appropriated one thousand dollars for a monument, conditioned on another thousand being raised. The fund is not quite completed, and contributions from those State Divisions will be most gratefully received, as they no doubt will be glad to assist in honoring their own heroic dead. The Free Lance-Star Publishing Company, Fredericksburg, Va., will receive and acknowledge contributions.

Wythe Gray Chapter is following the monthly programs of the Historian General, Miss Rutherford, and finds them a

wonderful inspiration to historical work. At the March meeting a veteran who enlisted in Wythe Gray Company in 1859 and was present at the execution of John Brown told of his experiences at Charleston with the militia ordered there. A paper on John C. Calhoun was most interesting; and as Calhoun's ancestors were among the first to settle in Wythe County, about 1732, when it was Augusta County and bordered on the west by the Mississippi River, and his parents moved to Abbeville just before his birth, Wythe County has always felt that it had a share in his fame.

THE TENNESSEE DIVISION.

The annual convention of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., was held in the historic old town of Murfreesboro, May 12-14, with good attendance and enthusiastic interest. At a special meeting on Tuesday evening, the 11th, presided over by Miss Sarah Spence, President of the hostess Chapter, welcome greetings and responses were given. At the roll call of Chapters, with presentation of flags, the handsome new flag of the Murfreesboro Chapter was shown. This was presented by Mrs. W. A. Ransom in memory of her father, the gallant Maj. Charles W. Anderson, who served under Forrest.

The convention opened on the morning of the 12th, with Mrs. H. N. Leech, President, presiding. In her address Mrs. Leech reviewed the activities of her office for the past year and made some special recommendations for improvement of conditions or to supply some lack in the constitution, and these were accepted by the convention and formally acted upon later. The following are some of the recommendations:

"That the Tennessee Division either endow the Executive Committee with the power to act as a trial committee in matters arising for adjustment concerning Chapters or individuals or provide a special trial committee.

"That each Chapter add to its committees one on subscriptions to the VETERAN, thus giving support to that splendid, patriotic magazine.

"That the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., request the United States government to buy and make a national park of the wonderfully preserved battle field at Fort Donelson while it can be secured for a small sum.

The reports of Division work showed much accomplished in the year. The Soldiers' Home Committee, Mrs. T. L. Herbert, chairman, reported that the Daughters of Tennessee have furnished two matrons and two helpers at the Confederate Home and have contributed generously to the table supplies and given assistance to individual cases among the veterans, in addition to spending a good sum of money in this work. Additional contributions were pledged for this work aggregating $746.

The Educational Committee reported that a worthy student is being educated at Vanderbilt University, and subscriptions were taken for the next year's work, the W. B. Bate Chapter pledging $50 to that fund. The Division has thirty-nine scholarships for bestowal, with two new general scholarships, one in the University of Virginia and the other at Stonewall Jackson Institute, Abingdon, Va., both with a tenure of two years.

The report on the Confederate Girls' Home that is to be at Peabody College for Teachers was encouraging. The State has just given $10,000 toward this, available when the U. D. C. raise $40,000 more. There are several thousand dollars already in hand for this fund, and additional pledges were made by the Chapters. A vote of thanks was sent to the legislature for this appropriation and for the passage of the bill which secures to the capital of Tennessee the Southern woman's monument.

The amendments suggested by the Revision Committee, Mrs. W. M. Daniel, Jr., of Clarksville, chairman, provoked considerable discussion, especially that calling for the indorsement of two Confederate veterans on applications for membership. This amendment was lost, as the difficulty of securing such indorsement becomes greater with each year's losses among the veterans.

The most important undertaking assumed by this convention was the chair of Southern History at Peabody College, for which a strong appeal was made by Miss Lizzie Bloomstein, chairman of committee for Nashville Chapter, No. 1. This is considered the finest work that could be undertaken by patriotic Southern women. It is proposed to raise $75,000 for this purpose, and it was recommended that it be called the "Robert E. Lee Chair of Southern History." The John Lauderdale Chapter, of Dyersburg, was the first in the State to indorse this work and has a nice fund in hand already toward it.

Reports were made on Arlington and Shiloh monuments and the Cunningham memorial, and additional contributions were pledged.

The convention went on record as recommending that the Southern ocean-to-ocean highway be called the Jefferson Davis Highway, and a committee was appointed to begin work at once in that interest.

Officers elected were: President, Mrs. J. Norment Powell, of Johnson City; Vice Presidents, Mrs. S. H. Mitchell, of Murfreesboro, Mrs. George R. Griffin, of Memphis, and Mrs. J. B. Swofford, of Dayton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. M. M. Ginn; Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Clayton Smith, of Dickson; Custodian of Flags, Mrs. Frederick Smith, of Murfreesboro.

The meeting in 1916 will be at Johnson City, the invitation extended by Mrs. J. N. Powell having been unanimously accepted.

An interesting occasion in connection with this convention was the unveiling of a shaft to the unknown dead in Evergreen Cemetery on Wednesday afternoon. The veil was drawn by four young girls of the Catherine Mitchell Auxiliary, and an inspiring address was delivered by Rev. J. Addison Smith.

The splendid hospitality of the people of Murfreesboro, with receptions, luncheons, teas, and drives about the beautiful old city, made this convention an occasion of thorough enjoyment. A rising vote of thanks was given to three of the Murfreesboro Daughters who had contributed so much to the success of the convention: Mrs. Walter Jackson, the able State Recording Secretary, Mrs. James Butler, Chairman of Homes, and Miss Sarah Spence, President of Murfreesboro Chapter.

The presence of three honorary State Presidents—Mrs. T. J. Latham, Mrs. John C. Brown, Mrs. William Hume, active and interested members still—gave this convention special distinction.

During her occupancy of the office of President of the Division Mrs. Leech has given "willing, cheerful, and constant" service, administering its affairs in equal justice to all. Her interest in the work has never failed, for its inspiration was the memory of a dear mother, left a soldier's widow when only twenty-three, who always held the Confederate cause enshrined within her heart, and with such inspiration the work has been a labor of love.

THE MISSOURI DIVISION.

BY MRS. JAMES BRITTON GANTT.

The Chapters of the Missouri Division have been active during the past months along all lines of U. D. C. work. The Richmond Gray Chapter, at Fayette, has about finished a beautiful monument to the "unknown Confederate dead" buried in the Fayette Cemetery. This monument was built by "their own hands," you might say, as the money was made by the members of the Chapter. The cost was $590. The united effort required to build this monument has been a blessing to this Chapter in bringing out the capabilities of its membership and shows what a small Chapter can do when united in its efforts. This Chapter has not neglected any other duty, but has contributed to all other monuments and causes for which it was organized.

The M. A. E. McClure Chapter, of St. Louis, realized a handsome sum of money from the brilliant ball given in February, and it also enjoyed the annual celebration of the birthday of Mrs. P. G. Roberts, first President of the Chapter.

Sterling Price Home Chapter, of Keytesville, has done a great work in the magnificent monument to Gen. Sterling Price, and the whole Missouri Division rejoices with it. This Chapter has also contributed to the cause of education and other important work.

Cape Girardeau Chapter has organized a Children's Chapter of sixteen members, who are all interested in following the program of the Historian General.

Maj. John L. Owen Chapter, Monroe City, has celebrated the ninth birthday of the Chapter, meeting at the home of the State Treasurer, Mrs. M. B. Proctor, when an interesting paper on "The History of the Chapter" was given. This Chapter has a membership of seventy-eight, and during its nine years of existence there have been only two deaths in it. All of the twenty-six charter members are living. Mrs. Brown, aged sixty seven, sang the good old song, "Kingdom Coming," in a clear, sweet voice without accompaniment.

I should like to suggest that all Chapters of the U. D. C. celebrate their birthdays. It will help to "cherish the ties of friendship" which these sacred duties impose upon us.

The Robert E. Lee Chapter, of Blackwater, had an interesting historic flag program at its meeting on May 1 in dedicating the Chapter flag. During the evening Col. S. A. Johnston, of Kemper Military School, gave the flag a scholarship to this famous, historic old school.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. AGATHA A. WOODSON.

The article in the March VETERAN on "Scholarships or Monuments" tempts me to tell what our State has done and is still doing along educational lines.

South Carolina was the first of the States to lift her bowed head after the war. Some noble women of Charleston, notable among them being Mrs. Amarintha Snowden, who had conceived the plan, determined to open a home for the widows and a school for the children bereaved and orphaned by the cruelty of war. This was successfully carried on through all the dark days of reconstruction as the Confederate Home School by subscriptions from all over the State. Hundreds of children, whose mothers could not possibly have sent them to school, were given an education.

In 1875 the first check of one thousand dollars, as an endowment, was placed in the hands of this correspondent, then a girl of fifteen, by the great philanthropist William Corcoran, of Washington, D. C., and that became the nucleus of the endowment of the fine Confederate College which to-day sends forth many educated descendants of our soldiers.

During this same period our Woman's Memorial Association was at work placing monuments of granite and marble to tell of the deeds of our heroes.

By the report of Miss Armida Moses, Chairman of our Educational Committee, it is shown that we have four Division scholarships, two district scholarships, thirteen Chapter scholarships, and Chapter work in schools equaling twenty-one scholarships, besides libraries and contributions.

Chapter reports show that eighteen medals were given to stimulate historical study; and every Chapter in the State, except the new ones, has built its monument of marble or granite to proclaim to ages, after all who have been beneficiaries of the U. D. C. scholarships have passed away, the beautiful sacrifice and devotion of Southern women to the men who wore the gray.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MISS MATTIE B. SHEIBLEY.

The Georgia Division, U. D. C., announces the name of its President, Mrs. Eugenia Dorothy Blount Lamar, for the office of President General, to be elected at the convention in San Francisco in October, 1915.

The Division points with pride to Mrs. Lamar's Confederate ancestry, to her ability as a speaker, as a parliamentarian, and as an organizer. It especially stresses the belief that Mrs. Lamar's unfailing courtesy to every member of assemblies over which she presides will give her a place in the hearts of all U. D. C. that will be unique in the history of an organization of many women of many minds and that in her work she has endeavored to live up to the ideal which she expressed in her Savannah speech, as follows: "The Daughter of the Confederacy buildeth a breakwater far out into the blackness of cruelty and misrepresentation. She createth a harbor of crystalline truth; she holdeth aloft a light that radiates past, present, and future. She is not for self or pelf; she is for home and country, for God and her State. With so high a mission before us, let us, as under a sanctifying blessing, live and love and work."

The Great Southern Highway.

The President of the Georgia Division, Mrs. Lamar, is also Chairman of the Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, in which interest she has sent out a general letter suggesting that each State chairman select a committee from her State and ask the Governor of the State to appoint an adequate committee of men to coöperate with the U. D. C. Committee. The aid of the press is also to be invoked in this interest, and the results of all methods of publicity will be communicated to the General Committee at its annual meeting. Every Daughter is urged to study the topography of her State, its claims to historic distinction, and to put such claims before the State Chairman, who in turn will present it to the General Committee at the convention in San Francisco.

The Jefferson Davis Highway Committee, U. D. C., is composed of the following: Mrs. E. D. B. Lamar (Chairman), Macon, Ga.; Mrs. A. B. White, Paris, Tenn.; Mrs. Wallace Streater, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. T. D. Davis, McAlester, Okla.; Miss Jennie S. Price, Lewisburg, W. Va.; Mrs. John G. Harris, New Orleans, La.; Miss Decca Lamar West, Waco, Tex.

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM MARCH 18 TO MAY 6, 1915.

Alabama: Robert E. Lee Chapter, $2.50; Cradle of Confederacy Chapter, $5; John Piney Oden Chapter, $3; Merrill E. Pratt Chapter, $2; John T. Morgan Chapter, $2; William Henry Forney Chapter, $2; William L. Yancey Chapter, $5; R. E. Rodes Chapter, $3; Tuscumbia Chapter, $5; Electra Semmes Colson Chapter, $10; James D. Webb Chapter, $2; Tuskegee Chapter, $2; James H. Forney Chapter, 50 cents; Mrs. C. D. Martin, commissions on "Heroes in Gray," $2.10; Florence Chapter, $5; Mildred Lee Chapter, $5; Maria Lou Cary Chapter, $1; Charter Chapter, $1; Lownsboro Chapter, $1; Sidney Lanier Chapter, $5; William Brightman Chapter, $2. Total, $66.10.

Arkansas: J. M. Keller Chapter, Little Rock, $10; H. L. Grimstead Chapter, Camden, $5; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Dardanelle, $5; John R. Homer Scott Chapter, Russellville, $5.30; Total, $25.30.

California: Southland Chapter, No. 1511, $2.50; Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco, $25; Joseph Le Conte Chapter, No. 951, $10; Los Angeles Chapter, No. 277, $10; California Division, $1. Total, $48.50.

Colorado: M. D. Hayes Chapter, Denver, $2.50; N. B. Forrest Chapter, Pueblo, $2; a friend, Denver, $1. Total, $5.50.

Georgia: Lavonia Chapter, $1; McDonough Chapter, $1; Laura Rutherford Chapter, Athens, $25; Margaret Jones Chapter, Waynesboro, $5; Vidalia Chapter, $5. Total, $37.

Kentucky: Capt. Gus Dedman Chapter, Lawrenceburg (post cards), $2.43; Joshua Gore Chapter, Broomfield (post cards), 23 cents; Virginia Hanson Chapter, Winchester (post cards), $5.43; Reginald Thompson Chapter, La Grange (freewill offering), $1.65; Paducah Chapter, $50; Paducah Chapter (post cards), 40 cents; Cripps Wickliffe Chapter, Bardstown, $3.25. Total, $63.39.

Maryland: Ridgley Brown Chapter, Rockville (Shiloh Day collection), $10.66.

North Carolina: Joseph B. Cherry Chapter, Merry Hill, $1.

Oklahoma: Kiowa Chapter, No. 956, $2.

South Carolina: John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, $3; Batesburg Chapter, $3; Williamsburg Chapter, Kingstree, $10; Moses Wood Chapter, Gaffney, $2; Eutaw Chapter, Ferguson, $2; Arthur Manigault Chapter, Georgetown, $2; John Bratton Chapter, Winnsboro, $10; Loyal Carolinians Chapter, C. of C., Greenwood, $1; Ashby Coward Chapter, Yorkville, $2; Paul McMichael Chapter, Orangeburg, $15; W. J. Gooding Chapter, Brunson, $2; Calvin Crozier Chapter, Newberry, $20; John D. Kennedy Chapter, Camden, $5; Mrs. Nannie Kein Litzchgi, Charleston (in memoriam), $10; Miss Anna Margaret Litzchgi, Charleston, $10; South Carolina Division, $50. Total, $147.

Tennessee: Neely Chapter, Bolivar, $5; Mary Leland Hume Chapter, Spring Hill, $5; Mary Latham Chapter, Memphis, $10; V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton (Shiloh Day offering), $5; friends of V. C. Allen Chapter, Dayton, $5; Tennessee Division, $50; Mrs. J. F. O'Connor (for Mucidora McCorry Chapter), Jackson, $5; Mucidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, $10; Gen. A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, $25; Mrs. C. A. Lyerly (sale Shiloh brochure by Mr. Hyde), Chattanooga, $10; Sam Davis Chapter, Morristown, $5; J. C. Vaughan Chapter, Sweetwater, $23.12; Clark Chapter, Gallatin, $5; Dixie Auxiliary, McCorry Chapter, Jackson, $10; Joe Wheeler Chapter, Stanton, $5; Maury County Chapter, Columbia, $25; Nashville Chapter, No. 1, $10; Baker-Lemon Chapter, Covington, $10; Lebanon Chapter, $10; Knoxville Chapter, $10. Total, $243.12.

Texas: T. N. Ward Chapter, Hearne, $10; Freestone Chapter, Teague, $2; Oran M. Roberts Chapter, Houston, $5; Pelham Chapter, Orange, $5; interest, 26 cents. Total, $22.26.

Interest, $145.01.

Total collections since last report, $816.84.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $31,880.56.

Total collections to date, $32,697.40.

Expenses (two payments to sculptor and incidentals), $7,618.72.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $25,078.68.

THE HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

No more orders can be filled for "Wrongs of History Righted" nor for Washington and New Orleans addresses, as the editions are exhausted. A booklet containing the Washington and New Orleans addresses can be had for twenty-five cents, with one cent postage, but only a few copies of those remain.

Send checks for monument to Samuel Preston Moore and his assistant surgeons to the treasurer, Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, 1418 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Who wrote the poem "Barbara Frietchie"? When?
2. Upon what circumstance did it purport to be founded?
3. What is a real fact? Where is Frederick?
4. How did the incident reach Whittier? How did he distort it?
5. In what light does it place Stonewall Jackson?
6. Did such a woman as Barbara Frietchie ever live?
7. What is her nephew's testimony in regard to the incident in the poem?
8. What is the testimony of her pastor, Dr. Zacharias?
9. What does a chart of Frederick and Stonewall Jackson's line of march show?
10. Who erected a monument to her memory founded on this incident?
11. Who protested against it?
12. What reason did the Mayor of Frederick give for it?
13. Whose testimony was taken? Who is she, and what is her age?
14. How must this monument ever be branded in history?
15. What action does this fact behoove Daughters to take?
16. With Whittier's hatred of shams, is it probable that he would have approved of such a monument?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song, "Annie Laurie."
2. Reading, "Stonewall Jackson's Way."
3. Recitation, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-Night."
4. Song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."
5. Recitation, "Furl That Banner," Father Ryan.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR JULY, 1915.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS.

Responsive service.

"Dixie."

1. Describe the life of "Ole Mis" on the old plantation.

2. Read the description as given by Thomas Nelson Page in "The Old South."

3. How did the grandmothers of the Old South dress?

4. Describe the happy life of the slaves on the old plantations.

5. Was the slaveholder a criminal?

6. What does the Bible say of slavery?

7. Read an extract from "Diddie, Dumps, and Tot" for child life on the plantation.

8. Song, "Pop Goes the Weasel."

9. "O Susannah, Don't You Cry for Me."

THE BARBARA FRIETCHIE MYTH.

(Extract from "Wrongs of History Righted.")

Another wrong of history that must be righted is that Barbara Frietchie myth. Our children are reciting that poem by Whittier and are being taught that our great and good Stonewall Jackson was not only discourteous but actually revengeful and cruel. We cannot allow this longer to remain unrighted.

I have in my possession a copy of a letter from John G. Whittier, written in 1892, in which he acknowledges that he was mistaken in the name of the place where the incident took place and the person mentioned in the poem who waved the flag. He says that a United States soldier returning from the war told him the incident and said it happened in Maryland when Jackson's troops passed through. He supposed that it took place in Frederick, because Jackson passed through that city; so he wrote to the postmaster there to inquire the name of the person connected with the flag-waving. The postmaster replied that he had never heard of the incident, but that it sounded very much like Barbara Frietchie, for she was a very patriotic old woman who had lived there at that time. The name struck Whittier as suitable for a poem, so upon that authority only he wrote it.

I have in my possession a copy of a letter from a nephew of Barbara Frietchie, written in 1874, saying that at the time Stonewall Jackson passed through Frederick, Md., he was attending to his aunt's business affairs, and he knows positively that she was not able to leave her bed, much less to mount a casement to wave a flag.

I have in my possession a copy of a letter from Dr. Zacharias, her pastor, saying that the day before Stonewall Jackson passed through Frederick he was administering, as to a dying woman, the last communion. He said he knew positively that Barbara Frietchie was not able to go to a window to wave a flag, even had Stonewall Jackson's men passed her home, which they did not.

I have in my possession a chart giving Jackson's line of march in Frederick and the location of Barbara Frietchie's home, which was quite off the line. And yet the women of Frederick, knowing these facts, have erected a monument in the streets of that city and later unveiled it to this falsehood in history.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Frederick protested. The Veterans of the U. C. V. in Frederick protested. The Daughters and Veterans of Maryland protested, and the Baltimore Sun protested; but nothing could stop it. The testimony of an old woman over seventy-five years old, whose memory is known to be failing, has been taken rather than more reliable testimony. She is a niece of Barbara Frietchie and has been fed upon this story so long that she really believes it, when her own brother's testimony disproves it. There is nothing to do but to let it be branded in history as a monument to an untruth. The Mayor of Frederick was asked why he allowed it to be erected, and he said: "Because it will bring many visitors to our city." Yes, it is a monument unique in history; but does it honor, as a monument should, the memory of any one? I know Whittier would have resented it; for while we didn't agree with him on the slavery question, he was a man of deep religious convictions and a man who abhorred a sham. If Barbara Frietchie was so patriotic, she would not desire an honor that falsified facts.

WAS THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES FOUGHT TO HOLD OUR SLAVES?

(Extract from "Wrongs of History Righted.")

Ah, how often have we of the South had this cast into our teeth and often by some of our own Southern people! Yes, it is full time that this wrong should be righted.

Had the vote been taken in 1860, there would have been more votes against the abolition of slavery in the North than in the South. There were 318,000 slaveholders or sons of slaveholders in the Northern army, men who enlisted from the border States—Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland—besides those from Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware. There were only 200,000 slaveholders in the Southern army. Only five men out of every one hundred owned slaves in the South.

There were many men among the leaders of the Northern army who owned slaves themselves or were sons of slaveholders or had married women who owned slaves. Among these may be mentioned Gen. Winfield Scott, Commodore Farragut, Gen. George H. Thomas, General Grant. President Lincoln's wife came from a slave-holding family, and Stephen Douglas's wife was a very large slaveholder, while many of the leaders on the Southern side did not own slaves. General Lee had freed his. Gen. Stonewall Jackson never had owned one until husband and wife begged him to buy them to prevent separation. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston never owned a slave, and Gen. William M. Browne, a member of President Davis' staff, never owned a slave. No, the war was not fought to hold slaves; but a few selfish Southern people may have thought so.

General Grant said: "If I thought this war was to abolish slavery, I would resign my commission and offer my sword to the other side." The North had no thought of fighting to abolish slavery; then why should the South be troubled on that score? President Lincoln sent word to General Butler that the war was not to be fought with any idea of freeing the slaves. President Lincoln was only concerned about the extension of slavery in the new territory and frankly confessed to Horace Greeley that if the Union could be preserved with slavery he would not interfere with it. It was the preservation of the Union that he so ardently desired. He had no love for the negro in his heart. Don Piatt, who stumped the State of Illinois for him in his presidential campaign in 1860, said in one of his speeches that Lincoln had no love for the negro. "Descended from the poor whites of the South, he hated the negro, and the negro hated him; and he was no more concerned for that wretched race than he was concerned for the horse he worked or the hog he killed."

BOOKS OF INTEREST.

REVIEWED BY DR. JAMES H. M'NEILLY, NASHVILLE.

LEONIDAS POLK, BISHOP AND GENERAL. By William M. Polk, M.D., LL.D. New edition. 1915. Volumes I. and II. Longmans, Green, and Co., New York.

This is a revised edition of the life story of Leonidas Polk, bishop and lieutenant general, written by his son and first issued more than twenty years ago. It is a tribute of filial devotion to the memory of a father who was worthy of all the love and reverence and honor that a son could render and who won for himself fame and the lasting affection of the Southern people by his wisdom and grace in the highest office in his Church and by his skill and courage as a leader in the army of the Confederate States.

The book is lovingly dedicated to the memory of the gentle wife and mother who was the inspiration and the helper of her noble husband and the tender guide of her devoted son.

These volumes form a valuable contribution to the history of the religious and social life of the Southern people before the war, and they also give an illuminating account of that mighty struggle for Southern independence in which the great soldier-bishop acted so grand a part. The first volume tells of the patriot and pioneer ancestry of the future bishop and general. Coming originally from Scotland, through the north of Ireland, they reached America in 1659 and finally settled in North Carolina, where they ever maintained the strenuous characteristics of their race, ever ready to fight for their principles. For whether with Cromwell or Washington, they were lovers of liberty and "men of their hands" in defense of their rights. When their descendant, the young Leonidas, chose the profession of arms, he was true to the traditions of his family. But while at West Point he became an earnest Christian and felt the call to the ministry of the gospel. After his graduation he resigned his commission in the army and after due preparation entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in which, through abundant and faithful labors for religion and education, he passed from parish minister to bishop of a large diocese. It is a story of deep interest to the student of religious and social conditions in the Old South. But when the Southern States resolved to resist the invasion of the Federal government, the fiery spirit of the Bishop's ancestors flamed forth, and his intense love for his country and his convictions of the righteousness of her cause led him with due and conscientious deliberation to exchange for a time the miter for the sword, and he was commissioned an officer in the Confederate army.

The second volume records the activities of General Polk as commander of a division, of a corps, of a department. In every position he manifested the most faithful devotion to duty and the highest efficiency in service until that fatal 14th of June, 1864, when he yielded his life a sacrifice to liberty and the rights of his country.

The limits of a review forbid a detailed account of his campaigns and battles, of his splendid service at Shiloh, at Perryville, at Stones River, at Chickamauga, in Mississippi, and in North Georgia, in all of which he showed the qualities of a true soldier and a great leader. Wise to see an opportunity and quick to seize it and make the most of it, cool, brave, thoughtful for his men, consistent in conduct as a sincere Christian, he held the confidence and love of officers and men, from general to private soldier. As one who served in humble capacity under him in Mississippi and Georgia I can testify to the reverent affection with which we in the ranks regarded our bishop-general and the deep sorrow that filled our hearts when by the cruel fate of war he suddenly passed from scenes of earthly conflict to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

THE MILITARY HISTORY OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, 1839-65. By Jennings C. Wise.

Here we have a real contribution to a glorious history of Virginia's wisdom and courage in preparing for war. Barring a little tendency to boasting, it is delightful reading. Let me hasten to explain that I don't mean anything like offensive vainglorying. We are bound to say that the grand old commonwealth has the right to glory over her achievements. There has never been a crisis in the history of our country but she has had the man—yea, the men—to lead both in the council chamber and on the field of war. As she calls the roll of her statesmen from Jefferson, Henry, and Madison to Leigh and Hunter and Mason, of her soldiers from Washington to Lee and Jackson and Johnston, of her cultured writers from Colonel Byrd to Thomas Nelson Page, she may challenge comparison with any other section. In peace and in war her magnanimous spirit has scorned sordid selfishness. The history of the Virginia Military Institute goes far to justify the pride which the Old Dominion feels in her soldier sons who were trained in that school and became prominent and efficient actors in the fierce drama of war from 1861-65.

The Institute was established in 1839 at Lexington, Va., with a view to training officers for the volunteer armies of the State, as West Point was for training officers for the regular armies of the republic. The immense service which this institution rendered to the South was manifest in her great conflict for her constitutional rights in 1861-65. In 1861 there were four hundred and thirty-eight living graduates and six hundred and fifty-four nongraduate students living. And of these, the vast majority were commissioned officers in the Confederate armies. There were three major generals, seventeen brigadier generals, ninety-two colonels, sixty-four lieutenant colonels, one hundred and seven majors, three hundred and six captains, and two hundred and twenty-one lieutenants, a total of seven hundred and ninety. Fifteen served in the Federal army, all but one were commissioned officers, the most prominent being Brig. Gen. Edward C. Carrington and Col. Charles Denby, who was long the able United States Minister to China. The history has interesting sketches of professors, notably of Stonewall Jackson, sometimes called by the students "Fool Tom Jackson." The appendix contains a martyr roll with brief sketches of those who gave their lives in defense of the South. There is also a roll of those students who were in the war with Mexico.

A large part of the book is the story of the services of the corps of cadets in the war from 1861-65 with the Army of Northern Virginia. It is a record of brilliant courage and heroic endurance by a corps of youths, scarcely more than boys, unsurpassed in the annals of war. Their service reached the high tide of glory in the battle of New Market on May 15, 1864, where their steady and disciplined valor turned the tide of battle and enabled General Breckinridge to win the victory over the larger Federal army under General Sigel. To the very close of the war they served faithfully as veteran soldiers. In the battle of New Market, out of two hundred and seventy-nine officers and privates, the loss was: Killed and mortally wounded, 9; wounded, 48. Total, 57—over twenty per cent.

On the 11th of June, 1864, the Institute buildings and equipment were destroyed by the Federal army under General Hun-

ter. In that army were Col. R. B. Hayes and Maj. William McKinley, afterwards Presidents of the United States, and Capt. Henry A. DuPont, present United States Senator from Delaware. The appendix to the history tells of the effort of Senator DuPont to have the United States government pay for the destruction of the Institute.

In conclusion, let me say that the history is one to thrill with pride and admiration not only the hearts of Virginians, but of all who love high courage and faithfulness to duty in the youth of our land.

Is Davis a Traitor? By Albert Taylor Bledsoe.

One of the very ablest of the books defending the South's position in the War between the States is a little volume with the above title by Albert Taylor Bledsoe, LL.D., sometime Assistant Secretary of War of the Confederate States. It was first published while Mr. Davis was a prisoner awaiting his trial for treason, and it had much to do with the abandonment of the prosecution by the United States.

The Daughters of the Confederacy of Danville, Va., have started a movement to have this book adopted in the high schools of the South for a supplementary reading in history, and they have succeeded in having it adopted by the Virginia State Board of Education.

The book has been condensed and prepared for school use by Mrs. Sophia Bledsoe Herrick, a daughter of the author, who in the preface gives an account of her father's work in preparing the book.

If coming generations of the South are to understand and appreciate the spirit and motives of their ancestors in their great contest for constitutional rights in 1861-65, this enterprise of the patriotic U. D. C. of Danville deserves the indorsement and effort of every one who is loyal to the cause of the South and to the truth of history. This little volume should be in the hands of every student in a Southern high school or college.

Preface.

"Albert Taylor Bledsoe had been graduated at West Point in 1830. He was there with both Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, though not a classmate of either. While professor of mathematics in the University of Mississippi his relations with Davis were maintained with great cordiality. He was not in favor of secession, but with the call for seventy-five thousand men from Virginia to enter the Federal army, like Lee and other Virginians, he felt that he could not ally himself with the enemies of his State, and he entered the Confederate army, receiving the title of colonel. But he was preeminently a student and a scholar, not a soldier, and later President Davis gave him a position in the Confederate Cabinet. His title was Chief of the Bureau of War; his duties those of Assistant Secretary of War. Later on, in a consultation between Davis and Lee, it was decided that the greatest service he could render to the seceded States was to write a constitutional history which should, if the facts were made clear, justify the South in the right to secede. In order to do this it was necessary for him to have access to the debates in the formation of the Constitution of the United States as well as of the individual States then constituting the Union. The necessary documents were not to be found south of Mason and Dixon's line. He was, therefore, obliged to go to England to study there in the British Museum.

"My mother, who was born in New Jersey, but for many years had lived in the South, was an ardent Southerner. Out of a very limited inheritance she paid all of the expenses of the trip, of my father's stay of several years in England, and of the family while he was gone as well as of the publication of the book after his return, in 1866.

"He had intended to give it the title almost exactly like the subtitle of the published volume; but on his return to America Jefferson Davis was a prisoner in Fortress Monroe and in peril of his life. He, therefore, gave the volume, when it was issued, the title, 'Is Davis a Traitor?'

"Charles O'Connor, Mr. Davis's advocate in the trial for treason, told my father that without the facts brought to light in his book he could not have saved Mr. Davis's life."

From Bull Run to Appomattox. By Luther W. Hopkins.

The handsome picture of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart on page 263 of this number is one of many illustrations in the revised edition of L. W. Hopkins's "From Bull Run to Appomattox," one of the most interesting of personal narratives of a soldier's experiences. The Veteran can supply the book. Price, $1.12, postpaid.

Loving Cup to Last Survivor.—Maj. J. M. Riddle, of Lancaster, S. C., has had a handsome loving cup made for presentation to the last survivor of his old command, Company E, 2d Regiment, S. C. V. There are now only six survivors of the company. Major Riddle gave four years of faithful and courageous service to the Confederacy, which, with his exemplary life as a citizen, has endeared him to his comrades and fellow citizens. He is one of the oldest and most highly esteemed citizens of Lancaster.

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Mrs. Lucy H. Garrett, of Comanche, Okla., Route 2, Box 50, is trying to secure a pension and would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, James Curtis Garrett, who enlisted from Arkansas and served under Colonel Frazier and General Hindman. He was taken prisoner in the latter part of the war and was discharged at Cairo, Ill.

V. W. Hardt, of Cuero, Tex., wants to hear from some one who was in Camp Douglas, Illinois, at the time of President Lincoln's assassination, also from any who read on the bulletin board, "For want of meat, your dog was eat," and he wants information of the sergeant who took out prisoners on May 4, 1865, escorted them to Cairo, Ill., and thence to New Orleans for exchange.

Henry C. Gilliland, of Altus, Okla., wishing to secure a pension for the widow of J. P. R. VanZandt, who was a Methodist preacher and enlisted near Pea Ridge, Ark., asks for response from any of his surviving comrades who remember his service. His wife thinks he was with a Captain Calle, under General Hindman, and that he had comrades named Brooks and Ingram in the same company.

Mrs. Virginia E. Roberts, 631 West 41st Place, Los Angeles, Cal., seeks information of her son, Edmund Roberts, who signed himself "E. Roberts." From 1874 to 1880 she lived in Nashville, Tenn., with her four children, members of McKendree Church while Dr. Kelley was pastor. Edmund went to Memphis, but after three years he left that city and has not been heard from since. His mother is now eighty-six years old and would appreciate any assistance in locating her son.

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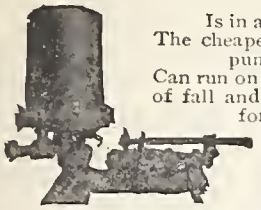
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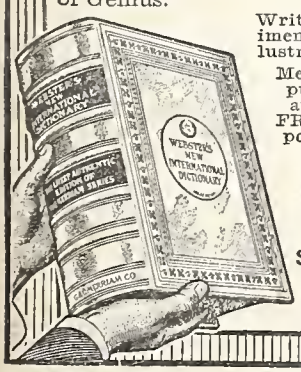
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Mrs. G. W. Randolph, 2028 Peabody Avenue, Memphis, Tenn., is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from some surviving comrade of her husband, George W. Randolph. He served with General Van Dorn at the beginning of the war and was then in Ballentine's Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry. He was at one time provost marshal at West Point, Miss.

Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, Ala., wishes to find the company and regiment to which W. B. Shapard, a former banker of Nashville, Tenn., belonged. Letters written in camp from Dalton, Ga., in December, 1863, and April, 1864, and from Palmer's Battalion, Greensboro, Ga., in February, 1865, are in her possession. Mr. Shapard's grandchildren wish the information.

S. Owsley, of Middlesborough, Ky., makes inquiry in the interest of Thomas W. Bowers, who is trying to secure a pension and needs the testimony of some surviving comrade who can help him establish his record. Mr. Bowers enlisted at Brownsville, Tenn., in Capt. Jim Haywood's company (second captain, B. T. Davis), 7th Tennessee Regiment (under Colonel Duckworth), Forrest's Cavalry.

Tom N. Shearer, 60 Garnett Street, Atlanta, Ga., wants to locate the whereabouts of Ike Price, with whom he left Okolona, Miss., in 1861 under Captain Shackelford. Their first service was around Fort Pillow and in Missouri. They crossed the river into Tennessee in 1862 and were captured March 8, 1862, and made prisoners of war until late in that year. He is a physician and lived somewhere in Texas.

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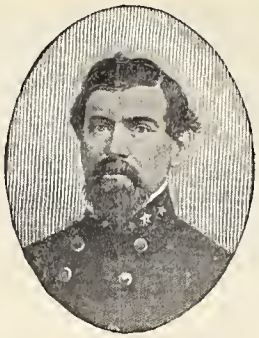
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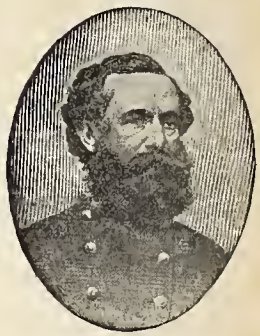
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C. L. Willoughby Aug 15
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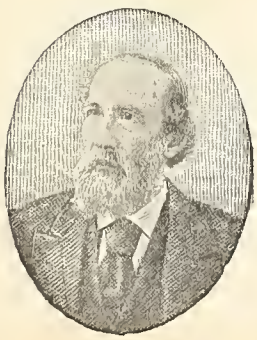
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The Confederate Veteran, Nashville, Tenn.




Confederate Veteran.

VOL. XXIII. JULY, 1915 NO. 7



GEN. BENNETT H. YOUNG
Reëlected Commander in Chief, United Confederate Veterans

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THE BOYS IN GRAY.

BY ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON.

The boys in gray are marching by.
Southrons, strangers, bare the head!
The boys in gray are marching by.
Hark their martial tread!
Horse and foot, a thrilling throng,
Fifteen thousand veterans strong;
Leaders mounted, ladies too,
And Sons of Veterans in review.
On they come, to the drum,
Grand old boys in gray!

See their uniforms and flags,
Faded, bullet-torn to rags.
Limbs are missing, shoulders bent,
Heads all silvered, forms forspent;
But each fine old face aflare
With memories a king might wear—
Somehow proudly donned to-day
Their battle-tattered gray.

The boys in gray went marching so,
  Marching to the war,
More than fifty years ago.
  Can it be so far?
Banners bright were borne that day,
Gallant steeds and fair new gray,
Quick steps as they marched away.
"'Tis not for long" brave hearts could say.
Forth to fight for home and right
Fared the boys in gray.

Four full years they stayed away,
Stayed our dauntless boys in gray.
Some with Stonewall, Forrest, Lee
Dared death and stormed victory.
'Gainst all odds their strength was hurle
To gain the wonder of a world.
Bravest of the brave were they,
Hero boys in gray.

See the grand old veterans here;
  Fifteen thousand march to-day.
Ranks are thinning year by year;
  Soon they'll slip away.
Let us honor while we may
The Southern boys who wore the gra
Cheer them! Let young voices swell
The good old rousing Rebel yell.
For brunt of battles they have borne,
For blood of comrades who are gone,
For the cause and hopes that died,
For our South's heritage of pride—
Shout with the bands for Dixie's land
That bred the boys in gray.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., JULY, 1915. | No. 7. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

OFFICIALLY THANKED.

Lieut. Gen. George P. Harrison, Acting Commander in Chief of the United Confederate Veterans, officially declared the Reunion of 1915 at an end in the following:

"HEADQUARTERS UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
RICHMOND, VA., June 3, 1915.

"*General Order No. 31.*

"The Lieutenant General commanding announces with pride and gratitude the termination of the twenty-fifth annual Reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, the third held on the sacred soil of Virginia. He most heartily indorses as the expression of his own sentiments, as well as the feeling of his beloved associates, the following resolution adopted by the Veterans in convention yesterday:

"'*Resolved,* That the thanks of the United Confederate Veterans in their twenty-fifth annual Reunion assembled be and are hereby tendered to the good people of the city of Richmond for the complete and perfect arrangements made for this Reunion by their thoroughly capable committees, for the generous and characteristically hospitable manner in which they have received and entertained us, to the press for its faithful reports of our proceedings, to the devoted United Daughters of the Confederacy, ever loyal to our interests, and to all other Confederate organizations, and especially to the Boy Scouts, for their untiring efforts to make this Reunion of the survivors of the armies of the Confederate States of America its grandest and most enjoyable; and we assure them all that our hearts are still with old Virginia and, further, that we tender our thanks for the courtesies so kindly extended by the railroads.'

"In addition to the foregoing, thanks should be made to the delegates for their kind assistance given him in the enforcement of order and the dispatch of business and to the Confederate Choir and the children led by Professor Mercer for the delightful music furnished during the entire Reunion. Nothing gives more pleasure to the old men than listening to these old-time melodies, and the singers have given untold pleasure to many worthy men.

"As on a former occasion, the unfavorable weather conditions worked hardships on the old soldiers, particularly on those in the camp, and greatly marred the effect of the grand parade.

"The success of the Reunion was, however, fully up to the high standard which has been set, and Virginia and Richmond have by their lavish hospitality added additional stars to their well-filled crowns. Both are dear to the hearts of all Confederates.

"By command of LIEUT. GEN. GEORGE P. HARRISON,
Commanding Army of Tennessee Department, Acting Commanding General.

WILLIAM E. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff."

A CARD FROM GENERAL YOUNG.

To My Friends in the South: I have no words to express my gratitude for the great kindness I have received from so many thousands of my friends throughout the South since my illness. I am attending partially to business, regaining my strength, and the doctors say that in a week or so I will be restored to my usual vigor and strength.

BENNETT H. YOUNG.



TENNESSEEANS IN THE PARADE.

OUR CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Of the many notables present at this Reunion, special mention is made of the surviving Confederate generals. Three of those present are claimed by Virginia—Gen. Ruffin Cox, of Richmond, Gen. Thomas T. Munford, of Lynchburg, and Gen. William McComb, of South Boston. The others were Gen. E. M. Law, of Florida, Gen. Felix Robertson, of Texas, and Gen. George P. Harrison, of Alabama.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION, U. C. V.

The feeling that "we faced lots worse than rain at Cold Harbor and Seven Pines" seemed to be general among the veterans who had gathered in Richmond for the twenty-fifth Annual Reunion, U. C. V.; and despite the downpour that continued almost uninterruptedly for two days, their enthusiasm could not be chilled. They were here, there, and everywhere, seemingly impervious to the wet and determined to make the best of it.

Richmond may never have another Confederate Reunion, but the memory of this will abide. The grand old city, with its historic background, its warm-hearted and generous-handed people, its memorials and mementos, has a place in the affection of every Southron. The State, the city, the people all joined to make this an occasion memorable in the history of Confederate gatherings, and in appreciation of their efforts as one voice comes the glad acclaim:

"Here's to Virginia, the Old Dominion State!"

To the thrilling strains of "Dixie" by the chorus of five hundred voices the twenty-fifth annual convention, United Confederate Veterans, was opened in Richmond, Va., on the morning of June 1. It was called to order by Gen. J. Thompson Brown, Commander of the Virginia Division, and after the invocation by the venerable Chaplain General, Dr. J. W. Bachman, the veterans were welcomed to the State and city in stirring addresses. For the State Governor Stuart gave "a welcome of love," in which he said: "You are welcome as no other men upon this globe could be welcome, for you are in Richmond, for whose defense your bodies formed a living rampart—Richmond, the war-time home of Robert E. Lee; Richmond, in whose shadow reposes Jefferson Davis, surrounded by the serried ranks of the heroic dead; Richmond, whose streets are to-day a sacred way which you tread as conquerors, not laden like Roman legions with the spoils of successful warfare, but crowned with unfading laurels, crowned with all honor and glory, best-loved citizens of a proud and grateful Southland, whose valor is the most precious memory of a people who waged an unequal struggle against overwhelming numbers and boundless resources. By the proud title of Confederate soldiers again I bid you welcome to our State, our capital, and our hearts."

Following the Governor, Mayor Ainslee surrendered the city, remembering that many of those to whom he spoke had once shed their blood in its defense and that the mayor of the Richmond of fifty years before, Joseph Mayo, had been forced to surrender the city to a far different invading host and that he had journeyed beyond the city to make the conditions. Mayor Ainslee said: "This now is a surrender of another kind—a surrender of the hearts and homes of the Richmond people, such a surrender as that which welcomes the conquering hero home. The city is yours. Our all—our hearths, our homes, and our hearts—are yours, not for to-day only, but for all time to come. Richmond people do not forget. They pay tribute where tribute is due, and where there is now a call for solace we of Richmond will give our answer."

Judge D. Gardiner Tyler, son of President John Tyler, gave a welcome in behalf of the veterans of Virginia to their old comrades in arms, saying that it was his proud privilege and pleasant duty to add to the civic welcome that of the Confederate veterans of the Old Dominion, comrades of the bivouac and the battle field. "In the name of the Grand Camp of Virginia," he said, "I salute you, comrades, and grasp your hands with as fervent a greeting as in those far-distant days when in the wavering tide of battle the cry arose, 'Reënforcements are coming!' and your rushing columns joined us in the charge."



1. NEW ARRIVALS FOR CAMP STUART.
2. FUN IN CAMP—"FIDDLER" FARMER, OF OKLAHOMA.

Gen. George P. Harrison, of Alabama, Commander of the Army of Tennessee Department, U. C. V., was presented as the presiding officer of the convention in the absence of Commander in Chief Bennett H. Young, whose illness prevented his attendance. To the cordial greeting given him, General Harrison expressed his appreciation of the honor bestowed in his selection, and he won the hearts of his audience by his talk on the days which had welded them in the bonds of brotherhood.

The presentation of two Confederate Governors aroused the enthusiasm of the assemblage. Gov. J. P. McCreary, of Kentucky, and Governor-elect N. L Harris, of Georgia, are now the only living representatives of that high office in the ranks of Confederate veterans.

The Reunion address was delivered by Dr. H. W. Battle, of Charlottesville, at the afternoon session. Two other important addresses of this Reunion were given on the next day. At the morning session of Wednesday Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina, delivered an appreciated address on "The Confederate Soldier," and in the afternoon an eloquent tribute was paid by Gen. B. W. Green, of Arkansas, to the character and motives of Jefferson Davis, the man "misjudged in life and disfranchised until his death."

Report of the Adjutant General.

[Gen. William E. Mickle's report as Adjutant General, U. C. V., shows a larger per cent of losses in membership of the Association, with consequent falling off in receipts, than

ever before, while more Camps have forfeited their charters than have been organized during the year. The following from his report shows the present condition of the organization:]

During the year charters have been issued to ten new Camps, distributed as follows: Oklahoma Division, three; Virginia, Florida, and Texas, two each; Georgia, one. This increase is more than offset by the forfeiture of charters by twenty-six Camps, making a net loss of sixteen. The membership of many in good standing is reduced. The fact that sufficient numbers have been found to organize ten Camps is encouraging and shows that the "spirit of the sixties" still lives in the hearts of the immortal survivors of the Confederate armies.

Summary of Camps by Divisions.

	1914.	1915.
Texas	194	188
Georgia	137	135
Mississippi	84	84
Alabama	77	76
Kentucky	74	73
Arkansas	69	68
South Carolina	67	67
Virginia	63	65
North Carolina	61	59
Tennessee	58	58
Oklahoma	56	58
Florida	47	48
Louisiana	47	47
Missouri	47	42
West Virginia	23	22
Pacific	16	14
Maryland	12	12
Total	1,132	1,116

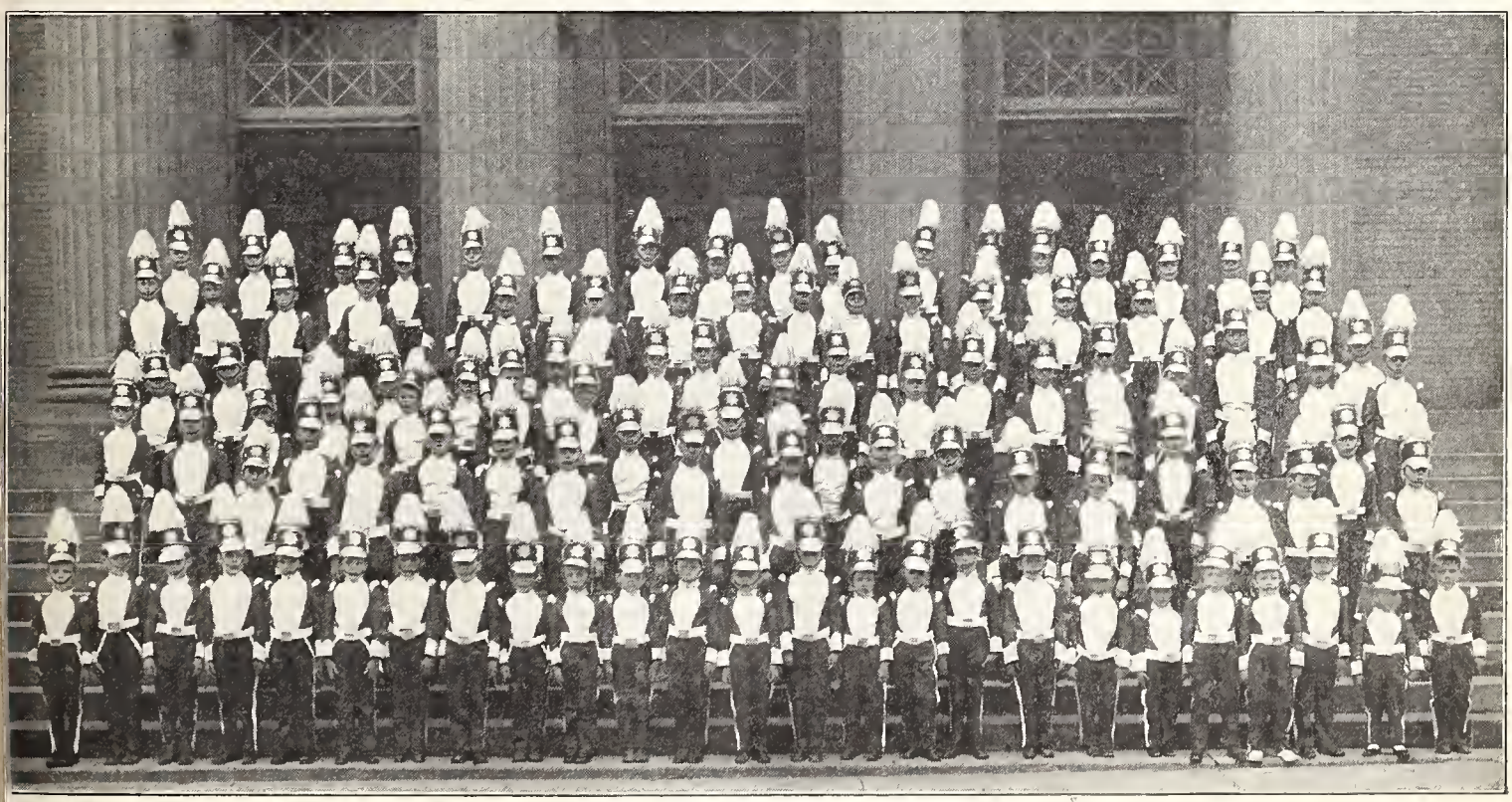
Summary of Camps by Departments.

	1914.	1915.
Army of Tennessee	521	524
Trans-Mississippi	370	382
Army of Northern Virginia	225	226
Total	1,116	1,132

General Mickle paid high tribute to the Commander of the Second Texas Brigade, Henry G. Askew, of whom he said: "General Askew has in season and out of season labored with a zeal and enthusiasm worthy of the highest praise. He has visited the Camps of his Brigade, larger than some Divisions, induced them to pay back dues, had efficient officers elected, and aroused drooping spirits. He has done a patriotic work in a thorough and painstaking way and is entitled to highest commendation."

Report on Battle Abbey.

The report of the Battle Abbey Committee showed that no part of the principal sum has ever been used to meet expenses incurred in connection with the work, such having been met by interest on the fund or by special contributions for the purpose. The State of Virginia appropriated $1,250 to be used in beautifying the grounds. The buildings and grounds complete cost about $150,000, and there is now a balance of $75,284.39 in bank. When completed, the building, with its handsome grounds, will be a beautiful memorial worthy of the cause to which it is erected. It is interesting to know that the distinguished French artist, Charles Hoffbauer, engaged to paint the military panels which will adorn the Memorial Hall of this building, left his work to answer the call to his colors last August and has been fighting for his beloved



"THE LITTLE BOY BLUES."

A novel and beautiful feature of the Reunion parade was the Baby Battalion of Richmond Light Infantry Blues, which is composed of little boys ranging in age from three and a half years to twelve and fourteen. These youngsters were uniformed similarly to the senior blues and wore silver-trimmed helmets with white paper plumes and carried wooden muskets. The "Little Boy Blues," as the battalion is lovingly known, was organized in April to take part in a bazaar, and they were drilled and disciplined by men and officers of the senior battalion.

France. A short time ago he was selected by the French government to make battle pictures along the front for the future glory of France, which was a very great compliment to the young artist and shows that no mistake was made in engaging his talent for the adornment of the South's Battle Abbey. It is hoped that this gallant soldier-artist may be spared to complete his work in Richmond and to win further glory in his art.

The building was open during the convention, and many visitors were registered.

Memorial Hour.

Memorial service was held at the noon hour on Wednesday under joint direction of the U. C. V. and C. S. M. A., an impressive program being carried out, with music by the Confederate Choir. On the roll call of our honored dead for the year appear the following: Mrs. T. J. Jackson, widow of the immortal "Stonewall"; Capt. R. E. Lee, the last son of our great leader; Lieut. Gen. Theodore S. Garnett, Commander A. N. V. Department, U. C. V.; Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Shaffer, Commander Louisiana Division, U. C. V.; Brig. Gen. Robert McCulloch; Brig. Gen. Thomas G. Jones; Brig. Gen. C. H. Tebault, M.D., Surgeon-General; Col. John W. Irwin; Col. Alexander Hunter; Col. J. V. Harris, M.D.; Col. John W. Morton; Col. Martin Walt; Rev. H. M. Hamill, D.D., Chaplain General; Rev. J. M. Lucy, Assistant Chaplain General.

Designer of Stars and Bars.

The committee appointed to consider the claims made as to the designer of the first flag of the Confederacy, the Stars and Bars, reported that, "after a thorough investigation and most careful consideration, the honor of having designed the first flag of the Confederacy, known as the Stars and Bars, is due and should be accorded by the U. C. V. to the late Maj. Orren Randolph Smith, of Louisburg, N. C." This committee was composed of Gen. C. I. Walker, of South Carolina, Chairman; Gen. Thomas Green, Arkansas; Gen. John P. Hickman, Tennessee.

This subject has been one of controversy for several years, another claimant being Nicola Marshall, artist, now a resident of Louisville, but who lived at Marion, Ala., in 1861. Full statements of these claims appeared in the Veteran some years ago. The testimony submitted was considered by the committee from three points of view: First, that of contemporaneous or local opinion of the facts; secondly, that of the direct evidence of persons other than the claimants as to the designing and submission of the design to the flag committee of the Confederate Congress; and, thirdly, that of statements made personally by the claimants.

The old flag made by Major Smith's design and presented to the Franklin Rifles in April, 1861, was exhibited to the convention after the committee made its report.

Officers Elected.

Among the last acts of the convention was the election of officers. Gen. Bennett H. Young was reëlected Commander in Chief; Gen. K. M. VanZandt again commands the Trans-Mississippi Department and Gen. George P. Harrison the Army of Tennessee Department; while Gen. Julian S. Carr was elected to command the Army of Northern Virginia Department, succeeding Gen. T. S. Garnett, whose death occurred in May.

Birmingham, Ala., received the unanimous vote of the convention as the Reunion city for 1916. Congressman Heflin, of Alabama, made an eloquent plea for that city and carried the convention with him.

The Parade.

The morning of the third day of the Reunion was set for the parade, and very early the streets were filled with a holiday throng that stood for hours awaiting the moving of the great military pageant. The postponement to one o'clock did not move them from the streets, and it was through walls of humanity that the great column at last made its way. Veterans on horseback and afoot had awaited patiently the order

(Continued on page 330.)

THE REUNION ADDRESS.

[The Reunion address was delivered by Henry Wilson Battle, D.D., of Charlottesville, Va., son of Gen. Cullen A. Battle, C. S. A. This was the first time that the Reunion address was made by other than a Confederate veteran, and that the son of a Confederate soldier was given this honor marks it as worthily bestowed.]

Mr. Commander, Confederate Veterans, Ladies, and Gentlemen: At sunrise on the 9th of April, 1865, a little band of cavalry under Fitz Lee and Gordon's Infantry, scarcely two thousand strong, prepared to charge. Not a man in that attenuated fragment of the glorious Army of Northern Virginia but knew that that charge might be the last gasp of the dying Confederacy; not a man but would have gladly given his life on that lovely morning in the world's beautiful springtime if by that, his supreme sacrifice, strength to survive and conquer could be imparted to the cause for which he had suffered and fought for four long years. The command is given. The air thrills and resounds with the Rebel yell, proud, defiant, exultant, terrible, as when serried columns swept to victory, led by the matchless genius of Jackson. 'Tis thy carnival, O Death! The Southern soldier leaps to thy cold embrace without fear in his heart or pallor on his cheek, as bridegroom to the arms of his bride. Vain, vain, vain! An avalanche of Federal reënforcements press them back, but they return not empty-handed. Captured cannon and many prisoners serve to maintain the law of habit.



DR. H. W. BATTLE.

The knightly Gordon sent General Lee word that he had fought his troops "to a frazzle." "Then," said General Lee, "there is nothing left for me to do but to go and see General Grant, and I would rather die a thousand deaths." An officer protested passionately: "O General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" "Yes, I know they will say hard things of us; they will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But this is not the question, Colonel. The question is, Is it right to surrender the army? If it is right, then I will take all the responsibility." That was just like Robert E. Lee. Happy that people who may point to their foremost man as the realized ideal of all that is loftiest in their thought and noblest in their sentiment and

say to all the world: "Behold him! Match him if you can. He is our most precious heritage, a model for our children and children's children from generation to generation." "Right" was his polar star.

"And the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

But General Lee in the anguish-fraught hour of his Gethsemane was mistaken. History (worthy of the name) will not say hard things of him and of the Confederate soldier. I know that scribblers have dipped their venal pens in vitriol and that naturally fair and judicious minds have been beclouded by prejudice and warped by passion; but with each succeeding year the day of the Southern Confederacy's complete vindication draws nearer. Wrong and injustice, whether to individuals or to nations, in the slow-working but undeviating processes that a righteous God has ordained, ultimately drop all their disguises and surrender unconditionally to truth. When that time shall come, and I believe "it is nigh, even at the doors," the student of impartial history will perceive that when the ties that bound the colonies to the British crown were severed the sovereignty vested in the crown reverted to the colonies as independent political units endowed with all the rights that inhere in government. He will read how these political units, after various measures designated to meet the exigencies of certain new relations, finally entered into solemn compact, forming a general government for the protection and furtherance of mutual interests without the surrender of sovereignty, essential to political integrity, a thing so essential and precious that it cannot be voluntarily ceded without explicit abandonment. He will mark with what jealous care the several communities now called States sought in entering into the compact to safeguard this priceless treasure, while by the terms of the agreement delegating other things to the Federal government. As he seeks the sources of the divergence which subsequently grew into drift from the doctrines of the founders of the republic, he will perceive new and disturbing elements at work. He will behold the economic interests of one great section, as affected by soil and climate, arrayed against those of another, and a domestic institution, safeguarded by the Constitution, utilized and fostered in the beginning by one section, made by it the occasion for the fiercest and most fanatical denunciation of the other. In view of the awful tragedy that followed, he might well weep bitter but unavailing tears that when the moral sense of the Southern States, never at perfect ease over the institution of slavery, was struggling with the complicated and difficult problem of how best to wipe the stain from her escutcheon—best for the innocent and simple-hearted race that Old England and New England had foisted upon them—the insulting words and incendiary conduct of the North made of every true son of the South a champion and defender of that which, deep down in his heart, he longed to be rid of.

I utterly deny that the South seceded from the Union and poured out the priceless treasure of her heroic blood to maintain the institution of African slavery. Such sacrifice, such matchless courage, such sublime fortitude, such unfaltering trust in her God sprang not from a source so ignominious. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs from thistles?"

I know that Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural address declared: "One section of our country believes slavery is right and ought to be extended, while the other believes slavery is wrong and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute." But I also know that the inaugural address of Mr. Davis at Montgomery did not once mention slavery and that the second inaugural at Richmond breathed a spirit and wore a form utterly incompatible with the base motives that Northern abolitionists found it profitable to impute to the people whose cause he represented. Suffer me to quote its concluding sentences: "My hope is reverently fixed on Him whose favor is ever vouchsafed to the cause which is just. With humble gratitude and adoration, acknowledging the providence which has so often visibly protected the Confederacy during its brief but eventful career, to thee, O God, I trustingly commit myself and prayerfully invoke thy blessing on my country and its cause." "The people," says the historian Dodd, "dispersed silently and in meditation, as though they had attended divine services."

I also know that President Davis, after three years of terrific fighting, declared to representatives of President Lincoln: "We are not fighting for slavery; we are fighting for independence. Say to Mr. Lincoln for me that I shall at any time be pleased to receive proposals for peace on the basis of our independence. It will be useless to approach me with any other."

I repeat with all the emphasis I can impart to my words that the South did not secede from the Union to maintain the institution of African slavery. I spurn the calumny. It was what was back of and around that issue. The question of slavery had become so enmeshed through sectional hate with insult and wrong—wrong both in private and public legislation—that a proud and sensitive people were driven to seek relief from intolerable conditions in what they believed to be the right of peaceable withdrawal from the compact into which they had voluntarily entered. The most fundamental and sacred purposes of that compact having been ruthlessly disregarded, the South believed it to be her unquestionable right peaceably to withdraw. That such peaceable withdrawal was her intention, I shall show; but before I leave the subject of slavery it is in my heart to say that the truly noble, unselfish, yes, chivalrous, conduct of Southern slaves during the war, when our men were at the front and our women and children almost wholly under their protection, is a complete and triumphant refutation of the slander which branded that domestic relationship at the South as "the sum of all villainies." That cruelties were perpetrated, I doubt not; but they were exceptional, and the guilty parties belonged to a class which is the curse of every section, essentially base in birth, breeding, and instincts. The Southern gentleman and the Southern gentlewoman were never cruel. With the fine feelings engendered by trustful dependence, they gave to their slaves a watchful care and tender solicitude unique and beautiful. "Old Mistress" and "Old Marster" were words spoken lovingly in those days. Had it been otherwise, think you the millions of negroes in Southern homes and on Southern plantations would not have risen in their might and thrown off their fetters by deeds that would have sent fathers and husbands and brothers and lovers rushing back from the front to protect their dear ones at home? One week of such horrors would have sufficed to work the disbandment of the Southern army and the collapse of the Southern cause. Surely the negroes knew it. But no! Theodore Parker might say, "I would like, above all things, to see an insurrection of slaves"; Garrison might exclaim, "Success to every slave insurrection in the South!" But Southern negroes of the war period were incapable of such atrocities. Not one deed of horror stained their splendid record of devotion during those years. Had some lecherous

scoundrel, emboldened by seemingly defenseless conditions, dared to assault the snow-white citadel of one Southern woman's virtue, he would have been torn limb from limb by infuriated defenders who formed a dark but impenetrable cordon about the honor of the Southern home. That not one such attack was made writes "lie" on the imputation of universal, or even frequent, cruelty in letters so large and distinct that a wayfaring man, though a fool, may read.

I have been informed that a committee of this body will advocate the erection of a mighty monument to the sublime fortitude and patriotism of the Southern woman. That suggestion will awake an enthusiastic response in every worthy bosom. I would have that monument to be the most beautiful in all the land, in honor of the fairest type of womanhood the world has ever seen. I would have it proclaim to the passing generation that the Southern soldier could not have been what he was had not the Southern woman been what she was. But, sirs, somewhere in the land where the tobacco leaf waves under blue skies, where the cotton spreads a mantle of snow over broad acres, and the ripened grain, like a golden æolian harp, sings a soft melody to perfumed breezes, I would have a fitting monument erected in grateful recognition of the devotion and loyalty of the Southern wartime negro.

As far back as 1854, on the floor of the United States Senate, Mr. Davis said: "If the folly and fanaticism and pride and hate and corruption of the day are to destroy the peace and prosperity of the Union, let the sections part like the patriarchs of old, and let peace and good will subsist between their descendants. Let no wounds be inflicted which time may not heal. Let the flag of the Union be folded up entire, the thirteen stripes recording the original size of the family, untorn by the unholy struggle of civil war."

Place over against these eloquent and patriotic words of Jefferson Davis the language of Abraham Lincoln in the House of Representatives January 12, 1848: "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right—a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to the cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can may revolutionize and make their own so much of the territory as they inhabit." (Morse's "Abraham Lincoln," Volume I., page 76.)

John C. Calhoun himself did not put the right of secession quite so strongly as that. But Mr. Lincoln was then contending for the right of Texas to secede from the despotical government of Mexico. I ask, How happened it that this political doctrine so comfortably, almost dogmatically, applied to Texas in 1848 was unsuitable to the Confederate States in 1860? I have said that it was the desire of the Southern States peaceably to withdraw from the Union.

"Exercising a right," says J. L. M. Curry, statesman, educator, author, "claimed by the States in their ratification and adoption of the Constitution and reaffirmed from that day continually, the seceding States neither desired nor expected resistance to their action."

Certain Northern States had proclaimed the right of secession and actually threatened to exercise it before the South dreamed of invoking its aid.

"The action of the Hartford Convention," says Thomas Nelson Page ["Lee," page 45], "in threatening secession had blazed abroad the views of the leaders of New England thought at the time when the Virginians were straining every force to maintain the Union, and John Quincy Adams had presented to Congress [January 23, 1842] a petition from a Massachusetts town [Haverhill] asking the dissolution of the Union, on which a motion had been made by a Virginia member [Mr. Gilmer] to censure him, which had been debated for ten days, Mr. Adams ably defending himself."

Among those who were not prepared to accept this interpretation of the doctrine of "States' rights," as it was called, there were many who frankly confessed that our form of government did not admit of coercion should one or more States actually secede. Hamilton had said: "To coerce States is one of the maddest projects ever devised." Russell, in his diary, tells us that, dining with a banker in New York City on March 18, 1860, he met Mr. Horatio Seymour, Mr. Tilden, and Mr. Bancroft, and that "there was not a man who maintained that the government had any power to coerce a State or force a State to remain in the Union."

Mr. Woodrow Wilson states the conviction of the government and the people in 1860 as follows: "President Buchanan agreed with his attorney-general that there was no constitutional means or warrant for coercing a State to do her duty under the law. Such, indeed," adds Mr. Wilson, "for the time seemed the general opinion of the country."

Horace Greeley not only held this doctrine with regard to coercion, but went so far as to declare: "The right of secession is bottomed on the Declaration of Independence."

Who, then, was chiefly responsible for the fratricidal strife that brought such untold suffering to our country and from which the South emerged bleeding at every pore? Conquered by superior physical force, bereaved of thousands of her noblest sons, pitifully impoverished, and well-nigh brokenhearted, with dauntless spirit and high resolve she trod her way of sorrow, with no blush on her cheek nor apology on her lips.

Who was chiefly to blame? Standing in this presence and seeking from this historic elevation to speak to generations yet unborn, I solemnly declare and call the God I adore to witness that the blame does not lie chiefly at the door of the South.

Omitting much that might be said in support of this my solemn and deliberate conviction, I bid you in your imagination to visit with me the Senate of the United States after Jefferson Davis had returned to that august forum in 1857. See him devoting his superb abilities and stately eloquence day and night with almost feverish intensity to one supreme obect—the conciliation of the warring factions and the strengthening of the bonds of union. This object found an expression in a series of seven resolutions, formulated and introduced by Mr. Davis, defining the relations of the Federal government to the States and territories, debated for three months, advocated by statesmen of the North no less ardently than by the statesmen of the South, and, after various amendments, adopted. Had the doctrines contained in those resolutions been observed in good faith, there would have been no war. Whose fault was it that they were not? Certainly not the South's.

Again, on the verge of the mighty conflict, the leaders of each side seemed to become suddenly sobered by the threatening aspect of fast-moving events. The Senate appointed a committee of thirteen looking to a compromise of differences. Davis, Hunter, and Toombs represented the South. Crittenden was chairman, and he submitted an able and elaborate report. It was agreed that whatever the committee should unite upon would be accepted by the whole country, and with this object in mind the committee had been most carefully formed.

For the sake of peace the Southern members, though not in entire accord with the report, agreed to accept it. "Seward hesitated; he thus became the pivotal member." While the fate of the scheme trembled in the balance, South Carolina seceded, and Lincoln brought pressure to bear on Seward to defeat the proposed compromise. Davis and Toombs, learning of this and knowing that its fate was sealed, voted against certain features of the report which they would otherwise have yielded and were unjustly charged with having defeated the peace measure. The evidence in the case, studied in its entirety, overwhelmingly places the responsibility upon Abraham Lincoln. (See discussion in "Dodd's History of Jefferson Davis.")

But it has been said that the shot fired on the flag that floated over Fort Sumter, "heard around the world," fixed the culpability on the South. I deny it. Did not Mr. Lincoln's cabinet advise him in written reply to his formal request that war would be the inevitable result of the course he contemplated and subsequently followed? Seward declared: "We will have inaugurated a civil war by our act without an adequate object." Greeley confessed that "the Confederacy had no alternative to an attack upon Fort Sumter except its own dissolution." ("The Civil War and the Constitution," page 167.) The flag had been fired on two months earlier. The steamer Star of the West was sent on January 9, 1861, with food and two hundred recruits, to relieve the United States garrison in Fort Sumter, and while conspicuously flying the flag was fired on, struck twice, and driven away.

When all the evidence is in, we are forced to believe that Mr. Lincoln astutely used (shall I say planned?) the incident to arouse the flagging war spirit of the North. He calculated well.

Of that war I shall speak but briefly. All the world has heard the thrilling story of Southern valor, and my distinguished friend, General Carr, is to tell us of "The Confederate Soldier," the noblest figure of the centuries, whether he wore the wreath and stars on his collar or carried a musket in his hand and a knapsack on his back. Some months ago I visited the battle field of Chancellorsville under the guidance of a gallant gentleman who participated in that terrific conflict. As I trod the ground, pointed out by my friend, over which my father led his brave Alabamians in the memorable charge of Rode's Division, my bosom swelled with emotion, my eyes filled with tears, and I knew something of what Moses must have felt when he heard the voice of his God commanding: "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

But Jackson fell! O God, didst thou indeed decree that the cause of the Confederacy should go down in defeat and find it necessary to take thy servant Stonewall Jackson unto thyself? Be it so, he is

"Freedom's now and Fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die!"

Fifty years have passed since the armies of the Confederacy surrendered. Half a century of peace has brought us to this glad day in a people's history—

"A people sane and great,
Forged in strong fires, by war made one,
Telling old battles over without hate."

The flag of the Union floats proudly above an undivided and indivisible people; a hundred million eyes turn to where the stars shine in their field of azure more resplendent than a tropical night; a hundred million voices devoutly sing:

"The star-spangled banner, O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

O angel, tell Benjamin H. Hill that we are indeed "at home in our Father's house." Our President (God protect, guide, and bless him!) has his hand on the helm of the ship of State, directing her steady and majestic course safely through the storm-tossed waves of a world at war. Our Secretary of the Navy is on deck; the arrows of party spleen and sectional jealousy break on his shining armor and fall harmless at his feet. Our Attorney-General sheds the luster of his learning and genius on the system of his country's jurisprudence. A Southern hero who wore the gray in the days that tried men's souls now wears the robe of a Justice of the Supreme Court. In both houses of Congress Southern men hold the reins of power. Virginia, in the person of her distinguished son, has resumed her ancient station as leader of the Senate, and the Old North State, with one hand extended in sisterly congratulation, with the other points to her eloquent Kitchen, leader of the House of Representatives. Yes, we are at home in our Father's house, at home to stay.

Within our borders all is peace; and may gentle Peace, wedded to stalwart Honor, depart from us no more forever! God hasten the time, by prophet sung, when nation shall not rise up against nation nor man's inhumanity to man make countless millions mourn! When every war horse shall be hitched to a plow, when every spear shall become a pruning hook, and every sword shall be converted into an implement of peaceful husbandry, causing the earth to smile in verdure where once it was drenched in blood—that will be the final triumph of the Prince of Peace when the mighty angel shall say: "I have gone up and down through the earth, and the earth sitteth still and is at rest; I heard no tumult of war, neither noise of battle."

How serenely beautiful this day! A vast calm broods over the land and rests like a benediction on the graves of our dead. Just over yonder all that was mortal of Jefferson Davis tranquilly sleeps in beautiful Hollywood, where the river will sing his requiem from age to age till time shall be no more. Statesman, soldier, patriot, sleep on! Virginia's scarred but heroic bosom holds no dust more sacred. Unborn generations will revere and guard thy tomb. "Calm as to a night's repose," the majestic mortal temple once glorified by the spirit of Robert Edward Lee lies low in its vault at Lexington. Upon the marble coping on the top of the vault in the college chapel is the simple inscription: "Robert Edward Lee, born January 19, 1807; died October 12, 1870."

It is enough; all the world knows the rest. Stonewall Jackson, in life and in death fit companion of Lee, is not far off. Venerable men, in a little while you too will pass from mortal vision, and the places that know you now will know you no more forever. Fathers, a soldier's son would reverently invoke upon your white heads and stooping forms Heaven's tenderest benediction. A soldier's son with a heart filled with affection too deep for words would point you to the hero's Friend and Saviour, Jesus Christ. May the everlasting arms uphold you and his hand safely guide you to that

"Land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
Where those who meet shall part no more
And those long parted meet again"!

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Theirs were the hands that tied the sash and girt the blade so bright,
Theirs were the hearts that fared them forth the bravest of the brave,
Theirs were the feet that trod the loom from morn till weary night,
And theirs the love that knelt in faith beside a warrior's grave.

* * * *

Give the laurel to the victor, give the song unto the slain!
Give the iron cross of honor ere death lays the Southron down!
But give to these, soul-proved, tried by fire and by pain,
A memory of their mother love that pressed an iron crown!

—*Virginia Frazer Boyle.*

MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: It is my great disappointment to have to tell you that a letter from Mrs. A. B. White, Director General, and a letter also from Mrs. L. C. Hall, Secretary, inform me that there will be no corner stone laying of Shiloh monument this year, such action having been decided upon by the Central Committee of Shiloh. Your President General has anticipated with pleasure the occasion of the Shiloh monument corner stone laying according to the plans of the Shiloh Committee meeting in Savannah, Ga., and approved by that convention. She knows that your disappointment is also great.

As time comes nearer for the San Francisco convention, my mind naturally turns to transportation to the West. I have received many letters asking the route I shall take, so I give it to you here. Mr. Gattis, of the Gattis Tours, Raleigh, N. C., is going to take a special U. D. C. train to San Francisco, giving a reasonable rate and splendid accommodations. This train will be personally conducted, and I am altogether pleased with the arrangements, which give us stopovers at many interesting places. If you desire any further information about the trip, please communicate with Mr. Charles Gattis, Gattis Tours, Raleigh, N. C.

My dear Daughters, the debt on Arlington lies heavy on my heart. It must be paid and paid quickly, for the honor of the U. D. C. and our Southland. Please let us have a regular whirlwind campaign for Arlington and pay that debt this year. We must. Let us pay Arlington before we do anything else.

With love abiding, faithfully,

Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General U. D. C.*

AN OFFICIAL REQUEST.

Dear Daughters: I must ask you to make your letters as brief as possible, so that they may be published. They are coming in such voluminous form that it is impossible to use all of them. In cutting them it is difficult for the editor to judge the most important news. Adhere strictly to the modern newspaper style, doing away with all superfluous wording and editorial comment, and you will find that matters will be easier for all concerned.

I should like to take this opportunity to express my appreciation of the splendid coöperation given your editor by all Divisions, and Chapters where there are no Divisions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The work has been beautiful, demonstrating more than anything I have ever observed the love and fidelity of the United Daughters of the Confederacy for the cause they love so well. The splendid articles sent to the Veteran show plainly that they are interested in the work.

Again referring to the request made in the first paragraph, in order to have the U. D. C. department of the Veteran serve its purpose, that of affording the Daughters and others interested an opportunity to hear from one another, it is absolutely necessary to be as brief as possible in writing.

Trusting that in our publicity work greater and grander achievements may be inspired, and assuring every Daughter of the undivided love and affection of the editor, believe me cordially yours,

Lillian Crawford Perkins,
Editor U. D. C. Department.

ALABAMA DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. J. A. ROUNTREE.

Daughters of Alabama: Owing to the fact that when our State Division met last month at Bessemer I was honored with the office of First Vice President, I immediately sent to Mrs. Bibb Graves, our new President, my resignation as editor for the Alabama Division, requesting her to appoint my successor at once. She requested me to continue in the office a month longer, until she could make her appointment. I take advantage of this opportunity to say a word in regard to the pleasure I have derived from my connection with the Veteran, and I feel sure my successor will find equal enjoyment in the work.

On Tuesday, May 25, at Howard College, Birmingham, about forty honorary diplomas were presented to Confederate veterans or their descendants. It was a time of memories and tender sentiment, and the entire program was in keeping with the occasion. This was the first public appearance of Mrs. Graves as President of the Alabama Division, and as

the presiding officer her gracious manner and charming personality were felt by the entire audience. Prior to the exercises Mrs. Graves was entertained at lunch at the Southern Club by Mrs. L. S. Handley, Mrs. C. J. Sharpe, and Mrs. J. A. Rountree, three State officers whose homes are in Birmingham, after which they motored to Howard College. Following the exercises at the college, an informal reception was tendered the Veterans and Daughters on the campus.

A similar occasion was arranged at Greensboro for June 1, when honorary diplomas were conferred by the Southern University, Mrs. Graves again presiding. At both colleges these diplomas were, in many instances, awarded to men of prominence who served the State with great credit many years.

All Alabama is rejoicing over the coming of the Veterans to Birmingham next year for their annual Reunion, and the Daughters will be especially interested and active in matters pertaining to their comfort and welfare. It is an opportunity that comes only a few times to each State, and Alabama is proud to be so honored.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

BY MRS. MARY NELSON WARDEN.

The State convention of the California Division was held in San Diego May 5-7. The Stonewall Jackson Chapter as hostess entertained most lavishly, and all visitors praised this convention as the largest, most enthusiastic and harmonious ever held. All reports showed the Chapters in a most prosperous, flourishing condition. On Wednesday evening was held a wonderfully brilliant cotton ball at the Grant Hotel, the convention headquarters, and on Friday an elaborate luncheon was served at the Exposition grounds. Thursday evening was Historical Evening, the first ever held by this Division. A great work had been going on among the Chapters in gathering many war reminiscences, and to the Chapter having the greatest number Mrs. Stewart, State President, had offered a gold medal. This was won by Mrs. John L. Smither, of the Southland Chapter, Alhambra, which, with one library containing many valuable books, some out of print and voted to be kept in the State, will be of much benefit to present and future generations as ready references, for these books are to be in the hands of the Historian and loaned to Chapters at any time.

The educational work is broadening out too, and the future promises more scholarships for our Southern boys and girls of California.

While California was expected to give one hundred dollars toward the window to the women of the South in the Red Cross Memorial Building in Washington, D. C., pledges were made to the amount of two hundred and seventeen dollars. Mrs. Grantland S. Long is chairman of the Washington committee. There were also generous contributions to the general relief fund and the Trader Fund.

Mrs. Charles L. Hamil, of Dallas, Tex., President Texas State Division, and Mrs. W. K. Saunders, of Belton, Tex., Historian Texas State Division, were guests of honor.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, Mrs. C. C. Clay, of Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, San Francisco (residing at 2800 East Fourteenth Street, Oakland), a very delightful and charming exponent of the Old South, the widow of Maj. C. C. Clay, of Memphis, Tenn.; First Vice President, Mrs. Grantland S. Long, Los Angeles Chapter; Second Vice President, Mrs. Harry Graves, Alhambra; Recording Secretary, Mrs. E. W. Wilson, San Francisco; Registrar, Mrs. Mary R. Wright, San Diego; Historian, Mrs. John F. Burton, Los Angeles; Recorder of Crosses, Miss Louise C. Eley, Fresno; Custodian of Flag, Mrs. Emma A. Loy, Los Angeles.

As a tribute to her loyalty and faithful work Mrs. J. Henry Stewart, the retiring President, was elected First Honorary President of the California Division.

OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

BY MRS. FRANCES C. COOKE.

The Oklahoma Division, U. D. C., has undertaken to erect a monument to the memory of Gen. Stand Watie, the only Indian brigadier general in the Confederate army. Those who are familiar with the life and character of this valiant soldier will concede the fact that many a man whose name is familiar to students of history possessed no greater courage, ability, or leadership than did this Indian general, and yet his name and fame are scarcely known outside his immediate people.

At different times and by different agencies this question of a monument to General Watie has been agitated with no definite results; but now that it has been taken up by the Oklahoma Division, U. D. C., its success must be assured. The Oklahoma Division has been generous in its contributions to other memorial funds, and it is hoped that others will be glad to aid this Division in the noble work of erecting a monument to this grand old Confederate hero.

Tahlequah, the old Cherokee capital, has been chosen as the place for this monument. While Watie belongs to Oklahoma as a State, it seems more fitting that the monument be erected on Cherokee soil and at the old Cherokee capital.

We ask for only freewill contributions from those who really wish to give to this worthy memorial. Do not hesitate to send an offering because it may be small. We wish to keep a list of the names of those who send contributions, which will be deposited in one amount on five per cent time deposit until a sufficient sum has been secured to carry the work to completion. There is a small sum already on deposit. Send contributions to Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, Chairman Gen. Stand Watie Monument Fund, Pryor, Okla. Mrs. Anderson has written a complete "Life of General Watie," which contains much history of interest, together with a number of illustrations, including pictures of General Watie and wife, neatly bound in gray, gift-book style. Price, 55 cents per copy, postpaid. A personal gift from the sale of these books will be given by the author to the Watie monument fund.

The Chustenahlah Chapter, U. D. C., at Stigler, is looking after the comfort and pleasure of our veterans. On June 3, Memorial Day and birthday of our beloved and only President, a picnic dinner was given to the Veterans, Sons, and Daughters, with toasts and after-dinner talks all by the veterans. They enjoy their talks of war times more than music and speeches, be they ever so good, and the Sons and Daughters enjoy hearing them.

The Antlers Chapter, with sixteen members, is doing a fine work. Where there is sickness, death, or trouble of any kind, they offer assistance; nor is the social time neglected.

During the last week in April the General Forrest Chapter of Muskogee had a nicely furnished rest room for visitors to the Southern Commercial Congress. Every day sixteen Daughters were in charge, and they served tea, wafers, and cold drinks to their callers. A special feature of this week's entertainment was their reception to some visitors of note. The members of the Dixie Girls' Auxiliary, U. D. C., acted as pages for the rest rooms.

MISSISSIPPI DIVISION.

BY MISS CLARIBEL DRAKE.

The Mississippi Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will have an exhibit in the Mississippi Building at the Panama Pacific Exposition.

The State Convention in May was one of the most largely attended in the history of the Division, about one hundred and fifteen delegates being in attendance, in addition to officers and many prominent visiting Daughters. Daughters of the Confederacy are used to "war talk," and so the Chapters came up well with their pledges this year in spite of financial apprehensions on account of the war.

The addresses by Gen. T. C. Catchings, of Vicksburg, and Dr. Dunbar Rowland, of Jackson, were both on the theme dearest to the Mississippian's heart—Jefferson Davis. Dr. Rowland's scholarly and historically accurate paper on Historical Evening gave a noble picture of Davis's character and an unanswerable defense to his critics. General Catchings in his welcome address pointed out that it is one of the most sacred duties of this order to establish Davis in the hearts of posterity, the high place he so well deserves.

Between hours of hard work the Convention found time to enjoy many pleasures provided for them by the hostess Chapter. An attractive feature of the reception at the Elks Club was the "Lancers" and the Southern Cross drill presented by twenty-four couples dressed in the costume of the sixties and carrying silk flags of the Confederacy.

A visit to the Confederate Veterans' Annex aroused the pride of many delegates, who were gratified to find next door to the State hospital this comfortable home for sick and infirm veterans of Mississippi, the building of which was Vicksburg Chapter's work of love. This institution is in its fifteenth year, having opened its doors in January, 1901, and it provides a place where fourteen of our soldiers may be comfortably cared for and at the same time have the skilled attention of Dr. Benson Martin and his hospital corps. The State Legislature appropriates enough for the actual support of the inmates, but Vicksburg Chapter must provide for the furnishing and maintenance of the building and for extra attentions at Christmas and other times that brighten the declining years of these veterans. In this the Chapter is greatly helped by friends who furnish memorial rooms and by a few Chapters in the State who have aided with their gifts. The Beauvoir Confederate Home is always full to its capacity, which is true of the Vicksburg Annex also, and there is always a list of waiting applicants. The work is not only a great boon, but a great necessity; for were it not for this institution, many a veteran would die in misery for lack of the medical attention and comforts he needs.

Mississippi Daughters, are you giving to the Confederate Veterans' Annex at Vicksburg the interest and coöperation that the work deserves?

SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

BY MRS. AGATHA A. WOODSON.

The Edisto, or Second District, Conference held its annual meeting at Williston, with Hart's Battery Chapter as the hostess. A committee from this Chapter met the delegates and visitors at the train and escorted them to Rountree Hall, which was beautifully decorated, and where a four-course luncheon was served, with a special table for the honor guests, the veterans of the sixties. After an interesting program came the business session, with report of Chapters, etc. Mrs. Holstine, Second Vice President of the South Carolina Division, presided. Miss Earle, President of the South Carolina Division, gave an interesting talk. The feature of the meeting was the address by Dr. Clarence J. Owen, formerly of Williston, now at the head of the Southern Commercial Congress, Washington, D. C. His address was unusually tender and beautiful as he spoke of and to the fast-thinning ranks of those who wore the gray—"lest we forget."

Very pleasant and profitable to sixty or more U. D. C.'s was the Ridge District Conference held in Winnsboro on April 29, and most hospitably the John Bratton Chapter did the honors as hostess Chapter. The business meeting was of great interest and inspiration, presided over by Miss Mary Williams, Third Vice President of the Division. The interesting talk on "Coöperation" by Miss Earle was very helpful. She emphasized the importance of coöperation in every line of U. D. C. work. Without the coöperation of individual members a Chapter President is powerless to secure good results; without the efficient assistance of the Chapter Presidents the District Vice Presidents cannot make a creditable showing; and without the help of the district heads the State officers are unable to make full and satisfactory reports. All of the Chapters contributed liberally to the two Division scholarships, one at the University of South Carolina and one at Winthrop, and a district scholarship will be established, thus giving additional work along educational lines.

An enjoyable feature of this meeting was a paper by Mrs. Alice West Allen on "A Schoolgirl's Glimpse of the War," which was read by Mrs. C. P. Murray, of Columbia. Mrs. Allen, who now makes her home with a daughter in Columbia, lived at Piedmont, Va., very near to the battle field of Trevilians Station, and her recollections were principally of that battle. [This paper was published in the VETERAN for June, page 268.]

The spring conference of the Peedee District, U. D. C., convened at Kingston, S. C., on May 7, with the Williamsburg Chapter as hostess, Mrs. St. Clair, of Bennettsville, presiding. After roll call and reading of the minutes, an instructive address was delivered by Miss Earle. A talk on the Children's U. D. C. work was given by Mrs. Burch, of Florence, and an account of the scholarship work by Miss Armida Moses completed the morning session. The afternoon session was devoted principally to reports of the various Chapters represented at this meeting. The hostess Chapter was greatly benefited by the presence of so many delegates from other Chapters.

VIRGINIA NOTES.

BY MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL.

The district meetings have all been interesting and well attended. The State President, Mrs. Riddick, by her helpful suggestions and earnest appeals added materially to their success.

The meeting at Crewe, presided over by Mrs. John L. Hagan, Chairman of District No. 3, was the first of the series and sounded the keynote of enthusiasm. Pulaski followed, made notable by the hospitality of Flora Stuart Chapter and its charming President, Mrs. J. R. K. Bell. Seven State officers and delegates from fourteen Chapters were present. Mrs. C. B. Tate, Treasurer General U. D. C., was an honored guest. An invitation to District No. 1 to meet next year at Tazewell has been received.

Covington came next, presided over by Mrs. James E. Irvine, Chairman of District No. 2. A number of charts prepared by Mrs. Irvine simplified the order of business and facilitated an explanation of the different departments of work. At Covington Mrs. J. Taylor Ellyson spoke of the Confederate Museum and urged the coöperation of the Daughters to complete the endowment fund of the Virginia room. The five hundred Juniors of J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, organized by Mrs. Cassell, were represented by delegates. An invitation to meet next year in Waynesboro was received with a rising vote of thanks.

District No. 4 assembled at Culpeper and was presided over by Mrs. Cabell Smith, Fourth Vice President. Twelve Chapters were represented by delegates. Mrs. James E. Alexander, Recorder of Crosses, spoke of the importance of bestowing the cross of honor upon all worthy veterans and gave some interesting reminiscences of the war. Mrs. E. H. O'Brien, a former State President, spoke of Mary Custis Lee, of Alexandria, the premier Chapter of the Virginia Division, and mentioned that this was the first Chapter to organize the Children of the Confederacy.

The meeting of District No. 6, Miss Annie Mann, Chairman, was held at Franklin. This District has worked finely, and the results are evident. Among those present were: Mrs. B. A. Blenner, Third Vice President; Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, Custodian of Flags and Pennants; and Miss Kensett, of Norfolk.

One of the most efficient of the young workers in the Division is Mrs. W. D. Cardwell, Chairman of District No. 5; and her meeting, held in the old colonial town of Williamsburg, could not fail to possess unique charm.

The Division is to be congratulated upon the five new chairmen appointed this year by Mrs. Riddick, all of whom have justified the wisdom of their selection. At each meeting the special points emphasized were the relief work, both State and U. D. C., the systematic observance of the State rules for payment of dues and recording of members, and the development of historical and educational work. It is a matter of regret that the size of the paper specified by the Historian General does not come in the usual assortment carried by local stores, as it will debar many Chapters from sending papers for the State volume. Those Chapters observing the historical programs have found them of the greatest value in stimulating study of the era before the war. Many Chapters reported contributions to Arlington. Mrs. Merchant, Shiloh Director, urged the Division to hold its place again this year as the largest donor to this monument. The historical evenings were beautifully planned and have proved an incentive to preserve local history and to mark historic places. A pleasing feature of them all was the part taken by the high school boys and girls, who sang the sweet songs of Dixie. We are in serious danger of allowing the younger generations to forget these melodies and have apparently failed to appreciate the wisdom of the saying: "I care not who writes the laws of a people if I can write its songs."

The growth of the junior work under Mrs. Cabell Smith's leadership merits special mention. The number of Junior Chapters organized is phenomenal and should greatly strengthen the work of the Virginia Division.

Ante-Bellum Master: "Julius, you rascal, if this happens again, we'll have to part." "La, Marse Phil, whar you gwine?"—*From "Dixie Book of Days."*

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

Report of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Treasurer, from May 6 to June 9, 1915.

Arkansas: Mildred Lee Chapter, Fayetteville, $5; Elliott Fletcher Chapter, Blytheville, $5. Total, $10.

Colorado: Robert E. Lee Chapter, Denver, $2.

Georgia: Lula K. Rogers Chapter, C. of C., Tennille, $2; Toccoa Chapter, $4.20; Daugherty County Chapter, Albany, $10; James M. Gresham Chapter, Social Circle, $2. Total, $18.20.

Illinois: Chicago Chapter, $25; Stonewall Chapter, Shiloh Day collection, $4; Mr. R. G. Hunt (personal), Chicago, $2. Total, $31.

Kentucky: Maj. Otis S. Tenney Chapter, Lexington, $5; Col. Ed Crossland Chapter (post cards), Fulton, $1. Total, $6.

Louisiana: Shreveport Chapter, $25; Richard Hancock Chapter, $1; Louisiana Division, U. D. C., $10; New Orleans Chapter, No. 72, $10; Gen. Alfred Morton Chapter, $1. Total, $47.

Missouri: Missouri Division, U. D. C., $25; Winnie Davis Chapter, Jefferson City, $10; Carleton-Joplin Chapter, Caruthersville, 5. Total, $40.

Minnesota: Robert E. Lee Chapter, Minneapolis, $5.

Oklahoma: Clement A. Evans Chapter, Tulsa, $5.

South Carolina: J. E. Horton (personal), Belton, $1.

Tennessee: John W. Morton Chapter, Camden, $10; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Cleveland, $5; Nathan Bedford Forrest Chapter, Humboldt, $10; John Lauderdale Chapter, Dyersburg, $25; Mrs. Ernest Walworth (personal), Memphis, $3; General Cheatham Chapter, Memphis, $10; Mrs. Crenshaw (personal), Murfreesboro, $5; Dixie Auxiliary, Jackson, $3; Mr. S. E. Graves (through Mrs. Mellons, of Bolivar), $2. Total, $73.

Washington: Dixie Chapter, Tacoma, $2.85.

West Virginia: Charleston Chapter, $15.

Interest, $78.33.

Total collections since last report, $334.38.

Expense since last report, $90.59.

Total in hands of Treasurer since last report, $243.79.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $25,078.68.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $25,322.47.

CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.

Report of Mrs. George T. Fuller, Chairman, Mayfield, Ky., from October 8, 1914, to May 27, 1915.

Cash in bank October 8, 1914, $408.07.

Arkansas: Nannie A. Dooley Chapter, De Queen, $1.

Kentucky: J. K. Williams Chapter, Murray, $2.

Louisiana: R. J. Hancock Chapter, Benton, $1.50; James M. Craig Chapter, Amite City, $8; Camp Beauregard, S. C. V., No. 130, New Orleans, $5; W. O. Hart, New Orleans, $1.

Missouri: Betty S. Robert Memorial Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, Mrs. John Hurck, Directress, St. Louis, $1.

Tennessee: Lebanon Chapter, $5; Shiloh Chapter, No. 371, Savannah, $1.

Total collections since last report, $25.50.

Total amount in hands of chairman, $433.57.

On account of continued sickness in my family since last October and two deaths, I have been unable to do much. I hope all who love and sympathize with the Southern cause and honor the Southern soldier will come to our aid this year.

HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MILDRED LEWIS RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

Owing to an increasing demand, a new edition of "Wrongs of History Righted" has been found necessary. Orders may now be filled by sending postage, one cent per copy. Those having ordered and been refused are asked to apply again. It is important that the historical work should continue during the summer months.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Where was Andersonville Prison? How many acres in extent? What was its accommodation? How many prisoners were put in during three months?
2. Who was placed in charge? Give a sketch of his life.
3. What occurred from the overcrowding?
4. Why was the cartel for exchange of prisoners stopped?
5. Who first was sent on to intercede with Lincoln to have it renewed? Was he successful? Upon what was the plea based?
6. Who next sent a request for a renewal? Was it successful?
7. What was the result from the paroled prisoners? To what did they testify?
8. Why was medicine made contraband of war? Why were the Federal surgeons not allowed to receive it for their own men?
9. What was the result of Colonel Ould's request for a vessel to be sent for the sick and wounded?
10. What did Gen. Howell Cobb propose? Was he successful?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Recitation, "My Life Is Like the Summer Rose," Wilde.
2. Reading, "Dark Memories of Andersonville," Curry.
3. Song, "Backward, Turn Backward."
4. Reading, "American Loyalty," Henry Rootes Jackson.
5. Lines on back of Confederate note.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR AUGUST, 1915.

YOUNG WOMEN OF THE OLD SOUTH.

Responsive service.

Song, "Dixie."

1. Who was called "the best-bred lady in the land"? By whom? Who "the sweetest creature in Virginia"? By whom?
2. Who saved valuable State papers when the British burned the White House in the War of 1812?
3. Who used $2,625, given her as spending money by her father, to establish schools for poor children near Paris?
4. Describe the dress of a bride and groom of the Old South.
5. Who was it Henry Clay referred to when he said, "She has a tongue that never spoke an evil word of any one"?
6. For what child did Lafayette predict a wonderful career as she sat upon his knee and entertained him in his native language?
7. What tribute did Washington Irving pay to Octavia Le Vert?
8. Who was called "The Belle of the Union"?
9. Who first sang "From Greenland's Icy Mountains"?
10. Who was the first woman that ever used a sewing machine?
11. Who edited the first child's paper in America?
12. What Southern woman won the Western Empire?

ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

[Extract from "Wrongs of History Righted."]

Another wrong to be righted, and one as much misunderstood by some of our Southern men and women as by those of other sections, is the misrepresentations regarding Andersonville Prison and the unfair trial given to Major Wirz and the attempt to implicate President Davis in the atrocities, so-called, at Andersonville.

When Senator Blaine in the United States Senate chamber January 10, 1876, cast reproach upon President Davis for the horrors at Andersonville, it was by good providence that a member of that Senate was Benjamin H. Hill, the confidential adviser of President Davis, and he knew every step that had been taken in the whole affair and why it was taken. Mr. Hill answered Mr. Blaine. That was a most remarkable speech. It refuted every accusation brought against Wirz or Davis and silenced their defamers for a time at least.

I wish I could give Senator Hill's speech in full, but I have not the time nor memory to give it, and you have not the time to listen to it. Turning to Mr. Blaine, he said: "Mr. Blaine, you said Mr. Davis was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily, and willfully, of the gigantic crime and murder at Andersonville. By what authority do you make this statement? One hundred and sixty witnesses were introduced during the three months' trial of Captain Wirz, and not one mentioned the name of President Davis in connection with a single atrocity. It is true that two hours before Captain Wirz's execution parties came to Wirz's confessor, saying if Wirz would implicate President Davis his sentence would be commuted. What was Wirz's reply? 'President Davis had no connection with me as to what happened at Andersonville. Besides, I would not become a traitor even to save my life.' You say, Mr. Blaine, that the food was insufficient and the prisoners were starved to death. The act of the Confederate Congress reads thus: 'The rations furnished prisoners of war shall be the same in quantity and quality as those furnished to enlisted men in the army of the Confederacy.' That was the law that Mr. Davis approved. You say, Mr. Blaine, that Mr. Davis sent General Winder to locate a den of horrors. The official order reads thus: 'The location for the stockade shall be in a healthy locality, with plenty of pure water, with a running stream, and, if possible, with shade trees and near to grist and saw mills.' This doesn't sound like a den of horrors, does it?"

He then rehearsed the efforts of Vice President Alexander Stephens, Col. Robert Ould, Gen. Howell Cobb, Captain Wirz, and others, who time and time again interceded for the exchange of prisoners on any terms and finally on no terms at all, if only they would receive them beyond the borders of the State, and how every offer was rejected. He showed how the use of medicine, made contraband of war, was denied their own men. He showed how no act of the Confederate government was responsible for any horrors that existed at Andersonville, but that all blame must rest wholly with the war policy of the Federal government. When General Grant was urged to exchange, his answer was: "If we commence a system of exchange, we will have to fight until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they are as dead men."

Mr. Hill continued: "You say, Mr. Blaine, that President Davis starved and tortured 23,500 prisoners in Southern prisons. Who, Mr. Blaine, starved 26,000 prisoners in Northern prisons? Mr. Stanton, your Secretary of War, gives these statistics, and I feel sure you will believe him, will

you not? He says that twelve per cent of our men died in your prisons and only nine per cent of your men died in ours. There were far more Northern men in our prisons than Southern men in your prisons. Why was this per cent of death greater at the North?"

Then, turning to Mr. Blaine, Senator Hill said: "No, Mr. Blaine, I tell you this reckless misrepresentation of the South must stop right here. I put you on notice that hereafter when you make an assertion against the South you must be prepared to substantiate full proof thereof."

President Davis sent General Lee under a flag of truce to urge in the name of humanity that General Grant agree to an exchange of prisoners. The interview was not granted.

This is General Lee's testimony as expressed in a letter to a Philadelphia friend who wished his view of the Andersonville affair: "I offered General Grant to send into his lines all of the prisoners within my department (Virginia and North Carolina), provided he would return man for man. When I notified the Confederate authorities of my proposition, I was told that if accepted they would gladly place at my disposal every man in our Southern prisons. I also made this offer to the Committee of the United States Sanitary Commission, but my propositions were not accepted."

I wish I had time to give you my conversation with Dr. Kerr, of Corsicana, Tex. He was one of our surgeons at Andersonville and gave me some very valuable history concerning the conditions there. He says that, to his certain knowledge, thirteen of the acts of cruelty brought against Captain Wirz and accepted as truth, although absolute proofs were given to the contrary, took place when Captain Wirz was sick in bed and when some one else was in charge of the prisoners. Yes, Wirz was a hero and a martyr.

Dr. Kerr says that Wirz was called hard-hearted and cruel, but he has seen the tears streaming down his face when in the hospitals watching the sufferings of those men. Not a man ever died but he saw that his grave was distinctly marked, so his mother could come and claim that body. Did any one at Northern prisons ever do that for our Southern boys' mothers?

If the soldiers hated Wirz, as was said in the trial, why did they not kill him, for they had ample opportunity, as he never went armed? He did not even carry a pocketknife. He once laughingly said to Dr. Kerr that he had an old rusty pistol, but it would not shoot.

I have in my library a copy of a set of resolutions which those six paroled prisoners drew up when they returned from Washington exonerating the Confederate authorities of all blame connected with the horrors of Andersonville Prison life and testifying to the fact that the insults received at Stanton's hands were far harder to bear than anything they ever had suffered at Andersonville.

I have in my library a book written by one of the prisoners exonerating Captain Wirz and the Confederate authorities. I have in my scrapbook a copy of a letter from some of the prisoners sent with a watch which they presented to Captain Wirz as a token of their appreciation of his kind treatment of them. Mr. Perrin, his daughter, has many testimonials of this kind.

There was never any trouble about lack of provisions at Andersonville, as has been so often stated. There was an abundant supply of the rations that the soldiers and prisoners needed, but the trouble came because of the overcrowded condition of the stockade. It was made for 10,000, and in four months 29,000 were sent. There were 8,000 sick in the hospitals at one time, with no medicines. There were not enough vessels in which the food could be properly prepared and served, and the Confederate authorities were powerless, for they did not have vessels with which to supply this need nor money with which to buy them.

There were many bad men among the prisoners called "bounty jumpers," and they were killed by their own men; yet Captain Wirz was accused of their murder. Dr. Kerr said that when Captain Wirz paroled those six prisoners to send them North to plead for exchange he turned to him and said: "I wish I could parole the last one of them." At the surrender he went to Macon, relying on the honor of General Wilson's parole. Imagine his surprise when he was arrested. He was taken to trial, condemned upon suborned testimony, and hanged November 6, 1865. That was the foulest blot in American history, and Mrs. Surratt's death for complicity with John Wilkes Booth may be placed beside it.

If any one questions the truth of these facts, they can be found verified in the volumes called the "War of the Rebellion" in the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., put there by the United States authorities.

I have also a copy of a letter from Herman A. Braum, of Milwaukee, Wis., who was a prisoner at Andersonville. After paying a tribute to Captain Wirz and exonerating the Confederate authorities, he says: "I believe that there is nothing so well calculated to strengthen the faith in popular government as the example given by the Confederacy during the war, its justice, humanity, and power. On this rests the historic fame of Jefferson Davis."

KING COTTON.

Henry W. Grady's Tribute to Cotton.

What a royal plant it is! The world waits in attendance on its growth. The showers that fall whispering on its leaves are heard around the earth. The sun that shines upon it is tempered by the prayers of all the people. The frosts that chill it and the dew that descends from the stars are noted. The trespass of the little worm upon its green leaf means more to England and to English homes than the advance of a Russian army upon her Asian frontier.

It is gold from the time it puts forth its tiniest shoot. Its foliage decks the somber earth in emerald sheen. Its blossoms reflect the brilliant hues of sunset skies in Southern climes and put to shame the loveliest rose; and when, loosening its snowy fleece to the sun, it floats a banner that glorifies the field of the humble farmer, that man is marshaled under a flag that will compel the allegiance of the world and wring a tribute from every nation of the earth.

Its fiber is current in every bank in all the world. Its oil adds luxury to lordly banquets in noble halls and brings comfort to lowly homes in every clime. Its flour gives to man a food richer in health-producing value than any the earth has ever known and a curative agent long sought and found in nothing else. Its meal is feed for every beast that bows to do man's labor, from Norway's frozen peaks to Africa's parched plains.

It is a heritage that God gave to this people when he arched the skies, established our mountains, girded us about with oceans, tempered the sunshine, and measured the rain—ours and our children's forever and forever—and no princelier talent ever came from His omnipotent hand to mortal stewardship.

THE VICTORIA CROSS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, MO.

Realizing that there should be some special award for acts of gallantry on the part of officers and enlisted men of the army, the Confederate Congress passed an act authorizing the President to bestow medals upon officers and badges on enlisted men who were conspicuous for "good conduct and courage on the field of battle."

For various reasons (I presume mostly from lack of funds) these medals and badges were never issued; and rather than have these gallant acts go unrewarded, on October 3, 1863, the Adjutant General issued the following order: "Difficulties in procuring medals and badges having delayed their presentation, it is ordered that those who have been or may be reported for this distinction be inscribed on a roll of honor to be preserved in this office for reference in all future times for those who have deserved well of their country. The roll of honor as now made up shall be read at the head of every regiment in the service and published by at least one newspaper in each State."

The commissioned officers were selected by the same method that the British use in awarding their cross—that is, upon report of a superior officer—and as there are several sergeant majors and color bearers on the roll who were not members of any particular company, they must have been chosen by the same method.

Gen. Johnson Hagood recommended his orderly, Private J. D. Stoney, 27th South Carolina Infantry, for gallantry at Petersburg, Va., and General Ripley recommended five enlisted men of South Carolina troops—Sergeant Egerton, Privates Martin, DuBarry, Grimball, and F. K. Huger—for bravery in carrying out their duties as acting signalmen under a severe fire at Battery Gregg, Charleston Harbor, S. C. The method of choosing the enlisted men was open to some criticism, as they were to be elected by their company companions. This might have given rise to some politics at times, and possibly there are some of this class on the roll. There are also a large number of sergeants mentioned, while the corporals are comparatively few, which might lead some to think that the rest of the company recognized the sergeant not alone as a hero, but also as one who attended to guard details. One company elected their sutler, who, no doubt, was a very gallant man and well deserved the honor; but as Confederate pay days were few and far between, one might be led to think that a good line of credit could have been established on such a basis. In any event the man elected was a good enough fellow to have his name perpetuated.

The most prominent feature of the roll is that from the first name "Abbott" to the last "Young" they are ninety-five per cent true American. Smith, with thirty-four, heads the list, followed by Jones, Moore, Williams, Brown, Johnson, and Wilson, in the order named. No less than forty have the given name of the father of our country.

The first man on the first roll, published on October 3, 1863, is Sergt. W. D. Sumner, Company A, 22d Alabama Infantry, for the battle of Murfreesboro, Tenn.; although Private William H. Duke, Company A, 8th Alabama Infantry, has the honor of being the first on the list for the first battle in which the roll figures, that of Williamsburg, Va.; but this roll was not published until August 10, 1864. The last name on the roll is that of First Lieut. John M. Galbraith, 1st Company, Washington (La.) Artillery, for Drewry's Bluff, Va. The roll was published December 10, 1864.

The total number of names on the roll is 2,066; but as forty-three persons are mentioned twice, one three times, and Corp. S. L. Neely, Company A, 2d Mississippi Infantry, five times, there are only 2,017 individuals honored.

The 2d Mississippi Infantry heads the list with sixty-seven names, and the 8th Alabama Infantry comes next.

There are three hundred and twenty-nine names of those killed in the battle they are mentioned for, which shows that the Confederate soldier chose rather to honor the dead than the living in that many instances at least. Of nineteen Joneses, none were killed; while of two Copelands, two Fielders, two Littles, and three Looneys, all were killed.

It is not generally known that the Confederacy had its regulars, and the roll contains the names of forty-two of these men. About fifty per cent of these are clearly of Irish origin, which shows that "Pat" took both sides of the argument in our war, as well as of all others of modern times.

The infantry, which always bears the brunt, comes first; and as it has been said that no one ever saw a dead man with spurs on, the cavalry did well to come second. The fancy branches, such as mounted riflemen, sharpshooters, and rifles, are mentioned in the order named. Every branch of the service is represented, except chaplains, who were a superfluity, as the Confederate soldier was good enough without him; the paymaster, whom they had no use for; the commissary, which had nothing to issue; and the legal department, which nobody would recommend for anything but dismissal. But the man who above all deserved the highest honor possible, the man who never failed under any circumstance, the surgeon, is not mentioned.

As commissioned officers had to be recommended by a superior, the higher ranks are few: Ten colonels, fourteen lieutenant colonels, ten majors, seventy-seven captains, eleven adjutants, one hundred and seven lieutenants, three sergeant majors, twenty-six color bearers, three hundred and seventy sergeants, two hundred and four corporals, and the remainder privates.

Every State in the Confederacy is represented. Alabama is first with three hundred and fifty-two, and Texas is last with fifty.

The law States that enlisted men were to be selected after a signal victory only; and Chickamauga, certainly a signal victory and the bloodiest battle of the war, leads with seven hundred and three names, Murfreesboro second with five hundred and one, and Chancellorsville third with two hundred and ninety. Fifty-two names were turned in for Gettysburg, which has never been noted as a signal victory for the South, but I presume they were issued for the first day's fight.

The roll was published three times only: October 3, 1863, August 10, 1864, and December 1, 1864. After that time the Confederate soldier was too busy trying to keep the invader back to bother with anything but stark fighting. Every man was a hero, and it would have been impossible to have made any distinction.

The Confederate soldier up to 1865 was magnificent and from then to the bitter end sublime; and, in my opinion, not only those now on the roll, but every ragged Rebel who was killed, disabled, or stayed to the finish deserves to have his name inscribed on a roll of honor, to be carried down to futurity to prove that in those days "they made men."

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.—Admiral Decatur once said in behalf of war that it "shortens life, but also broadens it." Most people, however, would rather have a narrow long life than a broad short one.—*Kansas City Journal.*

THE BATTLES OPPOSITE MOBILE.

BY WILLIAM LOCHIEL CAMERON, GALVESTON, TEX.

The attack on Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely, on Mobile Bay, in April, 1865, was about the last of the engagements of the War between the States. The western approach to Mobile was so strongly protected at the time, Farragut having secured control of the lower bay in 1864, that the enemy did not seem to care to make a land attack at that point at that time, as there was not water enough over the "Dog River Bar" to allow their heavy vessels to get up opposite the city. It was in March or early in April, 1865, when a large force was landed to make an attempt to capture Mobile from the east shore. We had two pretty good forts at the east side of the Tensas River. The Yankees began to circle around Spanish Fort in short order with a very large number of men, as many as 10,000 at the start, which were increased to 20,000 or 30,000 toward the end. Spanish Fort was well armed and manned by about 2,500 men. A mile north was Fort Blakely, manned and armed about the same as Spanish Fort. In the river we had four gunboats—the Nashville, the Morgan, the Huntsville, and the Tuscaloosa. This article refers simply to some incidents which came under my observation.

I was a very small, young, and not especially significant officer attached to the Nashville, which was the flagship at that time. On the west side of the river, commanding the channel below Spanish Fort, was another strong fort, and the channel was filled with torpedoes. The enemy, therefore, decided to attack Spanish Fort from the land side and brought up some ten thousand men. The Nashville and another vessel, located in Tensas River, were occupied in firing over our forts into the camp of the Yankees and also provided boats and crews to go to Spanish Fort and exchange fresh men for wounded and worn-out ones from the fort. This was done during the nighttime in order that the enemy might not observe the movements. All of us young fellows had duty in commanding the several boats during this work for the army. The enemy did not at first make an assault on the fort, but fired with long-distance guns and then each night crept up a little, so that our people found dirt breastworks a little nearer each morning. Even in the daytime they approached, using hogsheads filled with sand, which they rolled in front of them for protection. By this method they secured an advanced position, when a dozen men with shovels made a rush for the hogsheads, and in a short time they had a breastwork, which, in spite of the fire from our works, increased in size and height. Then more men rushed out, so that in a few hours this work gradually extended in crescent shape so as to enfilade the fort. Of course these original attempts were frequently frustrated by our artillery striking the hogsheads, which, with men, tools, guns, etc., went up in a cloud of smoke and dust.

A section of the Washington Artillery from New Orleans has the deserved credit for these small delays to this advance of an overwhelming army of the enemy. One morning in April we were advised that the enemy had brought up a large number of heavy guns and also had advanced such vessels as could get up the river and intended to bombard the Spanish Fort that night. About eight o'clock that evening they opened out on the fort and over it onto our little fleet. Such a noise and such a display of shells in the heavens! Hour after hour this terrible bombardment was kept up. Our little fleet, being entirely helpless against such a powerful force, retired out of range, and the men at the fort went into their bombproofs. Notwithstanding all this waste of powder and shell, not a man on our side was hurt; but a view of the fort in the morning showed plainly what a wreck had been made of it. Had they followed up their powerful bombardment by a charge and attack that day upon the fort, they would certainly have captured it. However, on the following night, by the aid of the boats from the navy, Spanish Fort was successfully evacuated, and all efforts were brought to bear to protect Fort Blakely.

It was evident to even the youngest of us that the end was near. The enemy surrounded Blakely with some 20,000 men, 10,000 of whom were negro troops. Field artillery was brought up on each flank of Fort Blakely, and there was quite an engagement between their guns and the Nashville and Morgan. About 8 A.M., while the officers of the Nashville were picking the "salt horse" out of their teeth after breakfast, suddenly a solid shot struck the wheel house, then another, and splinters began to fly. All hands were at quarters, but, being so close to shore, we could not depress the muzzles of our guns so as to bring them to bear on a battery of nine-pound Parrott guns which the enemy had run right on the bank; so before the anchor was up our vessel was badly crippled. Then came the Morgan, whose guns were on the upper deck, sailing between us and the enemy, who were quickly driven away by the Morgan's six-inch guns. Captain Fry (who was in later years murdered by the Spaniards in Cuba while in command of the filibuster, the Virginius) commanded the Morgan that day, and I can still see him as he stood on deck giving orders. Calm, cool, and collected, he fought his ship, a brave man, as he showed himself in that latter day also when condemned to death by the Spaniards.

The Nashville had to go over to Mobile for repairs, and when it returned after a few days the enemy had strongly invested Fort Blakely and was preparing to carry the place by assault. We had been advised that ten thousand negroes were to be pushed on to the breastworks, so it was arranged that all guns should be double-shotted with grapeshot and canister, the infantry with double-loaded muskets, and that the garrison was to wait until they could see the whites of the enemy's eyes, then "let them have it" and retreat. The four gunboats—Nashville, Morgan, Huntsville, and Tuscaloosa—were to move up close to shore and have guns trained upon the fort.

Upon the retreat of our men and the advance of those of the enemy left standing after the fire from the fort, the guns from the vessels were to open upon the enemy with grape and canister. In the meanwhile all boats from the fleet, with flatboats, etc., were out in front of the bank, ready to rescue our men, who had orders after their first volley to run for the bank and jump into the water. So far as the navy was concerned, their orders were carried out to the letter. All guns aboard ship were ready-shotted, commanded by senior officers. All young officers were in command of boats to rescue the army from the water or shore, as should be practicable. As I remember, it was a solemn time when we passed in the boats under the bank so near that we could not see what was going on in and about the fort, waiting for the opening guns from the Yankees and the expected awful response from all our shore guns at once.

It was a lovely day. I remember that it was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we heard the roar of the attack by the 10,000 negroes, then a silence, then the roar of the guns of our men. Then each young commander in his boat gave the order, "Give way strong!" steering direct for the shore. We expected to see our infantry running toward us

and to hear the roar of the guns from our vessels firing over our and their heads; but something had happened "not on the program." The commander of the fort, it seemed, concluded to fire another round at the enemy, as the slaughter from the first had been so great; but those behind came over the bodies of their comrades in the ditch, and before anybody knew anything the Yanks and Rebs were so mixed up that the vessels dared not fire their guns. And then there came with a rush our poor fellows, closely followed by the enemy. Our men jumped into the water. Many could not swim, and those who could were an easy mark for the negro soldiers, who fired at them from the bank and at us in the boats. We picked up all we could and quickly retired to our respective vessels, where we landed them and returned for more. I do not know how many were rescued; but many were drowned, some killed in the water and some on the shore, and the rest surrendered.

It was stated that at first the negro troops cried, "Remember Fort Pillow!" and tried to shoot down our men, but white United States troops had arrived and rescued them.

As I recall the scene after fifty years, it all comes before my eyes as clearly as if it were but a short time ago. The change of program placed us fellows in the boats in a far different position from that which we had anticipated, for now we had to sit calmly under direct fire from the shore, to which, in our eagerness to rescue our poor fellows, we had approached pretty elose. Yet there was no hesitation upon the part of any; all took the situation as it was, and the men were promptly pulled into the boats and suceessfully landed on the vessels. I wonder how many of my young messmates who commanded the boats for rescue are alive. There were Past Midshipman Deas, Past Midshipman Carroll, Midshipman Lee, Past Midshipman Jordan, and Midshipman Johnson, son of Captain Johnson, who commanded the Tennessee in the battle of the Lower Bay (Captain Bennett was the commander of the Nashville). The names of the lieutenants and other officers have escaped my mind.

That night was a sorry one for all of us. A retreat was made for Mobile, where the ironclads Huntsville and Tuscaloosa were sunk in the channel, the navy yard burned, and by its light the Nashville and Morgan, joined by the Baltie, a ram, the Southern Republic, a transport, the Virgin, a blockade runner and years afterwards the Virginius, commanded by Captain Fry in the filibustering expedition to Cuba, where he lost his life—as I say, after being joined by these vessels and having the officers and men of the destroyed gunboats, with their stores and provisions, divided among the vessels, all proceeded up the Alabama River, then up the Tombigbee to Demopolis, Ala. Although the river was deep, it was narrow and crooked. Our vessels were long and wide, and every once in a while we were into the bank, first on one side and then on the other. We did not care to get too close to a bank, as the sailors, knowing that the "jig was up," would jump ashore and leave us. One night we were obliged to "tie up" to the bank, and a guard of some ten marines was placed on the shore to keep the men on board. As I now recall, the next morning the whole guard and a lot of men had gone. In justice to our Southern men I will explain here that the men before the mast, or sailors, in the Confederate navy were, as a rule, not Americans at all, but Scotch, Irish, English, Italian, German, etc.—all soldiers of fortune. There did not seem to be an excess of "fortune" in our service, as a day's liberty ashore easily consumed a month's pay—Confederate money. One could easily understand why they did not care to risk a Yankee prison. I will do these men the justice to say that they never were backward when a fight was on hand.

We young men "killed time" some days by going ashore to have a hunt or to try to buy some fresh provisions or played poker in our quarters for coffee as chips; and, discipline being a little set aside, some of our junior lieutenants would be humble enough to ask to join us in the game for Confederate money, worth then about the paper upon which it was printed. To illustrate this money question, about a month before the battles of Spanish Fort and Fort Blakely I was ashore with one of my young messmates at Mobile. Passing by the Battle House, I suggested that we go into the barroom and take "something." Seeing a friend across the street, a young officer of the Pelham Cadets, I beckoned to him to join us. He brought a friend over with him. I put down on the counter a $20 Confederate bill for payment, and the barkeeper smilingly said, "That's all right," as he put the $20 in his cash drawer.

I don't remember how long it took the vessels to reach Demopolis, but we young fellows made a sort of a pleasure journey of it. The weather was charming. It was about the middle of April, 1865. The trees along the banks of the river were just covering their limbs with a lovely green, and the birds were singing merrily as they flew from bough to bough. At night the vessels were tied up to a stump along the shore, rather an undignified position for a man-of-war. It may be that under the surrounding conditions a "calm and peace" had come into the soul of our commander, and his mind no longer dwelt on war. During the night one's ear would be charmed by the sweet strains of the mocking bird. The swash of the water as it rapidly flowed against the sides of the vessel also tended to soothe the troubled mind. All suggested peace, rest of body and mind, and joy entered the soul. All nature called for peace, and "only man was vile"; not the Confederate man, the Yankee man, who had given us such a drubbing down on Mobile Bay. So, sailing along all day and meeting many difficulties on account of the narrow river, with its many sharp turns and rapid current, our small fleet struggled along toward Demopolis.

Upon one especially pleasant evening, shortly after our vessel had been tied up to a stump, the junior young men were seated under the awning on deck for their usual smoke and social talk when attention was called to an object just appearing in sight away up the river. As it came nearer, this proved to be a canoe, or dugout, in which were a negro man seated in the stern and a negro woman in the bow; in the center there was what appeared to be a large-sized trunk. This outfit made quite a picture framed against the bank of the river just across, upon which was the reflection from the setting sun. As the canoe approached the vessel its bow was pointed in toward it, and when close alongside the negro man hailed us: "Ain't you-all's Yankee man's boat?" I will explain that, on account of the action of salt water upon the gray, the fatigue uniform in the navy was blue. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that this poor fellow should fall into this error, and it is assumed that he knew nothing about the flag.

"You are all right; come right on board," sang out one of the young men and added to the quartermaster of the watch. "Pass those people along aft; also unload the trunk and send it to our quarters."

The faces of our coming guests indicated that they did not seem to appreciate entirely the fulsomeness of the welcome and also did not look with much joy upon the taking of the trunk on board and the altogether rushing methods by which they had been transferred on board. However, the two

darkies with eyes wide open came aft to where the party was seated. The young men had been a little down-hearted prior to this incident, although chatting and joking to keep up a cheerful exterior. It must be confessed that the outlook for the future was not very bright for these boys, the oldest being hardly out of his teens; yet it was, indeed, a more serious proposition for the seniors, who were in their quarters, most likely realizing to a greater extent the situation. The arrival of these negroes suggested some fun. The senior officer, a bright young fellow who was up to all kinds of pranks when off duty, proceeded to interview the man: "Well, uncle, you want to join us Yankees, do you? Do you want to join the army or the navy? I expect you would like to attach yourselves to the mess table as soon as possible. Tell us all about it. Who are you, and where did you come from?"

This darky was middle-aged, as black as a crow, and looked like a "green one." It developed that he had "see-seeded" from his master, his mistress, his little master, and his little mistress for good, as he expressed it, and had "brought his old woman along."

Upon being asked what he had in that big trunk, he said. "Clothes, old duds, mine and Chloe's," and added, "Some provender, as we-all may be some time gittin' to Mobile, 'way down the river. We would be hungry on the way, Master Captain," promoting our past midshipman to a captain on the spot. Then something seemed to come into his mind, and he suddenly said: "Master Captain, we must be moving. Will you-all have the men put the trunk back in the dugout?"

But Sam was told not to be rushed, for the moon would soon be up and would light his way down the most picturesque of rivers, and that all who came out of the Rebel country had to take the oath and be initiated; so, directing that the lodge room be gotten ready, the senior passed below with Mr. Carroll to plan the suddenly conceived scheme. In a short time the mess servants summoned the rest of us, and the negroes were taken into the steerage quarters of the young officers on board ship. All the light ports had been darkened, and on the mess table and all about the room were placed many lighted candles; also in front of the "captain" was conspicuously displayed a ghastly skull. This had been hastily borrowed from the surgeon of the ship.

The "candidate" was directed to stand close to the "captain," and the other members of this solemn lodge were ordered to different positions about the room, two to be inner and outer guards, to insure that the game be not interrupted. The expression of the woman's face was a study as she watched with anxious eyes her lord and master being put through the "first degree." The senior officer said: "Now, Mr. Candidate, are you a member of any society?"

"Ise a member of the Methodist Church, Master Captain. That's all the society I belongs to and knows nothing about, sir."

"Well, that is all right, Sam. Now [picking up the skull in his hands] hold this in your hands and repeat after me." * * *

"Master Captain, I swears before God I does not choose to have nothing to do with such. No, sir! No, sir!"

"Well, Sam, if you are afraid to hold this, I will hold it before you while you repeat after me: 'Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well.'"

The expression on the faces of both darkies was irresistible, and the crowd had difficulty in repressing their laughter. In this wise Sam was carried through the "second degree," and then the officer, speaking sternly to the negro, said: "Upon examination of the trunk we found, Sam, that the contents were other than old clothes and 'provender.' Now, on account of that, we have decided to bestow upon you a third degree. All newcomers are not considered worthy to have so high an honor. Mr. Worthy High Initiator, you will bring in the properties necessary for use in bestowing this degree, and, hark you, sir, see that your muscles be in good shape, and let this act be such as is becoming to so justly deserving a candidate.

The "high initiator" rolled in a barrel and brought in his hand what is known on board ship as a "cat." The "captain" said: "Now, Sam, these four gentlemen will assist you to a position on this barrel favorable to your receiving as comfortably as possible the 'third degree'; and you, sirs, will each take a firm hold of a limb of the candidate to insure his maintaining the proper position."

This degree was fittingly administered, the mess servant being a husky fellow and seeming to enjoy doing his duty upon this special occasion. As soon as released the candidate was on his feet. He was then searched, and a one-dollar greenback bill was found on him. The "captain" handed it to the mess servant, saying to the negro: "This is your initiation fee. We always give these fees to the chief initiator. Do you observe?" That negro was like "the little boy the calf ran over and had not a word to say." Then Jordan—for it was Past Midshipman Jordan who was acting as captain—changed his manner and tone and said: "You darned thieving nigger, get you to your boat with your woman. I will see that the property you intended to steal is returned and will also inform the owner that we 'put you through' and gave you the best we had in the shop. If we are Yankees, we do not condone niggers stealing from their masters or from white people. It may be encouraged by the army—I do not believe it is—but in the navy, no, sir." Walking up to the deck, he commanded: "Quartermaster, put these niggers into their boat and shove her off."

"Aye, aye, sir," came from the deck.

This trunk was found to contain a large amount of valuable property—silverware, jewelry, and handsome articles of wearing apparel. On the trunk were the name and the address of a gentleman who, it was later ascertained, lived on a plantation some miles up the river. The trunk and contents were returned to the owner the next day as we passed the landing. It was upon the discovery of the trunk's contents that the young men decided to carry what was first intended as a joke to a greater extent. These young men were all gentlemen and would not have imposed any needless cruelty upon a man on account of his color.

Quite a saddened couple departed from those whom they still believed to be their much-devoted friends, the Yankees. As the dugout was pointed down the river, the woman was seated in the bow, the man kneeling, not sitting down, paddling for life for Mobile. The negro man had on a cut-down plug hat, the top resewed on with white cotton yarn. Three weeks later, when stepping from the Southern Republic, the transport that brought us prisoners to Mobile, among the first negroes I noticed (and the woods were full of them) was this same darky, who still wore the plug hat with the top sewed on with white cotton yarn. I did not, however, renew acquaintance with Sam on that occasion.

The question can well be asked: "How could such a proceeding as described come to pass aboard a well-regulated man-of-war?" The answer is that discipline was considerably set aside in those final days. Commander Ferran was no doubt in his quarters and, like the other senior officers, seri-

ously occupied with speculations of the future. The petty officers and others before the mast were mostly common sailors, also foreigners, and their aim was to get away from the vessel as soon as they could, fearing a Yankee prison. They had served four years and done hard work. They did not pay attention to what was going on. The officer of the deck was one of those engaged in the mischief. One can assume that no report would be put on the ship's log except as to the recovery of the trunk. .

It afterwards developed that the other vessels had been visited by large parties of negroes, who, laboring under error, had been received by the crews on the forecastle, passed along, given a gentle application of the "cat," and then passed out at the stern of the ship Those going aboard, not meeting those coming off, did not have an opportunity of comparing notes and were not undeceived as to the character of the vessel; so they must have thought: "Alas! has it been an enemy who has done me this wrong?"

The days passed pleasantly as we proceeded to our destination. No one had to be told that we were just running into a *cul-de-sac,* where the Federals could catch us whenever they desired to do so. We had "lashings" to feed on, salt horse, salt pork, molasses, hard-tack, navy beans, rice, coffee, sugar—everything. The purser had cleared out the navy storehouse before we left Mobile. Our ship steward would take a boat, and while we were crossing from one side of the river to the other in our efforts to proceed and forage for fresh meat, vegetables, milk, chickens, eggs, etc., exchanging salt products for them, the planters declined our Confederate money, saying that they preferred the meat. Then "grog" was issued three times a day. This did not especially interest us young fellows, but "Jack" was in his element. One could hear him as he passed along: "'Tis splicing the main brace quite continuous, me boy. Say, ain't it grand!"

This picture is quite different from what the writer could paint, perhaps, had fate placed him in the army during those fateful times, and he most fully appreciates the contrast and has a sympathetic feeling for those who experienced the hardships after the surrender; and this is not related with any feeling of elation, but as a matter of history. These pleasant conditions did, indeed, mitigate the situation and kept at all times from more fully recognizing our possibly deplorable future condition.

Coming again to "our mutton," Demopolis was finally reached by the little fleet. During the few days spent in that village the ladies were especially kind to the men who were inclined to accept their hospitality. It goes without saying that the young fellows got all the pleasure possible out of the opportunity. Mrs. McDonald, a lady who had two handsome daughters—just like herself, for she was most gracious, charming, and handsome—was very hospitable and invited some of us to strawberries and cream. Just think what it was to us to eat strawberries and cream out of real china plates with silver spoons and to drink cool lemonade from cut glass tumblers offered by lovely maidens who had beautiful eyes, rosy lips, and altogether engaging manners! No wonder that the surgeon of the Morgan and I lingered some time after the others had gone.

We walked to the wharf that night (the Morgan and Nashville were anchored out in the river), and the doctor hailed for a boat which was to drop me at my vessel. The officer in charge of the boat told me that the Nashville had dropped down the river about a mile and added: "You can just walk along the bank; you will find a fence across the road, but there is a gate." There was a sort of smile on this young fellow's face as he talked. I parted from my friends and struck out down the river. The fence soon came in view; and as the gate was a large double one, I climbed over the fence. On the other side there were an avenue of fine trees and a good drive leading from the large double gate. Everything seemed suddenly to strike me as being very quiet. A breeze was blowing gently and set the leaves to talking softly. In a short time there appeared tall white objects. "By George," said I to myself, "I am in a graveyard, and it is the witching hour of midnight! Alone in a graveyard and at midnight!" Such a place had no special charm for me even in the daytime. My legs seemed to move more rapidly, my eyes straining longingly for the signal light of that Nashville. Did not that fellow say a mile down the river? Suffering Moses! A mile is a long distance. The swash of the water against the bank, the soft whispering of the leaves on the trees, a rabbit running across the path, there came a chilly feeling up the backbone. Now, something appears, a misty white cloud, flitting from tree to tree and from tombstone to tombstone, dodging about. What the devil is that? I had read all about will-o'-the-wisp, and science explains that it is simply the gases escaping from freshly decomposing bodies; yet the thought of dead bodies just at that particular time and hour and my being all alone did not give me courage. Great guns! to be surrounded by fresh dead bodies in a graveyard! All that one knows from reading is well enough in daytime, but one's mind does not seem to be able to think coolly under certain conditions. Midnight alone in a graveyard, when everything seems to be whispering and mourning about (maybe that lemonade has affected the brain), all sorts of funny sensations come to a young fellow. Lord! there is the light of the Nashville, but where is the voice with which to hail? "Nashville, ahoy!" came very weak and quavering, yet seemed to be heard on board, for here came a boat, with my chum Carroll in command, who wanted to know, as I stumbled into the boat, what the devil was the matter. Matter enough. I was scared to death, but recovered in the society of three live bodies. I explained to Carroll what it was, and he wanted to go ashore and investigate. "Not on your life," said this brave young man. "There is a bottle of 'pine top' in my locker on board. Let us get a move to it. A gentle bend of the elbow or two with some live fellows will take away this sort of chill."

On the 8th of May, 1865, the fleet set sail down the Tombigbee River, after our young officers had spent a pleasant social time with the good ladies of Demopolis, who did all they could to entertain and cheer us. We arrived on the 9th of May at Nanna Hubba Bluff, where we found the United States gunboat Cincinnati, Captain Brown, and others of the United States navy. On the evening of the 10th of May, 1865, everything having been arranged, our vessels were formally surrendered, and immediately the officers and men were mixed in happy, social affiliation. I know that I found myself in the quarters of the young officers on board the Cincinnati drinking iced wine and smoking Havana cigars, having eaten a "square" meal with them as an honored guest. The seniors of our vessels had in many instances met old classmates and messmates in the officers of the United States fleet to whom we had surrendered. That night the Southern Republic, loaded with officers and crews of the captured Confederates, steamed down the romantic Tombigbee, all hands cheering the United States fellows as she passed, and some one was playing on a calliope, "O, ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness!"

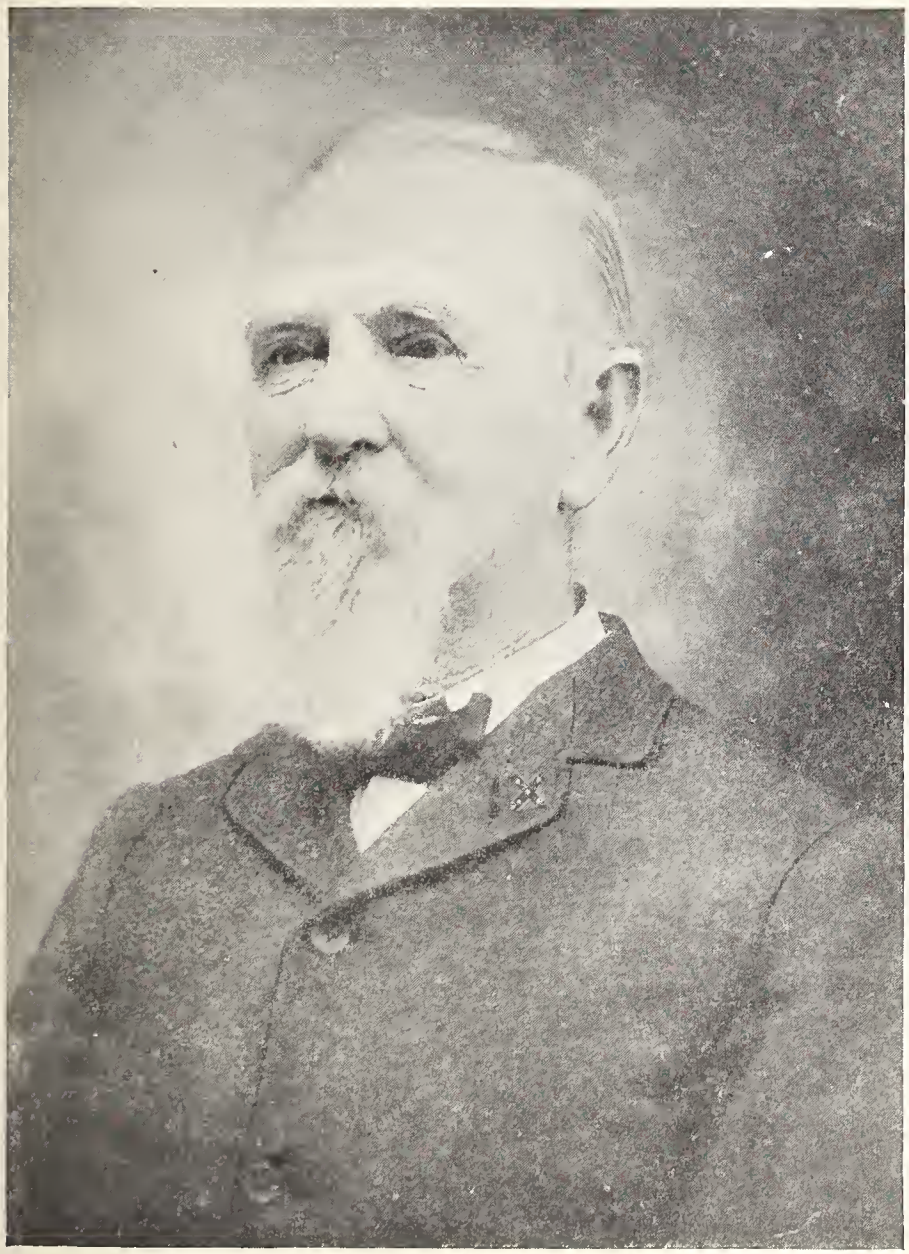
COMMANDER OF THE FAMOUS COBB'S BATTERY.

Repeated and persistent requests reaching Mrs. Virginia Cobb for a biographical sketch of her distinguished husband, the late lamented Maj. Robert Cobb, of Cobb's Battery fame, have elicited for the CONFEDERATE VETERAN the following brief recital of just such chronology and incidents in his notable career as would be in harmony with the characteristic simplicity of this greatly beloved man, hero, and soldier:

"Robert Cobb was born in Lyon County, Ky., the oldest son of Robert Livingston Cobb and Cornelia Barbour (Mims) Cobb. He was educated at the Trigg Male Seminary under the teaching of Quintus M. Tyler and at the Western Military Institute, of which Col. Bushrod Johnson was superintendent. He studied law one term at the University of Virginia, class of 1855-56, and had only begun the practice of law when the War between the States commenced. Volunteering in the Confederate States provisional army at Camp Boone, Tenn., in June, 1861, he was elected first lieutenant of Company F, 3d Kentucky Infantry, of which Lloyd Tilghman (afterwards brigadier general) was colonel, Hylan B. Lyon (afterwards brigadier general) being elected captain of the company.

"In September, 1861, Gen. S. B. Buckner, having been assigned to the command of the Kentucky brigade formed at Camp Boone and a Tennessee brigade formed at Camp Trousdale and some other regiments, transferred Lyon's company temporarily, as was supposed, to the artillery service. For the movement on Bowling Green the company was supplied with the six bronze guns taken from Paducah south and turned over to General Polk in West Tennessee. The guns having belonged to Kentucky, it was said, were made from Mexican gun metal composing the cannon captured by Kentuckians during the war between that country and the United States.

"In February, 1862, Captain Lyon was made colonel of the 8th Infantry and subsequently brigadier general in the provisional army, and Lieutenant Cobb became the captain of the company, by election of the men, and which he himself requested and obtained an order for through Gen. John C. Breckinridge from Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Murfreesboro, Tenn., in March, 1862.



R. Cobb, Maj. Artillery C. S. A.

"The company's first engagement in battle was at Shiloh, April 6, 1862, after which it was permanently detached from the 3d Kentucky Infantry and on orders from Gen. John C. Breckinridge, commanding the reserve division of the army at Corinth, formally named Cobb's Battery, which name it bore to the end of the war.

"On the 22d of February, 1864, Captain Cobb was promoted to major of artillery after application made by General Breckinridge after Chickamauga, approved by General Bragg and Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Dalton, Ga., approved by General Pendleton, chief inspector of artillery, and was assigned by General Johnston to the command of the battalion of artillery composed of Slocum's 5th company, Washington Artillery of New Orleans, Mebane's Tennessee Battery, and Cobb's Battery, commanded by Capt. Frank P. Gracey, successor to Captain Cobb.

"Captain Cobb commanded the battery at Shiloh, Vicksburg (siege of 1862), Baton Rouge, Hartsville Landing, Tenn., Murfreesboro, Jackson, Miss. (July 12, 1863), Chickamauga, as battalion commander at Missionary Ridge, at Rocky Face Gap, Resaca, Dalton, Ga. (May 28, 1864), Kennesaw Mountain, Atlanta (July 22, 1864), and Jonesboro, and participated in the many minor engagements in the one hundred and twenty days' campaign in Georgia under Generals Johnston and Hood. The battalion in this campaign was under fire ninety of the one hundred and twenty days.

"Lieut. W. E. Brothers was in several of the same engagements, and he says: 'Major Cobb was a gallant gentleman, and a braver or more intrepid fighter never wore uniform.'

"The bare record, of course, cannot give an idea of the hard fighting and the gallant conduct of Major Cobb in every engagement in which he

took part, but it is well known that the name of Cobb's Battery became a synonym throughout the Southern armies for intrepid fighting and deadly efficiency.

"At the close of the war, bearing gracefully and modestly the honors of his well-earned renown, Major Cobb, against rivals innumerable and fervid, besought, captivated, and married Miss Virginia Walker, a typical Southern belle, daughter of Col. John Allen Walker, a wealthy planter of Monroe County, Miss. The first year of their marriage was spent at the Walker mansion, where Major Cobb engaged his skill in the direction of reorganizing the interrupted plantation life and activities of the vast Walker estates. Returning with his bride to his native State of Kentucky, he established his home in Paducah, where his brilliancy as an advocate and orator soon won him fame in the profession of the law, and this same fame on a greater scale he reëstablished and maintained throughout his thirty years' residence in Wichita Falls, Tex.

"Major Cobb stood for all the best traditions of the Old South and the progress of the new. His hobbies were a defense of the principles for which the South unsheathed the sword and the unbiased and dependable history that shall transmit and perpetuate the truth till time shall be no more.

"The sacrifices made, the conspicuous bravery displayed upon uncounted battle fields of four years' fiercest of warfare, the long, exemplary life as a private citizen as an enrichment of history, aside from a just tribute to a glorious memory, call for a more extended narrative.

"The following incident was often related by Major Cobb as a striking instance of a very narrow escape from a Yankee bullet: 'During an engagement of the Georgia campaign, which lasted many days, and in a lull of firing by the enemy, Major Cobb espied the inviting root of a large tree which tempted him to use it for a pillow. Hanging his sword in the tree and divesting himself of his coat, which he rolled up and placed upon the old gnarled root, he stretched himself out for a much-needed rest. Just as he had done so he saw General Breckinridge approaching. Springing to his feet and hastening into his coat, he saluted his general. Almost at the same time a shot came tearing through the tree, striking the sword as it fell at their feet, and at the same time plowing its way through the old root where his head had rested just a few moments before. General Breckinridge congratulated him upon his narrow escape, which was due to his military discipline in springing to his feet to salute his superior officer.'

"In 1892 Major Cobb was appointed Major General to command the Department of Northwest Texas, U. C. V., and served as such for five years."

Battle of New Orleans, 1815.—At the battle of New Orleans, in which the British veterans under General Pakenham were defeated with great slaughter by the Americans under General Jackson, the "Hunting Shirt Men," from Kentucky and Tennessee, were particularly murderous with their rifles. A regiment of Scotch Highlanders, greatly distinguished for its bravery throughout Wellington's Peninsular Campaign and at Waterloo, was ordered to charge and dislodge the backwoodsmen. The regiment started off boldly enough, but very soon stopped and retired. To the general's question, "What stopped you?" the colonel replied: "Bullets, mon; bullets! Auld Julius Cæsar himself wouldn't have charged those devils."—*From "Dixie Book of Days."*

THE DOUBLE-BARRELED CANNON.

JAMES W. CAMAK, IN MAGAZINE OF ANTIQUE FIREARMS.

The city of Athens, Ga., is the owner of one of the most unique relics of the War between the States in existence. It is a double-barreled cannon, the only one in the United States and perhaps the only one in the world. It stands in the park in front of the City Hall, pointing north from the hill overlooking the peaceful valley of the Oconee, as it was intended to do in the sixties to protect the Confederate armory at Athens from Sherman's invaders. There it stands, its voice as mute as those who cast it half a century ago, a relic of the dead past and an object of curiosity to tourists who visit the classic city of the State of Georgia.

The cannon was invented by Dr. John Gilleland, a dentist of Jackson County, Ga., and was cast at the Athens Foundry and Machine Works during the War between the States. The gun is about four feet long with a bore about three inches in diameter, the axis of each barrel being inclined at a very slight angle from the other, the reason for which will be explained later. It has three touch holes, one for each barrel, by which they could be fired independently of each other, and one in the center connecting with both barrels which would fire them simultaneously.

The gun was intended for the use of chain shot. While the use of chain shot in naval warfare for the cutting of sails and rigging of sailing vessels was an old idea, this gun involved a new principle. In the old method the two balls chained together were fired from the same barrel and circled round each other in their flight. In this gun the two balls, chained together, were to be fired at the same instant, one from each of the two barrels set at slight angles to each other. As the balls separated, the chain would be drawn tight; then they would travel parallel to each other, the chain between, like an immense scythe, cutting down a whole row of troops.

But, like many other scientific theories, it would not work in practice; it was a failure. It was found almost impossible to make both barrels explode at exactly the same instant, in which case the ball that left the barrel first, being held back by the chain, would swing round in a circle before starting on its onward journey, making it as dangerous to be behind the gun as in front. When both barrels did happen to explode exactly together, no chain was found strong enough to hold the balls together in flight. With their tendency to separate the chain always snapped and the balls parted company. Once in trial practice with a very strong chain between the balls it made a successful shot. A thicket of young pines at which it was aimed looked as if a narrow cyclone or a giant mowing machine had passed through. In one respect only was it successful. At short range with both barrels loaded with canister or grape shot and fired at the same time it would, like a bell-mouthed blunderbuss, scatter bullets over an acre of ground and obliterate any body of troops charging directly upon it.

It was used in only one skirmish. That was when Sherman in his march through Georgia sent Stoneman and his raiders to burn Athens. Then the old cannon on the hills three miles from town helped to beat them off. In that skirmish it was loaded with shell without the chain, but it was not accurate.

The carriage on which the gun now stands is not the original one, but a reproduction as near as possible of the original.

This is the history of the famous double-barreled cannon of Athens, Ga., a gun that in time of peace has acquired a reputation that it failed to make for itself in time of war.

THROUGH MEXICO IN 1865.

BY W. H. BRADLEY, FRESNO, CAL.

[This article is a continuation of that which appeared in the VETERAN for December, page 551. Conditions in Mexico now, fifty years later, are even worse, with little prospect of early relief for that war-ridden country.]

We remained in Monterey five days, but before leaving our command we divided, fifty-two of us going west to the Pacific Coast and the remainder, including nearly all of the high officials, going south to the City of Mexico. Our fifty-two men were under the command of Col. Ben Elliott, one of the old brigade. My company had the only wagon in the little command, so we hauled the baggage and rations for all of the boys. The first place of importance we came to was Saltillo, a small town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants, but a very pretty little place, about fifteen miles west of Monterey. It was well built, nearly all the buildings being of adobe brick and covered with tile roofing and all one story high. The country surrounding was good; but, as in the other Mexican country we had seen, very little farming was done.

We went into camp about three miles west of Saltillo for the night, broke camp very early the next morning, and started on our march; for on that day we would reach a very important part of the country that we wanted to see very much, and we wanted plenty of time to have a good look at it. At about nine o'clock on this morning we arrived at the old Buena Vista battle field. There was no town there, nothing but a ranch house and a few buildings around it, and at this house were General Taylor's headquarters. It was at the east end of the battle field, and from there it sloped a little toward the west, but otherwise was very level. Almost as far as you could see west and about four miles north and south both sides of the field had abrupt or steep bluffs, with an opening every three or four hundred yards wide enough for twenty or twenty-five men to pass through abreast.

On the morning of the battle General Taylor's men were near the ranch house, and Gen. Santa Anna's army was about twelve miles west. (The position of troops and a description of the fight were shown and explained to us by a Mr. Green, who was in the battle.) Gen. Santa Anna claimed to have twenty thousand men, and General Taylor had five thousand. They were within a few miles of each other from daylight until eleven o'clock before the fighting began; but they finally got together, and it was hard for a time for them. One regiment of Mexicans came up on the outside of the north bluff and through one of the openings and struck the three Indiana regiments in the rear, and they gave way. But just then Jeff Davis, with his regiment of Mississippi troops, went after the Mexicans and drove them back. We were very much interested in what we were told and saw at this place. In going over the battle field we found a great many relics which told us very plainly that a great battle had been fought at this place; and we knew that a great many who had fought this battle were from our own Southland, that some of them had lost their lives at this place, and that many more had been wounded and died or were marred for life. Sad thoughts they were at this place!

We left the battle field about four o'clock in the evening and went about seven miles to a good spring of water and camped for the night, thinking we had seen enough for that day. The next day we passed through a portion of country where a little farming was done. The Mexicans were gathering their wheat, and their method was something new to us. The men went ahead and pulled the wheat from the ground, roots and all, and piled it in small bunches, when the women came and tied those bunches with strings. At another place we saw the women threshing the wheat out with sticks and separating the wheat and chaff when the wind blew hard. We spent a good deal of time watching those Mexicans harvesting their crop of wheat, and we camped that night right amongst them. After we were in camp, the Mexican women brought us vegetables, milk, and butter and would not take any pay. We also got some green fodder for our horses from the men, and neither would they take anything for it. We were somewhat surprised by this, for we had heard that the women would give to white men, but that Mexican men would give nothing to us; but this was only an exception and the only time that the men gave us anything, though the women always did.

Thus far in our travels through Mexico the country had been very level and most of it good soil, but with very little farming. The cause for this, we presumed, was that the land was all owned by the wealthy class, and the poor, or peon class, had nothing at all and had to work for their lords or masters for whatever they chose to give. In this little farming community there seemed to be a few favorite ones who had been allowed a small piece of land each and some spare time in which to cultivate their own little crops, and as soon as that was done they would have to go back to their old jobs of herding cattle; so it will be seen that the large majority of Mexicans (say nine-tenths of them) were nothing but slaves, and their condition was worse than that of the slaves of the South before the war.

After leaving this little settlement of farmers, we traveled through a sparsely settled country for nearly three days. All that we saw were immense droves of cattle and a few horses. Through this strip of country our horses did their part very well. There was very little feed for them, but we got through all right. We were going a little north of west on the evening of the third day when we reached Parros, a small place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, and I think there were only two persons there who could talk or understand the English language. We stayed at Parros for two days. It was a great place for gambling, and all kinds of games of chance were in full blast. We were very much interested. One game in particular interested us—the game of roulette. It was the first of the kind we had ever seen. This was played on a table with a groove all around it in which to roll a ball, and on the outside of the groove were painted figures, letters, pictures, and an eagle. A person could bet on anything he wanted to, but the owner proposed to pay sixteen to one on the eagle—that is, if you put one dollar on the eagle and the ball stopped there, you received sixteen dollars. Five or six of us looked on at the game for some time, and finally one of our boys bet one hundred dollars on the eagle, took the ball, rolled it around the table, and it stopped at the eagle. The owner refused to pay the sixteen hundred dollars, so we all drew our pistols and told him that if he did not pay, and do it immediately, we would kill him then and there. He seemed to realize that we meant what we said, for he opened a safe and took out one hundred pieces of gold, each piece worth sixteen dollars, and gave it to our comrade. The Mexicans are great gamblers; but if they lose, they will not pay unless compelled to.

The next place of importance was Durango, at the eastern base of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Durango was a beautiful city of about twenty thousand population, and there was

more wealth in it than in all the other Mexican cities we had passed through. It was situated very near to several of the richest silver mines in Mexico, and the owners of all of them lived in Durango. There were some very fine buildings there, the finest and best we had seen in the country, and one especially should be mentioned. That was a cathedral built of adobe brick, plastered, the outside being covered with tile. In front there was a porch supported by four pillars, eighteen inches square and fourteen feet high, built of solid bricks of silver donated by those wealthy mine owners that lived in the city.

We had seen no army from either side from the time we left Monterey, where we left the French, until we arrived at Durango, where we found the French again in possession. The war in Mexico at that time was not very hotly contested by either side. We had up to this time been in the country about six weeks, traveled nearly through the country from east to west, and had not seen a single battle and only two armies, both of them on the same side. We had now reached the eastern base of the Sierra Madre Mountains; and as we could not use our wagon and team any longer, we sold it for $850, which was $200 more than we paid for it. We had lost one of our men, so the $850 was divided between twenty-five men; and we had more than enough provisions left to last us till we reached the Pacific Coast, so we sold some in Durango.

Leaving Durango on the morning of the 15th of August, by eleven o'clock we were on the summit of the mountain, and while in camp there a pack train of small mules passed on the way to Durango. They seemed to have no load on them, but later we learned that each mule carried two bars of silver weighing seventy-five pounds each. We broke camp and began descending the mountain on the west, or Pacific, side, and during the afternoon we descended thirteen hundred and fifty feet. Before sundown we were in the valley of Mazatlan River, in a small Mexican town, the name of which I do not now remember. We camped there for the night and resumed our march early the next morning. This portion of the country was more thickly settled than any we had passed through, and there was a great deal of fruit, especially peaches and grapes. We were now moving down a river valley, very wide and rich, but the natives had no farming implements. Their plows were made of the forked limb of a tree, and to one part of the fork the team was hitched, the back end being used as a handle. On the bottom of the fork was the plow, a small piece of iron three inches wide and eight inches long. With this plow two men and one yoke of oxen could plow one acre of land in three days. The principal crop was corn and cotton, although a great deal of fruit was raised, principally oranges, lemons, peaches, and grapes.

We arrived at Mazatlan on the afternoon of the 17th of August, 1865, and disbanded our little command of fifty-two Confederate soldiers, being the last remnant of the famous Confederate army which had contended against a vastly superior force for four years. I am proud that I am one of the last of an organized remnant of the Confederate army.

A short account of what I saw of warfare in Mexico may be of interest. On the last day of September, at a little town twenty-five miles south of Mazatlan, I witnessed a battle between two Mexican armies—Imperialist (13,500) and Liberals (1,300 strong). I had a good position from the second story of a cotton factory with a spyglass. The armies were about eight hundred yards distant. They had no artillery nor cavalry. They commenced in the morning at nine o'clock, and by 4 P.M. the battle was ended. They did a great deal of shooting and very little execution. The loss on both sides was nine and seventeen wounded, making in all twenty-six. These armies bore flintlock muskets; but I think the Mexican is a failure as a soldier, no matter how you fix him. Twenty-six of the Confederates joined the Liberal army after we had been in Mexico some three months, and sixteen of these boys got in a fight with a regiment of Imperial Mexicans, eight hundred strong, in a little town near Mazatlan. The Americans were armed with army rifles and the Mexicans with flintlock muskets. The Americans never let the Mexicans get nearer to them than two hundred and fifty yards. The Mexicans followed the Americans about a mile, losing nearly two hundred in killed and wounded, while not one of the Americans was hurt.

One more incident of Confederate bravery, and I am through. The John L. Stevens, a steamship, was at that time running from San Francisco to Mazatlan and up to Guaymas, on the Gulf of California. She would come from San Francisco to Mazatlan, thence to Guaymas, back to Mazatlan, and then back to 'Frisco. The French at that time were cooped up in Mazatlan and could get nothing from the outside in the shape of food for the troops or feed for their horses; so their supplies were coming from San Francisco on this steamship. The steamer was an American vessel, but she had no right to carry contraband goods to the French. The Mexicans wanted her captured, but could not do it themselves; so the Americans agreed to capture the vessel for them. The Mexicans furnished the Americans transportation across the Gulf of California, about twenty-five miles north of Cape St. Lucas, the lower end of Lower California. The steamer always stopped at Cape St. Lucas for her beef. Arriving there at midnight, it would anchor about a mile from shore and send boats out for the beef. The Americans were ready and captured the boats and crew as soon as they landed, left the crew under guard, then took the boats and boarded the steamer and had her captured. Some went back after the crew and their guard, while the rest held the small portion of the crew that was awake until the boats returned. They then had the anchor hauled on board and ordered the captain to take the vessel up the Gulf and not to go by Mazatlan. At daylight all the contraband goods were thrown overboard into the Gulf, and the Americans took all the money that belonged to the steamer, but did not take anything from the passengers, bonded the steamer for $25,000, made the captain land them up the Gulf where they had left their horses, and then reported to their command. The expedition was a success in every particular, and the John L. Stevens did not carry any more contraband goods to the French while we were in Mexico.

We reached San Francisco on the 16th of April, 1866, and went to Santa Clara County, where we stayed until the 21st of September, then started for home. We crossed the Isthmus on the opposite route, went through Nicaragua twelve miles by land on the Pacific side, then across Lake Nicaragua ninety miles, and thence down the San Juan River one hundred and fifty miles to the Pacific Ocean. Halfway down the river there was a fall of about three feet in five hundred yards, so we had to change boats below the falls. Noticing the hull of an old boat, I asked a native about it, and he told me it was one of Gen. William Walker's boats that he lost in his invasion of Central America several years previous to that time. We arrived all right at Greytown, where we

had to remain thirteen days for the New York steamer. Greytown at that time had a population of about twenty-five hundred and no vehicles of any kind, all transportation being done with pack mules. The streets, which were wide and good, were all covered with grass, with a narrow footpath on each side for the accommodation of the footmen. The steamer arrived at last, and after about twelve hours we were all aboard for the United States. We met a terrible gale rounding Florida Keys and were blown back nearly to Havana, Cuba. From the effects of this storm we were obliged to put into Charleston, S. C., for coal and repairs. Here four hundred and fifty of us, soldiers and Western passengers, left the steamer and made the rest of the trip by rail. From Charleston we went to Augusta and Atlanta, Ga., Chattanooga and Nashville, Tenn., and from there to St Louis, thence to Northwest Missouri, our old home, that we had been away from for so long; but we were alive and in good health, for which we were thankful.

The Burial of Shelby's Flag.

[Just after crossing the Rio Grande in beginning this remarkable expedition into Mexico on the morning of July 5, 1865, it was decided to unfurl the tattered Confederate flag they had carried through their campaign and bury it in the depths of the Rio Grande. The torn flag was spread out and held some time by Colonels Elliott and Gordon and Lieutenants Slayback and Blackwell, and they then took it over the smooth, glistening surface of the water; and, with uncovered heads and a few words by Shelby and his comrades, the banner was sunk in its depths. Soon after this Lieutenant Slayback described the solemn scene by the following poem:]

A July sun in a torrid clime
  Gleamed on an exile band
That in suits of gray stood in mute array
  On the banks of the Rio Grande.
They were dusty and faint with their long, drear ride,
And they paused when they came to the riverside;
For its wavelets divide with their flowing tide
Their own dear land of youth, hope, pride,
And comrades' graves who in vain had died
From a stranger's home in a land untried.

Above them waved the Confederate flag
  With its fatal cross of stars
That had always been in the battle din
  Like the pennon of potent Mars.
And there curved from the crest of their leader a plume
That the brave had followed in joy and gloom,
That was ever in sight in the hottest fight,
A flaunting dare for a soldier's tomb,
For the marksman's aim and the cannon's boom;
But it bore a charm from the hand of doom.

Forth stepped the leader then and said
  To the faithful few around:
"This tattered flag is the only rag
  That floats on Dixie's ground.
And the plume I tear from the hat I wear
Of all my spoils is my only share;
And, brave men, I swear that no foe shall dare
To lay his hand on our standard there.
Its folds were braided by fingers fair;
'Tis the emblem now of their deep despair.
Its cause is lost, and the men it led
  On many a glorious field,
In disputing the tread of invaders dread,
  Have been forced at last to yield.
But this banner and plume have not been to blame;
No exulting eye shall behold their shame,
And these relics so dear in the waters here
Before we cross shall burial claim;
And while yon mountains may bear no name,
They shall stand as monuments to our fame."

Tears stood in eyes that had loked on death
  In every awful form
Without dismay, but the scene that day
  Was sublimer than mountain storm.
'Tis easy to touch the veteran's heart
With the fingers of nature, but not of art.
While the noble of soul lose self-control
When called on from flag, home, and country to part,
Base bosoms are never too callous to smart
With feelings that generous nature can start.

They buried then that flag and plume
  In the river's rushing tide
Ere that gallant few of the tried and true
  Had scattered far and wide;
And that group of Missouri's valiant throng,
Who had fought for the weak and against the strong,
Who had charged and bled where Shelby led,
Were the last who held above the wave
The glorious flag of the vanquished brave,
No more to rise from its watery grave.

THIRD ARKANSAS REGIMENT AT APPOMATTOX.

BY A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

In nearly all of the accounts I have read of the closing scenes of the Confederacy the writers have confined themselves to descriptions of the ceremonial of surrender, exhibiting papers between Generals Lee and Grant at the McLean House. In this article I wish to record the experiences as well as the feelings and emotions of some of the men who constituted the rank and file of the Confederate army.

By way of introduction, I will state that my rank was that of captain of Company G, 3d Arkansas Regiment. I was severely wounded at the Wilderness, my right arm broken and resected. I returned to the regiment and reported for duty about the time of the mine explosion at Petersburg, finding the regiment only a fragment of its former strength, but the little band as true and loyal as ever. The field officers were all absent, Colonel Manning a prisoner, the other two wounded and disabled. Being the senior officer, I assumed command and continued in charge until the collapse. In the interval between my return to the regiment and the end we participated in several of the hottest fights of the war, in one of them leaving over half our number on the field. The evacuation of Richmond found us located on the Charles City road, seven miles from the city. Hurried by rail to Petersburg, we reached that place just in time to hear the shouts of the enemy as they occupied the town. It is not my intention to rehearse our experiences on the retreat. Field's Division being the rear guard, we were kept busy

most of the time skirmishing with the enemy. One amusing incident I shall relate.

The failure to issue rations at Amelia Courthouse, as expected, left us for thirty-six hours without a mouthful to eat. In this condition we approached the little town of Farmville. Looking away to the right, we could plainly see heavy columns of the enemy moving toward the heights beyond the river, evidently with the intention of cutting us off. So it became a race. Some effort had been made to gather a little food in the town, and there were a few barrels of meal and a few middlings of meat scattered along the sidewalks. Without orders, the men charged that meal, with which they filled their pockets and any other available receptacles. The meat was seized upon and slashed into pieces as they ran. Several of the men stuck their bayonets into middlings and bore them proudly aloft.

Well, we crossed the river and burned the bridge just in time to stop a cavalry charge on our rear and intercepted the enemy and repulsed two charges, all the time buoyed up with the thought of the feast in store for us if we could get time to enjoy it.

This was our last scrimmage with the enemy, in which we fired our last gun. Our march the following day was unmolested. We camped within three miles of Appomattox and arrived within a mile of that place shortly after sunrise the day of the surrender. We immediately formed line of battle, facing to the rear, and commenced, as usual, to build breastworks. Up to this time there was not a man in the command who had the slightest doubt that General Lee would be able to bring his army safely out of its desperate straits; but rumors of the end began to fly thick and fast. There seemed to be something ominous in the air. About eight o'clock General Lee passed through the lines, going toward the town. He looked about as usual except that he wore a bright, new uniform. A few minutes afterwards I was standing in the road directing the moving of a rail fence to be used in building works, when, to my astonishment, a squad of Yankee cavalry, led by an officer carrying a white flag, appeared. In passing I distinctly heard him say: "Those men had as well quit work." A few minutes after an order came from somewhere to suspend work. Some hours of suspense passed when the surrender was announced, not officially, but from a source we could not doubt. When the news came, notwithstanding I had been partially prepared, to me it was a mental shock that I am unable to describe, just as if the world had suddenly come to an end. Lying flat upon the ground with my face to the earth, I went almost into a state of unconsciousness. Aroused from this condition by the excited voices of the men, I found that a number of them, led by Dick McDonald, a boy of eighteen, were insisting upon destroying the guns, swearing that the Yankees should not have them. With some difficulty I prevented this, and soon we all calmed down to a realization of the situation.

One peculiar thing about what followed was the fact that from the moment of the surrender all the general officers of the army disappeared from view, and all business transactions with the Federals were conducted through the regimental officers. As such I was required to make a muster roll of the men and officers. Being furnished the printed blanks, I signed the parole papers of one hundred and forty-five. This was the little remnant left of at least twelve hundred men enlisted first and last. Our dead were buried in six States—Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee. Some were in prison, many in hospitals, many maimed for life, and, so far as I know, not one traitor to reflect disgrace upon his comrades.

By this time we had heard the conditions of surrender, the main point of which was that we were free to go to our homes. We awaited anxiously our discharges, but we had another ordeal to pass through upon which we had not counted. On the third day I had orders to march the regiment to town, and on our arrival we found the other three regiments of the brigade—the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas—drawn up in line on one side of the street, faced by a line of Federals on the other. A mounted officer rode up and privately gave me instructions: "Align your men, stack your arms, march your men away, and you are discharged." Never in all my life have I so reluctantly obeyed an order. In a broken voice I gave the usual orders: "Front! Order arms! Stack arms! Right face! Forward! March." This was our hour of intense humiliation. A soldier and his gun become inseparable. Whatever may be lacking in equipment or other necessaries, his gun must always be kept bright and clean and ready for use. He sleeps with it, and it becomes almost a part of himself. So long as we carried our guns we felt something of the dignity of soldiers; but when we tramped away leaving these behind, we felt like a lot of hoboes stranded upon an alien shore.

Some one has written a book called "The Man without a Country." The theme is highly suggestive, and never was the idea more completely illustrated than in the tragic scenes through which we were passing. For four long years we had fought for our country; we had endured hardships and privations and wounds without a murmur; we had been as loyal and true to its flag as in the old days to the Stars and Stripes; and now in a moment the whole fabric had dissolved into thin air and vanished forever, and we, its subjects, with nothing but the dirty rags upon our backs and over a thousand miles from home, were turned loose upon a country already starved to the limit.

It is not my purpose to detail the difficulties the men encountered in getting to their homes, but it will perhaps be of interest to follow their fortunes for a single day.

A consultation was held as to whether it was best to scatter out or to stick together. The latter we decided upon for the time, and I was asked to continue in command, the men promising to obey my orders. We set out on our long tramp for home, passing for miles through the encampments of the enemy. And here I wish to say that we have no cause to complain of the conduct of those men, as they treated us with the utmost respect and courtesy. We went about eight miles and camped at nightfall, when I began to realize fully the problem we were up against. We had barely food enough left of what the Federals had given for one scant meal, with no provision whatever for the morrow. I repaired to the nearest farmhouse and found a family of nice people with an old man in charge. They were in a state of alarm, being apprehensive of a raid by the soldiers on their very scanty supply of provisions. I reassured them on this point and told the old man that I came to him for information and advice. I wished to know if there was not a mill somewhere in that country where it was possible to get some meal. He very promptly answered that there was a mill five miles off the road, where no soldiers had been, and said that the owner ought to help the soldiers, as he had kept out of the war by being detailed as a miller. With this information I returned to camp and gave orders to march at daybreak. We covered the distance to that mill in an almost incredibly short time and found the man in charge sullen and indisposed to ac-

commodate us. He said he had no meal on hand. I took a squad of men and entered the mill house, finding no meal, but five or six barrels of shelled corn, which he refused to grind, saying the mill was out of order and wouldn't grind. Just then Jesse Hill, one of the boys of Company E, spoke up: "Captain, there is nothing the matter with the mill. I am a miller; I can run the mill if you wish it." So I told him to take the men necessary and grind the corn. We used about half the corn and divided the meal, giving to each man about one and a half gallons. This was the last ration issued to the 3d Corps Regiment by an improvised commissary, as two days afterwards the organization broke up into groups and continued making their way as best they could.

Now, as to the seizing of that corn, under ordinary circumstances it would have been simple robbery. Whether the circumstances justified the act is a question of ethics that I leave to others to answer. My conscience has never worried me on the subject; and as to my old friend and comrade Jesse Hill, who ground the corn, I see him occasionally, a good man and citizen, as he was a good and true soldier, and well deserving the enjoyment of the fruits of a well-spent life.

IRONCLAD WARSHIPS.

BY SAMUEL E. LEWIS, M.D., WASHINGTON, D. C.

[Following the recent publications in the VETERAN in regard to the origin of ironclad warships, this article will be interesting in its presentation of an earlier conception of the idea which has made the modern navy so effective in warfare. The great need of the Confederacy for strength in its small navy was practically met by the similar idea of Mr. Porter, by which the old Merrimac was converted into the ironclad Virginia.]

In the very interesting and valuable work of Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, formerly a member of the United States Congress, Governor of Virginia, and general in the Confederate States army, entitled "Seven Decades of the Union," published in 1881, is to be found a notable statement of the invention of a "marine catapulta," from the model of which the idea of the Confederate States ironclad Virginia, known as the Merrimac, was derived. He presided over the Committee of Naval Affairs in the United States Congress when James Barron exhibited his model of the catapulta. From that model in 1861 the honorable gentleman suggested to Gen. Robert E. Lee the plan of an invulnerable floating battery from which the former Merrimac, of the United States navy, captured on the fall of Norfolk, was converted into the Virginia.



THE VIRGINIA IN ACTION.

Governor Wise states that the truth of the matter is due to a dead patriot and to the art of naval war which Barron eminently contributed to promote. He further states:

"James Barron was not only the inventor of the metallic blocks and the ship ventilator of our navy and the best instructor upon the time and mode of cutting and preserving ship timber, but his genius caused the construction of the ironclad steamer Virginia for the Confederate defense. He was dead long before the Confederate war, and his idea of the marine catapulta lived after him.

"For the several years between 1833 and 1844, when I served on the Committee of Naval Affairs of the House of Representatives in Congress, James Barron was continuously urging upon the committee his invention of an impregnable steam propeller armed with a pyramidal beak on the water line. He could never obtain an appropriation for the experiment. It was deemed visionary. He offered to place his model under the guns of Fortress Monroe and to perish with it if it could be penetrated and sunk. He had nicely tried the maximum penetration of coast and ship guns of all calibers and then calculated the thickness gained by an inclined plane with a view not only to impenetrability, but to the angle of ricocheting shot. A four-foot thickness, perpendicular, for example, when inclined, became six or eight or ten feet, according to the angle of inclination toward the horizontal. The form of the model, then, from stem to stern and from side to side above water, would be a terrapin back at a very acute angle of incidence to a shot fired from a ship's gun deck, so acute that the shot would, especially by solid oak, be deflected upward and could never perforate the sides or upper works. He proposed to carry one heavy stern gun and one bow gun and four starboard and four port guns, all in iron casemate portholes. But his most offensive armor was the pyramidal beak. The ship, braced and samsoned by all possible inner appliances, was given a cutwater of the greatest strength, sheathed with iron, and the beak was made solid to it and bearing, not on the ribs of the bow, but impinging altogether upon the keelson, as continuous as possible with it. The upper side of the beak was made to commence on the water line and descended in several steps, so that the end would be under water just deep enough to strike upon the counter of the enemy's ship, and the lower side of the beak was nearly horizontal. The object of the pyramid was strength, to impinge under the water line, and, above all, when the beak penetrated to prevent the enemy's ship from hanging on it and carrying the bow of the propeller down with her in sinking. He calculated exactly the momentum of his model at any given rate of speed, showing that no kind of ship then known could bear the concussion of its beak at a rate of speed of even three miles an hour. He was a master mechanic and draughtsman and presented his memorial and model in the most demonstrated formula. Being the only one on the committee, I believe, who gave him an ear of attention, he presented me with his model, and I had it at our residence when secession was declared by Virginia.

"I signed the ordinance of secession and returned to the county of Princess Anne III. before the convention adjourned and witnessed the vandal and cowardly destruction of the navy yard at Gosport. The Pennsylvania ship of the line had fired the morning, noon, and evening guns in the harbor for years, and her broadside was pointed upon the town shotted;

and a merciful Providence alone prevented her balls from riddling that portion of Norfolk where the laboring and poor people chiefly resided. The fire from the sail lofts fortunately fell upon the middle of her decks and burned them through, so as to lower the breeches and elevate the muzzles of the guns before they became so hot as to explode, and thus the broadside of shot passed over the town, doing no damage. The guns boomed with a muffled sound, as if smothered partially by the water in the sinking ship. It was ominous; it was the knell of either the Union or of liberty and can never be forgotten by those who heard it with enough of divine grace to hope to forgive the craven incendiaries who lighted the torches of the glaring conflagration.

"The burning of the Gosport navy yard and its abandonment was the most dastard and disgraceful devastation of the war. They were frightened by a ruse of Mahone rattling his empty cars up and down the railroad and alarming the cowards with the apprehension of the rapid movement of considerable bodies of troops. They were not self-possessed enough to distinguish the sound of empty cars from that of loaded cars. But the result of their fears caused every thought and sense, as well as every feeling, of the Confederates to be aroused. Our wits went to work at once, and the model of Barron came to our mind. We immediately by letter described it to General Lee, and the tender was made of six hundred acres of pine and oak in four miles by water of the Gosport navy yard, with a steam sawmill already cutting timber at the spot. He was informed that Barron especially recommended that the draft of the steamer should not exceed ten or twelve feet of water. General Lee was then in State command and had State means only, but through him doubtless the Merrimac was razed and converted into the Virginia ironclad.

"Barron's ideas did not calculate accurately the weight of masts, spars, rigging, and upper works taken off compared with the weight of iron sheathing put on, and the consequence was that when launched the hulk stood out of the water several feet higher than the sheathing reached down the sides. This was remedied by ballast, which made the vessel draw eighteen feet of water in order to dip the sheathing below the water line. Then, too, the beak, instead of being pyramidal or inclining on the upper surface, was made horizontal on the upper and inclined upward on the lower side. This caused it to break in sinking the Congress and Cumberland frigates. I have a cane made of its live oak wood and was told that it was perhaps as large a solid piece of it as was left unfrazzled by the concussions. I witnessed the fight with the Monitor and Merrimac, and the great fault of the Virginia was that she drew too much water and was an unwieldy 'wave wallower.' But it was a grave error ever to have blown her up. There was no necessity for it, and the pilots agreed in that opinion. Enough ballast could have been thrown out to gain five or six feet in her draft, and she might have been taken to the mouth of the Chickahominy and would have prevented all approach from below and all crossing of the James at Harrison's Landing."

James Barron, an American naval officer, was born in Virginia in 1768, and died April 21, 1851. He served under his father, James Barron, who held the rank of commodore in the navy during the Revolution. The son was commissioned lieutenant on the organization of the United States navy in 1798 and the next year promoted to be captain; and under the elder brother, Commodore Samuel Barron, he was ordered to the Mediterranean, where he became known for his skill in seamanship as well as his scientific attainments.

It was his brother, Commodore Samuel Barron, who sent Decatur a challenge which resulted in a duel's being fought at Bladensburg, Md., March 22, 1820. Both fell at the first fire. Decatur died the same night, and Barron recovered after months of great suffering.

FORGET THEM NOT.

BY MRS. J. R. KIRBY, SMITH'S GROVE, KY.

You say: "Do not recall those days of bitter strife,
But let them sink in deep oblivion's gulf, forgot by all;
And teach the young to think of man's submissive soul,
When Fate spreads o'er his fame her sable pall."

Alas! 'tis true that memory's retrospective glance brings pain
When wandering back to days of war and gory battle field,
Where youth and age went side by side with one intent
And stained the Southern soil with blood that could not yield.

These memories fill the brain with rushing, surging sound,
As ocean waves that rise and toss the wreck upon the shore,
While sea gulls flutter round with lonely, wailing cries,
And winds prolong the notes in requiem grand for evermore.

And would you speak the words, "Forget, remember not, I pray,"
To those who know the glorious truths of how they fell?
Proud Athens mourned her sons, and in her halls of fame
She placed the mother's gilded form, a mother's worth to tell.

Were their proud sons of greater mold than boasts the Southern soil?
Can earth proclaim from out her bounds a nobler race than ours?
Ah! 'twere not well for any land did she remember not
Nor hold aloft the hero's sword and wreathe his name in flowers.

If we forget, let that sweet bird whose vesper notes are softest there
Forget her warblings to the moon and change her song to one of gloom;
Let solemn, dismal strains be heard from out the sweet magnolia bough,
Prophetic of ungrateful sons, a warning of their doom.

For when the young forget their vows and blood that made the warrior great
And honor not the hero's name nor place no shrine to view,
There desolation marks the land and freedom has no shield;
Dishonor bears them to the tomb unwept the ages through.

Then do not bid the Southland's sons forget the sacred, revered past;
The grassy mounds that dot her soil speak louder than the voice of men.
Transmitted blood from sire to son will keep the vigil while they sleep;
A heaven holds dear the breath they gave; remembrance keeps their glory green.

GENERAL FORREST'S MILITARY STRATEGY.

BY J. G. WITHERSPOON, CROWELL, TEX.

[The military axiom so often attributed to General Forrest that the secret of winning battles was "to get there first with the most men" is strongly refuted in this article by one who served under Forrest, and he is especially indignant that the expression has been changed in recent publications to the illiterate form of "to get there fustest with the mostest men." In justice to his old commander, he gives proof that no such feeling actuated General Forrest in his military movements.]

I belonged to the 9th Tennessee Cavalry, one of the regiments that composed Forrest's famous old brigade, and was with him from the time he was made a brigadier (except from Chickamauga by way of Atlanta back to Tennessee, about eight months, when our regiment was under Joe Wheeler) till we surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., on the 9th of May, 1865. I was with him in the quiet of the camp, on the march, in the excitement of battle, reported to him for special duty of different kinds, and received orders and personal instructions from him; but I never heard him use such an expression as "to get there fustest with the mostest men."

While General Forrest was a man of limited education and used some words then common in the South, but now obsolete, which would sound strange to us of this generation, yet he used good, old-fashioned Southern English, stronger and more impressive in times of excitement, I will admit, than it is necessary for a teacher of a Bible class in a Sunday school to use; but in ordinary times his voice was soft and low and as musical as a woman's, having a peculiar charm and attractiveness for those who listened to him. I hardly know whether those who use this expression as emanating from General Forrest intend by it to magnify his great natural military genius or to disparage him by making it appear that he was an ignoramus. In either case it is pure fiction, without one scintilla of fact to rest upon; for there never was a man who laid as little stress upon opposing numbers as he, and those who followed him knew that he used no such tactics even as "to get there first with the most men," as this myth first appeared.

He used no such tactics at Murfreesboro when he attacked an enemy of about equal numbers, protected by a fortified camp and in possession of the courthouse, jail, and other buildings, which were used as defenses; and after a six hours' fight he captured the Federal General Crittendon, all his men, and a battery of five guns, which, General Wolsley, the great English war lord, said, was one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

He used no such tactics at Brentwood when, after capturing two forts and as many prisoners as he had men, Gen. Green Clay Smith came out from Franklin with a full brigade of Federals, charged, and stampeded our rear guard and retook a part of our captured wagons. He did not hesitate to take his escort and as many men as he could rally for that special occasion (no more than a thousand men in all), charge Smith, and send him back to Franklin in complete disorder.

He used no such tactics when, with only two regiments, the 9th and 4th Tennessee, he followed Gen. Abel D. Streight, with four full regiments of picked men, for one hundred and fifty miles across the State of Alabama, fighting him nearly every jump of the way and capturing him and all his men near Rome, Ga., and preventing his destruction of the arsenal at that place, which he had started to do, and for the third time receiving the thanks of the Confederate Congress for great services rendered by himself and men.

He used no such tactics when, with only four thousand men, he met William Sooey Smith at Sakatonchee Creek, near Westpoint, Miss., whom Generals Grant and Sherman had sent out from Memphis with a "carefully selected and well-equipped" army of seven thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery with the peremptory orders to destroy that "Devil Forrest," as General Sherman called him. Instead of which, after a sixty-mile running fight, Smith (in the lead) got back to Memphis with his army whipped and beaten and himself in disgrace, from which he never recovered.

He used no such tactics when, in order to retrieve the disgrace that had overtaken Smith and to palliate their own discomfiture, Generals Grant and Sherman, after weighing all their brigadiers in the balance, finally selected Samuel D. Sturgis as the man best fitted by military training to destroy Forrest; for General Sherman had wired Secretary Stanton that "Forrest must be destroyed if it takes the lives of ten thousand men and breaks the treasury." So they started Sturgis out from Memphis with another "carefully selected and well-equipped" army of eight thousand men and thirty pieces of artillery to find Forrest. He found him at Brice's Crossroads; but Forrest did not wait "to get there fustest with the mostest men," but pitched into him with his little band of four thousand devoted followers, defeated Sturgis in one of the most desperate conflicts and, according to our best military critics, one of the most masterly generaled battles of the war, and sent him back over a road in one day and two nights that it had taken him nine days to march in his advance and on to Memphis without wagons, with less than half the artillery with which he started, and with his men scattered and demoralized, some of them without guns or knapsacks, for they had stripped for a race, worse beaten and humiliated, if possible, than was William Sooey Smith.

General Forrest was unfortunate in not having a military education, for on this account he was prevented by our wise men at Richmond from the more early exemplification of that great military genius which he displayed in the last two years of the war and which, I believe, was a great loss to the South; yet he used good, plain, old-fashioned English, and all this rot about his using such an expression as "to get there fustest with the mostest men" is pure, unadulterated gammon. Maj. J. P. Strange and Capt. Charles W. Anderson, who were members of his staff and were his secretaries, both say, and it is a historical fact, that he dictated all his reports and addresses, and our "War Records" show that they compare favorably, both in composition and style, with those of our other great Southern generals. And although General Forrest was not an orator in the general acceptation of that term, yet it was just as natural for him to express himself well as it was for him to fight well.

I have a vivid recollection of a speech, or rather a talk, he made to us a few days before the surrender. It was just after the battle of Selma. Lee and Johnston had surrendered, and we had been told that Gen. Richard Taylor, who had command of that department and who ranked General Forrest, had agreed on terms of our surrender with General Canby at Mobile and that a detachment of Federal officers would soon be out to receive our arms and to parole us. Strange as it may seem to the present generation, the suggestion of giving up our arms and going home almost created a mutiny in our regiment. The same condition existed in the 7th Tennessee, and, as is stated in J. P. Young's history of that regiment, "it took all of General Forrest's powers of persuasion

to induce them to surrender." The younger element among them particularly revolted against it. The truth is, we did not believe that General Forrest would do it, and we were led to this belief by the closing words of his address to us when we arrived on the south side of the Tennessee River on Hood's retreat. A move was started in which it was proposed to resist it and go to Texas, join Price (for we thought, perhaps, he would not surrender), and if this failed us to go to Mexico or to South America rather than to give up our arms, go home, and endure a condition that we then thought would be worse than death for us.

I remember a fiery speech made by Lieut. "Pap" Nichols, of Company A, in which he called for volunteers to go with him to Texas, and it looked for a while as if the whole regiment would go with him. Our colonel tried to show us the futility of such a course, but we would not listen to him. General Bell, our brigadier, tried to reason with us, but we paid no attention to him. Then General Forrest came. He called us together and asked us to listen to him, and we did listen. He told us, among other things, that he had never asked us to do anything that he was not willing to do himself; that he had never asked us to charge the enemy when he was not willing to lead the charge; that we had followed him through the discomforts of a long war and through many hard-fought battles. Now he would ask us to follow his example and to surrender our arms on the terms agreed to by General Taylor, go home, and make as good citizens as we had made soldiers; and as our devotion to the cause of the South and our bravery in battle had won the respect of even our enemies, he believed all would be well with us. He had spoken only a few words when men who had never flinched in battle were crying like children, and when he finished we felt that we would still follow him.

That was the last time I ever saw him, now fifty years ago. Of the many who heard him then but few are left. Will we meet again? I believe we will; that

"When our days on earth are ended
And we are done with things below,
When our bark of life lies stranded,
We will meet again, I know;
For a spirit within me whispering
Says it must, it shall be so."

SAD ENDING OF A WEDDING TRIP.

BY DR. W. J. W. KERR, CORSICANA, TEX.

In the summer of 1863 Capt. Harry Hunt, of Buffalo, N. Y., captain of a coasting vessel running out of New York City, married Miss Janie Scadden, daughter of Thomas L. Scadden, of Chicago, Ill. After the wedding Captain Hunt took a number of his invited guests to New York and went aboard his vessel for a little pleasure trip at sea. They had been out only a few hours when a United States revenue cutter ran across them and forced Captain Hunt to go down on the coast of North Carolina for a load of corn. While loading Johnny Reb ran in on him and captured the vessel, wedding party and all; but after finding out that the party was composed of noncombatants, all were turned loose except Captain Hunt. His wife, thinking he would be released in a few days, refused to leave him; but instead he was finally sent to Andersonville Prison and both were held as prisoners of war.

In July, 1864, I was ordered on duty at Andersonville to take charge of the dispensary and to superintend the building of a hospital and other government buildings connected with the prison. On the night of my arrival I heard a very small infant crying near my office, which was in the "Star Fort" just outside the southwest corner of the prison. Upon inquiry one of the guards informed me that it was the infant of Captain Hunt and his wife, only three days old. Next morning I went down to see Mrs. Hunt and infant and found her in a tent in the most abject poverty I had ever seen. While she was inside of the prison one night the Federal prisoners cut the back of the tent that had been furnished her and Captain Hunt and stole her trunk, with nearly all of her clothes and some $5,000 in greenbacks that was in the trunk. She had been in the prison thirteen months when her baby was born, and all she had to dress it in were some little wrappers that she had made out of an old calico dress, and her own clothing was hardly sufficient to cover her. I found on talking to her that she was a cultured, very intelligent woman.

I went back to my office and drew up a petition to General Winder (who was in charge of the post) and got all of the surgeons at the post to sign it to have her boarded out in the neighborhood as soon as she was able to go. I presented the petition to General Winder, and he asked me what it meant. When I explained he said he had forgotten that there was a lady prisoner there, but it would be against the rules of war to board her out, though he would like to do so if he could. I remarked to him that ofttimes things came up in this world that we had to shut our eyes to. He turned his face toward me, shut his eyes closely, and said: "Doctor, I don't see anything at all."

I left him and went out about a mile and a half from the prison to old Farmer Smith. He would not consider it at first, but finally told me to get the consent of his wife, and it would be all right with him if I would make it all right with the Confederate authorities. This I agreed to do, and I then told Mrs. Smith what I wanted. She also refused, but I finally secured her consent.

That evening I went by train to Macon, Ga., and asked a friend of mine, who was merchandising when the war broke out, for some goods to make clothing for a lady and her baby in prison at Andersonville. We went to his store and found a lot of remnants of flannels, calico, domestic, etc., enough to relieve her necessities until the war released her. When I got back to the prison I sent the goods to Mrs. Hunt.

I had Captain Hunt paroled when I first went there and appointed him a ward master in the hospital, so he could be with his wife. After they found out that I sent the goods, Mrs. Hunt wrote me the most beautiful and touching letter I ever read and with it sent a beautiful diamond scarf pin that Captain Hunt had worn for several years, which she begged me to wear as long as I lived. I wrote in reply that in her impoverished condition I could not and would not accept it. Two days after that Captain Hunt came to my office and told me that little Harry was very sick, and they wanted me to go to the house to see him at once. I said: "O no, Captain, you can't fool me. You are only wanting me to go to the house so Mrs. Hunt can persuade me to wear the pin, and I am not going to do it." But finally I took the pin, because I could not reconcile Captain and Mrs. Hunt otherwise.

I have tried every way imaginable to find Capt. Harry Hunt or his wife, but have been unable to do so. If any one can give me information of them, I would be glad indeed. Mrs. Hunt's father left Chicago in 1862 or 1863, and I never could trace him.

HOW HE BECAME A SOLDIER.

South Georgia Camp, No. 819, U. C. V., held its annual meeting in Waycross, Ga., on January 19, at which Judge J. L. Sweat, Captain Commander and at one time Commander of the South Georgia Brigade, gave a reminiscent talk of his soldier days, in which he said:

"Although but a boy, I heard several noted political speeches during the memorable presidential campaign in which Lincoln and Hamlin were the Republican candidates, Bell and



BRIG. GEN. J. L. SWEAT, U. C. V.

Everett the Union candidates, and, as the result of the split in the National Democratic Convention, Douglas and Johnson, Breckinridge and Lane were the Democratic candidates. The latter ticket, regarded as more regular, was the one which I favored. I had become thoroughly imbued with the righteousness of the Southern cause, and when, following the election of Lincoln and Hamlin, the secession of the Southern States, and the formation of the Southern Confederacy, the war came on, I was determined to enlist in the Confederate army and was only fearful that the war would end before I could take any part in achieving that glorious victory for the South which was then anticipated. We first organized a company of boys at Blackshear, my native town, of which I was elected captain; but our services were declined by President Davis.

"Soon thereafter a cavalry company was organized at Blackshear, of which my uncle, Allen Strickland, was chosen captain; but when I applied to him for membership he hooted at the idea because of my youth. I was then only a little over fourteen, although well grown for my age. He told me to stay at home and continue going to school; but, being still determined, I called on Alex McMillan, who had been elected first lieutenant of the company, and laid my case before him. Following his advice, I was on hand in April, 1862, at Tebeauville No. 9, when the company was to be mustered into the Confederate service. Keeping well to the rear so that Captain Strickland might not see me, when the company was formed in line I rode into the ranks and, along with the others, was mustered into the Confederate service. Our company became a part of Clinch's 4th Georgia Cavalry, and for the first year or so we were stationed at and near Brunswick, guarding the Georgia seacoast and being drilled for more efficient service.

"The first time I was ever under fire was at Bell Point, between Brunswick and the mouth of the Altamaha River, where, with a detachment, I was then on picket duty. We occupied a fine dwelling just at the point by which a large creek ran. A Confederate flag had been hauled on the cupola of the dwelling, and a Yankee gunboat ran out from St. Simon's Sound and began to shell Bell Point. When a shell struck the dwelling we retreated some little distance to the rear and got into a deep ditch, from which we watched the cannon balls as they came from the gunboat, lying down in the bottom of the ditch as they exploded. This continued for some time; but at last the firing ceased, and the gunboat moved away.

"Our regiment subsequently took part in an engagement on John's Island, S. C., and also in the battle of Olustee, Fla. In 1864 we joined General Wheeler's command in North Georgia and were with him during the battles around Atlanta. One day, as our regiment was marching around northeast of Atlanta, we were halted, and Lieutenant Morgan, of our company, was sent forward with a detachment of ten men, of which I was one, to drive the Yankee pickets in. Galloping forward, we encountered the Yankee pickets, fired upon them, and they returned the fire, then retreated across a creek. We were halted just at the edge of the creek by Lieutenant Morgan and stationed about a hundred yards apart, where we were left on guard. I was sitting upon my horse watching intently, expecting a Yankee to come through at any moment and shoot me off, when I saw the bushes begin to wave, the movement coming nearer and nearer. Just as I raised my gun and made ready to fire a large dog sprang out and ran toward me, and I never was so glad to see a dog in all my life.

"After the fall of Atlanta, we started with General Hood's army on his march into Tennessee; but after reaching a point near the corners of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, we were sent back with the brigade of Wheeler's command to follow along in the rear and upon the flanks of Sherman's army as he marched from Atlanta to the sea, engaging daily in skirmishes with his rear guard. When Savannah was captured by Sherman, and he moved his army across the Savannah River into Carolina, our regiment, after the fight at Waynesboro, was sent back to guard the interior against raids from the Yankees that Sherman had left at Savannah and in that vicinity.

"Our last engagement occurred at Taylor's Creek, in Liberty County. At the point where the public road runs across Taylor's Creek a causeway was thrown up about a quarter of a mile long. We drove the Yankee cavalry across the creek, and in their fire as they retreated 'Old Bald,' the horse ridden by Lieut. Col. John L. Harris, commanding our regiment, was shot through the nose or head. The Federals halted when they got across the creek, and we fell back to our side and dismounted. We then formed lines and marched on foot in the ditches which ran on each side of the causeway, back across the creek, firing upon the Yankees as soon as we got near enough to see them. When the engagement was over, Colonel Harris, on whose staff I was an orderly, sent me with

'Old Bald' some eight or ten miles back toward Reidsville to an old doctor to have his wounded horse treated. The regiment in the meantime went on across the Altamaha River to Doctortown and went into camp, and there a day or two later I joined them with 'Old Bald.' In a short while we were moved to Screven, where we were encamped on that April day in 1865 when the sad news came that Gen. Robert E. Lee, our immortal commander, had surrendered the remnant of his gallant army at Appomattox. We realized that the end had come at last, and in a little while those left of our regiment were taken to Thomasville, where we were paroled by a Federal officer and then wended our way back home."

TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN BEAUREGARD AND WALKER.

COPY FURNISHED BY B. G. BIDWELL, WEATHERFORD, TEX.

WAR BEGUN—FORT SUMTER SURRENDERED.

Charleston, April 12.—The following is the telegraphic correspondence between the War Department at Montgomery and General Beauregard immediately preceding hostilities. The correspondence grew out of the formal notification by the Washington government, which is disclosed in General Beauregard's first dispatch:

CHARLESTON, April 10.

To L. P. Walker, Secretary of War: An authorized messenger from President Lincoln just informed Governor Pickens and myself that provisions will be sent to Fort Sumter peaceably or otherwise by force. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

MONTGOMERY, April 10.

To Gen. G. T. Beauregard, Charleston: If you have no doubt of the authorized character of the agent who communicated to you the intention of the Washington government to supply Fort Sumter by force, you will at once demand its evacuation and, if this is refused, proceed in such manner as you may determine to reduce it.

L. P. WALKER, *Secretary of War.*

CHARLESTON, April 10.

To L. P. Walker, Secretary of War: The demand will be made to-morrow at twelve o'clock. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

MONTGOMERY, April 10.

To General Beauregard: Unless there are special reasons connected with your own condition, it is considered proper that you should make the demand at an early hour.

L. P. WALKER, *Secretary of War.*

CHARLESTON, April 10.

To L. P. Walker, Montgomery: The reasons are special for twelve o'clock. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

CHARLESTON, April 11.

To L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, Montgomery: Demand sent at two o'clock; allowed till six to answer.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

MONTGOMERY, April 11.

To General Beauregard, Charleston: Telegraph the reply of Major Anderson. L. P. WALKER, *Secretary of War.*

To L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, Montgomery: Major Anderson replies: "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication demanding the evacuation of this fort and say in reply that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor and my obligation to my government prevent my compliance." He adds: "Probably I will await the first attack; and if you do not batter us to pieces, we will be starved out in a few days." G. T. BEAUREGARD.

MONTGOMERY, April 11.

To General Beauregard, Charleston: We do not desire needlessly to bombard Fort Sumter. If Major Anderson will state the time at which, as indicated by him, he will evacuate and agree that in the meantime he will not use his guns against us unless ours should be employed against Fort Sumter, you are thus to avoid the effusion of blood. If this or its equivalent be refused, reduce the fort as your judgment decides to be the most practicable.

L. P. WALKER, *Secretary of War.*

CHARLESTON, April 12.

L. P. Walker, Secretary of War, Montgomery: He would not consent. I write to-day. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Charleston, April 11.—Intercepted dispatches disclose the fact that Mr. Fox, who had been allowed to visit Major Anderson on pledge that his purpose was pacific, employed this opportunity to devise a plan for supplying the fort by force, and this plan has been adopted by the Washington government and is in process of execution.

April 12.—The ball has opened. War is inaugurated. The batteries of Sullivan's Island, Morris Island, and other points were opened on Fort Sumter at four o'clock this morning. Fort Sumter returned the fire, and brisk cannonading has been kept up. No information has been received from the seaboard yet. The military are under arms, and the whole of our population are in the streets, and every available space facing the harbor is filled with anxious spectators.

New York, April 12.—The *Herald* special says: "Fort Moultrie began the bombardment with two guns, to which Anderson replied with three shots from his barbette guns, after which the batteries at Mount Pleasant, Cumming's Point, and the Floating Battery opened a brisk fire of shot and shell. Anderson only replied at long intervals, when he opened from two tiers of guns looking toward Moultrie and Stevens's Battery, but up to three o'clock failed to produce serious effect. During the greater part of the day Anderson directed his shots principally against Moultrie, the Stevens and floating battery, and Fort Johnson, they being the only ones operating against him. Fifteen or eighteen shots struck the floating battery without effect. Breaches to all appearances were made in the sides of Sumter exposed to the fire, portions of the parapet were destroyed, and several guns shot away."

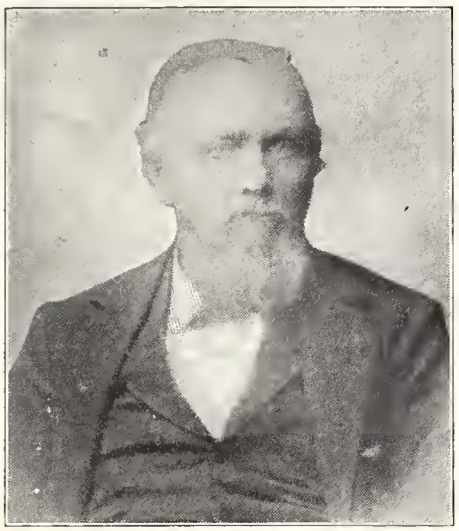
Charleston, April 12.—The firing continued all day without intermission. Two of Sumter's guns have been silenced, and it is reported that a breach has been made on the southeast walls. Not a casualty has yet happened to any of the forces. The bombardment continues from the floating and eleven other batteries. Fort Sumter returns the fire. It is reported that three war vessels are now off the bar. The storm and rough sea make attempts at reënforcements impracticable.

April 13.—There is fierce cannonading from all points and from the vessels outside and all along the coast. Later: Fort Sumter is on fire. Our batteries are pouring shell and hot shot. Anderson is still firing. 1:30 P.M.: Fort Sumter has surrendered. The flag of the Confederate States is floating over its walls. None of the garrison or Confederate troops are hurt.

CAPT. ISAAC T. BISHOP.

BY FLORA E. STEVENS, KANSAS CITY, MO.

There have been those in my life who have valued my work beyond its deserts; but I reached the height of honor, in my own feelings, that could be bestowed upon my endeavors when my last uncle, the sole remaining member of my father's house, wished me to write his memorial for the journal of his heart, the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. I can go no higher. He was the youngest and last left of fourteen children. Their roll call read like a leaf from the Bible—Isaac and Rebekah, Elisha, Elijah, Mary, Judith, James, Joseph, Thomas, Jonathan—though there were a few old-fashioned ones, as fine as the fragrance of lavender—Nancy, Lavina, Lucy—while my own father bore the name dearest to the South, "Robert" (for a Scotch ancestor).



CAPT. I. T. BISHOP.

For a hundred and fifty years has our family dwelt in Lee County, the southwest corner of Virginia. They were brave, simple, devout (my uncle was for sixty years a member of the Baptist Church). They spent their lives amid church, farm, and camp. In each generation were some going stoutly away to wars—my great-grandfather to the Revolution, my grandfather to the War of 1812, my father to the Mexican War and the Indian conflicts around Denver, Colo., my uncles and cousins to fight for the Confederacy; and I, who have suffered nothing for my country, wonder if I am worthy of it all, this heritage of valor. I can but "keep the fire alive." They did not seek political responsibilities, but were often urged to these duties by their neighbors. My uncle was sheriff of Lee County when he left in 1861 as captain of Company I, 25th Virginia Cavalary, to follow the fortunes of his State. Ours is the common story of the people of the Confederacy; but it was that which made the Confederacy so great, because it was so common.

The Anglo-Saxon race rose to its highest and flowered in the Southerner as he grandly stood when the star of the Confederacy shone in the heavens. Humanity may not go farther.

Our family had married and intermarried all over three counties, even into Kentucky and Tennessee. It was a line of large families, and it was our boast that our kindred sent forth a hundred men to fight with Lee and Early. When they came back—so few of our blood who had gone out so many, so young and proud, at Virginia's call—to such desolation and ruin, some deemed it best to go to newer sections and leave what was left for the elder ones. My uncle, who had married a schoolmate, Miss Emmeline Warner, removed to Dallas, Tex., where he became a farmer and stock raiser. He was a Mason for half a century. His wife died some years ago. He died at the home of his son, near Dallas, after a few days' illness of paralysis, and was buried upon his seventy-ninth birthday, April 14, surrounded by his three daughters, four sons, twenty-six grandchildren, and six great-grandchildren.

Such are the "simple annals" of our house. In the March VETERAN is my memorial tribute to his last brother, Capt. E. S. Bishop, of Artesia, N. Mex. I may yet write tributes to other veterans; I shall write no more of my own. The book of my father's house is closed; the story is at an end. But whether they died to-day or fifty years ago, my dead sleep all in their gray.

FROM A POEM ON COL. WILLIAM A. HARRIS, C. S. A.

I who was born at Lecompte's town,
There where the prairies stretched bare and brown,
There where the savage still strode the soil,
Just when the heat of strife and broil
Seethed and surged into battle's brawl.
The while my Virginia kinsman withal
Kept the pass at Cumberland Gap,
Clanged to the breach a hundred men,
Cousins and cousins' sons, of them.
Seven uncles of mine in gray
Rode from the first to the finished fray—

I who was born at Lecompte's town,
With my hand to the west and my heart to the south,
This is the thing I am proudest of,
The boast I boast and the deed I love:
That the men of mine house four years elate
Kept Virginia's postern gate,
Knew what it was to starve nor flee,
To draw for Virginia, to fall with Lee.

CAPT. MILES FRANCIS.

BY R. W. DOUTHAT, MORGANTON, W. VA.

The most deadly battles are not always the big battles, at least to individual regiments. Fifty-three years ago at Seven Pines, when Joseph E. Johnston was trying to capture Key's Corps of the Union army, the 11th Virginia Infantry was sent right into the center of the opposing force and there, in less than ten minutes, lost more than one hundred and sixty of its best and bravest men. One of these was Capt. Miles Francis, of White Gate, Giles County, Va., who, as orderly sergeant of my company (F) at that time, was wounded three times. He carried one of the balls in his back for forty years and died at last, only about two months ago, largely from the effects of his wound. No better soldier ever fought a battle. When he found, after partial recovery from his severest wound, that he could not serve any longer in the infantry, he raised a company of cavalry and continued to battle for his country to the very end of the conflict. During the forty and more years after he was so badly wounded he often suffered intensely because of the bullet in his back, which was so near to his spine that when, a few years ago, the bullet was taken out it was found to be almost worn in two by the continual and close contact with two of the vertebræ.

I met Captain Francis only three years ago, and in the course of our conversation over this Seven Pines battle and others I said to him: "The enemy never could hit me." "But," said he, "I was always in the way of their bullets." And truly he was, for he seldom went into battle without being hit.

Just the day of the Captain's death I did not learn, but he was carried to his last resting place on Monday, March 8, 1915, in his seventy-sixth year. A good man and a splendid soldier has had his last tattoo, but we trust we shall meet him again in the better land where wars shall come no more.

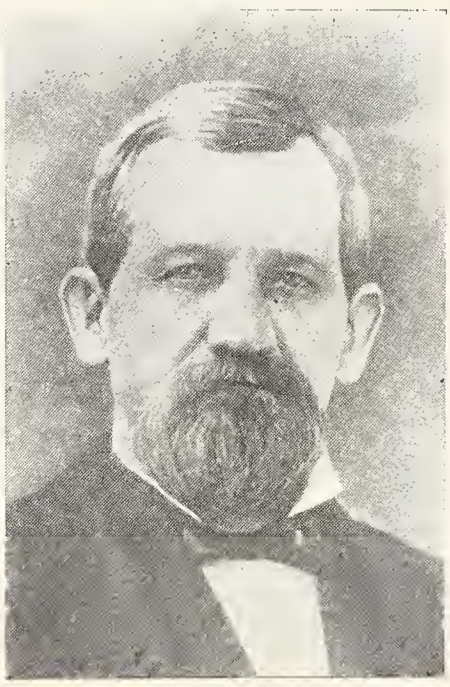
THE LAST ROLL

"Now only to memory's records we'll go
For the tales that we all loved to hear,
For many who stopped by the wayside to rest
Are sleeping so peacefully there."

JUDGE ROBERT BOWMAN.

"*Resolved,* That in the death of Judge Robert Bowman Yazoo Camp, No. 176, U. C. V., has been deprived of one of its stanchest comrades, one of its ablest officers, and one of its most devoted friends; one who to the greatest extent deserved his right to the emblem of heroism, the little bronze cross, as well as the cross of good citizenship in its broadest meaning."

It is thus that his comrades paid tribute to his noble life, a life which measured up to the traditions and customs of the Old South; and it was in the close comradeship of his life, from youth to old age, that was founded that admiration, trust, and faith in him which bound him to the hearts of his people.



JUDGE ROBERT BOWMAN.

Robert Bowman was born in Pike County, Miss., December 27, 1827, a son of Richardson and Nancy Riley Bowman. His father was a native of North Ireland and had taken part in the Irish insurrection of 1798, emigrating then to Belgium, to France, and thence to the United States. He settled in the South and served in a military company under Gen. Ferdinand Leigh Claiborne and also as assistant adjutant on his staff. He was in the War of 1812 and in the battle of New Orleans. The family removed to Yazoo County, Miss., when Robert was an infant, and at an early age he was left an orphan under the care of an older brother and sister. He was educated in the county schools and at Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., where he graduated in 1848, and was admitted to the bar in 1852. He then practiced his profession for several years, until made probate judge in 1859. This office he resigned three years later to enter the Confederate army. He organized and was elected captain of Bowman's Battery, Company I, 1st Mississippi Light Artillery (Colonel Withers), which was an active participant in the battles of Chickasaw Bayou, Big Black River, and the siege of Vicksburg.

Ill health compelled his resignation from the army in 1863, and he was then appointed by President Davis as Confederate States District Attorney for Mississippi, in which office he rendered important service to the Confederacy. At the close of the war he was excepted from the amnesty proclamation of President Johnson and had to obtain a pardon before he could resume his practice of law. He took an active part in the troublesome times of reconstruction from 1868 to 1875, when the carpetbag government was driven from the State.

In 1859 Judge Bowman was married to Miss Bettie Lester, a daughter of Col. Sterling H. Lester, of Mississippi, and connected with the prominent Barksdale family of that State. His home had been at Yazoo City since the war, and he was President of the Yazoo Bar Association for some years. He was Historian of Yazoo Camp, in which office he rendered invaluable service, having in 1905 prepared and published a roster and sketch of every military company that left the county.

Judge Bowman had reached his eighty-seventh year when the summons came, on May 8, 1915; and

"With hope that yet a dawn shall glow,
With all his heart's rich treasure whole,
With will that never lost control,
With thanks for all that life had lent
And life had taken away, he went."

RICHARD M. KNOX, BRIGADIER GENERAL U. C. V.

Gen. R. M. Knox, former Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., and a representative citizen of Pine Bluff, Ark., died at his home there on June 1. He had been ill almost since his seventy-seventh anniversary, in April. His long residence in Pine Bluff and his prominence in business circles served to make him personally well known throughout that section of the State. He was unusually active among Confederate veterans and had served two terms as Brigadier General, commanding the Arkansas Division. He was a member of J. E. D. Murray Camp, U. C. V., of Pine Bluff, and also a member of the Elks Lodge of that city.

Richard M. Knox was born in Milan, Tenn., April 25, 1838, and moved to Sardis, Miss., with his parents in 1847. At the beginning of the war he and four brothers, the late John Knox, Dr. N. T. Knox, J. P. Knox, and the only surviving brother, W. H. Knox, entered the Confederate army and all served throughout the four years of struggle and privation. The youngest brother, S. Y. T. Knox, was too young to enter the army. Richard M. Knox served most of the time in the 1st Mississippi Cavalry, under General Forrest.

At the end of the war Mr. Knox went to Memphis and was in business there until July, 1871, when he removed to Pine Bluff and entered the mercantile business, which he operated for thirty-four years, retiring from active business about ten years ago. He was one of the founders of the Citizens' Bank of Pine Bluff and was First Vice President and a director at the time of his death, and he was also interested in other business concerns of the city. He was twice married and is survived by his second wife, who was Miss Victoria Tucker, and seven children—four daughters and three sons.

Dr. John D. Myers.

With the rank of second lieutenant, Cadet John D. Myers was sent from the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va., to report to General Garnett, then in camp at Laurel Hill, in Barbour County, Va. (now West Virginia), as drill-master in the month of June, 1861. This was his first military service. In the spring of 1862 he enlisted in the 4th Regiment of Virginia Volunteer Infantry, a part of the celebrated Stonewall Brigade. He served with distinction in this command until the capture of Harper's Ferry, September 15, 1862, when he was transferred to Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and remained with it, rendering faithful service, until the close of the war.



DR. J. D. MYERS.

After the war he studied medicine and graduated from the Medical Department of the University of Virginia and located in the city of Huntington, W. Va., for the practice of his profession. He built up a lucrative practice and won the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He was a devout Christian, and for many years he served as a ruling elder in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. His death came peacefully, after a long prostration from a stroke of paralysis, on the 2d of May, 1915.

Capt. J. F. Hartigan, of Camp Garnett, No. 902, U. C. V., was detailed to accompany the remains and the stricken family to Lexington, Va., the home of his childhood, where he was buried in the family plot in the Presbyterian Cemetery. The Camp mourns the loss of one of its most distinguished and valued comrades.

Col. James M. Bell.

Col. James Bell died at his home, near Bernice, Okla., on March 22, 1915. He was born in the old Cherokee Nation, in Georgia, in 1826 and was a son of David Bell, prominent among the early Cherokees, and a brother of Jack Bell, who was one of the signers of the treaty of 1835 and one of the leading men of the Ridge, or Treaty, party. James Bell received his early education at the Moravian Missions among the Cherokees and later attended school at Norwalk, Ohio. He was a man of culture, a studious and discriminating reader, and well versed in the history of his people.

James Bell was a loyal Confederate soldier. He was chosen as captain of Company D at the organization of Stand Watie's 1st Cherokee Regiment, with whom he served throughout the war. Of this company, only one member is now living—Webb Vann, of Pryor, Okla. After the promotion of Colonel Watie to brigadier general, Captain Bell was elected colonel of the 1st Cherokee Regiment. He was a soldier of unflinching courage and a courteous and considerate officer. He was a brother-in-law of Gen. Stand Watie, and his only son, who died some years ago, was named for his old general. Two daughters survive him.

Colonel Bell had reached the age of eighty-nine years; and though he lost his sight two years ago, his interest continued, and he kept in touch with the current topics of the day. He was an earnest student of the Bible, history, and the classics.

On Watie Memorial Day, December 12, 1914, the Stand Watie Chapter, U. D. C., of Pryor, Okla., sent to Colonel Bell a cross of honor, and one of his last letters was to thank the Chapter for this little bronze cross, which was buried with him.

Dr. R. P. Daniel.

After a long illness, Dr. R. P. Daniel died at his home, in Jacksonville, Fla., on April 10, 1915. He was one of the oldest citizens of Jacksonville, having lived there for over seventy years, and had practiced medicine there for the greater part of fifty years. Born in South Carolina August 19, 1828, a son of James M. and Jaqueline Smith Daniel, he graduated in medicine at the University of Pennsylvania and then entered the United States navy in 1854 as assistant surgeon of the United States sloop of war San Jacinto. He was in the navy five years and cruised around the world. He was on the United States war vessel which took Commissioner Townsend Harris to Japan to consummate the treaty negotiated by Commodore Perry which opened that country to commerce with ours.

Shortly before the war he returned to Florida, and at its outbreak he enlisted in the Confederate army as surgeon of the 8th Florida Regiment, serving throughout the four years of war and surrendering with Lee at Appomattox. He then returned to Jacksonville and soon acquired a large practice. During the yellow fever epidemic of 1888 Dr. Daniel remained at his post of duty and gave the best that was in him to alleviate the sufferings of its unfortunate victims. He was the first President of the State Board of Health of Florida, was President and also chief of staff of St. Luke's Hospital, President of the Florida Medical Association and Duval Medical Society for many years, and was Honorary President of each body at the time of his death. He was also Commander of the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, to which office he had been repeatedly elected. For a lifetime he was a devoted member of St. John's Episcopal Church of Jacksonville and its senior warden for the past twenty years.

Dr. Daniel's life in his community was one of unselfish and unremitting service to his fellow man, and his grateful friends are among those of the humblest as well as the highest walks of life. He was truly beloved by the many with whom he came in contact during his long and useful life.

W. D. Allen.

W. D. Allen was born April 15, 1844, at his home, near Carrollton, Ala. In December, 1861, he joined Company H, 11th Alabama Regiment, Wilcox's Brigade, and took part in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged, including Petersburg and Gettysburg. In the fall of 1865 he went to Tennessee and for two years engaged in farming near Reelfoot Lake, then returned to his old Alabama home and there lived until his death, which occurred November 14, 1914. He had been a member of the Missionary Baptist Church since he was thirteen years old. He married Miss Fannie Sims, of Pickens County, Ala., and to them were born two children, who survive him. Mr. Allen lived the life of a Christian.

Gen. John Floyd King.

Gen. John Floyd King, Assistant Register of the Treasury, died in Washington, D. C., on May 8, 1915, at the age of seventy-three years.

Born of a distinguished Georgia family in the town of Monticello, John Floyd King entered the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war just after completing a course at the University of Virginia. He was promoted by various grades to the rank of colonel of artillery, in which branch of the Confederate service he commanded a battalion. At the close of the war he moved to Louisiana and engaged in planting and in the study of law. Shortly afterwards he was appointed brigadier general of the State troops.

Backed by his military record, General King was elected as a Democrat from Louisiana to the Forty-Sixth, Forty-Seventh, Forty-Eighth, and Forty-Ninth Congresses, and at the expiration of this public life he moved to Washington, where he had resided ever since. During his service in Congress, extending over many years, he was interested in the establishment of an interoceanic canal and was also chairman of the committee in charge of Mississippi River improvements and was instrumental in having the commission created. He was also a big factor in the suppression of the Louisiana Lottery.

General King was the last of his family, his brothers having been killed in action during the war, and is survived by his wife only. The funeral services took place at the Church of the Ascension, Rev. Dr. Nelms officiating.

[From the Evening Star, Washington, D. C., May 8, 1915.]

Sergt. C. D. Evans.

The death of Sergt. C. D. Evans, on February 5, 1915, at his home, in Darlington, S. C., marked the passing of a man whose quiet influence for good will long be felt. Charles DeWitt Evans, eldest son of Col. William H. Evans, was born in Society Hill, S. C., on the 24th of September, 1843, and received his early education at old St. David's Academy, later being sent to Colonel Coward's military school at Yorkville. When a mere youth he went forth from a home of wealth and luxury to join the ranks of the brave men who fought so valiantly under the banner of the Confederacy, and he bore to the grave scars from wounds received in behalf of the cause of the South. When all was lost save honor he returned home to meet the struggle for existence bravely as he had the enemy on the field of battle. He made his home in Darlington for many years and won the esteem and confidence of that community. He was a loyal and enthusiastic member of the Darlington Guards since 1882, of which he was honorary captain, and a large delegation from this organization accompanied his remains to Society Hill, where he was buried with military honors.

In 1863 Comrade Evans volunteered and was assigned to Company F, 8th South Carolina Infantry. He became a noncommissioned officer and served until 1865. On account of his physical condition he had difficulty in entering military service and was several times ordered to leave the service, but insisted upon remaining in the field. He was wounded at Chickamauga and then became courier in Kershaw's Brigade, where he displayed great courage. On the day he received his wound he had a furlough in his pocket; but when the call for action came he folded the paper and placed it in his pocket and went forward to receive the injury from which he never recovered.

Comrade Evans was never married, and of his family only two brothers survive him.

George Thomas Darracott.

Another soldier has answered the last roll call, another form has fallen from the thin gray line. At the home of his daughter, Mrs. George B. Carter, Petersburg, Va., on Christmas Eve, 1914, the joyous season he loved so well, George Thomas Darracott, after an illness of three days, lay down peacefully and slept the sleep from which there is no earthly waking. Had he lived till December 27, he would have been seventy years old. Writing to a distant friend of the "other side" a few days before he was taken sick, he said: "I am still on the lines at Petersburg, Va., well and happy." Yes, still on the lines at Petersburg, he is now sleeping in old Blandford Cemetery, close to the trenches where during the war he stayed under fire from the enemy's guns night and day for nine months.

Comrade Darracott entered the Confederate army at Falling Water June 20, 1861, at the early age of sixteen years. He served with Stonewall Jackson in the Valley Campaign and was detailed to haul locomotives captured from the Federal government. Being a mere boy, General Jackson called him "George." After the battles around Richmond, he was transferred to the Confederate States locomotive works at Raleigh, N. C., under Capt. Thomas R. Sharp, his uncle. He reënlisted in 1863 in Captain Sturdivant's Virginia battery and assisted in the capture of the gunboat Smith Brigg at Smithfield, Va. He fought in the battles of the 15th, 16th, 18th, and 20th of June around Petersburg and assisted in working the mortar guns from the Crater to the Appomattox River, having had the distinction of firing the last shot of his battery at the evacuation of Petersburg. He was with Gordon's Corps in the assault and capture of Fort Steadman in March, 1865. After the evacuation of Petersburg, his command was disbanded at Lynchburg, Va.

He married Miss Mary Temple Dabney, of Hanover County, Va., a few years after the war. Seven children survive them. For over forty years he was a member and vestryman of the Episcopal Church, whose teachings he loved so well.

W. A. Fletcher.

W. A. Fletcher was born in St. Landry Parish, La., in 1837, and died January 4, 1915. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company F, 5th Texas Volunteer Infantry, Hood's Brigade, and participated in the battle of First Manassas. He was also at Second Manassas, where he was badly wounded. When able to return to duty he was transferred to the 8th Texas Cavalry (Terry's), in which he served until the close of the war. He was captured once and placed in prison, from which he escaped and joined his command. At the close of the war he returned to Beaumont, Tex., and commenced life anew. Being industrious and economical, he amassed a competency. Always in the forefront for the upbuilding of his home town, he lived to see a flourishing city. Beaumont has lost one of its most prominent citizens and our Camp a worthy member.

Lieut. John S. Hinkle.

Lieut. John S. Hinkle, of Company A, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., died at his home, in Shelby County, Ky., January 22, 1915, in his seventy-eighth year. He was born March 5, 1837, and enlisted in the 1st Kentucky Cavalry at Bowling Green, Ky., in October, 1861, making a dutiful and gallant soldier. He was elected lieutenant in the second organization of the 1st Kentucky Cavalry. He was with his regiment when paroled at Washington, Ga. The horse he rode from home he rode back to his home after the surrender. He is survived by his widow, two daughters, and a son.

Col. Aaron B. Hardcastle.

Col. Aaron Bascom Hardcastle, a native of Caroline County, Md., and son of Edward Burke Hardcastle and Mary Ann Lockwood, of Delaware, died at his home, in Easton, Md., February 10, 1915. He was born in Denton July 5, 1836. One brother was the late Capt. Edmund Lafayette Hardcastle, a graduate of West Point Military Academy July 1, 1846, who was twice promoted for gallantry in the Mexican War, and another was the late William R. Hardcastle, a gallant Confederate soldier.

Colonel Hardcastle entered the United States army from civil life in 1855 and became a second lieutenant in the 6th United States Infantry. During the Utah expedition against the Mormons he served as aid-de-camp on the staff of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and accompanied him on his perilous horseback ride from California to Texas to join the Confederate army in the summer of 1861. He recruited a battalion of Mississippians and Alabamians which he commanded with the rank of major.

General Bragg, in his special report on the battle of Shiloh, says: "At daylight on Sunday, April 6, 1862, the order was given to advance. An attack upon the skirmishers in front, commanded by Major Hardcastle, had been handsomely resisted by that promising young officer, and half an hour later the battle was fierce. In Wood's Brigade, which distinguished itself in the capture of a battery, Hardcastle's Battalion won honor; and its brave commander, at one time separated from his men, seized a musket and joined the 16th Alabama in a charge."

Colonel Hardcastle was one of the original members of the Charles S. Winder Camp, U. C. V., at Easton, of which Col. Oswald Tilghman is Commander.

Mrs. Kate V. Bassett.

Mrs. Kate V. Bassett, widow of J. S. Bassett, of Louisville, Ky., died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. B. M. Muse, in Decatur, Ga., March 30, 1915, in her seventy-fourth year. Her body was taken to Hickman, Ky., her girlhood home, for burial.

As Miss Kate Varelle Stephens, daughter of Leroy and Martha Stephens, at Union City, Tenn., in April, 1861, in an address in behalf of the ladies of Hickman, Ky., she presented a Confederate flag, which she had helped make, to the Lauderdale Guards (John A. Lauderdale, captain), this company being the first to leave Hickman in the War between the States. Always an ardent Confederate (and at the time of her death an unreconstructed Rebel), she ever worked for the good of the cause. She made lint and clothes for the Confederate soldiers, and she and her husband both gave material aid to many Southern prisoners brought to Louisville, Ky., in which city she lived after her marriage. She bore on her wrist at the time of her death a scar made by hot lead when she was molding bullets. She was a member of Agnes Lee Chapter, U. D. C., at Decatur, Ga.

Mrs. Bassett had a magnificent voice, and as a young girl she was educated by her music teachers for the operatic stage, but she chose to become a wife and mother. For many years before her death she was crippled from rheumatism, moving with difficulty and pain. But she was always bright and cheerful. She was a member of the Southern Presbyterian Church, a constant reader of the Bible, and a believer in all its promises. She leaves a daughter and two sons. After her death one of her grandsons said: "She was an old and feeble body; now she is a young soul. We should rejoice instead of mourn."

William I. Satterfield.

William I. Satterfield, who died at Hillsboro, Tex., on February 22, 1915, was born in Walker County, Va., December 15, 1833. He was a son of Arthur Satterfield, a native of South Carolina, who went to Georgia as a young man and there married Miss Delilah Jenkins, and to them were born seven children, of whom William I. Satterfield was the oldest. The latter was twice married, first in 1855, to Miss Margaret Swift, who died leaving one son. His second wife was Miss Frances Massey, of South Carolina; and of their three children, a son and daughter survive him.

In 1861 William Satterfield enlisted in Company G, 9th Infantry (under Colonel Hayes), Anderson's Brigade, Hood's Division, Longstreet's Corps, and he participated in the battles of Gettysburg, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Spottsylvania, the siege of Richmond, Battle of Seven Pines, Second Manassas, Yorktown, Jamestown, Cedar Run, and all the other battles in which Hood's Brigade took part. After the close of the war he returned to his Georgia home, removing thence to Chattanooga, Tenn., where he lived until 1877. In 1877 he took his family to Texas, settling in Hill County. Since 1911 he had lived in Hillsboro.

Hill County Camp, No. 166, U. C. V., through its committee composed of J. W. Morrison, J. K. Womack, and D. C. Wornell, passed resolutions in honor of this comrade, in whose passing the Camp feels the loss of "a worthy member, one whose valuable services to his country in her time of need were full of merit, as shown by his fine record as a soldier, participating in all those battles which crowned Hood's Texas Division with glory."

J. D. Johnson.

On the 21st of December, 1914, the death angel removed from our midst our beloved Commander, J. D. Johnson, who had served us faithfully many years. Comrade Johnson came to Texas with his parents in the fifties and settled near Cusseta, Cass County, on a farm. When his country called, he answered, enlisting in Company I, 32d Texas Cavalry. After the battle of Elk Horn, Ark., his regiment was dismounted and attached to an infantry brigade at Corinth, Miss., and remained with that command to the surrender.

After the war, Comrade Johnson moved to Atlanta, Tex., and engaged in the mercantile business. He was a successful merchant, a good citizen, a Christian gentleman. He was elected Commander of Stonewall Jackson Camp, No. 91, U. C. V., of Atlanta, Tex., and served as such for more than ten years, being reëlected every year.

Comrade Johnson is survived by his wife, who for so many years shared his fortunes, rearing a large family of children, and to her and her children the heartfelt sympathy of the members of Stonewall Jackson Camp was extended.

[J. H. Williams, A. Miles, committee for Stonewall Jackson Camp.]

Lieut. George J. Alexander.

Lieut. George J. Alexander died at his home, in Fayetteville, Tenn., February 20, 1915. He was first lieutenant of Company A, 41st Tennessee Infantry, Confederate Regiment. He was captured at Fort Donelson and was in prison seven months. He served with his regiment until the close of the war, surrendering in April, 1865. He was a brave and faithful citizen, a kind and indulgent husband and father, and a Christian gentleman. He was a member of Camp No. 114, U. C. V., at Fayetteville, Tenn. Peace to his ashes!

William T. Arnall.

On October 9, 1914, William T. Arnall, one of the best-known and most beloved citizen of Coweta County, Ga., died at the home of his daughter in Newnan, Ga. He was born in Walton County, Ga., in 1839, and his parents removed to Coweta County in 1843. His early life was spent on the farm. In July, 1861, he enlisted in Company A, 7th Georgia Regiment, and he was with this company until the battle of Second Manassas, where he was wounded. He was granted leave of absence and returned home, weighing only eighty-four pounds. When sufficiently recovered he assisted Capt. J. H. Graham in recruiting a cavalry company and went back to the front in December, 1862. In May, 1863, his wound broke out afresh, and the physician told him that he must lose his arm or his life; but he refused to submit to amputation, and at last, to his great joy, it healed.

Comrade Arnall was in a number of very hard-fought battles: Yorktown, Seven Days' fight around Richmond, Thoroughfare Gap, Manassas, and other places. He was with Bragg in his retreat from Chattanooga. He was wounded again at Chickamauga, this time in the hand, but in about two months he was able to return to his company, to remain with it till the end of the war. He was with General Wheeler when he captured Stoneman and shared in the sufferings of those perilous times. With his comrades he returned home to Coweta County after the surrender, having nothing with which to begin life; but with courage and patience he engaged in farming and prospered. In 1878 he removed to Senoia, Ga., and engaged in business. He was a member of the Baptist Church and an active leader in its work. His Christian citizenshp won for him the love of all who knew him, and few men have been held in so high esteem by all classes of people.

Edwin P. Gover.

Edwin Plummer Gover, a lifelong resident of Friendship, Md., died at the Confederate Home at Pikesville, Md., on March 10, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He was the son of William and Jane (Gover) Ward and was born at Fairview, his mother's ancestral estate on the Chesapeake, August 8, 1836. He was educated at the well-known school of Oakley, which is still in existence. In April, 1862, he enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of the 2d Maryland Infantry, Capt. Joseph Macileer's company (D). He was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, where his half brother, Emmett Webb, of the same company, received a mortal wound. Mr. Gover also took part in the battle of Hatcher's Run and was commended for bravery. He was present at the surrender of General Lee.

Some seven years ago Mr. Gover was stricken with paralysis and had since spent most of his time in reading. Last fall he was received into the Confederate Home at Pikesville. In early life he had his name changed to Gover in order to perpetuate his mother's maiden name.

From the time he left the army until his death Mr. Gover carried on his person a daguerreotype that he had with him in the battle of Gettysburg and which had been shattered by a bullet and probably helped to save his life. He was of a genial, kindly nature.

Mr. Gover's grandfather, Capt. Samuel Gover, a soldier in the War of 1812, was descended from Robert Gover, who, with his wife and son Robert, settled in the province of Maryland in 1650 and was granted six thousand acres of land, some of which is still in the family.

Deaths in Camp Winnie Davis, Waxahachie, Tex.

B. F. Marchbanks, Adjutant Camp Winnie Davis, Waxahachie, reports the following losses in that membership for the past year:

S. M. Lackland was born in Richmond, Va. He joined the 4th Texas Infantry, Hood's Brigade, in 1861. He was wounded and discharged, went to Texas, joined Sibley's Brigade in 1862, and was again discharged upon a surgeon's certificate. He died June 2, 1914, at his home, in Waxahachie.

Milton Beard was born in Tennessee. He enlisted in the 41st Tennessee Infantry and served until the close of the war. His home was in Ellis County, Tex., but he died at the home of his daughter in West Texas in 1914 at the age of eighty years.

W. M. Gardner was born in Tennessee July 30, 1844, and died in Waxahachie, Tex., December 30, 1914. He was a member of Capt. James Rivers's company, 11th Tennessee Cavalry, and served under Forrest and Wheeler.

N. G. Gould was born in Mississippi September 19, 1837. He joined Company K, 31st Mississippi Infantry, in 1862 and served to the close of the war. He died at his home, in Waxahachie, January 5, 1915.

H. D. Timons was born at Chesterfield, S. C., January 21, 1848. He enlisted in Company E, 3d South Carolina Infantry, in 1864, at the age of sixteen years. He died in Waxahachie.

J. W. Price was born in Halifax County, N. C., in 1832. He enlisted in the 7th Tennessee Infantry, Rucker's Brigade, Company E, and served until the close of the war. He died at Italy, Tex. He was one of the most worthy citizens of that town.

Deaths in Omer R. Weaver Camp, Little Rock, Ark.

J. G. C. Leiser died January 16, 1915. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1831. He enlisted in Company B, Hornet's Nest Rifles, which was attached to Col. D. H. Hill's regiment of North Carolina volunteers May 20, 1861. He was detailed to service in the government battery in Raleigh, N. C. In 1864 he was in General Holmes's command. Subsequent to the war he located in Little Rock and was engaged in the manufacture of candies.

W. H. Tindall, was born February 16, 1830, in Bedford County, Tenn. He enlisted as a private in Colonel Ward's regiment about May, 1862, and served under Gen. Braxton Bragg. He was captured in August, 1862, subsequently released, and promoted to first lieutenant. He was paroled at the close of the war. He located in Little Rock in 1870 and was engaged in the undertaker's business, from which he retired seven years ago. He died in this city January 25, 1915, at the age of eighty-four years. J. Kellogg, *Adjutant.*

William Gaston Whitefield.

William Gaston Whitefield died at his home, in Paducah, Ky., March 11, 1915. For years he had been Adjutant of the James T. Walbert Camp of Confederate Veterans. His last official act was sending the roster and assessment to General Mickle, of New Orleans, in order that delegates might receive recognition at Richmond. The same night he was taken ill. Willing to live, yet willing to go if God so willed it, he met death as he met every foe in battle, only with the assurance at this time that the Captain of his salvation would lead him on to victory. Would that every soldier-friend might have seen the passing from death unto life of this comrade, who could say in his last days, "If I have an enemy on earth, I forgive him," and in his last prayer, "Father, forgive my sins and grant that thy will may be my will"!

Capt. C. R. Ezell.

[Robert Young, Adjutant R. T. Davis Camp, U. C. V., Eatonton, Ga., reports the death of an honored member, Capt. C. R. Ezell.]

Comrade C. R. Ezell enlisted at Monticello, Ga., April 26, 1861, as second corporal in Company G, 4th Georgia Infantry, at the age of twenty-three. He was promoted to second lieutenant, first lieutenant, and captain. He was wounded at Sharpsburg, Chancellorsville, and the Wilderness. He was made prisoner after being disabled on May 5, 1864, and was one of six hundred officers placed by the Federals under fire of Confederate artillery at Charleston, S. C., in the fall of 1864. Thence he was moved to Fort Pulaski, Ga., and fed on moldy corn meal and pickles forty-three days; thence back to Fort Delaware and released after the close of the war.

Captain Ezell was a brave, fearless soldier. Through the Reconstruction era and later he was an uncompromising Southerner, a good citizen, a loving father, and faithful friend. He was for several years First Lieutenant Commander of R. T. Davis Camp, No. 759, U. C. V., and a regular attendant on the meetings. He fell asleep in death at his home, near Eatonton, at the age of seventy-six.

Hon. C. C. Mathies.

The death of Hon. C. C. Mathies at his home, near Wister, Okla., brought sorrow to his many friends. He was sixty-five years old and was a native of Alabama. In 1863, at the age of thirteen, he sought service in the Confederate army, joining Lumsden's Battery at Mobile and remaining with it until it ended its work. He was in the battles of Missionary Ridge and in other important engagements.

At the close of the war he lived for a time in Mississippi and then went to Fort Smith, Ark., making the trip by steamboat; and as there was no railway, he made the trip afoot to Hartford, where he had been engaged to teach school.

For many years Mr. Mathies was identified with the affairs of his county, and he was known as a man whose sterling friendship was worthy of possession. He was a member of the Oklahoma Constitutional Convention and of the second legislature of the State and was county commissioner of Leflore County. He was buried in his Confederate gray. At the grave the Masons conducted the burial service. Delegations of Masons from Hartford and every Lodge in Leflore County were in attendance.

Mrs. I. H. Cain.

On February 24, 1915, Helen Amanda Platt, beloved wife of I. H. Cain, was called from this earthly life. Mrs. Cain was born at Woodville, Miss. Her father was a New Yorker, and her mother was Miss Annie Morris, of Mississippi.

Mrs. Cain was born and reared under splendid environments, such as the wealthy planters of the South possessed before the war, and received her education in New Orleans. Just prior to the war her father, Jonas Platt, and family moved to Pointe Coupee Parish. In 1868 there came to Pointe Coupee Parish from Mississippi a young ex-Confederate soldier, I. H. Cain by name, and settled upon his father's plantation, near Mr. Platt's. In the early spring of 1868 the Confederate soldier, scarcely twenty-one years old, met the beautiful Miss Helen Platt, and they were married in 1869.

In the spring of 1898 Mr. and Mrs. Cain and family moved to their Clarissa plantation, near Opelousas, La., which had since been their home.

Capt. J. D. Points.

Capt. Joseph Dulaney Points, one of the best-known and most highly esteemed citizens of Palatka, Fla., died on April 8, 1915.

Captain Points was in his seventy-fourth year. He was born at Charlottesville, Va., and was a descendant of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry. He was a student at the Virginia Military Institute at the outbreak of the war and volunteered with the student body to serve the Confederacy. He was one of five brothers who, in Pickett's Division, made the memorable charge up Gettysburg Heights, and four were left dead upon that bloody field, Captain Points himself receiving a serious wound. His young brother Polk, a lad of fifteen, color bearer of his regiment, was shot down as his company charged up the heights, and his brother Summerfield, who fought at his side, seized and bore the colors aloft, when he too was shot dead a few moments later.

Captain Points went to Palatka about twenty-five years ago and had been active in the affairs of the city since then, having served as mayor for one term and several terms as alderman, always with honor to himself and credit to the city. As a business man he had few peers. He was always straightforward and honorable to a fault in his business transactions. He is survived by three sons.

Stanley Mason.

Stanley Mason died at the home of his son, near Granbury, Tex., January 30, 1915, in his eighty-first year. He enlisted in Company A, 18th Georgia Regiment, June 11, 1861, and was in all the great battles fought by his regiment. He was wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, but soon returned to his regiment, with which he remained until he was captured on the 6th of April, 1865. There were none braver nor more loyal to the South than he.

Mr. Mason was a deacon in the Baptist Church and a devout Christian. He is survived by two children, several grandchildren, two brothers, and two sisters. The average age of the brothers and sisters is eighty years.

A good man has gone to his reward.

Nathan Odom.

Nathan Odom died January 9, 1915, at his home, in St. Petersburg, Fla., at the age of eighty-three years. He was born in Barnwell County, S. C., September 16, 1831, and became a citizen of the State of Florida before the War between the States. He enlisted in the Confederate service under Captain Dyer in the 52d Florida Regiment and participated in many of the hard-fought battles, being severely wounded on one occasion, from the effects of which he carried a rifle ball in his body for fourteen years. He was a brave soldier, a true friend, and a faithful member of the Baptist Church from youth. He was an active member of Zollicoffer Camp, St. Petersburg, Fla., and a regular attendant, proudly wearing his Confederate uniform. Comrade Odom leaves two daughters, his wife having died ten years ago.

F. M. Jenkins.

F. M. Jenkins died June 24, 1914, at Chipley, Ga., aged eighty-one years. He served in Company D, 3d Georgia Cavalry. He was a brave Confederate soldier and for four years stood heroically as one of Joe Wheeler's cavalrymen. After the war he devoted his energies to farm life, in which he was very successful. He was a good citizen and a consistent member of the Baptist Church.

Tom L. Lewellyn.

Tom L. Lewellyn was born December 22, 1826, and died in Woodbury, Hill County, Tex., March 5, 1914. In the spring of 1861 he made up a company, which was afterwards Company A of the 26th Mississippi, near Iuka, Miss., with which he went to Union City, then to Bowling Green, Ky., thence in 1862 to Fort Donelson, where he was captured and taken to Camp Morton. He was a prisoner for nine months, then exchanged and rejoined his old company in the fall of 1862. Going to South Mississippi, he was in the fight of Coffeeville, Grenada, and Greenville in the fall of 1863. He went from there to Black River, then to Grand Gulf, La., then to Baker's Creek, and there he was made wagon master and ordered into Vicksburg with supplies. The night after he arrived in Vicksburg he and five other men got out and went through a nine days' fight at Jackson, Miss. They then went to Macon, Miss., where they rested for three months. In the winter of 1864 he went to Virginia. He surrendered under Gen. Joseph E. Johnston.

John Wallace Payne.

John Wallace Payne died at his home, in Johnston, S. C., on July 27, 1914. He was the son of David Payne and Mary Richardson and was born October 19, 1861, near Chappells, S. C. He inherited the soldierly qualities of his ancestors, and when the war clouds cast their shadows over the country he enlisted in Company E, 7th South Carolina Regiment, Holcomb's Legion, and reported for duty in Charleston, among the first to take up arms. He had four brothers in the army, one of whom, James R. Payne, met his death at Adams's Run, dying a true patriot.

When the war was over, John Payne returned to the old homestead; but after his marriage to Miss Joanna Smyly he made his home in Johnston, S. C., and there became identified with all that pertained to the good of the town. He was a member of the Baptist Church. Throughout life his heart ever beat true to the Confederacy. He loved the cause, and it was always a proud thought that he had been a soldier.

At his request his cross of honor was buried with him. A laurel wreath and Confederate flag were placed upon his casket by the U. D. C.'s.

Jasper N. Gaines.

After many years of affliction, the spirit of Jasper N. Gaines, of Brunswick, Mo., was freed from its earthly tenement on October 25, 1914. For more than thirty years Mr. Gaines was almost totally blind, and other afflictions of late years had made his life one of suffering, until death brought its blessed release.

Jasper N. Gaines was a son of Preston and Sarah Gaines, who were pioneer citizens of Chariton County. He was born at the old Gaines homestead, near Triplett, Mo., in 1842. He enlisted in the Missouri State service at Brunswick, Mo., May 3, 1861, in Capt. William M. Neilson's company, 3d Regiment, 3d Division, and was discharged November 28, 1861, on the expiration of his term of enlistment. He went to Kentucky shortly after his discharge in Missouri and enlisted under General Morgan, serving faithfully to the end. He was married in 1879 to Mrs. Cordelia Yokeley, and to them were born three sons, two of whom survive him with their mother and an adopted daughter. His home had been in Brunswick, Mo., for about fifteen years.

L. E. D. Felder.

Comrade L. E. D. Felder died at his home, near Bowman, S. C., on the 22d of May, 1914, aged seventy-four years. He was a member of Company C, 1st South Carolina Regiment, at the beginning of the war and engaged in the first bombardment of Fort Sumter at Charleston on the 12th and 13th of April, 1861. Later on he became a member of Captain Edward's company, 5th South Carolina Cavalry, and served to the end of the war. He was severely wounded in the battle of Trevilians, Va., in 1864.

Comrade Felder was of a large family, all loyal Southerners. He had eleven brothers in the war with him. After the war he married Miss Frances Collier and settled down in his father's old home as a farmer and there developed a large landed estate of about two thousand acres. Six children survive him—four daughters and two sons.

[Sketch by L. P. Collier.]

Humphrey Howdershell.

Taps has sounded for another member of W. Ewell Camp, U. C. V., and Comrade Humphrey Howdershell has answered the last roll call on earth. He was born September 30, 1844, near the village of Hopewell, Fauquier County, Va.

In 1862 he joined the Confederate army, enlisting in Company B, 6th Virginia Cavalry. In the cavalry fight at Brandy Station, after surrendering, he was knocked from his horse by a blow on the head by a Union soldier. On another occasion he was wounded in the leg by the bursting of a shell.

In 1869 he was married to Miss Armenia Peak, of Fauquier County, and in 1870 he removed to his farm, near Waterfall, in Prince William County, where he died November 7, 1914.

As a citizen Comrade Howdershell stood high in the estimation of the community where he lived. For a number of years he served as trustee of the Gainesville District School Board.

David M. Hooks.

David M. Hooks was born in Alabama September 15, 1838; and died September 8, 1914, at Goldthwaite, Tex., having nearly reached his seventy-sixth year. During the war Comrade Hooks served in Company E, 56th Alabama Cavalry, under Col. James Clanton, and he made a brave and faithful soldier. After the war he went to Texas and was County Surveyor of Hamilton and Mills Counties for several years. Removing to Mills County, he became a member of Jeff Davis Camp, U. C. V., of Goldthwaite, and by resolutions his comrades of the Camp have expressed their sense of loss in the death of this "good and faithful friend and comrade, whose life and services were worthy of emulation. He was a pure-hearted Christian and officer in the Presbyterian Church."

[Committee: J. W. Allen, J. D. Calaway, A. C. Decker.]

Leroy Hilton Carter.

On March 18, 1915, Comrade Leroy Hilton Carter passed over the river, thus thinning the ranks of the men who wore the gray. Comrade Carter is the fourth of our Camp who has gone from us since the Gettysburg reunion.

He was born in 1846 in Prince William County, Va., near Bacon Race, and when sixteen years old enlisted in Huger's Battery, C. S. A., and was wounded in the battle of Gettysburg. When nineteen years old he married Miss Rhoda Ella Leroy, of Caroline County. After the death of his first wife, he married Miss Sarah C. Woodyard, of Washington, D. C., in 1895, and she survives him.

[Sketch by W. H., Manassas, Va.]

ORIGINATOR OF CONFEDERATE REUNIONS.

BY MRS. LEE CAMP MOORE, HISTORIAN AGNES LEE CHAPTER, U. D. C., DECATUR, GA.

It is a coincidence that Mrs. Elizabeth Camp Glover, who originated the annual soldiers' reunions, should have died during the year of the last great Reunion, as many think that at Richmond will be. Mrs. Glover was presented to the veterans from the platform of the Richmond Reunion of 1896 as the originator of reunions.

Mrs. Glover was born at Greenville, S. C., December 29, 1829; her death occurred at Corsicana, Tex., April 14, 1915. She had reached her eighty-sixth year. Her husband, Dr. Thomas C. Glover, lieutenant colonel of the 21st Georgia Regiment, was killed at Winchester September 19, 1864, in his one hundred and seventh engagement.

In June, 1867, Mrs. Glover called together in reunion at Campbellton, Ga., the survivors of Company A, 21st Georgia Regiment, the company that was carried into service by her husband as its captain. At that meeting only twelve of the old company got together, and the orator was Col. Thomas Latham, of Atlanta. They arranged to hold an annual reunion as long as any two of them lived to meet together and talk over the days that tried men's souls. At the next annual meeting a big basket dinner was given, and all the soldiers in Campbell County were invited to meet with them. The thirty survivors of the two hundred who went to war were present, including the drummer and fifer. They vowed, "by the help of God, to teach our children and charge them to teach their children for all time to come that the cause for which we fought was just and right, to teach them to be proud of the part we took in the conflict, and to teach their children that we were overcome by numbers; not whipped, but overcome."

The history of Doles-Creek Brigade says that from this little reunion has grown the immense reunion of to-day.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

BY H. G. ASKEW, AUSTIN, TEX.

To the list of surviving Confederate generals, mentioned in the May and June numbers of the VETERAN, there should be added two names—viz., A. P. Bagby and A. R. Johnson. Both of these old warriors reside within the limits of the Second Texas Brigade, U. C. V., of Texas, the former at Hallettsville, the latter at Burnet.

A. P. Bagby was made major of the 7th Texas Cavalry October 26, 1861, colonel of the same in 1862, and brigadier general, P. A. C. S., in 1863. Commands: Brigade composed of the 1st, 7th, and 37th Texas Regiments of Cavalry; November 1, 1863, at Opelousas, La., brigade composed of the 4th, 5th, and 7th Regiments and Waller's Battalion of Texas Cavalry, practically the former Sibley's or Tom Green brigade; April 20, 1864, assigned to a brigade (other than the old Tom Green brigade) in Bee's Division; in 1864 commanded a division (temporarily) composed of De Bray's, Terrell's, and Brent's Brigades.

A. R. Johnson became colonel of the 10th (Johnston's) Kentucky Partisan Rangers and brigadier general, P. A. C. S., August 4, 1864. As such he commanded the 2d Brigade of General Morgan's cavalry and was subsequently in command in Tennessee and Kentucky. He went from Texas to the war in Kentucky and returned to Texas after its close and has resided here ever since. He intimidated Newberg, Ind., by playing off a rusty stovepipe and an old blackened log as cannon and made a successful raid on that place, capturing arms for the unarmed portion of his command. Hence he was known to some extent as "Stovepipe" Johnson. He was terribly wounded later in the war, losing the sight of both eyes.

Brig. Gen. R. M. Gano, of the Confederate army, mentioned in the June number, died sometime ago.

CONFEDERATE SURGEONS' MONUMENT.

Donations as follows have been received to the fund for the erection in the city of Richmond, Va., of an appropriate monument to the memory of Surgeon General Samuel Preston Moore, the surgeons and assistant surgeons of the army and navy of the Confederate States, and the women of the Confederacy:

Mrs. Mollie R. M. Rosenberg, Galveston, Tex.	$100 00
Samuel E. Lewis, M.D., Washington, D. C.	100 00
New York Chapter, No. 103, U. D. C.	25 00
Gen. W. B. Haldeman, Louisville, Ky.	10 00
Holmes County Camp, No. 398, U. C. V., Durant, Miss.	6 00
W. F. Beard, M.D., Shelbyville, Ky.	5 00
Kate K. Salmon Chapter, No. 631, U. D. C., Clinton, Mo.	5 00
J. D. Croom, M.D., Maxton, N. C.	5 00
Agnes Lee Chapter, No. 434, U. D. C., Decatur, Ga.	5 00
Quitman Chapter, No. 112, U. D. C., Quitman, Ga.	5 00
Forsythe Chapter, No. 415, U. D. C., Forsythe, Ga.	3 00
Pelham Chapter, U. D. C., Pelham, Ga.	2 00
R. E. Lee Camp, No. 58, U. C. V., Jacksonville, Fla.	1 90
Mrs. Leila D. Bedell, Atlanta, Ga.	1 00
Barnesville Chapter, No. 49, U. D. C., Barnesville, Ga.	1 00
Stonewall Jacksonville Chapter, No. 1026, U. D. C. (Miss N. W. Weaver), Cuthbert, Ga.	1 00
Annie Wheeler Chapter, No. 391, U. D. C., Carrolton, Ga.	1 00
Sarah E. Hornady Chapter, No. 884, U. D. C., Ellaville, Ga.	1 00
Longstreet Chapter, No. 46, U. D. C., Gainesville, Ga.	1 00
Sherman of Upson Chapter, No. 677, U. D. C., Thomaston, Ga.	1 00
Total	$279 90

In addition to the above, there is pledged seventy-seven dollars which remains to be paid.

SAMUEL E. LEWIS, M.D., *Chairman and Treasurer.*

The address of the Treasurer is 1418 Fourteenth Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

WHAT MORE COULD HE SAY?—A. M. Barnes, Miami, Fla., writes: "My love for and interest in the VETERAN never lags, yet on account of old age (now eighty-four) I am not able to do half as much as I want to do for it. However, I shall continue to do all I possibly can. I feel sure that the greatest work can be done only through the Daughters of the Confederacy. When it comes to doing good, men are not in it; and when men are found doing any good work, it is through the influence of woman. They are God's instruments. * * * In conclusion, I will say that only when this life ends will my love and work for the VETERAN end."

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL CONVENTION.

(Continued from page 294.)

to fall in line, and sponsors and maids in their pretty costumes shivered in the chilly wind as they waited to take their places. Moving from Capitol Square, the head of the column at last appeared to the expectant crowd, with Gen. J. Thompson Brown as chief marshal, followed by Acting Commander in Chief Gen. George P. Harrison and staff, Governor Stuart and staff, the Richmond Grays acting as guard of honor. Following on came a remnant of Forrest's Cavalry, bearing their own battle flag, tattered and torn. To the sound of gay music came other veteran commands—men of Tennessee in homespun gray; men who had followed Mosby in his daring raids; men who fought under Hood and A. P. Hill, under Joe Johnston, and beneath the standards of Jackson and Stuart; men who followed Pickett up the heights of Gettysburg and others who served with "Mars Robert." There, too, were the men of North Carolina whose proudest boast is that the greatest number of their dead lie on Virginia fields. Men from Arkansas, Mississippi, Missouri, Alabama, Florida, from beyond the Mississippi (sons of veterans who had fought for freedom under the "Lone Star"), South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana—all were there. Interspersed with these veteran commands were those of a later generation, Sons of Veterans, the boys of the Virginia Military Institute, company after company of the Virginia State regiments, the Richmond Light Blues, the Baby Blue Battalion, and the visiting regiment of the Connecticut Foot Guards with their Governor—miles and miles of the military, it seemed. In strong relief were the carriages with the pretty, smiling sponsors and maids and the women, young and old, representing their Confederate organizations.

On the reviewing stand at Lee Circle with Governor Stuart, of Virginia, were Governor McCreary, of Kentucky; Governor-Elect Harris, of Georgia; Governor Manning, of South Carolina; Mayor Preston, of Baltimore; and Governor Holcomb, of Connecticut, the first Governor of a Northern State to take part in a Confederate parade.

As the parade passed the living Confederate flag, just by the great statue of General Lee, the children's chorus of six hundred voices swelled out in the strains of the old Southern melodies—"Dixie," "Maryland," "Suwannee River," "My Old Kentucky Home"—and others which every Southern heart recalled with tears.

With a vision that sees into the heart of things, an editorial writer of the Richmond News Leader compares this grand review to that which passed before the eyes of General Lee at Cold Harbor, just fifty-one years before, saying:

"We lived that day over again, we Southerners did, this noon. We fancied them tramping by just as they did that memorable morning. Hill's Corps on the right, we remembered, Early with Heth's Division and Ewell's Corps on the left, Anderson in the center commanding the corps of the wounded Longstreet. First came the South Carolinians, the remnant of the regiments that Bee and Bonham brought to Bull Run, with Kershaw's and Jenkins's and Butler's Cavalry and Hagood's and Elliott's men from Beauregard's army across the James. Then marched the brave Mississippians whom Humphreys and Harris and Davis led in 1864; then presently the magnificent Alabama regiments that Archer and Battle and Perrin and Law had placed where the fire was hottest; then the Georgians, with the spotless Gordon as the senior brigadier (more than thirty regiments of them Lee had commanded); then Hays's and Stafford's Louisiana Brigades; then the Texans, who won at Sharpsburg a name they sustained till the last gun was fired; then our own Virginians, the Stonewall Brigade, the Laurel Brigade, the fragments of Pickett's Division, the regiments whose numerals are as familiar as the initials of our names, the cavalrymen whom Stuart and Fitz Lee and Rosser and Munford (he was here almost as youthful as ever) and the others had guided; then following close were the Tarheels—how could Lee have won his battles without them? That brigade Junius Daniel commanded, that was Ramseur's, that was Cook's, that thought Jim Lane the best of leaders, that had been with Kirkland, that was Cox's—you saw the old Roman in his place; that was Scales.

"Artillerists? That little group of men had been with the blameless Poague. Cabell commanded that battalion and Cutshaw that. Those howitzers were with the Army of Northern Virginia for four years. Braxton and Nelson and Page and Hardaway and Pegram and Cutts and Richardson were names with which to conjure. Who doubted the result when Grant was to send his best division against the lines those heroes held? Who wondered that the Federals refused to charge again when that army swept them back over a field carpeted with dead?

"No old men, no limping grandsires, no graybeards, but the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of Tennessee, the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, the cavalry of Wheeler and Forrest and Morgan, the footmen of Bragg and Johnston, Taylor and Kirby Smith, Hood and Price, soldiers whose courtesy, courage, and conquests shine as resplendently to-day as when the blood was still wet at Cold Harbor and Grant's broken regiments were crying out against fresh carnage. Was it surprising that men bared their heads and women wept as the soldiers marched through the court of honor? Was it only delusion that made us all shake fifty years from our shoulders and see in these trim gray lines the bulwark of a newborn nation's honor?

"But if they seemed young to us because a half century had not dimmed the star of their fame, so they seemed this morning, in contrast to the armies of whose exploits we read to-day, the knights of an unblemished cause. Germans entered Belgium with orders to introduce an era of "frightfulness"; Confederates went into Maryland with instructions to enter no private dwelling. Along the track of von Arnim's army not a living thing could be seen; over the roads Lee's army traveled in Pennsylvania the very cherries hung unplucked. From villages that Uhlans entered last autumn the women fled in terror; on the porches of towns that Morgan raided loyal matrons stood and shook their fists unchallenged at the dashing graycoats.

"We thought of these things this morning as we saw faces light up with nobility when they beheld the form of their old general silhouetted in gray and bronze. We thought of the contrast between Pennsylvania and Belgium, between the department of the Aisne and the State of Maryland, and we thanked God, we Richmond people, that even as our fathers made the strategists write new textbooks, so they made of war the battle of men and not the madness of brutes. We looked up at the noble lines of our great commander's face, and we saw reflected in the wrinkles of those who passed by the same high spirit of Christian manhood the artist had fixed in the bronze. * * *

"It was a parade, they said, on the official program, but to the thousands who lined Monument Avenue it was more a sermon than a pageant. For it meant not a display of gold and gray, but an ideal of service and patriotism. * * *

The Jackson Monument.

The ceremonies attending the laying of the corner stone of the Jackson monument were under the direction of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Virginia and took place on Thursday afternoon just after the parade had turned back to town. Notwithstanding the inclement weather, a distinguished gathering witnessed the ceremonies. Maj. William A. Anderson, of Lexington, formerly Attorney-General of Virginia, was the orator of the occasion, speaking eloquently of the great and good man to whom the statue is to be erected. For this monument to Stonewall Jackson there is now a fund of $32,000, of which sum the legislature of Virginia contributed $10,000, the city of Richmond gave $10,000, and the remainder was given by school children and patriotic societies, with scattering contributions from all Southern States. No design has yet been selected, but it will be an equestrian statue and will stand at the intersection of Monument Avenue and the Boulevard, a little farther out than the Davis memorial.

Camp Henry Stuart.

Some five thousand veterans were entertained at Camp Henry Stuart, located at the State Fair Grounds; and despite the rain and mud, these old fellows managed to have a good time. Some of the Reunion bands were also quartered there and with their music helped to entertain the crowd. The distance of the camp from the town and the bad weather kept many of the veterans closely confined; but they swapped jokes and reminiscences, played the fiddle, and otherwise managed to amuse themselves. One old fellow said they had "plenty to eat and plenty of sleep." The bad weather and consequent discomforts were endured uncomplainingly and with the same fortitude that marked their acceptance of conditions in the days of the sixties.

Social Features.

The social features of the Reunion included receptions and dances for the veterans as well as for the sponsors and maids. The brilliant reception at the executive mansion was largely attended by veterans in their gray uniforms. The presence there of Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart, Mrs. George E. Pickett, Miss Mary Custis Lee, Mrs. S. B. Buckner, and Mrs. W. H. F. Lee made it a happy occasion for the veterans. These ladies were enthusiastically greeted when presented to the convention.

The veterans' ball on Thursday evening was a scene of gayety, of which the veterans were a prominent feature. This was given at the armory of the Richmond Grays and was the last of the Reunion entertainments.

The grand concert at the City Auditorium on Wednesday evening was enjoyed by many thousands. The Reunion chorus of five hundred voices, directed by Prof. Walter Mercer, thrilled the audience with selections from the best compositions, interspersed with the old-time melodies, which are ever new and sweet.

SOCIAL FUNCTIONS AT REUNIONS.

A protest comes from a member of the Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., against the discrimination that is made in the social entertainments at Reunions, in which she says:

"As I understand it, the Reunions are for the pleasure and happiness of the veterans, who are rapidly passing away; but I found in Richmond, as in Jacksonville, sad neglect of the veterans, with the fêting of the sponsors and maids in comparison, there being a continuation of balls, luncheons, and receptions given in their honor, while Daughters, Veterans, and the Confederate Choir were excluded, this, of course, being mortifying to the excluded ones. On one occasion several of the Choir asked for tickets to a dance, not as participants, but simply to look on, and were refused; an adjutant general and chief of staff asked admission, but was indignantly refused—a thing, he said, that had never occurred before.

"Perhaps some may think I am a knocker, but I am not. I am just calling attention to a wrong which should be righted. Why this discrimination? I know it deters some from attending the Reunions, and naturally.

"Please do not understand me to say that there was neglect save in social functions, which would be as much enjoyed by the Veterans, Daughters, and Choir as by sponsors and maids, for it is the pleasure of the former to contribute in every way possible to the enjoyment of the occasion.

"Last year I was requested by one of the colonels to write a letter along this line, and this year another request comes from an adjutant general; so, feeling that it is time some change should be made, I beg to call the attention of proper officials along this line to the matter."

U. C. V. REUNION IN BIRMINGHAM IN 1916.

BY ROBERT R. ZELL, ADJUTANT CAMP WILCOX.

Through the organized efforts of Camp Wilcox, No. 1782, U. C. V., of Birmingham, Ala., and the support of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, the United Confederate Veterans voted unanimously at the Richmond Reunion for Birmingham as the Reunion city for 1916. The last Reunion held in Birmingham was in 1908, seven years ago, and it then followed Richmond, Va. The veterans remember how well the city of Birmingham cared for them then and look forward to May, 1916, with confidence and great pleasure.

Since the last Reunion in Birmingham Camp Wilcox has been organized with an active membership of over one hundred and fifty veterans. Through the efforts of Col. John G. Smith, Commander, and Capt. Robert R. Zell, Adjutant, and with the support of the members of this Camp, the Reunion was secured for Birmingham. By inaugurating an active canvass among their comrades in the States of Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Arkansas, they started out with enough votes to make the fight on a sure basis. Our Commander invited Congressman Heflin to speak to the nomination of Birmingham before the convention, which he did most eloquently. Camp Wilcox went to Richmond seventy-five strong and was represented by a handsome array of sponsors and maids—Miss Mary R. Zell, sponsor; Miss Louise Zell and Miss Mary Rush, maids of honor; Mrs. E. N. Spence, chaperon. Its mascot, little Miss Susie Bell Smith, granddaughter of Commander Smith, and the Boys' Industrial School Band helped to make a favorable impression for Birmingham as the convention city.

With the support of the Chamber of Commerce and the citizens of the city of Birmingham, Camp Wilcox will take care of the veterans in 1916 in the very best manner. A cordial invitation is extended to all veterans, their sons and daughters. It is our purpose to make the next Reunion one to be remembered by introducing some new and attractive features for their entertainment in 1916.

Owing to the fact that Birmingham is centrally located and has numerous railroads radiating from it and is within one night's ride for three-fourths of the veterans and their friends, we expect this Reunion to be largely attended.

SURVIVING CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

Mrs. Mahulda Kirby Abbott, wife of the late William Dudly Abbott, was born in Randolph County, Mo., March 6, 1822, and lives with her youngest son and the youngest of the family, Martin Dudly Abbott, on the farm which her husband settled on in 1853, near New Boston, Linn County, Mo. She was the mother of sixteen children, twelve sons and four daughters, all of whom, with one exception, lived to maturity. The third child of the family, Joseph Kirby Abbott, in his nineteenth year, in the summer of 1861 enlisted in the Confederate army, going out in Company A, 5th Missouri Infantry, and was in nearly all the battles of the Mississippi Valley, from Wilson's Creek, in August, 1861, to Franklin, Tenn., in November, 1864, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Cockrell's Brigade, to which he belonged, went into that battle six hundred and fifty-seven strong and came out with only a little more than two hundred. His cousin, James Abbott, belonging to the same company, was killed at Franklin—at least he was never heard of after the battle—and doubtless lies buried there among the unknown. After Appomattox, Joseph Kirby Abbott received his release at Louisville, Ky., and went home in May in good health except for an unhealed wound in the foot. He afterwards married, worked and paid for an excellent farm, reared a large family, and died in 1888.



MRS. WILLIAM D. ABBOTT AND GRANDDAUGHTER, MISS RUBY O. ABBOTT.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown Wright, now living near Aiken, S. C., eighty-nine years old, is the mother of two Confederate soldiers, J. T. Plunkett, of Company H, 14th South Carolina Infantry, and J. S. Plunkett, of Percival's South Carolina Cavalry. Her father and one brother were also in Company H, 14th South Carolina Infantry, while another brother was in the 7th South Carolina Infantry, three in the 2d South Carolina Artillery, and one in Percival's Cavalry. Her husband, J. C. Wright, was in Matthews's Battalion, South Carolina Heavy Artillery.

Dr. J. W. Young writes from Grenada, Miss.: "My own mother, Mrs. C. W. Young, is still living and was eighty-eight years of age this past February. I enlisted at the age of sixteen in 1863 under Forrest and was captured at Selma, Ala., in April, 1865, by Wilson's command."

Mrs. Elizabeth Keller Smith, the mother of Green R. Keller, is living at Cynthiana, Ky., in her eighty-ninth year. She is hale and hearty. Green R. Keller, the best-known Confederate in Kentucky, was a member of Company A, 8th Kentucky Cavalry, Morgan's command. He was editor of the Carlisle Mercury for twenty-seven years and the most useful man in his community until his death, in 1912.

In Benton, Ark., are now living three mothers of Confederate soldiers: Mrs. Martha Stevens, now at the age of ninety-two, whose son served in Louisiana; Mrs. Julia Rowland, ninety years of age, who had a son and husband in the Confederacy; and Mrs. Louisa Cloud.

Mrs. Ellen Bryan Fite, who was born in Virginia in 1821 and taken to Tennessee in infancy, now lives on her farm, near Carthage, Tex., which is managed by her son, Smith L. Fite, who was a soldier of the 10th Texas Cavalry until permanently disabled by a wound at Chickamauga. The Bryans and Fites were prominent families of Tennessee.

Mrs. Lucretia Young, widow of Sam Young, who lives in Wilcox County, Ga., is another Confederate mother. She was Miss Lucretia Cates, of South Carolina, and is about ninety-three years of age. She has been married three times.

A Confederate Mother One Hundred Years Old.

S. P. Oliver writes: "In her suburban home at Brookhaven, Miss., resides Mrs. Rebecca Price, who on January 6, 1915, celebrated her one hundredth birthday. Mrs. Price, though rather feeble, retains to a wonderful degree her mental faculties. She had two sons, Thomas and Ferdinand, who served throughout the war, the latter yet living. Mrs. Price is lovingly cared for by her youngest daughter, Miss Maggie. All honor to the Confederate Veteran for its kind remembrance of these surviving Confederate mothers!"

HER ALL FOR THE SOUTH.

BY W. T. HARDISON, NASHVILLE, TENN.

The article in the June Veteran, page 249, by Mr. Buzhardt, of Newberry, S. C., in regard to the eleven Anderson brothers who served as Confederate soldiers, reminds me of an incident which, I think, brought me in touch with the mother of these boys.

In the latter part of 1864 and until the surrender, in 1865, I was acting commissary for Ashby's Brigade, to which I belonged. This brigade was composed of three companies—the 1st, 2d, and 5th—and the 9th Battalion of Tennessee. After the raid by General Wheeler through Tennessee in 1864, the entire command halted for some time at Blue Mountain, Ala. Our commissary had been lost in this raid, and his assistant, Capt. Matt Ezell, from Pulaski, was a delicate man and not able to do the necessary work; so I was detailed as his assistant. I was furnished a detail of from three to five men from each regiment and sent out every morning with orders from Colonel Ashby to bring in supplies for the brigade. I think it was in January or February, 1865, after we had gotten over into South Carolina, while out getting up something for the men to eat, that we came to this woman's house and found three nice-looking cows at the front gate and a young lady doing the milking. When she saw us coming she took her milk pail and went into the yard. Her mother came out and pleaded with us not to take her cows, as they were about all they had to live on; besides, she said, as well as I recollect, she had sixteen children, twelve of them boys and eleven of them in the army, and she thought she had done enough for the Confederacy. While we were talking a young man stood in the front door with his arm in a sling. She said he had come home on a furlough until he was able to go back to the army. I agreed with her that she had done her share and told her we would not take her cows.

As we rode away some of the boys said: "Captain, let's take those cows. We must feed our men; and if we don't take them, some other command will within the next few days." But I said, "No, boys; we cannot take those cows," and rode off, while the boys complained loudly.

WHAT MISSOURI IS DOING FOR CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Dr. Stephen H. Ragan, Colonel and Assistant Surgeon U. C. V., writes from Kansas City:

"I wish to correct the article in the June Veteran by Capt. Perry M. DeLeon on 'What the South Is Doing for Her Veterans,' in which he says: 'Maryland and Missouri pay no pensions, but provide a home. It is time they should pay pensions.'

"Missouri pays a pension of ten dollars per month to every veteran who can show an honorable discharge, parole, or whose name is on the muster rolls of the War Department at Washington, and has been paying such pension for the past two years. The appropriation fell short in 1914, but the last legislature appropriated a sum sufficient to pay one-half of the pensions for 1914 and ten dollars per month for the next two years.

"We have a splendid home for our veterans at Higginsville, Mo., under the management of Gen. George P. Gross, where the veterans are well cared for; and if sick they have Dr. Webb, a kind-hearted medical man, to look after them. No veteran who draws a pension can be an inmate of the Home. A veteran who is married can live in a cottage at the Home and be as comfortable as one could wish.

"We are rather proud of Missouri, who did not secede, but sent thirty-five thousand soldiers to the Southern army and who is now doing her best to take care of the soldiers in their old age. I am sure that the author of the article, as well as all interested in the welfare of the veterans, will be glad to know this."

CONFEDERATE PENSIONERS OF TEXAS.

BY PHILIP D. LISSNER, DEPARTMENT OF PENSIONS, AUSTIN.

After noting in the June Veteran the table referring to amounts of pensions given by the different States of the South, we ask for space to give a few facts regarding Texas pension laws which will throw some light on what Texas is doing for her pensioners.

We had on our rolls June 5, 1915, 18,633 pensioners. One thousand seven hundred and forty-three draw $100 per year. (Being totally disabled, they receive the same amount every year.) Sixteen thousand eight hundred and ninety draw at least $79 a year, payable quarterly. They also can draw as much as $100 annually when there is enough money paid in from taxes.

We receive our pension money from a tax of five cents on the $100 *ad valorem,* which this year will amount to nearly $1,300,000. On the list of pensioners of Texas only about nine per cent are soldiers who went into the war from Texas, while very few of our soldiers are in other States drawing pensions.

In the Confederate Home for Soldiers there are three hundred and ninety-eight inmates; in the Woman's Home there are forty inmates. There is appropriated $100,000 per year to run the Soldiers' Home, and there is an appropriation of $17,000 per year to run the Widows' Home.

We have more pensioners than any other State in the South drawing Confederate pensions. In addition, we have our Texas Republic pensions, which no other State has, and we have a Ranger force to keep and to pension.

Some States have allowed a pension of $10 per month, and Oklahoma in making this move appropriated only $20,000, which would not allow a pension roll of over one hundred and seventy-five.

Texas allows its pensioners to own a $1,000 homestead, $1,000 personal property, $300 a year income (any or all of these), and still permits them to draw a pension, which is by far more liberal than most States.

Texas does not make it essential for widows of veterans to secure testimony of men who served with their husbands, but allows an individual oath, thereby making it easier than most States.

Now, in conclusion, I beg to state that I am not sending this as a dissatisfied report from Texas. We only wish that we could give all the remaining veterans a comfortable living the rest of their days, and we likewise realize what a mere pittance the pension is; but we only want the other States to realize that Texas is doing as much as any of them and is trying to do more.

REUNION OF MISSOURI CAVALRY.

R. S. Kimberlin, Commander in Chief of the Marmaduke Division of Missouri Cavalry, U. C. V. (including Shelby's Brigade, Cabell's Brigade, Quantrell's Regiment, and Jackson's Regiment), sends out an announcement of their annual reunion in Chickasha, Okla., August 5 and 6.

This splendid little city has promised the grandest reunion ever held in the State of Oklahoma. Mrs. Joe Shelby who lives at Bovina, Tex., will be there. She is now seventy-five years of age, but is buoyant with life and enthusiasm and declares that she wants to meet and shake hands with every man living who served under her husband, Gen. Joe Shelby. She will make a talk to the survivors.

Prominent among the notables to be present at this reunion are: Gen. Jarrett Todd, Mangum, Okla., Commander Shelby's Brigade; Capt. Will A. Miller, Amarillo, Tex., Commander Cabell's Brigade; Col. John Workman, Independence, Mo., Commander Quantrell's Regiment.

All comrades are urged to attend the reunion, and Commander Kimberlin wants to hear from every one who intends to be there. Write him at Clarendon, Tex.

Confederate Chaplains.—W. N. Cameron writes from Coleman, Tex.: "I want to add a word of testimony to L. Fowler's defense of Confederate chaplains, page 205, May Veteran. Rev. Mr. Smith (I don't remember his initials, but, if I mistake not, his first name was Abner), who was pastor of the M. E. Church, South, at Sparta, Tenn., in 1861, volunteered in Company A, 25th Tennessee Infantry. He voluntarily went to the front in the battle of Fishing Creek and came through without a wound; but later, May 3, 1862, he again voluntarily took his place in the ranks in a heavy skirmish at Farmington, in front of Corinth, under the intrepid Gen. G. G. Dibrell, and was shot through the lungs, to which I was a witness, which gave him an honorable discharge. However, he finally recovered sufficiently to reenlist in Dibrell's Cavalry Regiment, and he participated in numerous engagements up to the surrender. He finally died from the effects of the wound received on the 3d of May, 1862. A braver man never faced a foe or was more revered by his comrades."

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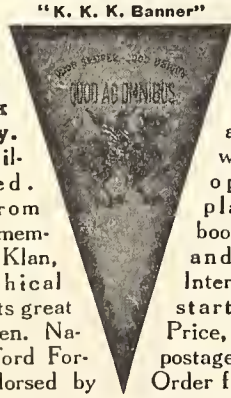
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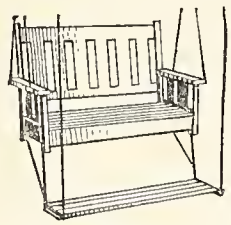
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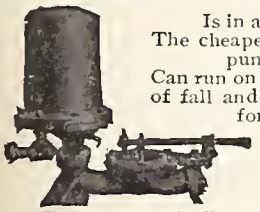
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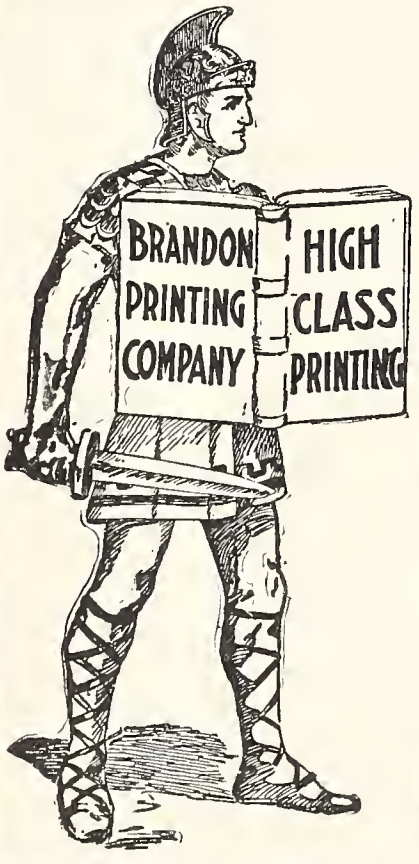
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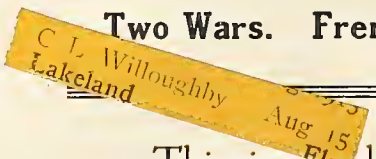
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UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., AUGUST, 1915. | No. 8. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.

BELOV'ED OF THE SOUTH.

The bright spirit of Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, of Alabama, than whom there was no woman in the South more beloved, has passed from earth, and the shadow of sorrow lies heavily upon many hearts. It is seldom that a personality makes such an impress as did hers upon those with whom she came in contact. Born to a rich heritage of beauty and rare mentality and reared in luxury, she became a leader in the highest circles of social life; yet with the honors that were showered upon her the guileless innocence of her nature was never tainted by sordid self-seeking, and throughout her more than ninety years her life was largely spent in "making others happy." One never associated age with the cheerful spirit which, despite the burden of years far beyond the allotted span of life, kept her heart ever young. Only the day before she was stricken with fatal illness she gave pleasure to many friends by her readings at a social entertainment, an accomplishment in which she especially excelled.



MRS. VIRGINIA CLAY CLOPTON.
Born January 17, 1822; died June 23, 1915.

While her life had been full of what makes life a joy, sorrow too had been her portion. Bereaved of her only child ere yet she realized the joy of motherhood, the husband of her youth made a political prisoner and his life shortened thereby, her later life deprived of another companion—through all this her spirit was uncomplaining, and in the evening of life she was cheered by the tender ministrations of friends who failed not. Especially strong and beautiful was the friendship of many years between her and Mrs. Milton Humes, of Huntsville, and it was in the home of this dear friend that she "lay down to pleasant dreams."

Virginia Caroline Tunstall was born in North Carolina on January 17, 1822. Though deprived of her mother when only three years of age, she was tenderly cared for by loving relatives in her native State until her sixth year, when she was sent to Alabama to make her home with the family of her uncle, Judge Henry W. Collier, and later she was in the home of another uncle, Mr. Alfred Battle. The opening paragraph of her beautiful life story gives an interesting reference to her mother's family, of which she says: "My infant days were spent in North Carolina, among the kinsmen of my mother. I do not remember her, save that she was young and fair, being but twenty when she died. She was the twenty-fifth child of the family united under her father's roof, which remarkable circumstance may be explained as follows: My grandfather, Gen. William Arrington, who won his title in the Revolutionary War, having been left a widower with twelve children, wearying of his solitude, mounted his horse and rode over to visit the comely Widow Battle, whose children also numbered twelve. The two plantations lay near together in the old 'Tarheel' State. My gallant ancestor was a successful wooer, and Mrs. Battle (*née* Williams) soon became Mrs. Arrington. Thus it happened that the little Anne (my mother), the one daughter of this union, entered the world and simultaneously into the affections of one dozen half brothers and sisters Arrington and as many of the Battle blood. This was a fortunate provision for me; for though orphaned at the outset of my earthly pilgrimage (I was but three years old when my girl-mother passed away), I found myself by no means alone, though my dear father, Dr. Peyton Randolph

Tunstall, grief-stricken and sorrowful, left my native State at the death of his wife, and I was a half-grown girl ere we met again and learned to know each other."

The early education of Virginia Tunstall was in Tuscaloosa, Ala., and its finishing touches were given at the old Female Academy in Nashville, Tenn., under Dr. Elliott. Just before leaving for this school she had met Hon. Clement C. Clay, Jr., then a prominent young legislator of Alabama, son of former Senator and Gov. Clement C. Clay, and she was impressed by the feeling that if they met again she would marry him. They did meet, after her return from school, in the home of her uncle. It was love at sight, and after a brief engagement they were married in February, 1845. Their home was at Huntsville, where she became very popular; and when her husband became Congressman and then United States Senator from Alabama, she was a queen in the social life of the nation's capital. The War between the States came on, and Senator Clay resigned from the Senate of the United States and became a Senator in the Confederate Congress. In the spring of 1864 he was sent by President Davis on an important diplomatic mission to Canada, and after the fall of the "storm-cradled nation," followed by the assassination of President Lincoln, he was incarcerated at Fortress Monroe and held a prisoner with Mr. Davis for a year. The brave spirit of his devoted wife never quailed before the necessity of approaching the powers at Washington with all the influence she could bring to bear, and by her very importunity she secured from President Johnson an order for the release of her husband in April, 1866. The story of her efforts in his behalf, with an account of the many interviews she had with President Johnson, Secretary Stanton, and other prominent men at Washington, makes an interesting part of her memoirs. Not many more years was their happy association to last, for the frail constitution of Mr. Clay was completely undermined by the year of confinement, and he was laid to rest by the side of his father and mother, whose deaths, hastened by grief over his unjust imprisonment, had added to the bitterness of his sufferings.

In 1887 Mrs. Clay became the wife of Judge Clopton, of Montgomery, which city was her home during their brief union. After his death she returned to her country home, near Gurley, Ala., dividing her time between that and the home of her friend, Mrs. Humes, of Huntsville, whose devotion to her was that of a daughter as well as friend.

Mrs. Clopton was always interested in the history of her country, and she held the memory of the Confederacy enshrined within her heart. She was Honorary Life President of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., and a member of the Chapter at Huntsville, named in her honor, and she was prominent as a Daughter of the American Revolution. She was also interested in questions of the day, and as President of an Equal Suffrage League for more than twenty years she gave her influence toward the enfranchisement of women. In 1914, at the age of ninety-two years, she delivered the address of welcome to the Equal Suffrage League of Alabama, meeting in Huntsville, and this was considered one of her ablest efforts.

Through the pages of her memoirs, dedicated "to the dear memory of the husband of my youth," published some years ago, Mrs. Clopton gave intimate and interesting glimpses of her life as "A Belle of the Fifties," those happy years preceding the sorrows of the next decade, which she also chronicled with such vividness and with never a word in pity for self through the loss of pleasures and luxuries, but with a brave acceptance of changed conditions and a zealous desire to do for others under all circumstances. That same spirit was hers to the end.

She is sleeping now "in the valley that smiles up so perennially to the crest of Monte Sano," where she was laid to rest on a June afternoon under a mound of sweet flowers, typical of the beauty and fragrance of her life, the memory of which will ever linger in the hearts she leaves behind.

"When, like the Master, thou wast clean forspent,
Laidst calmly down thy clear-voiced instrument,
How grandly now thy spirit, with no clod
Of frail and feeble flesh to hold her back,
Will follow through eternity thy God
In his vast, glorious, and harmonious track!"

Resolutions by Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, U. D. C., Huntsville, Ala.

Whereas the long and eventful life of Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton, Honorary President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, has closed and her noble spirit has passed to the great beyond; therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Clopton the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, has sustained an irreparable loss. She was our leader, whose name we proudly bore and under whose banner we had the honor to serve. We mourn her loss to our Chapter, to the Alabama Division, to the general order of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and to our entire Southland. She was the most distinguished figure in Washington's brilliant society during that period preceding the War between the States; also she was the friend and confidante of our nation's most distinguished men, makers of history. When the war clouds descended and our fair land was plunged into the darkness and horrors of war, her brave and dauntless spirit never shone more loyally and faithfully. When the struggle was at last finished and her people were overcome, her intrepid spirit was still undismayed. She returned to us in the South the same brave, gracious, and queenly woman and was a beloved inspiration always. Mrs. Clopton was a brilliant writer, an eloquent speaker, and possessed most wonderful personal magnetism. Her unusual physical attractions and splendid mental endowment, with every social accomplishment, made her the most brilliant and distinguished figure in our entire Southland. While we mourn that she has passed from among us, we thank the Giver of all good that she was so long spared to us.

Be it further resolved, That we, the Virginia Clay Clopton Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, shall set apart the day of her birth and the day of her death, and on these days flowers shall be placed upon her grave; also that that sacred spot shall be decorated on all Confederate Memorial Days. Although our "rose of Southern sentiment" has passed away from us, yet the perfumed memory shall ever linger in our hearts.

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her dearest friend, Mrs. Milton Humes, her relatives, and our local papers; also that a copy for publication be sent to the Confederate Veteran, the official organ of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Committee: Mrs. A. W. Newson (Chairman), Mrs. Sarah Manning Lowe, Miss Kate Cole Donegan, Mrs. Margaret Walker Bolling, Miss Kate Weeden, Mrs. Annie B. D. Robinson, Mrs. Erskine Mastin.

THE ELLEN WILSON MEMORIAL.

BY MRS. MABEL KINGSBURY FENTRESS, MEMPHIS, TENN.

In the summer of 1914, just after the death of Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, there came into the minds of a coterie of patriotic women assembled at Montreat, N. C., the idea of perpetuating the memory of this noble woman by some memorial other than one of bricks and mortar. Her known interest in and efforts on behalf of the shut-in children in the mountains and valleys of the South gave the key to the situation, and the idea of an endowment fund for the Christian education of mountain youth took shape.

It was possibly crystallized by the President himself in the following letter to Mrs. B. L. Hughes, of Rome, Ga.:

"THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
August 25, 1914.

"*My Dear Mrs. Hughes:* My daughter Margaret has handed me your kind letter of August 15. We have had a little family conference, and I want to say for my daughters as well as for myself how deeply we appreciate the action of the conference held at Montreat and how glad I am to make the suggestions you ask for. My own judgment is that it would be best to raise a fund for an endowment, the interest of which could be used to pay the way through school of mountain boys and girls, because I know that this is what Mrs. Wilson would have done if she had had the means and opportunity. She was paying for the education of several herself from year to year.

"It might be called the Ellen Wilson Fund for the Christian Education of Mountain Youth.

"I cannot say how much I am touched by this action of the ladies concerned. It gives me a certain kind of joy.

"Cordially and sincerely yours, WOODROW WILSON."

Plans were immediately formed along the lines suggested, and after painstaking thought the Ellen Wilson Memorial was incorporated and in the spring of 1915 chartered under the laws of Georgia. Its object is the creation of a fund the interest of which shall be used for the Christian education of boys and girls in the mountains of the South, irrespective of denomination. The funds so collected are administered by an interdenominational board of twenty-one women in Atlanta, where the headquarters of the Association is located. Contributions should be sent to Mrs. Archibald Davis, Treasurer, Atlanta, Ga.

Gifts of $1,000 or over carry with them the right to designate how they shall be applied. A gift of $5,000 from a gentleman in New York has just been reported.

Besides the administrative board, the officers are:

Honorary President, Mrs. Thomas R. Marshall.

Honorary Vice Presidents, Mrs. William Jennings Bryan, Mrs. Lindley M. Garrison, Mrs. Thomas W. Gregory, Mrs. Albert S. Burleson, Mrs. Josephus Daniels, Mrs. Franklin K. Lane, Mrs. David F. Houston, Mrs. William C. Redfield, Miss Agnes Wilson.

Each State has a President, as follows: Alabama, Mrs. John B. Knox; Arkansas, Mrs. Fred Allsop; Florida, Mrs. Thomas P. Denham; Georgia, Mrs. H. C. Cunningham; Kentucky, Mrs. Edmund S. Delong; Louisiana, Miss Ella F. Hardie; Maryland, Mrs. Harris E. Kirk; Mississippi, Mrs. Charlton H. Alexander; Missouri, Mrs. Wade Childress; North Carolina, Mrs. R. J. Reynolds; Oklahoma, Mrs. Kibben Warren; South Carolina, Miss Euphemia McClintock; Tennessee, Mrs. David Fentress; Texas, Mrs. E. T. Rotan; Virginia, Mrs. W. C. Marshall; West Virginia, Mrs. Stuart W. Walker.

These State Presidents form a Memorial Committee and have charge of the work within the borders of their respective States.

The President for Tennessee is especially desirous that her State should fully justify its title as the "Volunteer State," both as to contribution of funds and also in regard to workers, of whom many will be needed to carry out the comprehensive plans she has for the organization of the State. The personnel of the State Central Committee will be announced later.

The twofold appeal of this worthy movement should give it a very great impetus. From selfish motives Tennessee should have a very great interest in this work because of her large mountain population—a people of the purest Anglo-Saxon stock, yet who, because of their lack of opportunity for education, are not the power that they should be in their commonwealth.

On the other hand, how supreme is our chance to open the door of opportunity wider and wider to these people in the name of Ellen Wilson!

[The VETERAN is proud of the privilege of coöperating in the publicity work of this memorial undertaking, so clearly set forth in the above article. It is called "the memorial with a mission," this plan to perpetuate the work which so largely filled the life of the late Mrs. Woodrow Wilson; and appropriately, too, it is "a living mission," for it embodies the spirit of helpfulness that will live on through the ages. In her own South the plan originated, though the spirit of it is world-wide, and in this section the movement has been made that will result in the establishment of a mission which cannot fail of great results for the benefit of those who have been shut out from that for which they have hungered. It is the purpose of the board of the Ellen Wilson Memorial to give to the worthy boys and girls in the mountain districts the benefit of the scholarships; and this will be a help not only to the individual student, but to the schools in the increased maintenance thus provided. Contributions to this fund through the State organizations will be announced at the first general meeting in the early fall, and there will be commendable effort by each State to make the best showing. Funds are being raised in various ways, and doubtless many contributions will come from those who give in memory of the loved and lost.]

AN OLD ACCOUNT SETTLED.—Mr. Charles H. Raguet, of Marshall, Tex., recently received a letter which has made him anxious to get in communication with the writer. It was from an old comrade of his father, Charles M. Raguet, major of artillery, C. S. A., who, with two brothers, joined Riley's or Greene's Brigade at San Antonio, commanded during most of the war by General Hardeman. The letter is self-explanatory; no address was given, but it was postmarked "Marshall, Tex.," and dated May 29, 1915, the day some of the Texas veterans passed through that town on their way to the Richmond Reunion:

"*Mr. Charles Raguet—Dear Sir:* In 1860 I lived at Nacogdoches, and I owed your father a $40 store account. I went to the war, and so did he. I returned to Panhandle and never had the money to repay him; got plenty now. I am going to the Reunion at Richmond. This money belongs to you.

"Yours very truly, JOHN TRIPTON."

The $40 in currency was inclosed in the letter.

WARREN BOOKS IN CONFEDERATE MUSEUM.

BY ANNE BACHMAN HYDE, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

The Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., is rapidly becoming the depository for valuable books relating to the War between the States. Among them are two rare volumes recently placed there by Gen. T. T. Munford, C. S. A. They are the books containing the record of the Warren trial and, so far as known, are the only copies in existence.

Gouveneur K. Warren was major general of United States volunteers, commanding the 5th Army Corps, U. S. A., and for some reason incurred the displeasure of Gen. U. S. Grant and Gen. Philip Sheridan. After General Warren had won the battle of Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865, which was practically the Waterloo of the Confederacy, he was relieved from command of the 5th Corps by General Sheridan. He repeatedly sought an investigation, which was not granted as long as General Grant was at the head of the army nor while he was President. But after nearly fifteen years President Hayes ordered a court of inquiry, which was convened at Governor's Island, N. Y., in December, 1879, and lasted one hundred and seven days. At this court of inquiry many Confederate and United States officers who had been engaged in the battle appeared and gave their testimony under oath. The record of proceedings, findings, and opinions is published in two thick volumes of 1,657 pages.

The result was an honorable acquittal of General Warren; but as some of the sworn testimony reflected upon superior officers, by order of the Secretary of War the books were recalled and destroyed. However, as soon as printed and before this order was issued Gen. W. S. Hancock sent one copy to General Munford, who has carefully treasured the volumes all these years and has now placed them where they may be consulted by future historians who seek the truth.

The matter of the Warren trial has also been fully discussed by Carswell McClellan, brevet lieutenant colonel United States volunteers, in his book "Grant Versus the Record."

Although General Warren was vindicated by the court of inquiry, Gen. W. T. Sherman, general of the army, in a written statement sustained the action of General Sheridan in relieving General Warren of his command. General Warren died a few years after the trial practically of a broken heart, and a friend wrote: "As the wasted, failing arms reached up to clasp in last embrace a brother's neck, unconsciously they appealed with deathless power to many a heart bound by ties forged in battle fire and shock to the gallant comrade, noble chief of the 5th Army Corps."

Perchance the day will come when some seeker after truth will find this book of records, and he will see therein the proof of the injustice done a brave man.

HUMANE CONDUCT OF THE WAR.—A letter from T. E. Moore, of Lexington, Ky., asks for something on the "humane conduct of the war, the general orders of commanding generals on each side, number of men engaged in important battles, resources of the South, with reference to the unequal contest, ports blockaded, etc." He adds: "The Federals had all the world to recruit from, evidenced by pension rolls. All enlisted under the deceptive cry of 'Union.' The South took up arms to repel invasion and for her constitutional rights, the rights of the people of the States. Had we succeeded, the negro would have been given emancipation gradually, which would have resulted to the greatest benefit of that race."

FIRST COTTON MILL IN THE SOUTH.

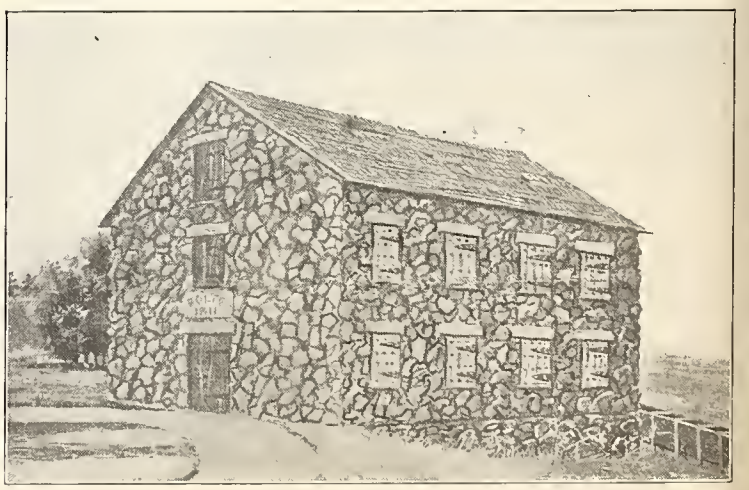
W. B. BURROUGHS, M.D., IN SAVANNAH NEWS.

The rise and progress of the manufacturing of cotton in our Southland has been marked by the most wonderful and the greatest growth of any industry in the history of the world.

When Eli Whitney, a guest on Gen. Nathaniel Green's plantation, called Mulberry Grove, on the Savannah River, invented the cotton gin, the change was made by the farmers from tobacco and indigo to cotton. It was in the spring of 1793 that the old comrades of General Green, Majors Brewer, Forsythe, and Pendleton, visited Mrs. Green and discussed the products of the soil. All were anxious to have some way to separate the cotton lint from the seed. Mrs. Green proposed that they talk with Whitney, who had displayed mechanical genius. He was given a room in the basement of her house. His application for a patent was filed with Thomas Jefferson, Secretary of State, June 30, 1793, and the patent was issued March 14, 1794, signed by General Washington, President; Edward Randolph, Secretary of State; and William Bradford, Attorney-General.

Eli Whitney was shamefully treated. His patent was infringed, and it brought him into over sixty lawsuits, but he was successful in winning his cases. His expenses were very great. The principle of his invention has been used in every gin. He formed a copartnership with Phineas Miller, who was Mrs. Green's second husband, and by 1796 thirty machines were in operation; but the demand for them was greater than the supply. Some were on the Savannah River, one was at Schley's factory, six miles from Augusta, one in Columbia County, one in Elbert County, and one in Wilkes County, on Upton Creek, where the estate of General Green owned land. This last was owned by Mr. John Talbot. The gin house stood near the site of Mr. F. T. Simpson's mill, on Upton Creek, which was standing in 1890.

Mr. Thomas Talbot has stated that while Whitney was raising money to start his gins no men were allowed to see their working operations; but a man named Lyon discovered the principle either by dressing as a woman or by sending his wife to see the workings of the gin. Mr. Talbot further stated that in 1898 or 1899 he was invited to make an address before the Georgia State Agricultural Society at Macon, that he took the cylinder with him for exhibition, and when he called to carry it home it had been stolen. It has also been stated that Whitney's first model was stolen from his room at Mulberry Grove and that copies were made and used without a license.



THE OLD BOLTON MILL.

Seven cotton mills were established in Georgia between the years of 1810 and 1830. The first mill was located on Upton Creek, Wilkes County, Ga., and stood on the ground when one of Whitney's first gins was erected and was propelled by the same water power that had run the mill later. This was nine miles southwest of Washington, Ga. The material of the first cotton mill was of stone which looked like cobblestone. It was sixty feet long, forty feet wide, and two stories high, with a basement and attic, covered with oak shingles. The hinges for the doors and windows were made by the village blacksmith. The material was brown stone, with gray sack lintels over the doors and windows, and in the lintels over the front door was cut "Bolton, 1811." This was the Bolton Cotton Mill, and it was incorporated as the Wilkes Manufacturing Company, with a capital of $10,000. The incorporators were Matthew Talbot, afterwards Governor of Georgia; Fred Bull, cousin to General Washington; Dr. Joel Abbott, a prominent physician; John Bolton, Gilbert Hay, Bolling Anthony, and Benjamin Shenil. John Bolton was the architect. The stone was removed from over the door and is now in possession of Rev. Frank T. Simpson, of Aonia, Wilkes County.

Our worthy Commissioner of Commerce and Labor, Hon. H. M. Stanley, in his report to the Governor of Georgia for the year 1913, writes: "It was in 1827 that A. S. Clayton, Thomas Moore, Ashby Hall, James Johnson, and W. A. Carr began the erection of the first cotton mill south of the Potomac and among the first in the United States, which was incorporated in 1828 as the Georgia Factory, located near Athens. John White became superintendent, and his descendants own this mill now, known as the Georgia Manufacturing Company." He has overlooked the fact that the Bolton Cotton Mill was chartered and did business eighteen years earlier.

Whitney went to Savannah utterly impecunious. He received from South Carolina $50,000, from North Carolina at least $30,000, and from Tennessee about $10,000. I do not know how much he received from Georgia. In those days this was a fortune.

Very many valued papers are on file in the United States courthouse at Savannah, including a copy of the original patent filed in the Patent Office 1793-94, signed by G. Washington, Ed Randolph, Secretary of State, a copy of the affidavit of Eli Whitney; the bills filed by John Noel, of counsel for complainant (John Y. Noel was mayor of Savannah four years); a certificate of R. M. Stites, clerk, January, 1805.

The manufacture of cotton is of great antiquity. Herodotus mentions that the army of Xerxes was clothed in cotton garments. Theorastus, in Aristotle's time, wrote that the wool from the cotton plant was woven into cloth, either cheap or of great value. Nearchus, Alexander's admiral, mentions that shirts, mantles, and turbans were made from it. Pliny calls cotton "gossypium" and says beautiful garments were made from it for the priests of Egypt. The boys in our high schools will read of this beautiful plant mentioned by Vergil in his second Georgic:

"Quid nemora, Æthiopum, molli canetia lana?
Velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia Seres?"

"Shall I sing of the groves of Ethiopia hoary with soft wool? And how the Seres comb out the delicate fleece from among the leaves?"

In A.D. 627, in the days of Mohammed, the Arabs wore cotton goods. Columbus found the natives wearing cotton goods when he first landed on this continent.

"Until the year 1740 the manufacture was most primitive. The raw material was cleaned by beating it with a stock or cord, the fibers were straightened and brought substantially parallel with each other by hand-carding, and each thread was spun singly on the old spinning wheel, though the spindle and distaff were even then largely used. The name 'spinster,' as applied to an unmarried female, took its name from the machine."

A century ago an expert spinner with a spring wheel was able to spin a single thread four miles long per day, or eight skeins. To-day a spinner tends a thousand spindles or more, doing the work of a thousand operators with the old-fashioned spinning wheels to operate. One machine does the work of one thousand persons.

Prior to Whitney's gin a man could pick four and a half pounds of cotton from the seed in a day; to-day a gin turns out four thousand pounds of cotton a day. It is admitted that Americans are the most inventive people of the earth.

On the banks of a little stream of the Savannah River and running through the land of Mrs. Green could be seen, until a few years ago, the remains of a small dam which enabled the waters of this stream to turn the first piece of machinery that ever separated the cotton fibers from the seed. Before this it took a negro a whole day to separate a few pounds of the lint from the seed; now one thousand pounds could be as easily separated as four or five pounds formerly. Day by day a ceaseless hum goes on in factories as thousands of shuttles fly and thousands of spindles turn, converting the product of the broad white cotton field into the goods for human wear. * * *

The first cotton seed oil mill in the United States to be operated as a real commercial proposition was begun about 1834 at Natchez, Miss., and began to turn out its products in 1836. Its originator and proprietor was James Hamilton Couper, of a noted Georgia family. His father sleeps in the cemetery at Frederica, St. Simons Island, on the Georgia coast. Mr. Couper also had a mill at Mobile, Ala.

The census of 1910 shows that Georgia had one hundred and forty-two cotton seed oil mills, with a capital amounting to $12,720,146, paying about $11,000,000 for seed and turning out products valued at $23,640,779. By 1912 the number of cotton seed oil mills in Georgia had reached one hundred and seventy, with a capital of $13,614,000, paying nearly $12,000,000 for seed and having manufactured products worth $26,368,934.

For the year 1913 Georgia had in cotton, woolen, and knitting mills 41,599 looms and 2,200,792 spindles. For the year 1913 Georgia spent for new mills and repairs $1,702,670.41. For 1913 Georgia textile mills paid officers and clerks $1,310,510, wage earners $9,298,781, and had sundry other expenses amounting to $3,750,827.

Dr. Simon Baruch, of Long Branch, N. J., inquires: "Is there any one now living who participated in the procession to celebrate the passage of the ordinance of secession on the night after its passage in Charleston, S. C.? I well remember the procession. I carried a lantern with the legend, 'There is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue.' I was a student in the Medical College of South Carolina at that time. Is there also any surgeon or chaplain living who was a prisoner in Fort McHenry in the fall of 1863 who, like myself, was brought there from the Gettysburg battle field? There were over one hundred surgeons and fifteen chaplains in the barracks of the fort grounds held as hostages for a Dr. Rucker. I should be glad to hear from any of my comrades."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

A meeting of the Finance Committee of the Cunningham Memorial was held in the office of Chairman John P. Hickman in Nashville July 6, at which the following resolution was introduced by M. B. Morton, a member of the committee, and unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this committee that the money now in our custody (about $3,000), contributed by friends and comrades for the purpose of building a monument or memorial to the late S. A. Cunningham, be used to build a suitable structure for a museum of Confederate and other historical relics; that the building be fireproof and be located in Centennial Park, Nashville, provided the proper arrangements can be made with the Park Commission; that the building be known as the S. A. Cunningham Memorial Museum, provided that the remainder of the money necessary for the construction of the building is furnished by the citizens of Nashville and Tennessee in coöperation with the Confederate veterans and various Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy in Nashville."

This action of the Finance Committee inaugurates a movement for the erection of a memorial both of sentiment and utility, and it is felt that this would have met with the approval of the one whom it is designed to honor. This memorial hall will be a depository for Confederate relics and the many valuable portraits belonging to the Cheatham Bivouac, at Nashville; and while it is expected that the people of Nashville will contribute the balance needed for this purpose, friends everywhere still have the privilege of adding their names to the list of those who wish to show their appreciation of the work done by the founder and editor of the Veteran through many years.

In addition to the members of the Finance Committee, there were present at this meeting by invitation the President of Frank Cheatham Bivouac and the Presidents of several Nashville Chapters, U. D. C., all of whom pledged their coöperation in the work of securing the amount still necessary to carry out this undertaking. A general committee has been appointed for the purpose of devising the best plan for an effective campaign for funds, as it is the idea to push the work rapidly to completion. This committee is composed of the following: S. B. Shearon, President Frank Cheatham Bivouac; Miss Mary Lou White, President Nashville Chapter, No. 1; Mrs. W. T. Davis, President William B. Bate Chapter; Mrs. Kate L. Hickman, President Kate Litton Hickman Chapter; Mrs. W. Frank Fessey, President Harriet Overton Chapter; Mrs. Reau E. Folk, President First Tennessee Regiment Chapter; Mrs. C. B. Harrison, President Mary Frances Hughes Chapter; Mrs. Harry R. Lee, President Annie Humphrey Morton Chapter; Mrs. W. B. Maney, Director George Maney Auxiliary—all of Nashville. In addition, the State committee appointed by the State Division, U. D. C., was made a part of this committee.

Another meeting will soon be held to consider plans for this memorial, which are being prepared, after which the work of securing funds will be carried forward vigorously.

The Finance Committee is composed of John P. Hickman (Chairman), M. A. Spurr, M. B. Morton, Miss E. D. Pope (Treasurer).

ATTENTION, U. D. C.!

The U. D. C. convention to be held in San Francisco in the month of October offers an added attraction in the chance to visit the Panama Exposition and other wonders of the West, and many Daughters who are planning to attend this convention will be interested in the announcement that a special train will be run for their benefit. On the back page of this number of the Veteran the Gattis Tourist Agency, of North Carolina, makes special announcement of the tour that has been planned in the interest of the U. D. C. and which has been adopted by the President General, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, as the official route. All particulars will be given upon application to this agency. The special train will leave Atlanta on October 11, reaching San Francisco on the 18th, in good time to see something of the Exposition before the opening of the convention on the 20th, and all going by this route will be relieved of any worry in making proper connections and other annoyances of travel; for the party will be personally conducted by Mr. Gattis, and everything possible will be done to make the trip comfortable and pleasant in every way. Do not fail to write at once for full information as to the itinerary and rates.

WINNER IN THE PRIZE CONTEST.

The set of "Confederate Military History," offered by the Veteran (June number) to the person sending the first correct list of prominent men of the Confederacy whose pictures were given in that connection, goes to Mr. C. L. Nolen, of Huntsville, Ala. His well-prepared paper shows him to be well informed on Confederate history. Others sending correct lists were: R. H. Doyle, Jr., East Prairie, Mo.; Miss Ida Hart, Comanche, Tex.; Miss Laura Pickett, Fitzpatrick, Ala.; J. W. Watson, Roxton, Tex.

The pictures given, reading from left to right and around, were as follows: Gen. John C. Breckinridge, Gen. William J. Hardee, Hon. Judah P. Benjamin, Gen. R. S. Ewell, Gen. A. P. Stewart, Gen. Wade Hampton, Gen. Leonidas Polk, Gen. Jubal A. Early, Hon. C. G. Memminger, Hon. S. R. Mallory, Gen. Samuel Cooper, Gen. L. P. Walker, Gen. A. P. Hill, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, Gen. A. S. Johnston, Admiral Franklin Buchanan.

It is the desire of the Veteran to aid in stimulating a greater interest in the study of Confederate history, and later on other contests may be inaugurated that will be the means of placing such books within reach of those who would appreciate them.

PLANT A TREE.

Whether it be a fruit tree, an ornamental tree, or a timber tree, the time devoted to planting it is well and worthily spent. Within the last two decades the whole country has awakened to the importance of the forestry question. All States should be interested in preserving the remnants of our goodly forest heritage and in passing on to future generations a land beautified and glorified by its wealth of trees.

It requires years for nature to build a perfect tree, and it requires only a few moments for man to destroy nature's work. The time has come when nature must be assisted in the beneficent task of reforestration.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MEMORIAL DAY IN NEW YORK CITY.

The New York Camp of Confederate Veterans annually holds memorial services at Mount Hope Cemetery in honor of those comrades who sleep within the shadow of the monument which tells the story of their deathless heroism. Such services were held on May 30, 1915, and in introducing the speaker of the occasion Capt. R. H. Gordon, Commander of the Camp, paid tribute to the gallant soldier-bishop of the Confederacy and to others of the priestly clan who so gallantly served the South, saying:

"*Comrades and Friends:* It is with more than ordinary pleasure that I have the honor of introducing the speaker on this occasion. So many recollections of the courage and lofty patriotism exhibited by clergymen during the war come to my mind. Notable among them is the remembrance of Gen. Leonidas Polk, the Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, who was killed by a cannon shot on Pine Mountain, Ga., while resisting the advance of General Sherman's army. A man of God, a bishop of his holy Church, at the first tocsin of war he laid aside his priestly robes and donned the habiliments of a soldier. The poet has beautifully said:

"'O, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon or an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation that liberty draws
From a heart that bleeds and breaks in its cause!'

"That libation this heroic priest poured out in fullest measure on that fateful day in June, 1864, when, amidst the thunder of cannon and the rattle of musketry, his pure spirit went up to the God he so faithfully served as he laid down his life for the people and the land he so dearly loved. 'Greater love hath no man than this.'

"Then, too, I recall Bishops Quintard, of Tennessee, Capers, of South Carolina, Wilmer, of Alabama, Dr. D. C. Kelly, of Forrest's gallant command, Dr. J. H. McNeilly, Dr. R. Lin Cave, Drs. Baker and Ely, both loved and honored members of our own Camp, and the gallant Col. W. M. Voorhies, of Tennessee, with whom as a messmate I spent many weary months of confinement on Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. Surely none of us have forgotten or will ever forget Father Ryan, the beloved poet-priest of the South, whose lines are so replete with tender pathos. With remembrance of these honored names among hundreds that might be called, it is not to be wondered at that I say it is with more than ordinary pleasure I present the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, rector of St. Thomas Church, New York City, a man eminently worthy of association with the revered names I have mentioned."

The address of Dr. Stires was an appreciation of the men and women who had so freely sacrificed for their country. He said, in part:

"The ground upon which we stand is holy; for beneath this sod rest the bodies of those who, hastening in the path of honor, rested not, and around us, we may well believe, are the souls of the faithful. While we seek to honor them for their loyalty in the heroic past, they are consecrating us to God and country and mankind in a critical present which is demanding the highest heroism. Let us keep this in mind to-day. They did not fail us; let us not fail them.

"These brave men were rich in the world's greatest wealth. They were the spiritual sons of Washington and Jefferson, of Madison and Monroe, of Patrick Henry and John Marshall, and of the other fathers of our Southland whose names reveal the vanity of adjectives. These men followed Lee and Jackson and leaders who were lesser only because those two immortal captains were unapproachably unique. These men followed a flag whose every fold was eloquent of chivalry and romance, and the breeze that kissed it was the spirit of our Southern hearts and homes. These men pledged their lives to a cause so just that even their former foes concede to-day that in their place they would doubtless have taken the same stand.

"But if these heroes could speak to us at this moment they would declare that their greatest earthly inspiration was found in the incomparable women of the South. Theirs is the glory of that glowing page in the history of this earth. The character and ideals of Southern women made Southern heroes possible. It was their blessing which consecrated men; their courage nerved the arm to fight; their patience made men invincible; their love inspired men to accomplish the impossible. What a futile pilgrimage this would be to-day if we failed to see hovering over these heroes as of yore the women who made them possible! * * *

"The men we would honor to-day were fortunate also in sharing in the rebirth of the nation after the great civil strife had ended. If they were good losers, it was, perhaps, because they did not feel that they had entirely lost. The principles which animated them, the character and genius of their great leaders, are claimed as a part of the heritage of every newborn American. What is success? and what is failure?

"'Speak, history, who are life's heroes? Unroll thy long annals and say.
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's tryst
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?'

"These men toiled as conquerors, not as conquered, in the upbuilding of a greater country united not merely in a union of States, but in a union of principle, of purpose, and of honest respect. It was a fruitful toil, for in this Northland, increasingly hospitable and encouraging, many rose to distinction and were accounted among the most valued citizens of our greatest city. Yes, these brave men were also fortunate. And so are we, for we have many of their incentives, and we have the inspiration of their fine example in war and in peace. Let every heart feel the impact of their loyalty and every soul the impulse of their readiness for sacrifice. They warn us against the materialism which pampers the body and starves the spirit, against national blindness which promotes neglect and invites insult through inability to resent it. Let those who have ears to hear profit by their precept and example. * * *

"We are personally related to every man who followed the Stars and Bars, and there is a sense of personal loss and personal gain, of intimate sadness and intimate pride, as we bend over each grave here to-day.

"'The foeman need not dread
This gathering of the brave;
Without sword or flag and with soundless tread,
We muster once more our deathless dead
Out of each lonely grave.

And the dead thus meet the dead,
While the living o'er them weep;
And the men by Lee and Stonewall led,
And the hearts that once together bled,
Together still shall sleep.'"

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"*Love Makes Memory Eternal.*"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: According to the notice that I gave through the Veteran, I was away from my desk during the month of June, returning from the East July 3. I found much mail awaiting me, and necessarily many letters were not answered as promptly as I wished.

The first week of June I spent in Richmond, Va., at the Reunion. This was a wonderful occasion, and every hour there was full of greatest pleasure. I shall not attempt any details about the Reunion, as it is my wish that my letters to you be of few words and to the point.

From Richmond I went to St. Davids, Pa., where I was most charmingly entertained as the house guest of Mrs. Herbert Hartman, a most interested and enthusiastic member of the Philadelphia Chapter. Her mother, Mrs. Lee, is a real daughter of the Confederacy and serves as an inspiration to this far-away Chapter. The Philadelphia Chapter left nothing undone for my pleasure and happiness, and your President General wishes to commend it openly for its continued good works, by which much has been accomplished. It was my joy to be the guest of honor at its last meeting before disbanding for the summer season.

Leaving St. Davids, I went to New York, where I spent two weeks most delightfully, the house guest of Mrs. L. R. Schuyler. The many beautiful things done for me by both the New York and Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapters will live with me forever as delightful memories. U. D. C. work is looked after wonderfully well in New York by these two active, enthusiastic Chapters.

Daughters, I call your attention to By-Law I., Section 3, which gives you information about your credential blanks; to By-Law I., Section 5, which gives information about general dues of Chapters. Many Chapters lost their representation at Savannah because they did not comply with these by-laws.

Again I call your attention to By-Law II., Section 8. Do not fail to send the names of deceased Daughters to the Corresponding Secretary General in due time.

The next General Convention, U. D. C., convenes in San Francisco, Cal., on October 20, the opening evening being the 19th. Please look well into the affairs of your Division and Chapters to see that you are ready, and let us have the largest representation that we have ever had at any convention. This must be the greatest convention of them all.

Another thing which I wish you to consider well: The affairs of our organization are under the control of the President General and Executive Board during the interim between conventions, and any decision rendered by other authority is worthless to the U. D. C. or any part of it.

I am wondering if you are doing your very best for Arlington. May I insist again that we be ready to clear our books of that debt at San Francisco?

Your President General urges each Daughter to have a certificate of membership. It is her wish that when her term of office expires she shall leave each Daughter with a membership certificate.

With an abiding interest and affection, faithfully,

Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General U. D. C.

NEW YORK CITY.

Announcement is made of the candidacy of Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler for President General of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the convention of 1915, in the following:

"The Mary Mildred Sullivan Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, of New York City, presents Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler as a candidate for President General in 1915.



Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler.

"For twelve consecutive years Mrs. Schuyler has attended the general conventions, at which her executive ability and parliamentary knowledge have commended her to many Daughters throughout the organization, and at the instance of these she has consented to become a candidate.

"Mrs. Schuyler's services in conventions, in Chapter work, and on committees of the general organization are too well known to be enumerated. However, let us recall that it was through her influence that the first general scholarship was ever presented to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, at the Norfolk convention. It was she who raised the funds and secured for the Daughters the portrait of Mrs. Jefferson Davis. It was through her zeal as Chairman of the Arlington Committee that our Chapter presented to the Arlington Monument Fund the largest donation of any single Chapter—namely, the sum of two thousand seven hundred and twelve dollars.

"The daughter of Josephine A. Baynard, of South Carolina, and Samuel St. George Rogers, a distinguished soldier and statesman of Florida, colonel of the 2d Florida Regiment, and member of the Confederate Congress, Mrs. Schuyler possesses by inheritance all that is truest and best in womanhood. She was born in Florida and educated in Georgia, where she lived many years.

"We give Mrs. Schuyler our unqualified indorsement and ask for her your support.

Mrs. Mary Mildred Sullivan, *Pres.;*
Mrs. Fanny Wilson Frayer,
Mrs. Elizabeth Buford Phillips,
Miss Jennie Pegram Buford,
Mrs. Theda B. P. Hill,
Mrs. Charlotte Berkeley Coles,
Mrs. Carrie Ridley Enslow,
Mrs. Annie Whaley Cart,
Miss Sue M. Spiller,
Mrs. Nora W. Catchings,
Mrs. Marie Meek Dermody,
Mrs. Mary Breckenridge Alexander,
Mrs. Gertrude Monroe Logan,
Mrs. Mary Mason Speed."

A BRANCH OF THE DIXIE HIGHWAY.

The Southern Highway Commission, which met at Rome, Ga., on July 5, named that branch of the Dixie Highway extending from Birmingham, Ala., to Rome, Ga., for General Forrest, and a "Forrest Highway Association" was formed. The following letter from Mrs. Letitia Dowdell Ross, First Vice President General U. D. C., was read before the Commission and its suggestions indorsed. Others should profit by this and lose no opportunity to have our great men thus remembered:

"As a true Southerner, a devoted Daughter of the Confederacy, and as Chairman of the Committee on Memorials, Highways, Historic Places, and Events of the Alabama Division, U. D. C., I am writing to urge that when the Commission meets on July 5 in Rome, Ga., the members of that body use their utmost endeavors to have this branch of the great Dixie Highway from Rome, Ga., to Birmingham, Ala., named for the incomparable 'Wizard of the Saddle,' the famous cavalry leader, Nathan Bedford Forrest.

"'Poor is that country that boasts no heroes, but beggared is that people who, having them, forgets.' Forrest's terrific, relentless pursuit of Col. Abel Streight's daring and well-planned expedition from Gadsden, Ala., to Rome, Ga., and the capture of his large command with a force only one-third as numerous has been considered by capable military critics 'not only as one of Forrest's most brilliant achievements, and they were without number, but also one of the most remarkable performances known to warfare.'

"The story of the 'lost ford' and the important rôle played by Emma Sansom, Alabama's girl heroine, reads like a thrilling romance. 'Her presence of mind and coolness under circumstances which would have paralyzed the faculties of most older women enabled General Forrest to overcome a very formidable obstacle in his dangerous and daring pursuit of Colonel Streight and gained for him at least three hours' time, which was of inestimable value, since it enabled him to overtake and compel Colonel Streight to surrender almost within sight of Rome.'

"The Confederate soldier does not need highways to be named for him nor monuments to be erected to commemorate his matchless bravery and heroic sacrifice; for, sublime in his devotion to duty, despite overwhelming numbers and resources of the enemy, he has builded for himself monuments more enduring than granite, marble, or bronze; but highways should be built and named for our great heroes, monuments should commemorate their unrivaled deeds, not only as a patriotic duty, but to teach history to the living. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, in one of his last messages to the people of the South, urged them to honor the Confederate soldier 'first for the sake of the dead, but more for the sake of the living, that in this busy industrial age these great highways, these monuments to our soldiers, may stand like great interrogation marks to the soul of the beholder. We must not overtax posterity by expecting those who come after us to name our great highways and to erect memorials to the heroes whom our generation was unwilling to commemorate.'

"Daughters of the Confederacy, feel assured that the progressive and patriotic men composing the Commission have only to have this matter properly brought to their attention to insure the naming of this branch highway for General Forrent, and the Commission will no doubt deem it a rare privilege and opportunity thus to honor our peerless cavalry leader. They will thus write indelibly on the hearts and minds of the young as well as on the pages of history the wonderful war story of the man who at his country's call and under the inspiring strains of the immortal song 'Dixie' fearlessly gave battle to the vastly superior forces of the enemy and won for himself a place for all time in the hearts of his countrymen. In thus honoring Forrest, Alabama, Georgia, and the South will honor themselves."

FOR HISTORIAN GENERAL.

The Mississippi Division, in convention at Vicksburg May 4-6, 1915, unanimously indorsed Mrs. S. E. F. Rose, former President of the Division, for the next Historian General U. D. C.

If Miss Rutherford, the present Historian General, consents to hold the office another year, Mrs. Rose's name will not be presented until 1916. Mrs. Rose is in no sense opposing Miss Rutherford, and only in the event that Miss Rutherford declines the nomination at San Francisco will her name be presented at this convention. The official indorsement of the Mississippi Division, which Mrs. Rose served for four years as Historian and as President, is a well-deserved tribute to her splendid work, for she inaugurated methods which aroused enthusiasm and greatly increased the membership. While Historian she established the "banner contest," giving a silk banner to the Chapter doing the best historical work; as President she inaugurated the "new member contest," giving a silver loving cup to the Chapter securing the largest percentage of new members. This was all done at her personal expense. Two years ago she started a similar contest in the general order, giving a loving cup for the best essay on a subject pertaining to Southern history, South Carolina and Tennessee winning in 1913 and 1914.

Mrs. Rose has written a number of valuable historical articles, and recently she has prepared the only school history of the Ku-Klux Klan, which bears the indorsement of Confederate organizations and leading educators. Her many friends feel that if she is elected Historian General she will bring to the office the highest ideals of loyalty and patriotism.

"DIXIE" AT THE EXPOSITION.

BY MISS L. LOUISIANA RANSOM, ALAMEDA, CAL.

Having built a "Jewel City" here within a city, upon a rugged Western shore, amid the din and tumult of universal war, we should celebrate this victory of the captains of construction with more than the abandon of joy which so often greets the victories of the captains of destruction, whose weapons are the tools of industry and whose victories are the victories of intelligence. It is the soul of the race, expressing its aspirations in a victorious "Jewel City" Exposition, in which the South, "the sunny, sunny South," has become a notable addition to her visiting list.

San Francisco is typically Western in that through all its development it has maintained that care-free atmosphere and happy hospitality so often met with in the "rugged West." The wonders of the "Jewel City" are arousing the interest of many of our sister States, and this letter tells especially of interest in that territory south of Mason and Dixon's line, with its traditions, romance, and chivalry. In the dedication of their State buildings the Southerners broke out in enthusiastic applause when the band played "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia" or "The Star-Spangled Banner," and with "Dixie" there were cheers and joyful thumps on near-by backs which jogged the Mason and Dixon's line a few degrees farther north, for "Dixie" is American and speaks the language of our own United States.

The State of Virginia, home of Washington and American history, dedicated its building, a reproduction of the famous Mount Vernon, in true Southern spirit, as if to honor the nation's first President, in whose seeming shadow the ceremonies were performed. Commissioner John T. Lewis expressed the warmth of Western fellowship when he said: "It is splendid to be among you." John Temple Graves paid gallant tribute to all the factors in the making of the Exposition and referred to a nation gifted in hospitality, gifted in sentiment, and gifted in that bright humanity which is destined to make all nations one. Miss Nannie Randolph Heth, of Virginia and Washington, is official hostess for Virginia, in which she and her confreres fulfill the ideal of Southern grand dames with that charm of candor and sweet affability which are so characteristic of Southern people.

There are a great many Pike County Missourians in California, but there are no "pikers." There are fifteen hundred of the Missouri Society in California, which was one of the first State societies to engage in work in behalf of the participation of its home State. At their State building, a home as well as an ornamental pavilion, where the "latch string hangs out," Gov. Elliott W. Major was the guest of honor on Missouri Day, when the ceremonies were a tribute to the folks from the home of old Joe Bowers in the warmth of an old-fashioned house-warming. Mrs. James Britton Gantt, a prominent Daughter of the Confederacy, is official hostess for Missouri.

West Virginia hospitailty was proffered to all attending the little "Mountain State's" reception, a splendid bowl of "West Virginia Artillery" punch being a popular feature. Mrs. Charles S. Williamson is official hostess, and Mrs. Francis Kerma social secretary.

With the opening bars of "Dixie" an old-time Rebel yell rent the air, given from the backs of Texas cow ponies, and thus did Texas fittingly dedicate its building. Mrs. Van Hulen, the "Lone Star State's" commissioner, graciously received the commemorative bronze plaque, and Director D. O. Lively praised the women but for whose lively determination and sense of proportion there would not have been a Texas building at the Exposition. On Texas Flag Day, in memory of Texas independence, Governor Ferguson sent best greetings and his command as Governor of a great State to assist in any way possible.

Mississippi did not make an appropriation for the handsome building which adorns the avenue, and the funds both for the building and the exhibits were contributed by the people represented by Senator H. H. Casteel. True Southern eloquence touched the hearts of the assemblage gathered to hear the speeches and welcome the genial commissioner on Mississippi Day. A familiar chord was touched by Miss Clara Alexander in her darky dialect stories, and the playing of "Dixie" by the official band brought all to their feet and increased the atmosphere of the South.

"Maryland, My Maryland" in beautiful and inspiring notes sounded over the Esplanade on Maryland Day, and in oratory and action the day was made notable, a note of high dignity being lent to the occasion by the military regalia of the Governor's staff and the escort of United States cavalry which accompanied the party to the Exposition, where the First Battalion of Marines formed a guard of honor. Maryland's Governor, P. Lee Goldsbrough, personally planted a white oak tree in the garden fronting the State's characteristic building. R. A. McCormick, head of the Maryland commission, acted as chairman of the day, and in presenting a case of jewels similar to those in the "Tower of Jewels" he told how California has had the benefit of Maryland's best citizenship, saying: "You gave us Henry T. Scott, the man who built the historic battleship Oregon, which rides at anchor on the Marina." In concluding his address, Governor Goldsbrough spoke of that "indescribable bond of fellowship which always unites Maryland people, and wherever they dwell is cherished the tenderest memories of the mother State, the land of him who wrote the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and of him who penned the appealing home song, 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and she in turn never fails of affectionate interest in her widely scattered children."

THE DIXIE CHAPTER, TACOMA, WASH.

BY MISS JULIA FLETCHER, PRESIDENT.

Two interesting occasions have been celebrated by the Dixie Chapter since our last report. On Memorial Day, May 30, a committee from the Chapter, with a number of the veterans from Pickett Camp, took baskets of beautiful red and white roses to the cemetery and covered the graves of ten of the "boys who wore the gray," leaving a small Confederate flag on each, the first time our battle flag had ever been seen in that cemetery.

The annual picnic of the Chapter was held on June 3, celebrating the birthday anniversary of President Davis. The exercises following the bountiful luncheon were peculiarly interesting. A letter from President Wilson was read, in which he thanked the Chapter for its appreciation and indorsement of his policy in dealing with the momentous questions involved in our foreign relations. To one of our Daughters, Mrs. R. D. Cheney, formerly of Atlanta, Ga., was presented a Southern cross of honor for the services of her father, the late Dr. Thaddeus Berrien Akridge, of Atlanta, surgeon in the Confederate army under Captain Grant.

A zealous member of our Chapter and a native of Kentucky, Mrs. Harrison G. Foster, spent the past winter in Washington, D. C., and there met Miss Mary Custis Lee, who was so pleased by our work in Tacoma that she took

great pains to procure a portrait of her father, Gen. R. E. Lee, for our Chapter. It was presented by Mrs. Foster, who gave it for Miss Lee with cordial greeting to this far-distant organization which, through kindly and benevolent effort, strives to promote a just and tender influence in the channels of history and education for the highest interpretation of the Southern cause. Following this, the Rev. Dr. Woodbridge, a worthy son of the South, gave a talk on the high ideals of the South as upheld and portrayed by our President, with some reminiscences of his acquaintance with Mr. Wilson's father.

THE GEORGIA DIVISION.

BY MISS MATTIE B. SHEIBLEY, ROME, GA.

By her good works Mrs. Eugenia Mandeville Watkins was known, and for inestimable service to the State Division, rendered so modestly, her passing is deplored. In 1901 the Annie Wheeler Chapter of Carrollton was organized; and, ardent with enthusiasm, the membership conceived many plans to interest and enlist new members. Miss Eugenia Mandeville, Historian, to insure research of Confederate history, offered a five-dollar gold piece for the best essay on a prescribed subject selected by the Chapter. The next year the Chapter invested eleven dollars in prizes, and the children of Carrollton County diligently studied for the truth of Southern history. With such success Miss Mandeville had a broader vision and conceived the medal contest for Division work. The work was heartily applauded and indorsed at the convention to which it was presented. Each year the contestants multiply, and the Medal Committee's work has become the most important in all State work. The gentle, earnest little woman of Carrollton built better than she knew, and Georgia honors the name of Eugenia Mandeville Watkins for the valuable suggestion which perpetuates Southern history.

Interesting Event of Reunion.

Of interest to Georgia was her President's visit to Richmond during the glad Reunion season as matron of honor for the Sons of Georgia, and the incident of moment was the presentation of personal relics of President Davis and his family to the Confederate Museum. These treasures *de virtu* were presented by Mrs. Davis soon after her husband's death to Mr. C. H. Herbst for the Confederate Museum at Macon, which he owned, afterwards given the Sidney Lanier Chapter. Mrs. Lamar, acting for the Sidney Lanier Chapter, of Macon, presented the sacred relics to Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Richmond, and the valued collection was placed for safekeeping in the Mississippi room.

Among the gifts were a gold-headed walking cane inscribed "The Honorable Jefferson Davis, from William Ramsay, 1861, Mount Vernon"; a suit of broadcloth and slippers worn by Mr. Davis; a writing case with handsome brass trimmings, marked with the initials "J. D."; a prayer book; the original notification of Gen. Howell Cobb's appointment to the Confederate Cabinet; interesting letters and souvenirs sent by Winnie Davis to her family while at school in Germany; letters of historic interest, one from Mrs. Robert E. Lee to Mrs. Davis, expressing sympathy and exultation in Mr. Davis's release from prison.

Writing of the memorable occasion, Mrs. Lamar describes the affecting scene thus: "In the audience that assembled in the reception hall of the museum, the ex-mansion of the Confederacy, there were present many reunion visitors, notably veterans and women of the Confederacy. There was no need of oratory or rhetoric on this occasion, for the articles spoke so eloquently of the beloved President of the Confederate States and his family that the mere naming of them and the sight of them brought tears to the eyes of young and old. Veterans pressed forward to touch and to kiss the dear objects, which were received from Georgia's President by Mrs. N. V. Randolph, of Virginia, with deep feeling and an eloquence born of sorrowful Confederate memories."

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS, U. D. C.

[Suggestions submitted by Capt. John H. Leathers, of Louisville, Ky., and unanimously adopted by the United Confederate Veterans in convention at Richmond, Va., June, 1915.]

Fifty years have passed since the close of the war between the North and the South. The survivors of that bloody struggle, even the youngest of them, are now old men, and in a few more years at most the last Confederate veteran will have answered the last roll call, and the deeds of that immortal army that struggled for four long years for what they believed to be right will have passed into history.

Who is to take up the work of defending the cause for which they fought, to see that a true history of their deeds is written, to educate their children and children's children in the faith of their fathers, and to vindicate the cause for which so many of them suffered and bled and died? The sons of veterans, we believe, would exhibit the same courage and valor on the battle field and endure the same hardships and sacrifices their fathers did. Yet it is to the willing hands and hearts alone of the Southern woman that we must look for the performance of this loving and patriotic duty.

The Camps of Veterans all over the South are now thinning rapidly in membership. Many of their members have grown too feeble to attend, many of them are too poor to contribute even the small annual dues to keep the organization alive, and it is generally believed that the Reunion in Richmond will be the last of the Reunions worthy of being called "a great Reunion." Therefore the time has come when the Daughters of the Confederacy should enlarge the scope of their work and be ready to assume the obligations and duties that must come to them very soon. That they will do so with loving hearts and a zeal that is characteristic of them, every veteran knows.

The suggestions that I beg to submit to the Daughters for their consideration, in view of these facts, are as follows:

1. That they provide by their rules and regulations to admit veterans who survive, sons and grandsons of veterans and on down, and those who are blood kin as associate members of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

2. These associate members shall be elected by ballot the same as members are received into the Confederate Camps and Daughters of the Confederacy.

3. They shall have no voice in the proceedings of the Daughters of the Confederacy nor any privilege of voting or holding office.

4. The dues for associate membership shall be $5 per year, payable in advance.

5. Associate members shall be privileged to attend an open meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy to hear reports of the work of the officers and what is being accomplished, which meeting shall be held either on Lee's birthday, January 19, or Davis's birthday, June 3, or on the anniversary of the establishment of the Confederate State government at Montgomery, Ala., each year, whichever the Daughters may prefer.

6. The money received from associate members shall be used by the Daughters for historical, educational, and relief purposes—that is,

(1) To see that a true history of the war shall be written and particularly so the history that is to be used in our public schools.

(2) To see that our children and children's children of the South are properly educated as to the cause of the war between the North and the South and the rights for which their fathers contended.

(3) To extend relief to any surviving widow or descendant of a Confederate who in their judgment is entitled to assistance.

7. Those eligible to associate membership are to be (1) surviving Confederate veterans, (2) sons of veterans, (3) grandsons of veterans, and (4) those who are blood kin to Confederate veterans.

The membership is to be confined strictly to this class, and those who are solicited for membership are to be made to consider it as an honor to be accepted into the Association.

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM JUNE 9 TO JULY 17, 1915.

Alabama: Clayton Chapter, $2; William Monroe Chapter, $1. Total, $3.

Arkansas: El Dorado Chapter, $5.

California: Dr. T. R. Meux (personal), Fresno, $10.

Georgia: C. A. Evans Chapter, Brunswick, $10; Margaret Jones Chapter, Waynesboro, $5. Total, $15.

Mississippi: S. D. Lee Chapter, $2.50; Kosciusko Chapter, $2; Tupelo Chapter, $2; H. D. Maney Chapter, $5; Division pledge, $50; W. D. Holder Chapter, $5; Bolivar Troop Chapter, $2.50; P. A. Penson, $2.50; Charles E. Hooker Chapter, $4.50; J. Z. George Chapter, $9; Mrs. S. E. F. Rose (personal), 50 cents; Mrs. Lillie Worthington (personal), $5; Mrs. O. D. Knowlton (personal), $6. Total, $96.50.

North Carolina: China Grove Chapter, $3.

Oklahoma: Thomas Wills Chapter, Sapulpa, $5; Oklahoma City Chapter, $5; Bertie E. Davis Chapter, Wewoka, $1. Total, $11.

South Carolina: Mercer Keith Chapter, Timmonsville, $2; Hampton Legion Chapter, Allendale, $5; Secessionville Chapter, James Island, $5; John C. Calhoun Chapter, Clemson College, $2; Black Oak Chapter, Pinopolis, $4.50; Charleston Chapter, $15; William Lester Chapter, Prosperity, $5; John B. Kershaw Chapter, Laurens, $5; Dick Anderson Chapter, Sumter, $5; Wade Hampton Chapter, Columbia, $10; Eutaw Chapter, Ferguson, $5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Yorkville, $5; Lottie Green Chapter, Bishopville, $2; S. D. Barron Chapter, Rock Hill, $5; Cheraw Chapter, $4; John K. McIver Chapter, Darlington, $10; Ann White Chapter, Rock Hill, $5; Winnie Davis Chapter, Yorkville, $10; Drayton Rutherford Chapter, Newberry, $10; Mary Ann Buie Chapter, Johnstons, $1; Fairfax Chapter, $3; Lafayette Strait Chapter, Richburg, $2; Andrew Jackson Chapter, Clover, $5; Lancaster Chapter, $5; Edgefield Chapter, $7; St. George Chapter, $3.25; Chester Chapter, $5; N. B. Forrest Chapter, C. of C., Marion, $1; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, C. of C., Marion, $2; Magnolia Chapter, C. of C., Fairfax, $1. Total, $149.85.

Virginia: Mrs. Edgar Taylor (personal), Richmond, $5; J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, Staunton, $5; Wythe Grey Chapter, Wytheville, $5; Warren Rifles Chapter, Front Royal, $5; Anna Stonewall Jackson Chapter, Abingdon, $5; Bath County Chapter, Warm Springs, $5; Loudoun Chapter, Leesburg, 35 cents; Old Dominion Chapter, Lynchburg, $5; Manassas Chapter, $8.25; Alleghaney Chapter, Covington, $1; Danville Chapter, $5; James City Chapter, Toano, $2.25; Capt. B. F. Jarratt Chapter, Jarratts, $5; Manassas Chapter, 35 cents; Southern Cross Chapter, Salem, $3; Hanover Chapter, Ashland, $3; Hope-Maury Chapter, Norfolk, $3; William R. Terry Chapter, Bedford City, $2; Kirkwood Otey Chapter, Lynchburg, $5; Stonewall Chapter, Portsmouth, $25; J. E. B. Stuart Auxiliary, Staunton, $35; Miss Adelia Yowell, $5.10; Elliott G. Fishburne Chapter, Waynesboro, $3.88; Turner Ashby Chapter, Harrisonburg, $6; McComas Chapter, Pearisburg, $1.50; Dr. Harvey Black Chapter, Blacksburg, $1.25. Total, $150.93.

Interest, $152.56.

Total collections since last report, $596.84.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $25,322.47.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $25,919.31.

HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

Another edition of "Wrongs of History Righted" has been issued. Orders may be sent with postage. One cent each per copy.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

(Andersonville continued.)

1. What was the spirit of retaliation shown to our men?

2. Name some of the Northern prisons where the treatment was worse.

3. How many prisoners in Southern prisons? How many in Northern prisons? What per cent died in each?

4. Upon whom did Blaine throw the responsibility for the horrors of Andersonville?

6. What was Captain Wirz's fate? As a paroled prisoner of war, had the Federal government a right to arrest him?

7. Give Dr. Kerr's testimony as to the unjust trial.

8. Give Dr. Kerr's testimony to Wirz's tenderness of heart.

9. Give prisoners' testimony to Wirz's kindness and justice.

10. Did Wirz have any children?

11. Where is the monument erected to his memory? By whom? When?

12. Wirz had every soldier's grave marked at Andersonville. Were our Southern boys' graves marked at Northern prisons?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."
2. Reading, "Kitty Grim," Mrs. McGuire.
3. Song, "Lorena."
4. Recitation, "Ebo," A. C. Gordon.
5. Reading, "Land of the South," Meek.
6. Reading, "Battle of the Handkerchiefs," Dimitry (Journal of Julia LeGrand).
7. Reading, extract from "Women of the Debatable Land," Hunter.

(For answers, see June VETERAN.)

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1915.

HEROINES OF THE SOUTH.

Responsive service.

Song, "Dixie."

1. Who were the Daughters of Liberty, and how did they receive that name? Describe the Edenton Tea Party.

2. Tell of Kate Barry, of North Carolina, and "Bonny Kate," of Tennessee.

3. Who was Nancy Hart, of Georgia? Tell of her heroism during the Revolutionary War.

4. Who was imprisoned in Camp Chase on account of her Southern sentiments?

5. Tell the story of Emma Sansom and how she saved the day for General Forrest.

6. What Alabama girl is blind, deaf, and was dumb, and yet has received a diploma from the Woman's Department of Harvard and can now speak in public? How is she heroic?

7. Recitation, "The Sunshine Song," Loveman.

8. Hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

WAS "OLE MIS'" LAZY?

BY SARAH PRICE THOMAS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

In a recent edition of the New York Times there is an interview with the well-known authoress, Edna Ferber, who created the fascinating woman drummer character, Emma McChesney. In this interview, reported by Joyce Kilmer, she is represented as saying: "When I was a young girl I frequently had held up to me as the great and shining exemplar of domesticity the Southern woman of ante-bellum days. She paraded rhythmically across a broad green lawn or reclined on a lovely couch, carrying flowers and wearing soft, flowing white things with beautiful long trains. . . . Sometimes, instead of the flowers, she carried a dainty bit of sewing. Her kitchen was left to the device of a great company of slaves, who ran the house pretty much to suit themselves. . . . She never knew what provisions there were in the kitchen or cellar nor how much food went out every day to furnish feasts in the near-by cabins. She knew nothing of housekeeping; she really was not domestic at all."

Now, Miss Ferber may be very well versed in the ways of a modern business woman, but it is plain that she knows nothing whatever of Southern history. If a Southern girl fulfilled her highest ideals of accomplishment, she would then have something to learn from her feminine antecedents. We cannot understand how the impression ever got abroad that the Southern ante-bellum women were merely figureheads, for this is far from the truth. No busier women ever lived. From infancy we have had held up to us by our fathers and mothers the family traditions of what our grandmothers could do. Time after time I have heard stories of the old plantation life told from the lips of those who can remember it well, and the woman of the house stands out as the great character.

The men were the managers, yes, of the crops and the trade and the actual finances, but the work here on the plantation was just begun. To the wife's share fell the direct supervision of the slaves' welfare, the health of the women and children, the making of the clothes and shoes, the training of the house servants, the curing of the meats, the preserving and canning of the winter supplies, and in many cases the planting of the vegetables.

I have before me a worn brown paper book marked "Plantation Book, 1851," and I copy a few selections from what was my own grandmother's personal memorandum book. There are pages of what she calls "prizes" for the amount of cotton picked by the slaves, a gratuitous payment to encourage them in picking well. One of them runs thus, "Martha, 806 pounds, 65 cents; Mary, 1,243 pounds, $1.35; Eliza, 920 pounds, 75 cents"; and so on down through the list, naming Sarah and Henry and Billy and Hooker and Bob, each receiving a recompense from his or her beloved "Missus'" hands. At the end of the list is an account of a small sum paid to "George, who couldn't pick," and to "Jim, who helped with the baskets."

On one page is an account of "Homespun allowed to Silla," on another "Beef allowed to Mr. ——," overseer. And she has marked once a memorandum of the fact that she still owes "George thirty-five cents, balance on his bee gums," which he was allowed to sell at his master's sale. In the fall months there are accounts of hog-killing, the exact number of hogs killed, the weight of each, and the amounts of lard, meat, etc. (by exact weights). Then follows an account of the meat allowance to the various slaves, "John and family, bacon, sixty-two pounds; Lewis, Patty, and Martha, thirty pounds"; and so on to Joshua, William, Green, and even to Frank, a house servant "when I am away," each according to his or her respective needs, the workingmen most, the working women next, with a fair allowance for the decrepit members of the family in the cabins. To these apportionments the women of the house was called upon the give thought and a sense of fairness.

On the last page of this little book we find an account of a different kind; not in dollars and cents, but in love and care, for there she has written of the death of one of the slave babies for whom she has called the doctor from many miles away, only to have him pronounce the case "hopeless." And while the doctor was at the plantation she had him to prescribe for two others of her patients, Lewis and Joshua, and the prescriptions and full directions for treatment are carefully written down to make sure that her woman's duty of plantation head nurse and doctor should be fulfilled.

The women of the plantations were the only medical help in many cases, and in all old Southern libraries we find a shelf of medical books with the wife's name on the flyleaf, and we know that they must have studied hard and often to gain a knowledge of what was best for the children and the old ones and for sickness of all kinds. They were present at all the births and most of the deaths, superintended the preparation of the body for burial, and more than often read prayers over the grave. Here, again, a large part of their work is touched upon, the spiritual responsibility for the slaves. It was the mistress who conducted the Sunday school and talked to the slaves, collectively and individually, about the God who had made them all and the Saviour who died for black as well as for white. In an old plantation in South Carolina I saw great piles of bricks in the back yard near the "quarters." The friend whom I was visiting explained that they had been used for bonfires at times of feasts. And she went on to tell me how her mother always gave a wedding feast for any of the slaves, hoping in this tactful way to encourage them to have proper ceremony, for their ignorance and apparent lack of moral sense often led them to think this unnecessary.

I could go on and on telling of instances wherein the women shared and often carried more than their share of the heavy responsibilities accompanying ownership of souls and bodies not their own. The whole condition is summed up in a charming little poem of plantation feeling that ends:

"A nigger nevah dared ter die
Ner marry on our place
Widout ole Mistis helt his han'
Er sed de word o' grace.

Dat ole plantation hit was run
On 'rangements 'bout like dis:
Der place hit belonged ter Marster, but
Old Marster belonged ter Mis."

CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS FOR 1915-18.

President General, Mrs. W. J. Behan, New Orleans, La.

Recording Secretary General, Miss Daisy M. L. Hodgson, New Orleans, La.

Corresponding Secretary General, Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Richmond, Va.

Treasurer General, Mrs. John E. Maxwell, Pensacola, Fla.

Historian General, Miss Mary A. Hall, Augusta, Ga.

Poet Laureate, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, Memphis, Tenn.

VICE PRESIDENTS OF STATES.

Alabama, Mrs. J. C. Lee, Montgomery.
Arkansas, Mrs. J. Garside Welch, Fayetteville.
Florida, Mrs. Horace L. Simpson, Pensacola.
Georgia, Mrs. A. McD. Wilson, Atlanta.
Louisiana, Mrs. James Dinkins, New Orleans.
Mississippi, Mrs. E. C. Carroll, Vicksburg.
Missouri, Mrs. George K. Warner, St. Louis.
North Carolina, Mrs. Robert H. Jones, Raleigh.
South Carolina, Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith, Charleston.
Tennessee, Mrs. Charles W. Frazer, Memphis.
Virginia, Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy, Front Royal.

CONVENTION AT RICHMOND, VA.

BY MRS. J. ENDERS ROBINSON.

The convention of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association was held during Confederate Reunion week in Richmond, Va., the opening ceremonies occurring on Monday, May 31, in the auditorium of the Jefferson Hotel, which was handsomely decorated in Confederate colors.

Addresses of welcome were made by Governor Stuart, of Virginia, Mayor Ainslie, of Richmond, Acting Commander in Chief U. C. V., Gen. George P. Harrison, Commander Jobson and Adjutant Stratton, of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V., and others. Cause for deep regret was the absence of the President General, Mrs. Behan, who was ill, her place being filled by Mrs. Shelton Chieves, of Virginia, Vice President.

The business sessions convened on Tuesday, June 1, at ten o'clock, in the basement of the Second Baptist Church, where they continued to and included the afternoon of Wednesday, June 2. The basement of the church had every convenience and comfort for the delegates. On both days and after the parade on the 3d a substantial lunch was served gratis in the basement to the delegates.

The attendance was good, and the elections were held. These occur only once in three years, thus giving ample time for the officials in the C. S. M. A. work to formulate and mature plans. Owing to her absence from Virginia a greater part of the year, Mrs. Shelton Chieves resigned, her office being filled by the election of Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy. Mrs. J. Clark Waring, of South Carolina, resigned, and Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith was elected her successor. With these exceptions, the old officials were retained.

Reports of new interest in the work were most encouraging. A junior association was organized in Atlanta several months ago with two hundred members from young people. Another association was organized in May for the Home for Needy Confederate Women in Richmond. Still another was organized in the South too late to be reported to the convention. All delegates left with renewed interest in the work and enthusiastic in planning for the future.

The Reunion Committee made every provision for the officials of the C. S. M. A. in the way of carriages, tickets, and other courtesies. And the C. S. M. A. takes great pleasure in acknowledging the entertainment and enjoyment of its members during this long-to-be-remembered week.

MRS. W. J. BEHAN ACCEPTS OFFICE OF PRESIDENT GENERAL OF C. S. M. A.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., June 19, 1915.

Mrs. J. Enders Robinson, Corresponding Secretary General, C. S. M. A., Richmond, Va.—My Dear Mrs. Robinson: I have just received notice of my reëlection as President General of the Confederated Southern Memorial Association. Words fail me to express my appreciation of this great honor conferred upon me for the sixth term. In the future, as in the past, the interests of the Confederation will receive my best efforts. In thanking my coworkers for the confidence and trust reposed in me I earnestly request from them the same hearty coöperation and support that has enabled the C. S. M. A. to continue the good work for which it was organized. It is a great pleasure and satisfaction to have the same officers to assist me. Regretting the resignation of two of the Vice Presidents, I beg to thank them (Mrs. Shelton Chieves, of Virginia, and Mrs. J. Clark Waring, of South Carolina) for past services. To the newly elected Vice Presidents, Mrs. S. Cary Beckwith, of South Carolina, and Mrs. S. M. Davis-Roy, of Virginia, I extend a hearty and sincere welcome and bid them to encourage the Memorial Associations in their respective States.

Sincerely and fraternally, KATIE WALKER BEHAN.

To the many friends and coworkers who have remembered her by letters and telegrams of sympathy and love Mrs. Behan sends messages of deepest appreciation, and she will reply to all when she is more fully recovered from her present illness.

A DEDICATION.

To the Southern Women of the Sixties: The last survivors of the Confederate armies are on their last march, their faces are turned to the setting sun, and each step that they take is downhill. As one of the veterans who followed Lee and Jackson, I esteem it a proud privilege to voice through this book the sentiments of my comrades in paying a tribute to the women of the South during the Civil War.

We admired those women for their devotion to the cause for which we fought; we honored them for their ceaseless efforts to feed the hungry and clothe the naked; we idealized them as being the highest type of womanhood that had been evolved since the dawn of time; and we loved them as uncrowned queens. How many of us, when raving with the fever in the dim wards of the hospitals, or wan, pallid, near bloodless, blessed them for their tender care and gentle ministrations! How many, how very many, died with a light in their eyes, a prayer in their hearts, a benediction on their lips for the women of the sixties!—*From "The Women of the Debatable Land," by Alexander Hunter.*

BATTLE OF WEST POINT.

BY JUDGE L. B. M'FARLAND, MEMPHIS, TENN.

[Paper written by request of the Fort Tyler Chaper, U. D. C., West Point, Ga.]

When my command (Cheatham's) was ordered to North Carolina I was detailed on special duty in Alabama, and as soon as this detail duty was done I started to rejoin Brigadier General Maney, of Cheatham's Division, upon whose staff I had been serving. I arrived in West Point early on the morning of April 16, 1865. Wilson's Cavalry was then approaching from Montgomery. I knew Gen. R. C. Tyler, commandant at West Point, a gallant officer of our division, then on crutches from wounds previously received. I called to see him to learn if he intended defending West Point and, if so, to offer my services to him. I knew that there were a number of hospitals there, with many convalescents, and that large hospital stores were then crossing the Chattahoochee River at this point. So to delay the enemy was important. Besides, just the year previous I had been in the hospital with pneumonia at La Grange, Ga., just east of West Point, and during my convalescence had experienced the generous hospitality of its people and made many friends, and I could not miss the opportunity to aid in the defense of those kind people and hospitable homes.

General Tyler told me that he intended to make a fight; and as his adjutant was then absent on leave, he asked me to take his place during the engagement. We then went to Fort Tyler, situated on an eminence on the west side of the Chattahoochee River, near the town. I found the fort to be of simple construction, square dirt embankments, with a ditch at the outside entrance on the west, open and protected only by a stockade in the rear of the entrance. There were three old pieces of artillery—a thirty-two-pounder on the southeast corner and a brass twelve-pounder each on the northwest and southwest corners. There were no head logs nor other parapet protection. We had no muster nor muster roll in the fort. I had no opportunity of knowing how many defenders there were, and I knew none of those I found there except General Tyler, Charlie Locke (one of my company, 9th Tennessee Infantry, who went in with me), and W. J. Slatter, also a Tennesseean. I was informed, however, that there were some fourteen of the Point Coupe Battery, of Louisiana, some of Waite's South Carolina Battery, who would man the three guns, and a number of others, citizens and convalescents, hastily gathered. Then, after the fight had opened, Col. J. H. Fannin came, bringing in some eighteen more men. It was a promiscuous and most voluntary gathering of veterans *en route* to their commands—invalids from hospitals, citizens, young and old, from La Grange and West Point—who shouldered their arms and came to the defense of the fort.

The highest estimate of those who were defending that fort, I have heard, was one hundred and twenty-one, although General La Grange reported two hundred and sixty-five captured, some doubtless captured outside of the fort and in and near the town and from the hospitals then crossing the river.

I noticed two or three nice cottages on the western front of the fort and not more than one hundred yards away, which I realized would afford protection to the approaching enemy. I suggested to General Tyler that these and all other buildings near should be burned at once, but he said that he knew the owners and what this would mean to them and refused to permit their being burned. He himself was later killed by a sharpshooter on the top of one of these cottages and thus gave his own life rather than destroy the homes of others. This was a noble prompting, but was not war.

As the enemy was approaching, General Tyler directed me to take some twenty men and go out and bring the enemy in, a military phrase which does not imply physical capture, but to feel of them and retard their approach. I called for volunteers, and ready response was made by more than twenty. With the twenty we went out some distance, and I posted the men far apart on both sides of the main road leading to Montgomery, the direction from which the enemy was coming, and awaited their approach somewhat as Mrs. Partington did when she attempted with her broom to keep the ocean out of her front door. This, as I remember, was about ten o'clock; and General La Grange, who was in command of the approaching brigade, says he arrived at ten o'clock within range of the fort.

Soon the enemy's sharpshooters appeared in our front, and from hence the "Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold." We opened fire along our whole line, and the fight was on. In the meantime the enemy had established a battery on a hill some half a mile from the fort and began shelling the fort, their shells passing over our heads. As the opposing force advanced, or "scourged," as General Cheatham expressed it, and the fire got too hot, we fell back. I remember one incident and that especially. I had to be along the lines directing the stands and retreat; and while passing through an orchard behind our lines and in view a sharpshooter took a pop at me, missing my head a few inches, spatting an apple tree in line. In mere bravado I pointed where the shot hit and turned and pulled off my hat and bowed to the shooter. Whether amused at my mock-heroic pantomime or disgusted with his poor marksmanship, I heard no further shot near me until I got out of the orchard and out of this fellow's range.

We finally got back to the fort; and as we were in the open for the last one hundred yards and up hill, the enemy in close pursuit, our retreat was greatly hastened. I always dreaded a shot in the back, especially when running uphill. Being then on the north side of the fort, with the entrance on the west, I dropped into the ditch and climbed the parapet of the fort and was hauled in by Colonel Fannin, who gave this account of the incident in the Atlanta Journal of September 26, 1896: "About this time the pickets were driven in under an extremely heavy fire, and for the first time I met Lieut. L. B. McFarland, of Memphis, Tenn., in charge of the sharpshooters, as he climbed with his men up the steep southeastern [it was the northern, as I remember] side of the fort with his fingers in the earthen sides to aid him in coming up the steep slope. I reached down and dragged him in. From Lieutenant McFarland I gained valuable information as to the location of the opposing forces," etc. I have omitted Colonel Fannin's high terms of commendations for me, but take this opportunity to acknowledge his kind and courteous tribute to me in terms dear to every soldier.

When we returned to the fort, General Tyler placed me in charge of the western front, where I remained during the rest of the engagement. In the meantime the enemy had surrounded the fort on all sides, their sharpshooters taking advantageous positions beyond and on the roofs of houses and in trees; and for some time it was a battle of marksmanship between our sharpshooters and theirs, the targets of each being the heads only of the others. General La Grange approached through the town with his right wing, and our gun on the southwest of the fort took a shot at him and his staff, killing his horse. Finally, his troops being dismounted, they approached and charged up the hill, and it was in the attempt to repel this charge that the principal losses on both sides occurred. They finally succeeded in reaching the moat or

ditch on every side, and both sides were in such close quarters that neither could expose themselves to the other. However, their sharpshooters made it too hot and dangerous for our men to put their heads up, as it was almost certain death. A number of our boys lifted their hats on ramrods and thus got honorable wounds (?).

The best we could do was to keep our powder dry and await a charge. The position of the enemy in the ditch and ours in the fort, with only a few feet of earth between, and the enemy's sharpshooters posted in corresponding positions and sniping at everything that approached, continued for about two hours, as I remember, from about three to six o'clock in the afternoon, the hour of surrender. During this time our men were not idle. I noticed them repeatedly throwing hand grenades, or bombs, into the ditch. The fuse would be cut and lighted with matches or burning paper, then held in the hand until about ready to burst, when it would be thrown over into the ditch—necessarily quite a dangerous thing, as the bomb had to be held until in the very act of exploding, though, being defective, I do not think many of them exploded. Neither side was silent all this time, for Yankee and Johnnie had to pass many a compliment, banter, and threat.

Sometime in the early afternoon, noticing that sharpshooters were sniping our men from the cottage at my front, I went back and reported the fact to General Tyler, suggesting that he direct a shot or two from our cannon on that side against this cottage. He walked back with me, and in order to get a better view he stepped out in front of the stockade and was immediately killed by a shot which came from one of these cottages. The command then devolved upon Col. J. H. Fannin. The defense was conducted until near six o'clock, when Colonel Fannin called the surviving officers together and suggested the propriety or necessity of surrender, to which nearly all agreed, and a white handkerchief was run up. We found after the surrender that the enemy had completely bridged the ditch.

As to the number of Federals participating in this attack, the concurrent statements of the Confederates engaged places the number at from three thousand to three thousand seven hundred. I concur in this estimate of the strength of General La Grange's brigade present during this engagement, though I cannot, of course, give the number directly engaged in storming the fort. I rode with them for four days afterwards; and a finer equipped, a better disciplined, or more soldierly body of men I never saw. General Wilson, in his report, enumerates Beck's 18th Indiana Battery, 2d and 4th Indiana Cavalry, 1st Wisconsin and 7th Kentucky Cavalries—one battery and four regiments—as being with General La Grange. General La Grange, in his report, says: "After posting one piece of the battery and the 2d and 4th Indiana Regiments, the pieces of artillery amused the fort with a steady, well-directed fire until 1:30 P.M., when the remainder of the brigade arrived."

As to the number killed and wounded on each side, Colonel La Grange, commandant of the brigade attacking, in his official report of the engagement, published in Volume CIII. of the United States Official Reports, says that our loss was "eighteen killed and twenty-eight seriously wounded, mostly shot through the head," and that he captured two hundred and eighteen prisoners. His loss was seven killed and twenty-nine wounded. The report of his several commanding officers makes an aggregate of their loss as seven killed and thirty-two wounded. Total, thirty-nine. I know of no statement from our side differing from this. [Col. J. H. Fannin, who surrendered the fort, says that the Federal loss was about two hundred killed and wounded.—*Mrs. Higginbothem, President Fort Tyler Chapter, U. D. C.*]

In the official reports above referred to, made by General La Grange and the several officers commanding the regiments of this brigade, their statement as to their capture of the fort was misleading in that they conveyed the impression that the fort was captured by their first charge and in a very short time.

General La Grange himself says: "The ditch being found impassable, bridges were prepared and sharpshooters posted; and when the charge was sounded the three detachments, vying with each other, rushed forward under a scathing fire, threw over the bridges from the ditch, and entered the fort." Again: "The garrison at the time of the attack was composed of two hundred and sixty-five desperate men, commanded by Brigadier General Tyler." (Volume CIII., page 429.)

J. B. Williams, commanding the battalion, 2d Indiana Cavalry, says: "Arriving near West Point, we threw out skirmishers and waited for the balance of the brigade. At three o'clock the 2d Indiana Cavalry, with one battalion of the 1st Wisconsin and one company of the 7th Kentucky, charged the fort at West Point. The Indiana Cavalry was among the first in the fort and captured the Rebel colors." (Volume CIII., page 432.)

A. S. Bloom, commanding the 7th Kentucky Cavalry, says: "After a fight raging furiously for over two hours, I was directed to prepare to charge the fort. I ordered the men to prepare themselves with boards of sufficient length to enable them to cross the outer ditch. This being done and everything ready, the brigade bugler sounded the charge, which was promptly repeated by my bugler. My men obeyed the charge nobly and went charging with a determination to go over the fort. The men crossed the deep ditch around the fort on boards, climbed the parapet, and went over into the fort, capturing two stands of United States colors, which had been previously captured by the enemy, and assisted in capturing its garrison." (Volume CIII., page 435.)

Col. Henry Herndon, commanding the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry, after stating that one hundred men of his regiment had been detailed, says as to the important capture: "The balance of the regiment, only a portion of the 1st and 3d Battalions, was immediately dismounted and sent forward to storm Fort Tyler in conjunction with the 2d Indiana and 7th Kentucky. The 1st Wisconsin was the first to reach the works, where they lay for several minutes within ten feet of the enemy. Finally the other regiment got a footing on the works, then the fort surrendered." (Volume CIII., page 436.)

H. P. Lampson, commanding the 4th Indiana Cavalry, says that his regiment charged into the town, capturing the approaching advances. "The position thus attained prevented reënforcements being sent from the east side of the Chattahoochee River to the garrison of the fort, which, after a short but sharp contest, surrendered to the remainder of the brigade." (Volume CIII., page 432.)

General Wilson, commanding the expedition of which General La Grange's was a part, in his report (all these being in the same volume), says: "La Grange's advances reached the vicinity of West Point at 10 A.M., April 16, with Beck's 18th Indiana Battery and the 2d and 4th Indiana Cavalry. The enemy was kept occupied until the arrival of the balance of the brigade. Having thoroughly reconnoitered, the main detachment of the 1st Wisconsin, 2d Indiana, and 7th Kentucky dismounted and prepared to assault Fort Tyler, covering the bridge."

General La Grange described it as a remarkably strong

bastion, an earthwork thirty-five yards square, surrounded by a ditch twelve feet wide and ten feet deep, situated on a commanding eminence, protected by an imperfect abatis, commanding the thirty-pounders and two field guns. At one-thirty the charge was sounded, and the brave detachments on the three sides of the work rushed forward to the assault, drove the Rebel skirmishers into the fort, and followed, under a withering fire of musketry and grape, to the edge of the ditch. This was found impassable; but, without falling back, Colonel La Grange posted sharpshooters to keep down the enemy and organized parties to gather material for bridges. As soon as this had been done he sounded the charge again. The detachment sprang forward again, held the bridges, and rushed forward over the parapet into the work, capturing the entire garrison, in all two hundred and sixty-five men." (Volume CIII., page 364.)

He also speaks of the 4th Indiana as dashing through the town and scattering a superior force of cavalry, which had just arrived, of which we never heard.

It will be seen that in these six official reports of the Federal officers in command, four state that the fort was taken by assault, while two—Colonel Lampson, of the 4th, and Colonel Herndon, of the 1st Wisconsin—upon the other side, say that the fort surrendered. That the fort was formally surrendered was known to every Confederate engaged, and every one who has ever written about it states the same thing and that this surrender did not occur until near sundown, about six o'clock in the afternoon, after eight hours' defense, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

This is a simple statement of the facts as I remember them now, after these fifty years, purposely with no mention of heroic acts of individuals, where all acted well, nor laudation of the conduct of my comrades as a whole, and without attempt to embellish this story with the graces of rhetoric. The simple story is an eloquent epic in itself.

I trust, however, that I may be permitted to quote from a contribution made to commemorate this event published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in 1896 by a participant, W. J. Slatter, as big-souled and congenial a spirit as ever lived. I do so as his account concurs in the material facts of this statement and possibly because of the kind mention of myself. In referring to the Tennesseeans who were there he says: "There is Judge McFarland, of Memphis, then a lieutenant, young and handsome [alas! that was just fifty years ago, dear W. J., when you and I were boys], returning to his command after a brief furlough, who called on General Tyler to see if he intended to try to hold the fort. The General said that he did and asked McFarland to stay with him and act as adjutant for him, as his own was absent. On going into the fort McFarland asked permission to burn the houses in its front, suggesting that they were so near that the enemy could use them advantageously in their attack. General Tyler said that the people to whom they belonged could not stand the loss, as they were principally beautiful cottage homes, and finally refused to give the order. It was from one of these houses that the sharpshooter fired the ball which killed General Tyler. A large, fine-looking Indian was the first to enter the fort. He carried an ax and cut down the pole from which floated our banner. On the road home after my parole from prison I met this same Indian, the orderly sergeant of his company, and he told me that General La Grange had offered a furlough to the one who first entered the fort, and he secured it."

He also mentions Charlie Locke, one of my company, who lost an arm in the fort. As further tribute to this splendid soldier and honorable man Locke, who lived an honorable and active life in Memphis until a few years ago, I also quote what Slatter writes about General Tyler as worthy of remembrance and frequent repetition. In the same article in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN he says: "I conclude with a few biographical words in reference to Gen. Robert C. Tyler, born and reared in Baltimore, Md. He was in the Nicaraguan Expedition under Walker in 1859 or 1860, and thence he went to Memphis, Tenn., where he joined the 15th Tennessee Regiment (Carroll's) as a private in Company D, was appointed quartermaster, but went into the fight at Belmont. He was elected colonel at the reorganization at Corinth. After the battle of Perryville he was made provost marshal general of General Bragg. He was badly wounded at Shiloh. He commanded a brigade at Missionary Ridge and was badly wounded there, necessitating the excision of a leg. After this he was placed in command at West Point. He was a dear friend of mine, and I revere his memory."

After the surrender General La Grange treated us well and was especially courteous to me. When Colonel Fannin told him who I was, the General said: "Lieutenant, I am sorry your general was killed; but if you will accept parole, I shall take you on my staff until I can dispose of you." I accepted the parole, and the next morning the General furnished me a horse and directed me to ride with him. This I did; and for four days I rode with the brigade from West Point to Macon, Ga., riding at any place between the head and end of the column, and was shown many little attentions by the various officers of the command. One day I got into a warm controversy with one of the officers over the causes of the war, and with the rashness of youth and the vanity of a "little learning" I talked too much. The next day one of the captains said to me that I must quit such discussions, or some of the men might knock me in the head and "lose me." I quit.

On arriving at Macon I learned that General Lee had surrendered, and I read a copy of his farewell address. I remember even now the shock and feeling of despair which came upon me and lingered during the night. I bade General La Grange farewell with thanks for his kindness and was sent to join other comrades in prison. The next morning I was paroled. I went back to General La Grange. He gave me an order for a horse to take me home to West Tennessee, and I started on my return as soon as I got my mount. My soliloquies on this trip were not exactly those of the soldier that Grady tells about in his Boston talks, who, after the surrender at Appomattox, when trudging along home, was heard to talk thus to himself: "Well, I will go home now and make a crop for my family, and then if them d— Yankees bother me any more, I will whip them again."

I never saw nor heard of General La Grange again until 1910, when I was on a trip to California. At Los Angeles I learned that General La Grange was then in command of the Home for Federal Veterans (about a thousand) at that point. I sent him my card; and a few evenings afterwards he invited me to join him at the annual meeting of the Los Angeles Camp of Federals, then holding a banquet at my hotel. I joined in the banquet and was called upon for a speech. I told of my capture by General La Grange and the treatment I received and my pleasure at being captured a second time, with other remarks as to our reconciliation, etc. Others spoke in the same strain, and I had quite a pleasant evening The General afterwards spent a day with me at my hotel in Pasadena. I had not at that time read the official reports which I have quoted above, and General La Grange and I did not discuss the Fort Tyler event.

THE CAREER OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES CRUISER SHENANDOAH.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, N. C.

The Shenandoah went in commission in the fall of 1864, and at the time of General Lee's surrender it was in the Arctic Ocean. She was actively cruising in search of Yankee vessels for eight months, in which time she captured thirty-eight, of which six were released on bond and thirty-two destroyed. She visited every ocean except the Antarctic and was the only vessel that carried the Confederate flag around the world and flew it six months after the overthrow of the Confederacy. The last gun in defense of the South was fired from her deck on June 22, 1865, at a Yankee vessel trying to escape. She went fifty-eight thousand miles without any serious mishap during a cruise of thirteen months, her anchors never left her bows for a period of eight months, and she never lost a chase. Her first capture after the surrender was the Abigail, on May 29, whose captain was very much annoyed, as he had already lost one vessel to Admiral Semmes and had about come to the conclusion that he had more luck in picking up Confederate cruisers than whales. On June 22 the Thompson and Euphrates were taken and on the 23d the Milo, Thornton, and Swift.

From the captain of the Milo was secured the first intimation of the fall of the Confederacy. The captain of the Swift stated that he was not assured of that, but he believed the South would eventually be forced to yield. He said also that the South had made a great mistake in not sending a cruiser into the Arctic Ocean two years before, for the destruction of that whaling fleet would have more seriously affected the Northern mind than the loss of a dozen battles in Virginia.

On June 24 several newspapers were found on a captured vessel, one of which stated that the Confederate capital had been moved to Danville, but that the war would be carried on with renewed vigor; and also, as three men of the vessel's crew joined the Shenandoah here, the news, as far as the end of the war was concerned, was not given serious consideration.

The General Williams was taken on June 25, and on the following day a "big killing" was made by the capture of the Nye, Nimrod, Catherine, Isabella, and Gypsy. These vessels, as well as those taken on the 28th, were stuck in an ice floe. It remained, however, for the last day of service for the Confederacy, June 28, to end the Shenandoah's capturing career in a blaze of glory (also vessels) by taking the Maury, Hillman, Nassau, Howland, Nile, Waverly, Martha, Favorite, Covington, and Congress, making a record unparalleled in the history of the world for the same length of time. The mate of the Maury represented to Captain Waddell that the captain of his ship had died (his body being aboard in a cask of rum), leaving his widow and two little children on the ship, and the lady was very much worried about the disposition of her vessel. The mate was told to go back and tell her that men of the South did not make war on women and children, and her vessel would be spared. Nine men from this fleet joined the Shenandoah at this time, and consequently less credence was put in the rumor of the war's being at an end.

On August 2 the British bark Barracouta was spoken and gave them certain news of the falling of the Confederacy. Batteries were then struck below and the crew disarmed. The next question was to make a landing where it would be safe to disembark; and after due consideration it was decided to make Europe, if possible, or at least some other country than the United States, for good reason, as the two petitions from the officers to the captain, given herewith, will show: "We cannot reasonably expect any good treatment if we fall into the hands of the United States government, as their treatment of prisoners already has shown sufficiently how we will be dealt with. We regard with horror any prospect of capture and imprisonment at this late date. With no government, where would be any show of authority sufficiently great to secure for us any of the amenities usually granted to prisoners of war? It is a known fact that during the war and with threats of retaliation the United States government frequently, almost generally, treated our prisoners with great severity, and how much more will be the case now, as the war has concluded in their favor!"

It was decided to try for England, and on November 11, 1865, the Shenandoah steamed up the Mersey, with the Confederate flag flying, and anchored near the warship Donegal. At 10 A.M. her flag was lowered, and the Shenandoah was turned over to the British government for final disposition.

[Following this article on the exploits of the Shenandoah, some very interesting editorials are appropriately given. Much has been written on this line by the press of the country during the past months, and it would almost seem that the North as well as the South is proud of the record made by our Confederate cruisers.]

Confederate and Modern Sea Raiders.

European sea raiders have made no record in this war that compares with the record made by the raiders of the Confederate navy in the War between the States. This, notwithstanding the repeated attempts of a few careless writers to compare the records so as to make it appear that there is a strong similarity in the respective achievements of the two sets of raiders.

We note from Scharff's "History of the Confederate Navy" that the famous Alabama, so often mentioned for purposes of comparison in these days, destroyed in her career sixty-nine Federal vessels, the Florida destroyed thirty-seven, and the little Tallahassee sent twenty-nine Federal vessels to the bottom in the brief period of thirteen days. The Shenandoah sank thirty-six vessels, and a remarkable feature of that record is the fact that she sank ten of them in one day. The Sumter sank eighteen vessels in her six months of activity on the high seas and then became unseaworthy. The Tallahassee, which sank twenty-nine vessels in thirteen days, ran the dreaded blockade around the port of Wilmington and, after doing her deadly work, turned and slipped back safely into port.

The total aggregate of Federal ships destroyed by the Confederate raiders during the war was two hundred and sixty-two. But the friend of the modern raiders will say: "The circumstances were different then." Different, to be sure. For example, all of the raiders in the Confederate service were converted merchant vessels that were not built for fighting. Many of the European raiders are purely war vessels, although some of them are converted merchant vessels.

The Kronprinz Wilhelm, interned at Newport News, was upon the high seas for nine months and sank fourteen British merchantmen. The Kronprinz is a converted merchant ship; but with all of her modern equipment and speed she has a smaller record than the Confederate Sumter, which hauled Admiral Semmes for a while and sent eighteen ships to the bottom in six months.—*Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.*

The "Pirate" of '62.

The parallel attempted several times of late between the depredations upon Northern commerce by the Confederate cruiser Alabama and the attacks upon merchant ships by submarine raiders is deficient in a number of important respects. The famous vessel commanded by Raphael Semmes was built in England and left Liverpool under the British flag. She was commissioned practically on the high seas, and she voyaged everywhere, "now in Atlantic fog, now in Indian sunshine, battles with tropic storms and owl flittings in murky twilight," all the time swooping upon merchantmen and eluding the warships which were seeking her upon all the seven seas.

But her invariable procedure was to take the crews of vessels seized on board the Alabama and, since there were no Confederate ports into which to send prizes, then to burn the ships themselves. Any passengers found on the captured vessels were also taken on board the Alabama and detained only until some way was found to dispose of them with safety to themselves and their personal belongings. One of the officers of the Alabama says that such temporary residents in a ship whose berth deck was crowded were housed on the main deck, sheltered by tarpaulins in rough weather, and allowed free rations and the use of the galley for the cooking of food to their taste. Any women who came aboard were given the officers' staterooms. In one instance, when women passengers were hysterical with fear as they watched the coming of small boats from the dreaded "pirate" cruiser, the young officer who came on board the prize was so successful in disabusing them of their mistaken notions that he returned to the Alabama destitute of the shining buttons which had adorned his uniform.

The outstanding instance of the humanity of Semmes and his men is that of the California mail boat Ariel, taken on December 7, 1862, when on her way to Panama with five hundred and thirty-two passengers, mostly women and children, and one hundred and forty-five United States marines and several naval officers. Semmes intended to land the passengers at Kingston, but learned that yellow fever was raging there. He declared himself unwilling to expose them to the pestilence, and, having disarmed and paroled the marines, he sent the Ariel on her way under bond. Gamaliel Bradford, in an essay written a few years ago, accepts as "conclusive" the statement that "in no single solitary instance was there furnished a particle of proof that 'the pirate Semmes' had ever maltreated his captives or subjected them to needless and unavoidable deprivation."—*Boston Herald.*

Commerce-Destroying, Past and Present.

There is always a disposition with a generation that reads little solid history to hail the latest as the same thing as the greatest. Illustration of this disposition is manifested in the characterization of the Eitel Friedrich's raid as "unprecedented" and the most remarkable on record. Doubtless the German commerce destroyer's performance is, considering the difficulties in her way, the necessity of dodging the enemy's wireless, traveling great ocean distances without calling at ports, etc., one of the striking episodes of a war abounding in wonders; but it by no means eclipses in results the achievement of our own old-time sea rovers or the Confederate cruisers.

The activity of our fast cruisers and privateers of the War of 1812 made the narrow seas around the United Kingdom a danger zone for British commerce. That was in the era of sailing ships; and the cruisers, like the Alabama and sister ships, are more analogous to the raids of the German trade harriers of to-day. The Alabama, the Florida, and the Shenandoah were swift, handy steamers for their time. They were foot-free and ranged the seven seas with orders to sink, burn, and destroy. Both tropical waters and Arctic currents knew the keels of some of their number. Wherever there were American merchant ships to be assailed or Union warships to be avoided, Semmes and his fellows were busy. Their records are wonderful. The United States before the Geneva Tribunal claimed damages for fifty-eight vessels destroyed by the Alabama in the course of her career, which lasted from her launching, May 15, 1862, to her destruction by the Kearsarge, June 19, 1864. Second in number of prizes came the Shenandoah, credited with forty, and third, the Florida, which made thirty-eight captures. The only other Confederate cruiser which gathered more than ten prizes was the Tallahassee, which worked most havoc on the New England coast. The most wonderful cruise was that of the Shenandoah, which carried her up into the Arctic, where she destroyed the greater part of the American whaling fleet in that region. The Shenandoah was so successful in keeping the sea that the Confederate flag was floating from her peak in August, 1865, four months after Lee's surrender, when her commander learned from a neutral that the war was over. Compared with these performances, the achievements of the Eitel Frederick in making way with half a score of vessels pale.

The lesson of commerce-destroying in all wars of modern times is the same. It does not affect the result of the contest; it does not turn the current of events. Our privateers and cruisers of 1812 did not prevent our own coasts from being blockaded nor the landing of invading armies. Semmes, Maffitt, Waddell, and all their confreres did not pull Grant, Sherman, Farragut, and Porter away from their grim task of beating down and starving out the Southern Confederacy. The German cruiser commanders have proved their intelligence and activity, but they have proved nothing more, unless it is that commerce-destroying is the ready recourse of a navy that is weak in the line of battle.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

THE SWORD IN THE SEA.

The billows plunge like steeds that bear
  The knights with snow-white crests;
The sea winds blare like bugles where
  The Alabama rests.

Old glories from their splendor-mists
  Salute with trump and hail
The sword that held the ocean lists
  Against the world in mail.

. . . . . .

For here was glory's tourney field,
  The tilt-yard of the sea,
The battle path of kingly wrath
  And kinglier courtesy.

. . . . . .

And there they rest, the princeliest
  Of earth's regalia gems,
The starlight of our Southern Cross,
  The sword of Raphael Semmes.

—*F. O. Ticknor.*

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

The Sunken Road—the Slaughter Pen.

I have written of the bombardment of Fredericksburg on December 11, 1862, and of my brigade, Barksdale's Mississippians, and how we were placed in the doomed city as a vicarious offering to the god of war to hold in check Burnside and his whole army while Lee prepared, with his legions on a line of hills in the rear of town, to receive him when he got good and ready. This Lee did when Burnside had driven us on the night of the 11th and by the morning of the 13th when Burnside came over in force and made two points on Lee's line as the main objects of his assault. One was at Hamilton's Crossing, our extreme right. They crossed the Rappahannock at this point and gained a serious foothold on this side; but Stonewall Jackson was in command there, and finally, after considerable loss on our part, Jackson drove them back across the river.

The most violent assault of Burnside was on Marye's Heights, Lee's left, on the Telegraph Road near the city. The Marye mansion sat on a hill, and at the foot of the hill next the town ran this telegraph road. A stone wall, partly inclosing a field fronting the Marye mansion, ran along the side of this road. In excavating the road at the foot of the hill the dirt was thrown up over this wall and thus formed what goes down in history as the Sunken Road. Behind this covered wall in this sunken road stood the Georgians, T. R. R. Cobb's brigade and Kershaw's South Carolinas. There may have been others. This is all I can recall now after fifty-two years. I remember that Gen. Tom Cobb lost his life there in sight of the home where he was born in this good old city, where Washington was reared and where his mother lies buried.

Our brigade, passing from our left to our right, came next in line of battle. The range of hills made a slight bend forward toward the enemy, and from this advanced position at the foot of the range of hills we were able to witness the assault on the sunken road and the slaughter of the advancing Federal lines by the Washington Artillery posted on Marye's Heights around the Marye mansion. I read recently that one of this old Virginia family of Maryes was appointed by President Wilson on the foreign diplomatic corps. I shall suspend long enough to observe that "snuffing the battle from afar," after the manner of Job's war horse, is much more pleasant and a deal safer than being mixed up with it as we were in the bombardment and as they were, fronting the assault on this plateau, which the North terms the "Slaughter Pen." As they name it thus, you may be prepared to receive what I am to say of its awful appearance when this bloody work was done at the close of this ominous day, the 13th.

The assaulting column began in the morning, and repulse after repulse greeted them till they ceased at nightfall from sheer exhaustion, with little or no loss on our side, concealed by the sunken road, or on the part of the Washington Artillery, which could only be reached by the Federal artillery at long range across the Rappahannock. From our position we could not see the whole field in front of this sunken road, but could discern the Federals as they rose out of a depression along the telegraph road to the level ground of some forty acres fronting the Marye house; nor would I attempt at this late day to say how many times they rushed forward and were driven back. I read afterwards that Meagher's (Marr's) Irish brigade led the forlorn hope time and again till they were fought to a frazzle. The next morning, the 14th, the ground of this slaughter pen was covered in some places with as many as three deep, lying cross and pile, in cerulean hue.

On the morning of the 15th the blue had been transferred from the forms of the dead to those of living Confederates. They had just drawn their winter clothing, the blues, and we were just off our Maryland campaigns—Sharpsburg, South Mountain, and Harper's Ferry—and needed a new outfit of clothing; and if there is anybody at this late day to rise up and say we should not have gotten into the coverings of those who needed them not, all we have to say is that this was the second year of the war, and clothing in the Southern Confederacy was just about as scant as our rations; and fig leaves, even if available, did not suit a Virginia climate, especially at that season of the year, for it was in bleak December.

So what wonder, on the morning of the 15th, that this forty-acre plot which was blue the first morning after the battle should be white the second? They lay so thick on the ground that General Lee sent over a flag of truce to General Burnside, asking him to send over a detail to bury his dead there. A remnant of what was left of the Irish brigade came over with their native farming implement, the spade. They dug a long trench the length of a modern dreadnaught and the width of the height of a man and were as long a time in placing the bodies side by side as it took the gunners to lay them out there.

It was a cold, bleak, dreary winter day, with a fog over the plain from the Rappahannock so dense that we could discern an object only a few feet away from our place of concealment behind the sunken road. Our boys stood by, watching the biggest funeral it had ever been our lot to witness. There was much of the natural man in us, so much that it required restraint not to appear hilarious over our victory. In fact, our orderly sergeant, in whose veins ran a strain of Irish, got jubilant when they brought up a headless corpse to go in the trench and exclaimed: "There's one with his head shot off." "Yes," replied Pat, one of the funeral cortege, "and he has his clothes shot off." We laughed at Pat's ready repartee and jeered our comrade's bad break. Now, after long years of peace, this seems barbarous hilarity; but that was war, and this is history.

Heaven decorated those dead bodies with beads of moisture from the overhanging fog. The saddest mourner in all this long funeral train was a large New Foundland dog who had escaped the shot and shell of battle, and for those two days and nights he had kept faithful vigil by the side of his dead master, an officer. With mournful mien and downcast countenance he followed the corpse to the trench, and when he saw the hostile dirt cover his master's remains in a hostile land he exhibited a human sympathy in his mourning, more so than any there in human shape.

The Irish General Meagher survived the war and fell overboard from a river steamer on one of the Northwestern rivers while filling a Federal appointment as a Federal officer.

G. W. Gregson, of Trousdale, Okla., writes his appreciation of responses to his inquiry: "As I have received several letters and cards from the old comrades, I wish to thank them all through the Veteran and would be glad to receive them every day. While I am getting shaky and a sorry writer, I still love to hear from them. I have not got my record established, yet I hope to soon and would be glad to have the help of every one who can give me a lift. * * * I remain as loyal to-day as in the sixties."

GENERAL ROSSER IN ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY, VA.

(Continued.)

BY REV. L. H. DAVIS, FREDERICKTOWN, MD.

According to my diary, Rosser and his men broke camp near Brownsburg March 31, 1864, and moved via Lexington to Falling Spring Church, nine miles beyond and within six miles of the Natural Bridge. While passing through the town the ladies crowded the windows, the balconies, and the street corners and in patriotic demonstration waved handkerchiefs and gave other expressions of their loyalty and devotion to the cause of the South. These manifestations of sympathy toward the men who wore the gray became the more impressive from the fact that we were on ground made sacred by that eminent citizen and brave soldier, T. J. Jackson, who less than a year before had fallen on the memorable battle field of Chancellorsville.

Amid this array of charming womanhood and honorable citizenship, that thrilled hearts in every direction, the brigade halted. Clinedinst's band, which belonged to the 7th Virginia Regiment, took a conspicuous position and rendered thrilling martial music, which floated out on the spring breezes over hill and dale. The hearts of the vast assembly were filled with a patriotic inspiration which expressed itself in wild applause.

During the more than three weeks' stay at Falling Spring we enjoyed many unusual diversions from the ordinary routine of a soldier's life. * * *

There is seldom a time when an army goes into camp that guards are not necessary. This provision is required not only as a protection against surprise by the enemy, but also to prevent disturbance in camp. Guard-mounting consisted of martial music, mustering in the new guard, and in relieving the old, the exercise occupying nearly an hour. There was no military service to me more irksome than this routine feature of duty. It was our lot to be mustered in on the new guard on April 2, which embraced twenty-four hours of service. On April 3, which was the holy Sabbath, the Rev. M. Carson, who was chaplain of our regiment, preached at Falling Spring Church. The place of worship and the well-kept cemetery reflected credit upon the congregation which worshiped there. It was our privilege in November, 1870, to meet Mr. Carson again at the Virginia Conference which was held at Lynchburg. In the meantime he had changed his relation from the Methodist to the Episcopal Church and was a rector in that city.

About the middle of the month a grand review of the brigade occurred. Many ladies and gentlemen were present from different parts of the county. General Smith was present and reviewed the parade. It was during one of these parades that the announcement was made that, "in consideration of meritorious services rendered," this command would hereafter be known as the Laurel Brigade. Captain McDonald in his history of the Laurel Brigade expresses doubt as to the time and place when this historic troop was so designated. The writer feels assured in stating that the announcement was made during our stay at Falling Spring. It is his opinion that the action so taken did not meet with a hearty response from a majority of the men, who had shown such unfaltering devotion to the cause of the South and such pride in their first commander, Turner Ashby.

One of the most profitable features of our brief sojourn in that beautiful portion of Virginia was the prayer meeting service held at the church. Officers and men alike participated in these services. Lieut. Col. Tom Marshall and Charles H. Vandiver, who at the time was commander of our company, and others whose names might be mentioned took a conspicuous part. After the close of the war, Lieutenant Vandiver founded the Keyser Tribune, which is still published and is among the best county papers in West Virginia. He was a brave soldier and a splendid man and had lost his right arm south of Pittsburg in a conflict with Federal cavalry on the night of June 29, 1864. More than thirty years of his life were spent in Missouri, where he became a contributing factor in the material progress of the State and accumulated property, served in the State Senate, and devoted his life to service as an elder in the Presbyterian Church. His death occurred more than three years ago at Higginsville, Mo.

Colonel Marshall was a grandson of Chief Justice Marshall. He was an ideal gentleman, a consistent Christian, and as brave on the field of battle as he was generous in the domestic relations of life. In a cavalry engagement in Frederick County, Va., November 12, 1864, he was among the fallen. The conflict was waged against a superior number of cavalry led by General Custer and only a few miles west of the Barton residence, where he had married. In the contest the Confederates were repulsed, and in the retreat he said to a comrade at his side: "I always had a horror of being shot in the back." At the next instant he remarked: "There it is now." It was the sad and yet appreciated privilege of the writer to be chosen as one of the escorts to convey the body by way of Harrisonburg to Staunton. Here we left our horses in the care of one of the escort while the other six of us accompanied the remains to Charlottesville, arriving after midnight on November 17, having been delayed by the movement of troops over the road. The body was taken to the university chapel, while the men in charge were entertained at the residence of Colonel Taliaferro in the college grounds, Colonel Marshall being a brother of Mrs. Taliaferro. The corpse lay in state until Saturday, November 19, to afford opportunity for the arrival of kindred and friends. In the meantime floral offerings had been liberally bestowed. A most impressive funeral service was conducted by the Episcopal rector in the chapel, and the procession silently and with reverent tread moved to the university cemetery, where appropriate military honors marked the burial of the noble dead not far from the temporary resting place of the illustrious Ashby. One instance at least in connection with his sister, Mrs. Taliaferro, is worthy of record: When the hour came to retire, following the burial, this Christian woman got her prayer book and in most impressive manner conducted family worship.

In closing this reminiscent sketch, the fact should be mentioned that this brigade furnished three ministers to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South—namely, W. L. Lynch, now deceased, H. M. Strickler, Luray, Va., and the writer. Scott Athy, of Loudoun County, became a Baptist minister. The Presbyterian Church was represented by Hugh Henry, of Warren County. There were doubtless others. Charles F. O'Ferral represented a district in Congress and afterwards attained the honor of Governor of Virginia, in defense of which State he came near losing his life from a wound received in battle that was first thought to be mortal. Company B, 12th Virginia Regiment, contains in its roster the name of William L. Wilson, who from college president became a member of Congress from West Virginia and the author of the tariff bill which bears his name. Later he served the nation with honor as Postmaster-General in Cleveland's second administration.

THE TURNING.

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, AUTHOR OF "GRANDMOTHER STORIES FROM THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

"The worm will turn." This simple biological fact, if we may so consider it, marks, no doubt, that point in the evolution of species when the spineless worm, reaching out to higher expression, is imbued with the instinct of self-preservation, an instinct which evolves fangs and a sting. May not this law of evolution fittingly describe a natural psychological development of the protective faculties of the human mind?

Once upon a time there lived a very gentle reader whose mind had been reduced to a painful pulpyness similar to the physical condition of a downtrodden worm, the reducing instrument in this instance being certain emanations from editorial censors throughout the northern part of this republic, popularly known as "America"—manifold and perennial emanations in the form of callous references to a beloved South; patronizing, supercilious references as unwarranted as the attack of a ruthless heel upon a lowly, inoffensive, and indefensible specimen of the genus worm.

Behold, there came a psychological moment for the turning of downtrodden sensibilities! Rising in wrath, armed as if by instantaneous creation, with a pen unfamed but pointed, this very gentle reader wrote a letter to a certain editorial heel (so to speak)—a letter burning with repressed vindication which boldly denounced the iniquity of ignorance and the libelous sin of referring to the South as if designating a semibarbarous province annexed to the United States about the year 1865 and as yet hardly amenable to the laws of civilization. Rising above a state of wormhood by force of righteous indignation, this pen, now a weapon of defense, proceeded to point out that the finest civilization ever shown on this continent was destroyed in the sixties and, furthermore, to consign all editorial censors, ignorant of that era of national history, to a reformatory course of study of evidences and records such as are extant in the old Charleston library, in the tomes of the Southern Literary Messenger and historical collections. There is no need of volumes of indication and defense. The facts are plain.

To all such transgressors as above indicted this may stand as a last word in argument. The human mind, no matter of what environment and training, that cannot learn from open records what the South has been, what she proudly stood for and will always stand for in civilization, statesmanship, and literature, is hopelessly imbecile.

There is a pervasive quality about time-yellowed records of another age which may subtly appeal to the respect of even the most blatant modern and be suggestive of verity to even the incrusted understanding of the most commercial-minded, enabling such to form some conception of the ineffable grace of a civilization imbued with honor, scholarship, and ideals. To learn, if need be, just the fine distinction bestowed by the phrase "belong to the old school"—the old school of manners, of culture, or of morals—would enrich the understanding of any researcher. Fortunately, such means of redemption for censors as afforded by out-of-print libraries may now be happily approximated by intimate acquaintance with certain recent publications. I refer to books written by Southerners which give a calm, informed, judicial, and not impassioned presentation of historical facts.

The history of Carthage was written by conquering Rome, with no lasting loss to Carthaginian glory. When in due course of time the fittest survivals of a fallen civilization turn to the task of rewriting those pages of history which have been blotted by untruth, fact becomes tenfold eloquent, and there dawns a new and illuminating era.

The present of the South can be interpreted only by her past. Held in subjection by laws of taxation and suffering endless poverty from furnishing cheap raw material to enrich a protected manufacturing industry, yet in this present year of defeat, in vital and enduring ways the South is gaining independence.

In the early days of tariff exploitation, when first valiant but futile efforts were made by Southern statesmen to reduce the tax to a basis for revenue only, there was made by the masterly Hayne, of Carolina, a desperate attempt to remove the shameful embargo from imported books. Hayne made the ingenious plea that books might be classed as "raw material essential to the formation of the mind, the morals, and the character of the people, which should be introduced free of duty." This single and noble plea for tariff revision failed, as did subsequent assaults upon intrenched commercialism, until at last the warfare of brains was, perforce, exchanged for that of bullets. Yet we of the South should hold in grateful remembrance that brave tilt of a worthy knight for the cause of justice and of learning in America. We revive with joy the apt use of books as "raw material" essential to the formation of opinion and the destruction of prejudice. The South is now sending out such raw material of best quality to the beatification of the faithful, and it is commended to all alien censors of prescribed vision to be applied to the reformation of mind in ways essential to sound understanding.

Notable among such books—one which embodies and shows forth with exact fairness and discrimination the spirit and meaning of that period before the sixties which has lain obscured by the mists of prejudice and ignorance—is "Robert Y. Hayne and His Times," by Theo. D. Jervey. This masterly work holds the essence of the whole matter. Here is given with intellectual clearness a study which conveys both to reason and imagination what was, in truth, the thought, the achievement, the high endeavor of that period. Charleston, as a center of culture, presented what was scholarly, gifted, and of lasting practical advancement. The development of the first railroad in America, the cherishing of free schools, matters humanitarian and educational, are chronicled in a way that shows truth to be the strongest ally of pride. To Mr. Jervey's presentation of momentous conflicts of the political arena too great praise cannot be accorded. His revivification of that time, when reason and passion, patriotism and greed contended for rights of government, confers upon the reader a mental pleasure rare and inestimable.

A fitting preliminary study to "Hayne and His Times" is Shipp's "Life of William M. Crawford." Representing another school of thought in a sister State, Crawford's career is most interestingly suggestive of possibilities and results that might have made a different course for national destiny. Had counter forces prevailed and Crawford's services been prolonged for a decade or so, or if the toga of Jefferson had descended to a virile and vigilant patriot of a more uncompromising and simpler method of thought than that espoused by Clay or Calhoun, some disasters might have been averted. At least such speculation is rather diverting.

As worthy sequel to studies of Crawford and Hayne should be taken Ulrich B. Phillipps's "Life of Robert Toombs." On Toombs was said to have fallen the mantle of Calhoun. If instead the masterly Hayne, of Carolina, and the brilliant Toombs, of Georgia, could have joined forces for the cause

of the South, it must have been invincible for justice and liberty. One who estimates the gifts, the characters, and the patriotism of these giants of statecraft and leaders of men feels convinced that the South did indeed possess the power to rule by brains and moral force if ever people were so endowed. These individual powers could not be combined in defense of principles to which each gave the best in him. The records of the single combats are no less glorious because of the inevitable end. There is defeat more victorious than mere success. "Outward success may cover conscious defeat."

We are grateful to these late historians. Professor Phillipps's painstaking work is invaluable to Georgians. If he had added a study of "Times" to his political life of Toombs, he would have enriched literature as well as history.

And now, in the wake of such good "raw material," "best middling" in texture and utility, comes the rare and delightful contribution from Dr. John A. Wyeth entitled "With Sabre and Scalpel." This autobiography is written with all the grace and deftness of touch, humor, and geniality of a gifted raconteur. The spirit of comradery, confidence, and candor in which the reader is treated is irresistible. Any censor of things Southern who takes up this book to cark must put it down to praise, unless such censor should prove an utter ingrate for the pleasure of being royally entertained. But this book is much more than good reading for pastime. It is the record of a wonderfully successful and honorable life, by a man who has won high place in work for humanity and real contributions to the advancement of the science of medicine. There must be accorded respectful attention to anything coming from the pen of one who has so honestly made good as soldier and surgeon, as founder of the New York Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital, pioneer organizer of postgraduate medical instruction in America, etc. No American can speak with better authority on subjects to which his mind has been devoted. His study of the Confederate cavalry leader, Forrest, is unexcelled in that line, and his verses and other writings claim his recognition as a man of letters.

We should be grateful to any writer who puts into permanent form records giving a true picture of conditions of life in the South before the war. Such gratitude goes out to Mrs. T. P. O'Connor for the grace, tenderness, and loyalty of her charming book, "My Beloved South," and we should honor Dr. Wyeth's draft for any amount of gratitude on our Southern reserve fund of patriotic appreciation.

"Civilization," says Guizot, "consists of two great facts, the development of the individual and the development of society." Nowhere in the world, at no period, have there been exhibited better proofs of these two "great facts" than in the South before the war—first, in the character of the men, as shown in the history; secondly, in the characters of communities which "in quiet and safety for many generations led an honorable, prosperous, and happy life." So spoke Trescot before the Historical Society of South Carolina in 1859, the last year of the Old South.. "I do not arrogate to South Carolina the sole possession of this character and influence," said Mr. Trescot in his beautiful address. "They belong to the whole South. They are the elements of Southern civilization, * * * thus making a historical type of the great Southern section of the Union."

To every Southerner born and bred there belongs by right of inheritance the traditions of some community which, in essential facts of true civilization, should stand as guideposts along the highway of human advancement, offering, as they do, illuminating standards in social and political economics. To such community, representing the heritage of the house of Wyeth, the reader of "With Sabre and Scalpel" is introduced by means of a chapter entitled "The Aristocracy of the Old South." The opening sentences are quoted: "It would be difficult to imagine a society more cultured, hospitable, and delightful, more in harmony with that definition of gentlefolk as those whose rule of conduct is consideration for others, than that to which, thanks to my mother, I found admission in the community of Huntsville, Ala., in the days of the old régime. This may savor of exaggeration or prejudice or perhaps conceit; but in the larger view, which has come from reading and travel and an association of more than forty years with many of the noblest and best of the metropolis, nothing like it has come to my knowledge."

Dotted over the map of Alabama might have been found in the time of which Dr. Wyeth writes countless such communities of similar high-toned citizenship, and similar conditions existed in Georgia, the Carolinas, Virginia, and throughout the entire South. There would thus be found an average of civilization worthy the serious consideration of students of sociology.

As historian, the pen of Dr. Wyeth has the thrust of a saber and the delicate skill of a scalpel. He uses it in defense of his country's fair fame and for the extirpation of error. Fortified with facts gathered by patient research, he proceeds, after approved scientific methods, to attack that abominable imposture that has been foisted on history—the "martyrdom" of one John Brown. After the marshaled array of unimpeachable evidence, there is no recourse to forensic eloquence; in the face of such evidence argument would be an insult to intelligence. Saber and scalpel training suffices for this case. The "operation" is eminently successful, either from a surgical or military viewpoint. The challenge is so squarely met, the rout so destructive and complete, that if there survives a straggling brigade under the once flaming banner of John Brown, absolutely nothing is left to it but what Mr. Dooley calls "a sthrageetic rethreat." The murderous insurrectionist stands convicted of being the deepest-dyed criminal known to American history.

In this connection there is another question settled which has been bandied about since the early sixties. Many histories have been penned dating the beginning of the War between the States from the first gun fired on Fort Sumter. Doughty Confederates have been inclined in days of reminiscence to discuss as a question of distinction the firing of the first gun. But the ruthless arbiter known as "the avenging pen of history" accords no such distinction to Confederates. The first gun of the war was fired by John Brown at Harper's Ferry. This, however, is not the discovery of a researcher. It was in the year 1862 that a spirited young Confederate, when taunted by a Federal with, "Who fired the first gun of this war?" made instant retort: "John Brown at Harper's Ferry." Now the evidence is all in, and the indictment stands.

There is yet another subject on which Dr. Wyeth gives the last word so delightfully that it must be noted. There has been some talk of late about how we of the South should honor "The Star-Spangled Banner." In a beautiful historic Southern city the other day, when a band played the national air, the audience rose in salute, initiating, it seems, a custom already obtaining in the North. Now, it would seem that feelings and customs about such substances as "parch-

ment" and "bunting" may be subject to process of change, or shall we call it evolution? Once a statesman named Quincy (the name is geographical) spoke in the hall of legislation of "inbred ties of nature being stronger than artificial ties of parchment compact" and of "a strange solecism which seemed to prevail touching the term 'flag,' as though a rag with certain stars and stripes upon it tied to a stick and called a flag was a wizard's wand and entailed security on everything under it or within its sphere." Truly prophetic words in the year 1811! Knowing, as we do, what happened to a certain "parchment compact" called Constitution and the sad indignities over which waved the flag of Washington and Marshall, we can understand why for a time there was in some places allegiance a bit stiff-kneed. But this came from a short-sighted view and confused understanding. It was only a few years ago (1903) that a Northern editor announced in the pages of his periodical that the mooted question of a national anthem had been settled by army regulations which designated "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the choice and that the Navy Department had taken the same step. The editor added that few things had been more humiliating to Americans abroad than to hear a "fine band play the fine Russian national hymn and the noble Austrian national hymn" and then the "thin musical trickle of Yankee Doodle." And so, after all the array of poets and patriots of "grand moral ideas" which a Northern press centers in the North as "American" literature and history, the United States army must confiscate, nearly half a century after the war, a national hymn from the land of "Maryland, My Maryland." Knowing history, Southerners can hardly express the glory due the flag of their Revolutionary sires and the national hymn of Francis Scott Key. A mere attitude of respect fails to express what these should mean to us as Americans.

We are again grateful to the pen of Dr. Wyeth for saying just how a Southern audience should respond to a rendition of "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was in 1890, in a dining hall, at Carlsbad that Dr. Wyeth and three other Americans were at one of the large tables with neighbors seemingly from all nations of the civilized world. "As the bands played the various national airs, representatives of the countries in evidence would, as soon as the music ceased, show their patriotic approval by hand-clapping or bravos or a series of huzzahs, none of which seemed to me sufficiently enthusiastic or demonstrative, * * * and we agreed that when 'The Star-Spangled Banner' was rendered, as the last strain floated away in the air, we should stand in our chairs and give them the Rebel yell, * * * that indescribable, wild Comanche chorus which was the vocal part of the Southern onslaughter and which, like

> 'The war note of Lochiel which Albyn's hills
> Have heard and heard too have her Saxon foes,'

fitted in effectively with the rolling kettle-drum sounds of thousands of rifles at work and with accompaniment of the short, explosive booms of artillery. * * * When the moment came, the inspiring music had caught the audience, and they were ripe for our demonstration; for when we stood up so conspicuously in our chairs, wildly waving our napkins and yelling that awful yell, our neighbors climbed into theirs, took up the chorus, and the whole thing went mad about it and wouldn't stop until 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and the Rebel yell had received three encores. I felt as if the Southern Confederacy had again saved the Union."

There is only one more word needed to give true historic value to such a demonstration, and that comes from our eminent historian, Thomas E. Watson, who has so admirably pointed to the fact that the first Rebel yell was given at the battle of King's Mountain, October 9, 1781.

THE SPIRIT OF THE SOUTH TO HER DEAD HEROES.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

I am the spirit of that land, beloved and glorious,
For which you died;
I watched and wept, whilst hand to hand, fiery, victorious,
You stood with pride.

On many a hard-won battle field, midst anguish, pain, and death,
And cannon's roar,
'Mid hurtling shell, I saw you yield with joy your latest breath,
A precious store.

Your women and your children dear, you kissed them, and away
With eager heart
You turned to face long years and drear, peril, defeat, delay—
The soldier's part.

And 'twas not honor and bright fame nor warrior rank and power
Alone you sought
When by the camp fire's ruddy flame at midnight's lonely hour
Brief rest you caught,

Dreaming of home, of loved ones sweet, mothers at prayer, who kneel
With outstretched arms,
And eyes whose piteous glances fleet the brooding stars reveal
With sick alarms;

Who hear in every breeze of morn the noise of clashing blades
In deadly fray,
The music of the bugle horn in dim and distant glades
At break of day;

Seeing in every sunset's blaze the fires of burning homes,
Where sad hearts break;
Loving, as only mothers love, the soldier-boy who roams,
Asleep, awake.

These were the visions that endured through days of want and care
And sore distress;
This was the glory that inured your strength to do and dare
In hard duress.

O, nevermore let foeman's voice cry out in angry scorn,
Mocking your woes!
Forever let the world rejoice till resurrection's morn
All feuds shall close,

Seeing that out of pain and strife your courage rose sublime,
Each shock to meet;
That through the dusk of failures rife your stainless honor's prime
Brooked not defeat.

O, weep no more your soldier dead, land of my pride and love!
Their sleep is sound.
Pure as the marble at the head, bright as the skies above
Each lonely mound,

Their spirits animate our trust, their brave deeds ring afar,
From South to North,
Treasures that know nor moth nor rust, flowers no frost can mar,
Priceless their worth.

A GEORGIA HENRY OF NAVARRE.

BY FRANCES LETCHER MITCHELL, ATHENS, GA.

William Gaston Deloney, like his great prototype, was of Huguenot ancestry. He was born at St. Mary's, Ga., educated at the State university, studied law, married, and settled in Athens. When the tocsin of war sounded in 1861, he had established a lucrative practice and was also a member of the legislature. His personal popularity is shown by the fact that he was the first man in Clarke County ever elected to represent the county in the General Assembly, though connected with a political party then in the majority. Putting aside his ambition and leaving his young wife, he began his glorious military career as captain of the Georgia troopers, known as Company C, in the cavalry regiment of Cobb's Legion. He was mentally and physically a born cavalry leader, having a symmetrical figure, a commanding mien, a handsome, intellectual face, with a high, massive forehead and the eyes of an eagle.

The Legion went at once to Virginia, and its first service was on the peninsula below Yorktown. During this first winter of the war Captain Deloney won the devotion of his men by looking after their comfort and always contending for their rights. His purse and his golden heart were ever open to their needs. When one of his privates, Mr. Hilton, a rugged mountain boy and a fine soldier, died of fever, Captain Deloney, at his own expense, procured a metallic coffin from Richmond and sent the body to the father in Hall County, Ga.

Early in 1862 there were many promotions, and Captain Deloney was made major and assigned to J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry corps. Like this famous general, he was a "game" fighter and dared to attempt anything, even though it seemed to others impossible. "He fought, but not for love of life; he struck, but to defend; he stood for liberty and truth and dauntlessly led on."

At Brandy Station, near Culpeper Courthouse, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart leading, there occurred perhaps the greatest distinctive cavalary battle in the experience of Cobb's Legion. Fast and fierce was the fighting until the enemy was in full retreat. One of Major Deloney's comrades, Wiley C. Howard, who was in the engagement, said of him: "He sat on his horse, Marion, a fine bay, grandly and looked a very war god, flushed with the exuberance and exhilaration of victory."

After Gettysburg, at a place called Hunterstown, Major Deloney, who was now lieutenant colonel, had a thrilling experience. While charging a body of the enemy's cavalry down a lane his command passed a barn in which was posted an ambuscade that dealt death and destruction upon the Confederates. As Colonel Deloney was leading the charge on Marion, the horse was shot and fell upon him in such a way that he had great difficulty in extricating himself. Three Yankees, seeing that he was an officer and in an almost helpless position, dashed upon him, shooting and cutting at him from their horses. With his Huguenot blood at the boiling point, Colonel Deloney raised himself on one knee and fenced and parried their blows until two of his companions came to his assistance. They killed one of his assailants; and as Colonel Deloney rose to his feet, his sword inflicted wounds upon the others as they fled.

A few days afterwards Colonel Deloney, badly disabled and cut about the head, was in an ambulance near Williamsport with the wagon train when an attack of the enemy came near causing a general stampede. Colonel Deloney, with his head all bandaged, ordered a horse, quickly organized a small force of dismounted, sick, and wounded men who were along with the train and who snatched up such arms and ammunition as could be found, and led them against the attacking force. With his commanding presence, great courage, and superb generalship, he made a determined and successful resistance until reënforcements arrived, thus avoiding a train stampede and a great disaster to Lee's retreating army.

As a Confederate soldier Colonel Deloney's career was brilliant. He was a prominent actor in fifty different engagements and was three times wounded. His mortal wound was received in a skirmish at Jack's Shop, Robinson River, near Culpeper Courthouse, in September, 1863. So strong was the hold he had taken upon the affections of his command that Dr. H. S. Bradley and Corp. Reuben Nash, who went out with him in the beginning of the war, when he was only a captain, preferred to share the horrors of imprisonment rather than leave him alone on the field in the hands of the enemy. So they remained with him, administering to his wounds, until they were taken prisoners with him. But, alas! the enemy soon separated him from his faithful friends. He was carried to a hospital in Washington City and was so neglected that gangrene set in. He lingered until October 2, when his noble spirit, amid strangers and enemies, passed to the beyond.

A magnificent metallic coffin was secretly left on the steps of the hospital with a card attached saying that it was for the remains of Col. William G. Deloney. His devoted wife tried in vain for years to discover who furnished this casket. It was placed in a vault in Washington City, and as soon as possible after the war ended the body was brought home to Athens and buried in the cemetery by the murmuring waters of the Oconee. Where Colonel Deloney sleeps, "Glory keeps eternal watch."

In 1894, when the veterans of Clarke County decided to organize a Camp and identify themselves with the United Confederate Veterans, they named it the Cobb-Deloney Camp. In 1904, when the Chawford Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy presented this Camp with a beautiful silk flag, one of the girls who held the flagstaff while the presentation speech was being made was Rosa Deloney Hull, granddaughter of Colonel Deloney. On last Memorial Day, April 26, 1915, the Camp unveiled a monument which they had erected over the grave of William Gaston Deloney.

THE LAST ROLL

Gen. R. M. Knox, U. C. V.

[Resolutions by J. Ed Murray Camp, No. 510, U. C. V., Pine Bluff, Ark., June 20, 1915.]

Whereas in the order of Divine Providence our beloved friend and comrade, Gen. R. M. Knox, has passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees; and whereas he was one of the organizers of this Camp and one of the founders of the Confederate Home at Little Rock; and whereas he was a righteous man, a good citizen, and a true friend to all enterprises that had in view the prosperity of this community and the welfare of humanity; therefore be it

Resolved: 1. That by the death of our comrade and friend, General Knox, this Camp has lost a loyal and devoted member, and we shall miss his helpful presence and genial companionship.

2. That we knew his worth as a neighbor and a citizen, his courageous qualities as a Confederate soldier under Gen. N. B. Forrest, his unswerving devotion to the memories and principles of the Southern cause, and his four years of gallant service side by side with brave comrades in the camp, on the march, and on the battle field.

3. That we pay tribute to his generous nature and his many benefactions to enterprises that had in view the perpetuation of the memories and glories of the Southern heroes and the honoring of the deeds and patriotic sacrifices of the women of the Confederacy.

4. That we realize his worth to this community and his loving devotion to his family as husband and father, and to them we tender our profound sympathies in this day of their sorrow.

Thomas Green, Sr., H. A. McCoy, William L. Dewoody, and Jimmie Jordan, Committee.

Thomas Shannon.

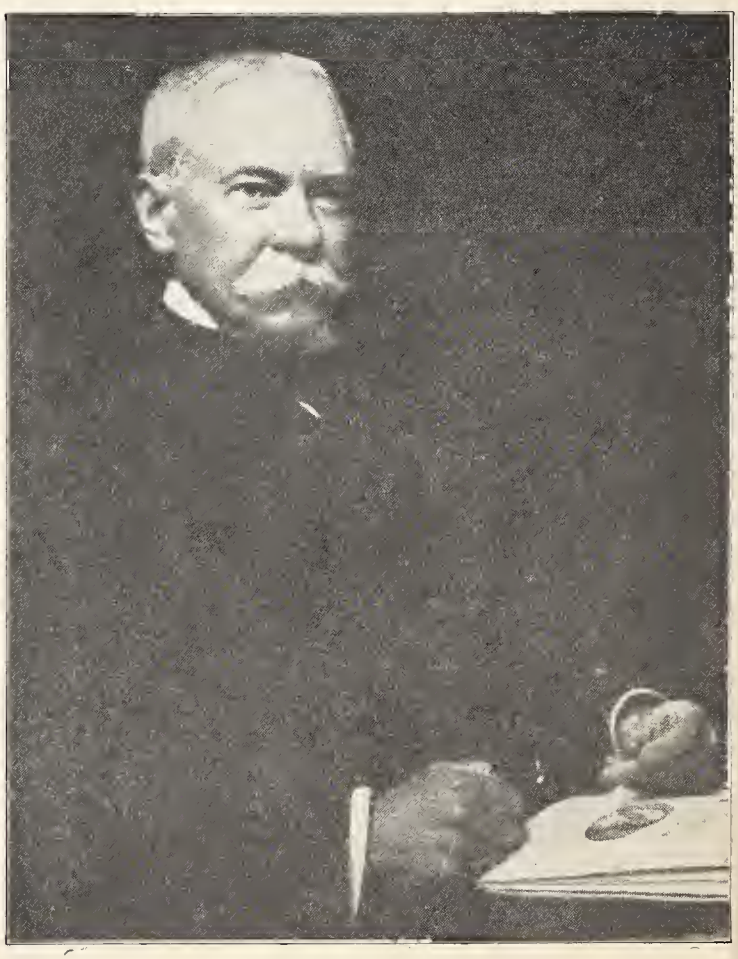
With the words "Peace on earth, good will to all men" as the last that passed his lips and with this beautiful thought in his heart, the spirit of Thomas Shannon, a beloved citizen of Portsmouth, Va., passed from earth on the 19th of December, 1913. In his going there was general grief throughout the city, where he had endeared himself by his countless acts of kindness and his cheerful disposition. He had reached the age of seventy-three years.

Thomas Shannon was a son of the late James H. Shannon, an honored citizen and prominent merchant of Portsmouth, and his mother was Miss Martha Smith Key, of that prominent Norfolk County family. When the War between the States began, Thomas Shannon was living in Elizabeth City, N. C., and he entered the Confederate service as a second sergeant in the 17th North Carolina Infantry. He was stationed at Roanoke Island and was surrendered during the battle on February 8, 1862. He was paroled until September, then exchanged and ordered to the 8th North Carolina Infantry, of which he was made first sergeant. Later he was ordered to Charleston, S. C., and took part in the defense of Battery Wagner, where he was wounded on July 10, 1863. Commissioned as a second lieutenant in December of that year, Comrade Shannon returned to Virginia and accompanied the expedition to Plymouth, N. C., taking part in the capture of that place. He was in the fighting around Petersburg, Va., during May, 1864, under General Beauregard, and was present at the battle of Drewry's Bluff. At the battle of Cold Harbor, June 2, 1864, he was captured and taken to Fort Delaware and there held until June 17, 1865. At the time he was second lieutenant of Company F, 8th North Carolina Infantry.

After the war Mr. Shannon went to St. Louis, Mo., where for years he was cashier of the National Biscuit Company. He returned to Portsmouth in 1901; and almost continuouly from 1903 until his death he was adjutant of Camp Stonewall Jackson, U. C. V., of which he had been a member since 1891, while a resident of St. Louis. As adjutant he was in charge of the records of the Camp, and during his tenure of office he assembled valuable data bearing upon the history of the Camp and also compiled a history of the part taken by every member in the war, with accurate data on the subject.

Mr. Shannon was also a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and a vestryman of St. John's Episcopal Church, where he was a regular worshiper. A devoted sister, with whom he had made his home, and two brothers are now the survivors of the once large family.

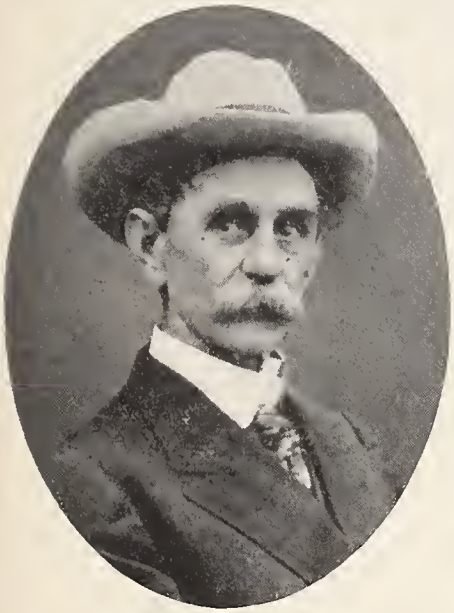
[The Veteran is late in giving this tribute to a long-time friend and helper, whose death occurred just before that of its late editor. This data was furnished promptly, but in some way was overlooked and is now given as the record of a gallant soldier, a devout Christian, and a worthy citizen.]



THOMAS SHANNON.

John W. Stark.

After a lingering illness, John W. Stark, a prominent citizen and retired business man, died at his home, in Bowling Green, Ky., March 23, 1915. He was born near Rocky Hill, Edmondson County, October 18, 1841, a son of Charles Catlett and Lucy Green Stark. He was of Virginia ancestry, his great-grandfather, Jeremiah Stark, having gone from the Old Dominion to Kentucky and settled in that part of Warren County that is now Allen County. He was an extensive landowner and planter and built the Baptist church at Gainesville. His grandparents were James and Elizabeth Duncan Stark.



JOHN W. STARK.

John W. Stark removed to near Gainesville when a lad, and for years he engaged in the mercantile business, retiring in 1890, when he went to Bowling Green. He was married in October, 1867, to Miss Eliseph Stark, who survives him with four sons and five daughters.

At the age of eighteen years John W. Stark enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Captain Ridley's company, serving under Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner until the close of the conflict. He was a member of the Baptist Church and was a Royal Arch Mason. During his residence in Bowling Green he served on the council and city school boards. Of him a friend writes: "No braver man ever wore the gray; no soldier ever enjoyed greater respect or confidence from a superior officer than John W. Stark. Those who have been his lifelong friends realize fully that 'the earth can renew her spring glories, but a friend gone comes back to us never.'"

Capt. Lewis Allen Morgan.

Died at Uniontown, Ala., March 24, 1915, Capt. Lewis Allen Morgan, aged seventy-seven years, a true veteran of Company D, 4th Alabama, A. N. V., which at the first battle of Manassas shed a luster upon the fame of Stonewall Jackson which will endure with time. When a beardless youth he sprang to the front, gun in hand, and for four years met every call worthy the sacrifice and patriotism he knew to be right. At the close of the war he was on General Perry's staff. He was a kind and loving father, a true type of the Christian gentleman, and his family has reason to be proud of the legacy of character and honesty he has left behind.

His cordial greeting and bright smile we shall miss; and as I see the old veterans dropping out one by one, "I feel like one who treads alone some banquet hall deserted, whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead, and all but me departed." Such sentiments are felt only by those of his kind, a race fast becoming extinct; but the good name of Lewis A. Morgan is indelibly linked with the sobriquet they helped to make in the first battle of Manassas, where with fire and blood they were baptized in the smoke of battle by and under his command. Peace to his ashes!

[Sketch written by a brother veteran.]

Deaths in Camp Stuart, Terrell, Tex.

Vic Reinhardt, Adjutant, reports the following losses to the membership of Camp Stuart in 1914:

W. A. Paschall, Company B, 3d Kentucky Mounted Infantry.
T. L. Frank, Company I, 18th Texas Cavalry.
B. F. Mashburn, Company E, 7th Tennessee Cavalry.
John W. White, Company F, 10th Virginia Cavalry.
William K. White, Company I, 7th Texas Cavalry.
T. C. Glass, Company K, 1st Georgia Cavalry (first in 4th Alabama).
William H. Brooks, Company K, 6th Texas Cavalry.
Patrick Hogan, first lieutenant Company H, 4th Virginia Infantry.
Rev. O. P. Thomas, Company I, 26th Alabama Infantry.
Dorsey B. Howard, Company C, 14th Arkansas Infantry.

In 1915 we have two other deaths:

W. C. Dennis, Company G, 12th Texas Cavalry.
Ed C. Perry, second lieutenant Company K, 17th Texas Infantry.

George J. Runyon.

Of the latest to fall before the invincible foe was George J. Runyon, one of the dauntless band who rode with Morgan. After a lingering and painful illness, on the evening of June 5, 1915, he fell asleep. In the Soldiers' Home at Pewee Valley, Ky., that peaceful and beautiful haven where "the boys who wore the gray" may spend the evening of life, he closed his eyes on earthly scenes to open them in the "morning land."



G. J. RUNYON.

George J. Runyon, son of Asa R. and Mary Gilman Runyon, was born in Mayslick, Mason County, Ky., September 14, 1842. He enlisted in Company F, 3d Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A., Col. R. M. Gano commander, under Gen. John Hunt Morgan. The first battle of importance in which George Runyon participated was that of Perryville and later that of Lexington, Ky. Many battles in which he followed this brave commander were fought in his native State, and then followed one of the most daring of Morgan's achievements, the battle of Hartsville, Tenn. He was taken prisoner July 5, 1863, at Woodburn, Ky. Escaping from prison, he was retaken five hours later. He was a prisoner at Camp Douglas, Louisville, and other noted prisons and was exchanged February 5, 1865, at Akins's Landing, on the James River, below Richmond. He served in the trenches at Lynchburg, Va., and was engaged in gathering supplies for Lee's army when the surrender was made at Appomattox. And now, his earthly battles over, he has "fought the good fight" and "crossed over the river," where he sweetly rests "under the shade of the trees."

T. G. Croft, M.D.

Lieut. Col. Theodore Gaillard Croft, M.D., was born at Greenville, S. C., July 10, 1845, and died at Columbia Hospital, South Carolina, March 11, 1915. He was of English and French (Huguenot) ancestry, who were among the early settlers of South Carolina. His people were prominent in the political, professional, and military life of the State. As a youth he attended Pierce's School, a noted institution of his birthplace, Furman University, the Citadel, both high-grade institutions of learning of his State, and the University of Virginia.



DR. T. G. CROFT.

Dr. Croft was an ardent Confederate, serving first from 1861 to 1862 as a sergeant in the 16th Regiment of Infantry Volunteers from South Carolina, and afterwards, to the end of the war, he was connected with the State Military Academy. He was a charter member of Barnard E. Bee Camp, No. 84, U. C. V., and at his death he was a member of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., staff as Surgeon-General. He had three brothers in the service of the Southern Confederacy—Lieut. Randell Croft, of the 1st Regiment of Confederate Artillery; Lieut. Col. Edward Croft, of the 14th Regiment South Carolina Volunteer Infantry; and George W. Croft, of the Citadel Cadets.

Dr. Croft began his professional career by graduating as valedictorian of his class from the Medical College of South Carolina in 1875 and located in Aiken, S. C. He was for years a trustee of his *Alma Mater*, and at his death he had just succeeded himself for another term. He was surgeon of the First Regiment of South Carolina State Troops and local surgeon of the Southern Railway and served as a member of the State Board of Medical Examiners. He was a member of Aiken County Medical Society, the District Medical Association, the Tri-State Medical Association, the State Medical Society, of which he had been President, and the Association of Surgeons of the Southern Railway. As a physician and surgeon he was held in the highest esteem by his professional brethren of the State and beloved by his clientele.

Dr. Croft was twice married, first to Miss Mary Ella Chafee and next to Miss Estelle Allison, who survives him with four children of the first marriage—George W. Croft, an attorney at law, T. G. Croft, Jr., who follows in his father's footsteps as a physician, Mrs. T. G. Croft, and Miss Ella Croft. The State and his home town have sustained an irreparable loss in the death of this eminent citizen and most worthy physician, the memory of whom will remain fresh in the sympathetic minds of all who knew him and will be tenderly cherished in the hearts of many who had been the recipients of his kind and skillful ministrations.

Maj. Joseph H. Finks.

After a brief illness, Maj. Joseph H. Finks died at his home, in Fayette, Mo., on April 29, 1915, at the age of seventy-eight years. He had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances throughout the State, who sorrowed at his passing. He had held the position of marshal of the State Supreme Court for many years and was prominent among the citizens of Howard County, who gave character to that citizenship.

Joseph H. Finks was born in Green County, Va., August 7, 1837, the son of Capt. James Finks, who went from Virginia to Missouri in 1836 and there married Miss Caroline Hughes in Howard County; he then returned to Virginia, but again removed to Missouri in 1851 and made it his permanent home. Joseph Finks was educated in the common schools of the county and at Randolph-Macon College. He had entered upon the life of a farmer when the call of the South was sounded in 1861, and he enlisted under Governor Jackson's first call for troops and was elected first lieutenant of his company. Shortly afterwards he was commissioned lieutenant colonel by the Governor and assigned to the staff of Gen. John B. Clark, Sr. At the expiration of his term in 1862 he entered the regular Confederate army, was commissioned major by President Davis, and successively held positions on the staffs of Generals Frost, Clark, and Parsons, and was with the latter at the time of the surrender. However, Major Finks never surrendered, but went into old Mexico. Returning to the States, in 1870 he was elected Circuit Clerk of Howard County, reëlected in 1874, and in 1878 he was sent from his county to the legislature, where he took high rank as an able and conscientious legislator. In December, 1873, he was married to Miss Lizzie Harvey, of Chariton County, who survives him with two daughters.

The founder of the Finks family in America came from Switzerland, and one of Major Finks's ancestors, Mark Finks, was a captain in the Revolutionary army, serving under General Lafayette. His grandfather, James Finks, was a soldier in the War of 1812.

Dr. C. Irvine Lewis.

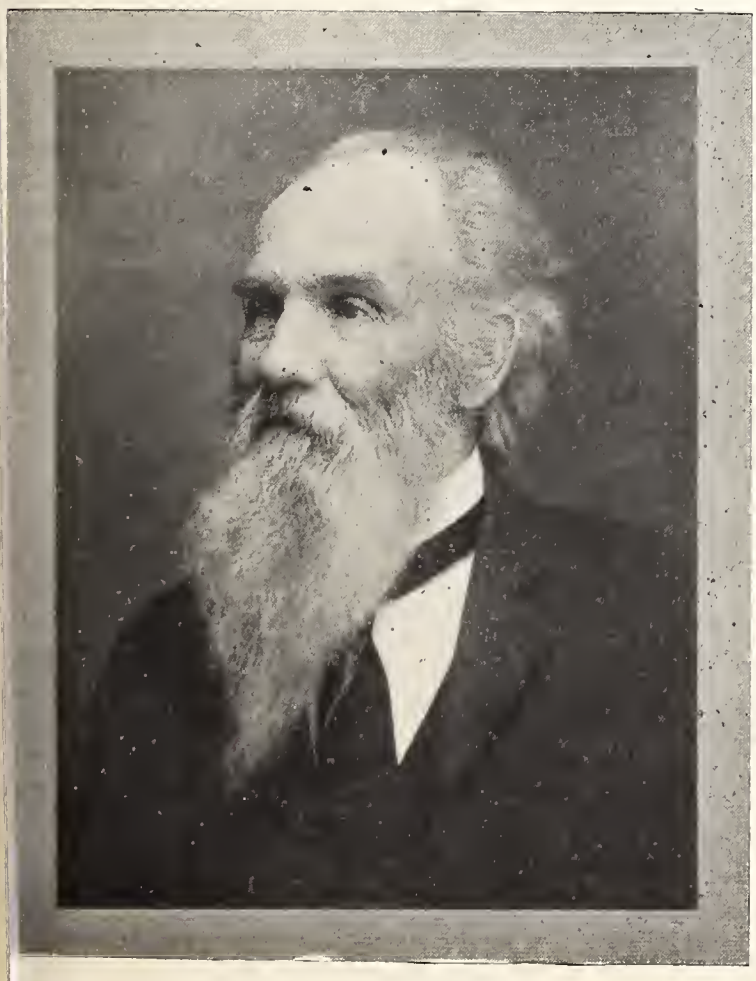
Dr. C. Irvine Lewis, who died at Lewisburg, W. Va., April 6, 1915, was born at Whitehouse, Kanawha County, Va., August 16, 1835, and had never married. He raised a volunteer cavalry company in 1861 and was elected captain. Promotion was offered to him, but he preferred to remain with his own company. Dr. Lewis was in active service until captured in 1864 and was a prisoner at both Fort Delaware and Point Lookout and under fire at Charleston, S. C., with six hundred other officers. He was laid to rest at Kanawha Falls, W. Va.

Col. S. W. N. Feamster.

A wave of sorrow surged through the hearts of his friends when it was known that Col. S. W. N. Feamster had fallen from the ranks and gone to join the silent host. He was descended from some of the oldest and most honored families of Greenbrier County, Va. (now West Virginia). He was the youngest son of William and Pattie Alderson Feamster, born February 21, 1836. His illness was short, and on a beautiful Sabbath, April 18, 1915, he died at his town home in Alderson, surrounded by his family.

The brave old soldier passed fearlessly through the gloaming of "life's little day," and thus passed away one of the most honored and prominent citizens of the county, a man held in high esteem by rich and poor. As a citizen he was exemplary; as a neighbor he followed the example of the Good Samaritan, ever ready to assist all in need; in all his dealings he was honest with his fellow man; as a friend and father he was almost without a peer; as a Confederate, Camp Creigh, U. C. V., had no more ardent member. His wife was Miss Anne Elizabeth McClung, daughter of Joseph and Mary Mathews McClung, who, with seven sons and three daughters, survives him.

Greenbrier sent into the great War between the States no braver nor more efficient soldier than Colonel Feamster. He enlisted in the Greenbrier Cavalry, the first company to leave the county, than which no finer company nor better mounted one enlisted in the Confederate army. On account of the ill health of Captain Moorman, Lieutenant Feamster virtually commanded the company in all active work. His first service of importance was in the northern part of the State under General Garnett, who was opposing General McClellan. In the trying and dangerous work of scouting and guarding the outposts Lieutenant Feamster's reputation as an efficient and daring officer became firmly established. In the battle of Carrick's Ford, where General Garnett was defeated and slain, Lieutenant Feamster commanded the rear guard, the post of honor, and gave a warning to the General which, if heeded, would have saved his life. It was in this campaign that General McClellan is credited with saying that "Newman Feamster can fight like the devil and run like the wind."



COL. S. W. N. FEAMSTER.

After General Garnett's death, General Lee took charge of his forces and selected the Greenbrier Cavalry for his bodyguard. In the spring of 1862 this company became a part of the 14th Virginia Cavalry. S. W. N. Feamster was for the second time made a lieutenant, and with this regiment he served until the close of the war. In the spring of 1863 the regiment joined General Lee and accompanied him to Gettysburg, taking part in that famous battle. In August Lieutenant Feamster engaged in the battle of Dry Creek, near White Sulphur Springs, and in November in the battle of Droup Mountain. From this time on he was in active service, taking part in the battles of Lynchburg, Winchester, Monocacy, Timberville, Five Forks, Petersburg, and even on the morning of the surrender, under the direction of General Lee, a desperate effort was made to break through the Federal line that had cut off retreat.

During Early's campaign in the valley in 1864, in the battle of Timberville, Lieutenant Feamster was shot through both lungs and left on the field as dying. Supported by two of his men, he rode in his saddle eighteen miles to Harrisonburg, where he was tenderly nursed back to health by Mrs. Effinger, of Staunton, Va., and in six months he was back with his command. Few soldiers had more extended service or acquitted themselves with more credit. He received the title of colonel while serving on the staff of Colonel Peyton, commanding West Virginia Division, U. C. V.

After the war Colonel Feamster made as good and loyal a citizen as he had been a soldier. He refused offices of public trust and gave his attention to agriculture, stock-raising, and real estate, making a great success in all.

Peace to his ashes and all honor to the brave soldier and exemplary citizen!

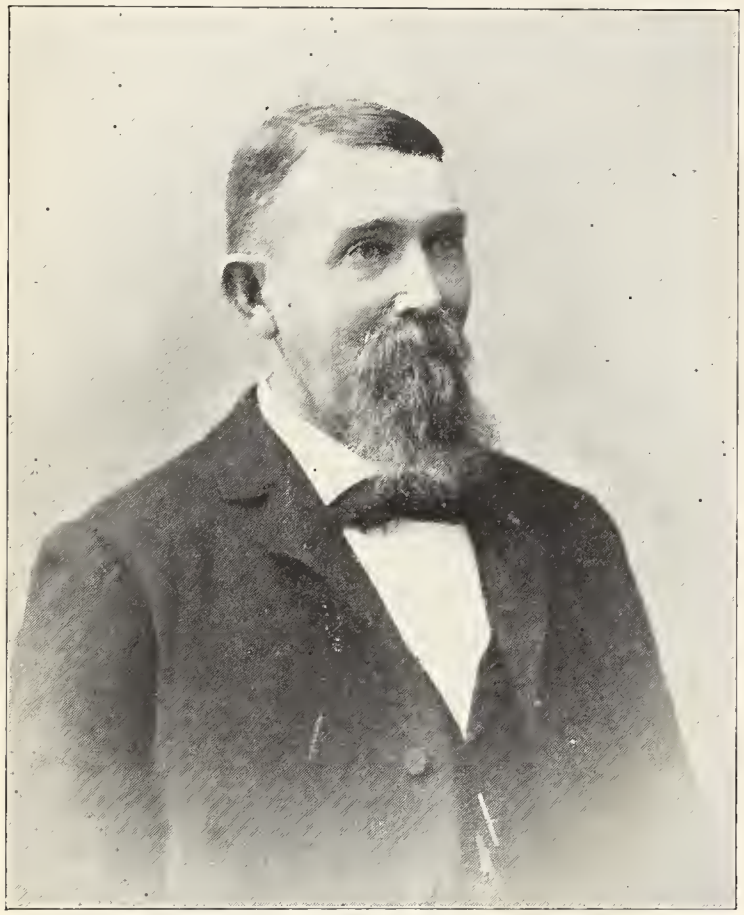
T. F. Jones.

On April 12, 1914, T. F. Jones died at his home, in Rockmart, Ga. He was born in Van Wert, Ga., January 22, 1844, and continued to live there until the War between the States called him to the front. He was but a boy in his teens then, strong and vigorous, and as a member of J. C. Crabb's company, of the 1st Georgia Volunteers of Wheeler's Cavalry, commanded by J. C. Morrison, of Cedartown, Ga., he was in active service and felt honored to serve his country in such a noble cause. In the memorable battle of Murfreesboro his company lost its brave captain, to the grief of the men. Thomas York was made captain, but in the battle of Atlanta on July 21, 1864, he too was killed in the thick of the fight.

From the fire and battle of the four long years T. F. Jones returned to the town of his nativity. Here he cast his fortune and began an active citizenship. In January, 1878, he was married to Miss Eugenia Whitehead, with whom he spent life happily until the sunset time, when he gave up his business and quietly awaited the final summons. He was honored and beloved both in war and in peace.

B. P. LeSueur.

B. P. LeSueur died at his home, in Opelika, Ala., on May 25, 1915. He was born near Macon, Ga., January 26, 1841, reared in Randolph County, Ga., his boyhood home, and educated at Cuthbert, Ga. He was of Virginia ancestry, the son of Drury M. LeSueur and Martha G. Rains, and was connected with some of the most prominent families of the State of Georgia.



B. P. LESUEUR.

In early life he engaged in railroad work and was grading a road through Georgetown when he answered his country's call. He enlisted in June, 1861, as a member of Company I, 11th Georgia Regiment, Anderson's Brigade, Longstreet's Corps, and surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse. He served four years, braved the dangers of war, faced the shell and shot of many battles, and came through unscathed.

Returning to his chosen work, Mr. LeSueur gave fifty-three of his seventy-four years to active service. In 1869 or 1870 he went to Alabama and made that State his home. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Knights of Pythias. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Julia Ingram, one son, and three daughters, to whom he has left a priceless legacy—a pure and unsullied name.

Rev. William E. Dooley.

Rev. William E. Dooley died at Idabel, Okla., May 28, 1915. He was born October 28, 1838, in Maury County, Tenn., but went with his parents when a lad to Oxford, Miss., where he grew to manhood.

When the War between the States began, he volunteered to serve his country, enlisting in Capt. Ward Vaughan's company (F), 19th Mississippi Volunteers, and was immediately ordered to Virginia, where he took part in the battle of Williamsburg. Shortly afterwards he was stricken with measles and sent to the hospital at Richmond. After his recovery he was placed in charge of a ward of the hospital as nurse, and he served in this capacity till August, 1863, when he rejoined his command.

He then took part in the battles of Bristow, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and all the other engagements of his command. He was captured just a few days before the surrender, but was discharged with the rest of General Lee's army.

He received only one leave of absence during the whole four years of the war. An incident in connection with this forcibly illustrates the nobility of our great commander. Comrade Dooley had been in the service two years and had never been furloughed; so he decided to go to General Lee in person and lay his case before him. When he reached General Lee's tent he was hailed with: "Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" "General, I have been here now two years and have never had a furlough. I have been unfortunate. You know we have to draw for them, and I have never drawn one. Some of my regiment have drawn as many as two. I have a wife and baby down in Mississippi, and I want to see them." General Lee turned to his adjutant and instructed him to write the furlough at once.

Comrade Dooley was twice married, first to Miss Nancy A. Melton; and of their seven children, four live to mourn their loss. In 1911 he was married to Mrs. Naomi Alsabrook, of Idabel, Okla., where his remaining days were spent. Shortly after the war he moved to Locksburg, Ark., and in 1871 he enlisted in the service of his Lord as a minister of the gospel in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He was a faithful and loyal Christian and was a true gentleman in every sense of the word.

R. C. Carden.

R. C. Carden died at his home, near Manchester, Tenn., on June 13, 1915, after a long illness, bravely borne. He wrote the following a short while before he died and asked his son to send it to the Veteran: "I was born July 4, 1843, enlisted in the Confederate cause the 21st of May, 1861, and served in the army of the C. S. A. three years, seven months, and twenty-seven days."

Just a brief record of his gallant service as a Confederate soldier; it was not his nature to claim much. He was a member of Company B, 16th Tennessee Infantry, Cheatham's Brigade. He lived a Christian life—a member of the Methodist Church from his conversion while in the army. Seven daughters and three sons are left a noble heritage in his good name.

Capt. James L. White.

Capt. James L. White, a gallant Confederate soldier, died at his home, in Abingdon, Va., on the 8th of December, 1914. Captain White was among the first to don the gray from Washington County, Va., and served as adjutant of the 37th Virginia Infantry for some time, then on the staff of Gen. William Terry, and at the close of the war he was on the staff of Gen. John B. Gordon, Army of Northern Virginia. On the fateful field of Appomattox he was wounded and left for dead, but he recovered, studied law, and from 1867 up to his death was regarded as one of the foremost lawyers of Virginia. He was beloved by every one. His funeral was largely attended and his body was followed to the grave by many of his comrades in arms.

Judge H. Cornwell.

Judge H. Cornwell, distinguished citizen and Christian, passed to his reward on March 12, 1914, aged seventy-three years. He was born in Chester, S. C., but removed to Louisville, Miss., a few years prior to the War between the States, and his ardent patriotism prompted him to leave school and enlist as a private with the first company organized at Louisville, which was mustered into the service of the Confederate States at Corinth, Miss., May 18, 1861, as Company A, 13th Mississippi Volunteer Regiment. In the reorganization of his company on the Peninsula at Yorktown he was promoted to sergeant of his company. He participated in nearly all of the engagements of the Virginia Army from First Manassas to the battle of Strasburg, where he was captured October 9, 1864, and imprisoned at Point Lookout until March 4, 1865, and discharged at the surrender of General Lee's army. As a soldier he was brave and fearless and never shirked a duty. After the war closed, he returned to Mississippi and spent the remainder of his life on his plantation. His life as a citizen was as exemplary as that as a soldier. He was prominent in both Church and State affairs. He was also a Mason, his membership dating from 1866, during which time he was advanced to the degree of Select Master's Council.



JUDGE H. CORNWELL.

In March, 1866, Judge Cornwell was married to Miss Mary E. Haynes, and to this happy union were born eight children, seven sons and one daughter, all of whom survive him with their mother.

T. A. Lunsford.

My brother and comrade, T. A. Lunsford, was born in Russell County, Ala., May 19, 1839. Our parents removed to Holmes County, Miss., in 1844, and he was educated in the schools of the county. Responding to the call of the South in 1861, he joined Capt. Josh McBee's cavalry company, made up in Lexington, Holmes County, Miss., which was sent into the Western Department under command of General Forrest. T. A. Lunsford served in Company A, 28th Mississippi Cavalry, and continued in the cavalry service throughout the war, bringing out with him the same horse with which he entered. His command was in front of Sherman from Vicksburg to Greensboro, N. C. After following Hood into Tennessee and out, he was with the command, retreating slowly and fighting hard all the way to Greensboro, N. C., where Johnston's army surrendered May 1, 1865. He was never wounded. He returned home after the war to begin life anew. On February 5, 1867, he was married to Miss India Wells, and together they lived a long and useful life and reared a large family of children. He was a devoted member of the Methodist Church. He answered the last roll call and "crossed over the river" on the morning of February 1, 1915.

[Sketch by his brother, W. W. Lunsford.]

Samuel R. Carden.

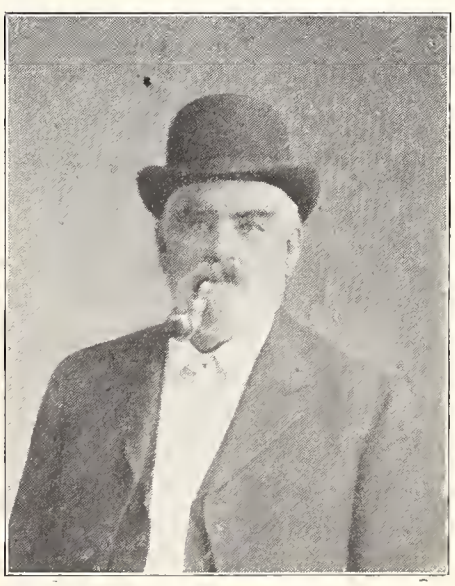
Samuel R. Carden was born at Rogersville, Tenn., March 26, 1840, and died near Jefferson City, Tenn, November 24, 1914. He enlisted at Mossy Creek (now Jefferson City), Tenn., May 26, 1861, as a private in the "Peck Light Dragoons," which became Company E, 3d Battalion of Tennessee Cavalry, and in May, 1862, it became Company I, 2d Regiment of Tennessee Cavalry, of which Henry M. Ashby was the colonel, and served in the same company until the surrender of the Army of Tennessee near Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865, when he returned to his home. Sam Carden's prominent characteristic was faithfulness to duty as he saw it, alike as a citizen, a soldier, and a Christian, and an outgrowth of this was absolute loyalty in his friendships. He united with the Presbyterian Church at Mossy Creek, Tenn., October 27, 1867, and adorned his profession by a godly walk and conversation.

Thomas Albert Sinclair.

Thomas Albert Sinclair died at Mount Vernon, Tex., April 1, 1915, in his eighty-second year. His home was Sulphur Bluff, Tex. He enlisted in the Confederate service in Company G, 9th Texas Infantry, in October, 1861. At the time of the surrender he was a member of General Wheeler's 11th Texas Cavalry. His service was in the Tennessee Department, and he participated in the battles of Shiloh, Perryville, Chickamauga, and around Atlanta. He was severely wounded at Perryville, Ky. He was a member of Ben McCulloch Camp, U. C. V., Mount Vernon, Tex., and was ever proud of having been a Confederate soldier. Confederate comrades officiated at his burial in the Mount Vernon Cemetery.

Capt. G. J. Atkisson.

Capt. G. J. Atkisson, a brave and true Southern soldier, died March 17, 1915, at the age of eighty-three years, and he was laid to rest by his comrades, friends, and associates at Memphis, Tex. Captain Atkisson was commander of his company, in the 9th Tennessee Regiment, a good part of the time under General Forrest. Men who knew him report that he was a good and faithful officer, always ready to do his duty. At the close of the war he went to Texas, and for a number of years he had been an honored citizen of Memphis, where he organized the U. C. V. Camp, which was named in his honor. He is survived by two sons and three daughters—D. D. and G. B. Atkisson, Mrs. J. A. Whaley, Mrs. T. A. Hart, and Miss Biffie Atkisson.



G. J. ATKISSON.

Alex H. Lankford.

Alex H. Lankford, one of the foremost citizens of West Tennessee, died at his home, in Paris, on January 7, 1915, at the age of seventy-one years. He was a Confederate soldier, joining Company I, 5th Tennessee Regiment, on May 20, 1861, with which he remained until the close of the war, with the exception of a few months in prison. For conspicuous bravery he was promoted from a private to a lieutenancy.

At the time of his death Mr. Lankford was Vice President of the Paris Medicine Company, of St. Louis, said to be the largest patent medicine house in the world. He was for years assistant postmaster at Paris and had been tax assessor and county coroner. He was always interested in education and served as a member of the High School Board and also gave a medal annually to the student body.

As a prominent member of the Masonic fraternity Mr. Lankford had served as Superintendent of the Tennessee Widows' and Orphans' Home in Nashville, was a member of the Masonic Blue Lodge (Paris Chapter), and Past Eminent Commander of Commandery No. 16. He was also a prominent churchman, having been an elder in the Presbyterian Church for nearly half a century.

Mr. Lankford is survived by his wife and three daughters. Members of Joe Kendall Camp, U. C. V., of Paris, and other Confederate veterans assisted the Masons at the funeral and burial.

Samuel Harrison Johnston.

Samuel Harrison Johnston died in Boligee, Greene County, Ala., on the 24th of January, 1915, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

Mr. Johnston was born, reared, and educated in Greene County. He was a valiant Confederate soldier and served awhile in the 3d Alabama Infantry in Virginia. He was discharged on account of ill health and went home, but when he recovered his health he served in Company C, 2d Alabama Cavalry, until the end of the war. He was a Mason and Past Master at Boligee for years. He was a kind neighbor and a Christian gentleman. He was beloved by all who knew him. He leaves for his bereaved companion and daughter and for his large circle of relatives and friends the richest legacy—a good name.

W. G. Fulton.

W. G. Fulton, of Goldman, La., died June 30, 1914, at the age of sixty-three years. He was color bearer for Jeff Davis Legion and a member of the organization from the beginning to the end. The following is a quotation from a letter written to him a few years ago by an old comrade: "No account of Jeb Stuart's or Hampton's movements during our war can be written without linking you and me as copartners with them—small figures, yet a part, without a break, from the beginning to the end of the world's greatest struggle in blood and carnage—so when a man writes of those giants he necessarily includes you as a part of the narrative."

Comrade Fulton had been a subscriber to the Confederate Veteran from the very first.

George B. Salley.

George B. Salley, of Orangeburg County, S. C., entered service soon after the beginning of the war as a private in Company I, 2d South Carolina Regiment of Artillery, and was honorably discharged from service through surrender at Greensboro, N. C., May 3, 1865, serving as private. After the close of the war he returned to his home, where he engaged in farming, and lived there until his death, November 7, 1914, being then nearly seventy-four years old.

William Harrison Landis.

William Harrison Landis, son of Bryant and Margaret Landis, was born at Unionville, Bedford County, Tenn., January 16, 1841, and died May 15, 1915, at Memphis, Tenn. He was the oldest of ten children and was reared on his father's farm, near Unionville. When the War between the States began, he entered the Confederate service, joining a company commanded by Captain Blanton in 1861. This company was sent to Camp Anderson, near Murfreesboro, where it was made Company A, of the 23d Tennessee Infantry, which was organized there and later commanded by Colonel Neill. This regiment was soon added to Pat Cleburne's brigade, Hardee's Division, and ordered to Camp Trousdale, then to Bowling Green, and thence to Corinth, Miss. William Landis then took part in the battle of Shiloh, under Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, where he was wounded on April 6, 1862, and he bore an empty sleeve from Shiloh plain that hot and bloody Sunday afternoon. After this he returned home and remained throughout the war. He was ever a loyal Confederate and took great interest in the Reunions, having attended many of them. In the company with him was the brother who survives him, Dr. J. A. Landis, who served as surgeon throughout the war.

In 1869 William Landis went to Memphis, Tenn., where he held the position of passenger agent of the N., C. & St. L. Railway. Later he removed to Bellbuckle, Tenn., and spent many years of his life on a farm. In 1904 he returned to Memphis, where the remaining years of his life were spent. On December 1, 1871, he was married to Miss Janet Hastings, of Memphis, who survives him with four of their five children—Rev. W. D. Landis, of Monrovia, Cal.; Rev. E. B. Landis, of Danvers, Ill.; Mrs. Thomas Wakefield and Mrs. Ida Batte, of Memphis.

Mr. Landis was a man of strong Christian character, loving, charitable, sympathetic, and his loss to his family and community is irreparable.



WILLIAM H. AND DR. J. A. LANDIS.

James Crozier Morriss.

James Crozier Morriss, whose death occurred at Somerville on March 1, was born near Lebanon, Tenn., April 29, 1828. He was a son of Rev. Richard W. Morriss and Margaret A. Crozier. He went to Texas when quite a young man and spent the greater part of his life in Washington County, near Brenham, the county seat, on his farm. On October 20, 1857, he was united in marriage to Miss Amanda Winifred Hall, and to this union eleven children were born. His wife and six children survive him. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Church and a Royal Arch Mason, attending the Grand Lodge continuously for thirty years. With five brothers he served the Confederacy, and two of them died in the service; but he was spared to the end and for fifty years afterwards as an example of a true soldier of the cross for others to emulate. He was a member of Company F, under command of Col. D. C. Giddings, Carter's Brigade.



J. C. MORRISS.

Comrade Morriss was one of those brave men whose judgment in Reconstruction days helped to curb the resentment of impetuous Southerners when sorely tried by the Federal authorities and changed conditions in the South. He was laid to rest in Mount Zion Cemetery, near his old home, and the many beautiful floral offerings from several sections of the State were sweet tributes of the love that followed him through life.

V. B. Swisher.

V. B. Swisher died at his home, near Slater, Mo., December 21, 1914, after a long illness. For many years he had been an elder in the Mount Horeb Presbyterian Church and lived a conscientious Christian life.

Vinyard Barnes Swisher, son of Henry and Elizabeth Barnes Swisher, was born September 21, 1840, in Berkeley County, Va., and went with his parents to Missouri in 1857, locating in Saline County. In 1862 he enlisted in the Confederate army, serving in Company K, Shank's Regiment of Cavalry, under Gen. Jo Shelby, being with the forces of that general until the close of the war. He was known to his comrades as a good man and a good soldier.

After the war was over he returned to Saline County, Mo., and took up farming as an occupation. In 1870 he was married to Elvira, daughter of Harvey A. and Catharine E. Hedges, who survives him with three children—Charles V., Mrs. Lewis Pemberton, and Miss Alma Swisher.

Aaron Drake.

Aaron Drake was born in 1845, and died at Beaumont, Tex., February 4, 1915. He enlisted in Wall's Texas Battalion and served with this battalion throughout the entire war, participating in all the battles and vicissitudes of his command, always ready for duty. Settling in Beaumont after the war, he became one of her busy citizens. He was quiet and unassuming, but always ready to lend a helping hand.

Alfred C. Reynolds.

Alfred C. Reynolds was a member of the 21st Alabama Infantry and enlisted in 1861. He was appointed ordnance sergeant and located at Corinth, Miss. He was in most of the fights around Atlanta and was wounded there. He was promoted to first lieutenant and transferred to Forrest's Cavalry and paroled at Gainesville, Ala.

Comrade Reynolds removed to St. Louis soon after the war ended and lived there for many years. He was an active and interested member of Camp St. Louis, No. 731, U. C. V., and until his health failed he usually attended the Reunions. He was a good soldier and a good citizen, a Christian gentleman, and had the respect and esteem of all who knew him. He recently removed to Livingston, Ala., where he passed away on April 24, 1915. By his special request he was buried with a large Confederate flag around his coffin.

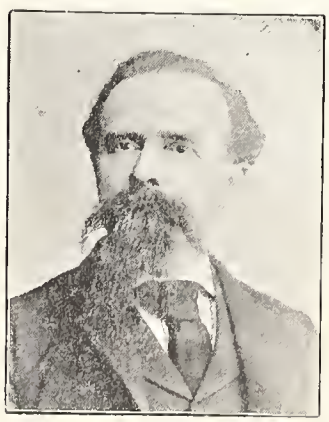
A. S. Johnston Camp.

Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 48, U. C. V., Tyler, Tex., W. E. Cox, Adjutant, reports the following loss in membership:

I. N. Barron, Waddell's Alabama Battery, Army of Tennessee, August 12, 1914; W. H. Cousins, clerk brigade commissary, Company I, 22d Texas Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department, February 6, 1914; R. B. Bryan, Company C, 10th Georgia Infantry, Army of Northern Virginia, September 5, 1914; George R. Kennedy, Company K, 3d Texas Cavalry, Army of Tennessee, February 5, 1915.

W. H. Patterson.

In the death of W. H. Patterson Paducah, Ky., lost one of her oldest, most prominent, and best-beloved citizens. After a long illness, his spirit was released on May 31, 1915. Mr. Patterson was born at Princeton, Ky., August 1, 1840, son of Robert and Elvira Patterson. He was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving as a member of Company B, of the Kentucky Brigade, under Colonel Woodward, in Morgan's command. He also served in Cobb's Battery under General Lyon and Gen. Adam R. Johnson. He was a thorough soldier, and his record was one of bravery and splendid valor. On April 1, 1865, while serving under General Lyon, he was captured at Selma, Ala., during Wilson's raid in that State. He was paroled at Columbus, Ga., on April 17, and returned to Paducah on May 11, 1865.



W. H. PATTERSON.

In the following year Mr. Patterson went to Louisville, Ky., and in 1867 he removed to Texas, where he married Miss Myra Wilkins, of Brenham. Later he returned to Paducah and served as city clerk for twelve years, making a competent and efficient official, and after an absence of one term he was reëlected to the office. He was a member of the Episcopal Church, an Odd Fellow and Mason, and also a member of James T. Walbert Camp, U. C. V.

Mr. Patterson is survived by his wife and three daughters, to whom he was ever a fond husband and father.

Resolutions passed by the Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy at Paducah express their feeling for one "whose deep sympathy and loyal support were always appreciated."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1915–16.

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Ben Watts, Cave Spring, Ga.
Judge Advocate in Chief, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, Ray G. Stewart, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
P. J. Muilen, Rome, Ga.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMITTEES.

Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: W. McDonald Lee, Chairman, Irvington, Va.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, Charles H. Keel, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, Percy C. Magnus, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, J. S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, Logan N. Rock, Louisville, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, ——
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, Dr. J. M. Northington, Boardman, N. C.
Oklahoma, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken, S. C.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Rich. I. McClearen, Nashville, Tenn.
Texas, Howard W. Peak, Fort Worth, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, E. R. Garland, Huntington, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

OFFICIAL ORDERS.

MEMPHIS, TENN., June 10, 1915.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 1.

Whereas the South's week will be celebrated at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition August 9-14; and whereas the opening day, August 9, has been designated "Dixie Day"; and whereas the celebration of the week will be participated in by State and city officials, executives of civic and commercial organizations, officers and members of patriotic societies; and whereas the Southern Commercial Congress, with headquarters in the Southern Building, Washington, D. C., has assumed active charge of all preparations for the itinerary, and the program *en route* and in San Francisco; therefore

As Commander in Chief I hereby announce the foregoing for the information of Camps of the Sons of Confederate Veterans and call upon the officers and members of the Confederation to become members of the official party under the direction of the Southern Commercial Congress and to join enthusiastically in the plan that is not only to exhibit the achievements of the Southland in the constructive issues of peace, but also to celebrate the victories of her past and deliberate upon the opportunities for her future.

By order of W. N. BRANDON, *Commander in Chief.*
Official: N. B. FORREST, *Adjutant and Chief of Staff.*

TWENTIETH ANNUAL REUNION, S. C. V.

The twentieth annual reunion of the Sons of Confederate Veterans was called to order in the City Auditorium at 8:30 P.M. on May 31 by Dr. Virginius Harrison, Commander of R. E. Lee Camp, Richmond. The hall was packed with an enthusiastic audience of Veterans, Sons, and their official ladies, and the various addresses were received with applause.

The invocation was delivered by Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, of Danville, Va., Chaplain in Chief, who invoked the blessing of the God of our fathers upon the deliberations. Division Commander Speed assumed charge of the meetings, and after a brief address he turned the convention over to E. Hening Smith, Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, who in turn handed the gavel to Commander in Chief Seymour Stewart, of St. Louis, Mo.

Commander Stewart in an eloquent address outlined the purposes and objects of the Confederation and made an appeal for the coöperation of all Sons. The address of welcome was delivered by John B. Lightfoot, Jr., of Richmond, and the response by Carl Hinton, of Silver City, New Mexico, Commander of the Southwest Division. An official flag for the general headquarters was presented to the Confederation by the Gus Bailey Camp, of Fayetteville, W. Va., the presentation address being delivered by R. T. Hubbard, a member of that Camp.

Miss Mildred Rutherford, Historian General, U. D. C., made a stirring appeal for assistance in having true histories published and outlined clearly the opposition of the "book trust" to any changes. The official ladies of the organization were presented to the audience by Dr. Clarence J. Owens, of Washington, D. C., Past Commander in Chief, who pledged the organization to uphold the hands of the President of the United States in maintaining the dignity and peace of our country. The response to the address of Dr. Owens was made by W. McDonald Lee, of Irvington, Va., a member of the Executive Council. Owing to the lateness of the hour, Comrade Lee Meriwether, of St. Louis, who was to deliver the annual address, declined to hold the convention longer, and the meeting was adjourned. Music for the opening session was furnished by the Confederate Choir and the Mexia (Tex.) Band.

BUSINESS SESSIONS.

MORNING, JUNE 1.

The business session of the convention was called to order by the Commander in Chief at 10:15 A.M. in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, and after a prayer by the Chaplain in Chief the Credentials Committee, composed of the following comrades, was appointed to report upon the credentials of all delegates: M. E. Dunnaway, Chairman, Arkansas; H. R. Furr, Virginia; W. C. Chandler, Tennessee; Tyler Miller, Florida; R. M. Glinn, Texas; G. W. Sidebottom, West Virginia; E. A. Christy, Louisiana; J. M. Northington, North Carolina; J. Roy Price, District of Columbia; P. L. Clifton, Mississippi; H. S. Colding, Georgia; Carl Hinton, New Mexico; Ben Watts, Georgia; T. P. Patterson, Alabama.

The Credentials Committee reported the Camps entitled to representation in the convention as a total of 138 Camps, with a membership of 4,500.

After roll call by the Adjutant in Chief, Commander Stewart gave a report of the work of the year, and this was followed by reports of Department Commander Smith and Department Commander Caldwell.

Reports were made by Division Commanders Brandon, Speed, Cleghorn, Brigade Commander Adams, and others. Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, Va., made an appeal to tax every Son $1 per year for the purpose of providing scholarships for deserving boys, which could not be done under the constitution.

Dr. J. Cleveland Hall advocated the consolidation of the Veterans' and Sons' organizations. A complete and concise report of the Monument Committee was rendered by Chairman Haughton, after which the convention adjourned until 2 P.M.

AFTERNOON, JUNE 1.

Upon reassembling for the afternoon session the first order of business was the reading of the report of Department Commander Mullen, who was unable to attend the reunion. Comrade W. W. Old made a report for the Executive Council, and an appeal for subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was made by Carl Hinton, many of the members present promising to secure subscriptions from the members of their Camps upon their return home.

Upon motion, the Commander in Chief was instructed to appoint a committee of three, with himself as *ex officio* chairman, one from each Department, to be known as the "Committee of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN," and this committee shall request each Camp in the Confederation to appoint a subcommittee to coöperate with the general committee in securing subscriptions to the VETERAN.

Comrade Patterson, a member of the Henry Clayton Camp, of Birmingham, made inquiry as to the adoption of a ritual for the use of the Camps of the Confederation. He was advised that the matter had been brought before the Executive Council, and it was decided to be unwise for the organization as an organization to adopt a ritual that would necessarily have to be secret, thereby causing adverse criticism in other sections. The Council, however, did not oppose the individual Camps instituting a ritual for the purpose of arousing interest in the Camp work; and if this should be done, they were requested to report the success of it to the Confederation. After a general discussion regarding the social affairs and the method of making official appointments, the meeting was adjourned.

MORNING, JUNE 2.

The meeting was called to order by Commander in Chief Stewart, and after a prayer by Rev. J. W. Ellis the Adjutant in Chief read telegrams of greetings from John W. Bale, a member of the Executive Council, and W. W. Harriss, Commander of the Florida Division. The Commander in Chief was instructed to wire Comrade "Sunshine" Hawks, expressing regrets at his absence.

Upon motion, a resolution was unanimously adopted favoring the erection of a monument to Surgeon-General Samuel Preston More, C. S. A., a like resolution having been adopted by the Veterans at the Mobile Reunion.

Upon resolution, a vote of thanks was extended to Dr. A. T. Dozier, of Birmingham, Ala., for the volume of poems written by him and dedicated to the Sons of Confederate Veterans, a copy of the resolution to be sent to Dr. Dozier and the U. D. C.

Adjutant Forrest reported that the following Camps had paid their *per capita* and that they had been passed upon by the Credentials Committee: Camp Carpenter's Battery, Clifton Forge, Va., one additional delegate; Camp Stonewall Jackson, Jacksonville, Fla., three hundred members; Camp Randolph, Elkins, W. Va., thirty members.

The report of Adjutant Forrest and Quartermaster Taylor was as follows:

Receipts.

Commissions	$ 81 00
Badges	79 00
Certificate	10 00
Advertising	100 00
Charter fees	72 00
Per capita tax	2,304 50
Amount brought over from previous year	637 66

Disbursements.

Telegrams	$ 58 63
Express	16 64
Stenographer	370 40
Postage	171 70
Printing	305 00
Salary	1,200 00
Traveling expenses	357 79
Sundries	212 99

Balance on hand June 2, 1915, $591.01. Adjutant Forrest made an extended report of his work for the year and was given a vote of thanks by the Confederation for his services.

After some discussion, the convention proceeded to elect officers, and the following were elected to head the organization during the coming year:

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.

Commander Army of Northern Virginia Department, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke.

Commander Army of Tennessee Department, Ray G. Stewart, Rome, Ga.

Commander Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

Executive Council.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.

Army of Tennessee Department, P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.

Army of Trans-Mississippi Department, Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.

Delegate at large, C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla.

Past Commander in Chief, Seymour Stewart, St. Louis.

Miss Jessica Smith, the daughter of Orrin R. Smith, of North Carolina, was presented to the convention and stated that the Veterans in their convention had awarded the honor of being the designer of the "Stars and Bars," the Confederate flag, to her father. On motion, the action of the Veterans was indorsed and the matter settled.

Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn., was next introduced and offered a prize for the best essay on the history of the Confederacy, the detail of the contest to be furnished the Camps later. A rising vote of thanks was extended to Mrs. Latham for her generous offer.

Miss Barlow, Treasurer General of the Jefferson Davis Home Association, made an appeal for contributions for that memorial work, and the comrades were urged to contribute.

On motion, the Commander in Chief was requested to appoint a committee of three to render a report at the next reunion regarding the flag of the Confederacy, so that a permanent record be made of same. R. B. Haughton, of St. Louis, W. W. Old, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., and John L. Moulton, of Mobile, Ala., were appointed on this committee.

Dr. Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., was elected Historian in Chief. The committee to extend greeting from the Veterans was recognized and delivered the greeting to the Sons. This committee was composed of Gen. C. Irvine Walker, Chairman, Past Commander in Chief U. C. V.; Gen. George P. Gross, Commander of the Missouri Division; and Gen. Julian S. Carr, of North Carolina.

A rising vote of thanks was extended to the committee from the Veterans. The Commander in Chief announced that the committee to judge the essays to be submitted in behalf of the prize offered by Mrs. Latham would be composed of the following comrades: Clarence J. Owens, Washington, D. C.; Lee Meriwether, St. Louis, Mo.; John W. Dodge, Jacksonville, Fla.

Mrs. A. McC. Kimbrough, of Greenwood, Miss., was introduced and asked the coöpcration of the S. C. V. in placing a memorial window in the Red Cross Memorial Building to be erected at Washington. One of the windows in this building will be donated by the women of the South, one by the women of the North, and it is proposed that the third or central window be jointly donated by the Sons of the Confederate Veterans and the Sons of the Union Veterans. This central window is to be dedicated to the women of the North and the South. On motion, the action of the Mississippi Daughters was indorsed, and the matter was referred to the Executive Council with the request that they confer with the Sons of Union Veterans regarding the window.

On motion, a vote of thanks was extended to the members of the R. E. Lee Camp, S. C. V., Richmond, and also to the various reunion committees for the many courtesies extended to the visiting Sons.

At the request of Comrade Moulton, Comrade J. F. Tatem, of Norfolk, Va., was appointed a member of the Flag Committee in his stead.

A motion was adopted that the Adjutant in Chief shall render each year a statement of the number of active Camps, the membership of same, and a statement covering similar data for a period of five years prior to the reunion. This statement shall also include a detailed account of all collections and disbursements.

On motion, a resolution was adopted that the thanks of the Confederation be extended to the United Choirs of America, that the Choir be recognized as the official Choir of the Confederate organization, and that the local music committees at each recurring reunion be duly instructed to provide suitable accommodations on the platform and to arrange for a place on the reunion program for the Choir.

A resolution was adopted requesting the Confederate Choirs to sing the original words of "Dixie" at future meetings of the S. C. V.

On motion, the Commander in Chief was requested to appoint a committee to be known as the "Commission for Marking the Historical Points of the Battle Fields and Other Places of the War of 1861-65." Said committee shall be composed of a president, vice presidents, a secretary and treasurer, and a consulting directorate, to be composed of one member from each active Camp of Sons. This committee shall inaugurate the work of raising funds for this purpose and shall be empowered to act in all matters pertaining to this work. Said committee shall render a written statement to the Commander in Chief and Adjutant in Chief each quarter and same shall be published in the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

On motion, the comrades were urged to contribute to the support of the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

After a vote of thanks to the Sons of Richmond and to the various reunion committees, the convention was adjourned to meet at Birmingham, Ala., in 1916.

At a meeting of the Executive Council, held at the Murphy Hotel on June 2, 1915, Comrade N. B. Forrest, of Memphis, was unanimously reëlected as Adjutant in Chief and plans made for the work of the coming year.



MAID OF HONOR, S. C. V.

Miss Alice M. Lake, of Memphis, Tenn., represented the Sons of Confederate Veterans as maid of honor for the Richmond Reunion. She is a daughter of Col. Richard M. Lake, who was the youngest of four brothers in the Confederate army. In the fall of 1864, at the age of sixteen, he was second lieutenant of Captain Wynne's company of Mississippi cavalry under Colonel Fisher, Forrest's command. Early in 1865 he assisted in reorganizing a cavalry company from Carroll County, Miss., and was again elected second lieutenant. He was then detached and placed in command of the dismounted men of his brigade, who were surrendered at Columbus, Miss., under Gen. Frank Armstrong. Lieutenant Lake was apparently the youngest commissioned officer in the service. He served as a staff officer, U. C. V., under Gens. Stephen D. Lee, Clement A. Evans, and George W. Gordon, and is now Assistant Adjutant General, U. C. V., on the staff of Commander in Chief Bennett H. Young.

GEN. JAMES H. M'BRIDE.

[Biographical sketch of Gen. James H. McBride, of Missouri, read before Campbell Camp, No. 488, U. C. V., of Springfield, Mo., by Thomas R. Gibson, late Commander of Gen. James H. McBride Camp, No. 632, Sons of Confederate Veterans.]

At the beginning of the War between the States James H. McBride was a resident of Houston, Texas County, Mo., and was judge of the circuit of which Texas County formed a part. He was born near Harrodsburg, Ky., in 1814, and when a young man he moved to Paris, Monroe County, Mo., and married in that county Miss Barnes. He engaged in the mercantile business in Paris until he located in Springfield, Mo., and formed a law partnership with the late John S. Waddill, the Nestor of the Southwest Missouri bar. He resided in Springfield for nearly eighteen years and represented for four years the Springfield district in the Missouri State Senate. In 1859 he changed his residence to Houston, Mo., and in the election of 1860 was made circuit judge and was serving as such when the first gun was fired in Charleston Harbor on Fort Sumter. He continued as judge until May, 1861, when Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson appointed him one of nine brigadier generals of the Missouri State Guard. His commission was delivered to Capt. A. E. Asbury, now a resident of Higginsville, Mo., by the Governor, and Captain Asbury delivered it to General McBride at Houston, Mo., where Judge McBride was holding the regular spring term of the Texas County Circuit Court. He at once accepted the appointment and selected his staff, composed of the following well-known citizens of his State: E. Y. Mitchell, adjutant general; Joseph Love, quartermaster general; R. W. Rogers, inspector general; L. C. Campbell, paymaster-general; Dr. J. R. Wooten, surgeon-general; Samuel Hyer, commissary general; Thomas T. Taylor, chief of ordnance; Douglas McBride and A. E. Asbury, aids with the rank of captain.

His commission designated him as brigadier general of the 5th Division, corresponding with the Congressional district in which he resided and comprising nearly all the territory in the State known as the Ozark region; and therefore his command was composed almost entirely of the sturdy mountaineers of that region, who have well merited the fame of being among the best and bravest fighters in Gen. Sterling Price's army. His brigade participated in the battle of Wilson Creek, the second greatest battle west of the Mississippi River, and it was his brigade that made the famous charge and assault up "Bloody Hill" which resulted in the death of Gen. Nathaniel Lyon and the killing or wounding of every officer in the Federal army above the rank of major and forced the retreat of the army under Major Sturgis to Springfield and thence to Rolla. The McBride Brigade consisted of two regiments and was composed largely of undrilled farmers armed with squirrel rifles and shotguns. Yet they fought on Bloody Hill with well-drilled and well-trained regular soldiers and gained over them a complete victory that forced the evacuation of the entire Southwest by the Federal army and left Springfield, at that time, as now, the metropolis of this section, in complete possession of the Confederates. The loss in this battle was the greatest in McBride's Brigade, being twenty-five per cent of the entire brigade.

At Wilson Creek General McBride had as messmates Col. Joseph Love, Col. Colton Greene, Capt. A. E. Asbury, and his son, Capt. Douglas McBride. As they were preparing to eat their breakfast on the morning of August 10, 1861, a shower of balls came over and among them and into their tent, compelling them to forego the morning meal, save the coffee, and hastening them to form the line of battle for the coming conflict. McBride's Brigade of Ozark boys did all their fighting this day in Bloody Hill, and after the smoke had cleared away among the dead was found the brave but rash Lyon, from whose coat Captain Asbury cut a button and sent it to his mother in Ray County, Mo. Asbury was young, brave, full of love for the Southland, and at the time was serving on General McBride's staff as an aid.

General McBride and his brigade of Ozarkers continued a part of the Missouri State Guard until after the battle of Pea Ridge, the greatest battle west of the Mississippi, when he followed General Price by resigning and entering the Confederate service, being succeeded in the State Guard by Gen. Daniel M. Frost. After entering the Confederate service he raised and recruited two regiments in Northern Arkansas in 1864, and while in the discharge of this important service he contracted pneumonia, which proved fatal, and his life went out at his home, in Yell County, Ark. His remains were interred at Bluffton, in that county. At Batesville, Ark., Capt. Douglas McBride had been killed by a shot from across White River fired by a Federal sharpshooter. He was a noble young man, barely out of his teens, as brave as Cæsar, as gentle as a woman, and a splendid soldier. His loss was an awful blow to his father, and from that time General McBride was never the same man. The death of this gallant boy completely unnerved him, and he never became reconciled to the loss of his son.

General McBride was loved and esteemed by both rank and file of his brigade and was regarded as possessing great merit as an organizer. He was thoroughly devoted to the cause of the Confederacy, and until stricken with the disease that caused his death he rendered valuable service for his State and practically gave all for the defense of what he deemed right. He served under Gen. Sterling Price until he entered the regular Confederate service, and in all of General Price's official reports McBride's Ozark Brigade was given much credit and praise for duties well and faithfully performed.

Capt. Robert C. McBride, of Houston, Mo., is the only living member of the General's family, and he is an honored citizen of the community in which he was born and reared.

Col. John N. Edwards, who for years so brilliantly edited the St. Joseph Gazette, in his book entitled "Shelby and His Men" has this to say concerning McBride's Brigade at Wilson Creek: "General McBride's division of Southwest Missourians bore the brunt of the fight and saved the day, undoubtedly. The men of this division were barefooted, hungry, ragged, wretchedly armed, yet seemingly devoid of fear and eager for the hottest places in the conflict. Entire companies, without a single gun of any kind among them, marched boldly to the front and stood to be shot at until the Federal lines were driven back that they might in this manner obtain muskets. History furnishes but few examples of such heroic fortitude, American history not one before."

McBride's record as a citizen, as a jurist, and as a soldier entitles his remains to be deposited in the bosom of the State for which he sacrificed his all, and it would reflect honor and glory upon the State to have these remains removed to our beautiful cemetery near Springfield, there to rest forever among those who with him made like sacrifices.

NATIONAL VS. SECTIONAL INTERPRETATION OF UNITED STATES HISTORY.

[The following paper on high school texts is being sent out by the Historian General, U. D. C., the Adjutant General, S. C. V., and others interested in the elimination of books which falsify history; and that it may have even wider circulation and thus help to arouse our people to the importance of knowing what their children are being taught, it is republished here.]

Throughout the United States, irrespective of section or sentiment, high school histories have been teaching fundamentally false conceptions of the development of this country. From its inception as a federate republic in 1789 to its consolidation as a nation in 1865 these histories ignore or minimize the political and economic issues involved in the eighty-year struggle for Federal legislation or party advantage. On the other hand, these histories grossly exaggerate the influences of the subordinate moral or sociological issue of slavery. By way of concrete illustration, it is made to appear, directly or indirectly, that, on the one hand, Abraham Lincoln, believing in constitutional emancipation, conducted a war of aggression against slavery; and, on the other, that Lee and Jackson, although they also believed in gradual emancipation, fought primarily for their constitutional right to maintain this institution. Both of these conclusions are manifestly false; but the following quotations have been taken from the most popular high school histories now in use: "One of these texts, which has had an exceptional circulation for some years, characterizes as 'ridiculous' the constitutional contentions of Southern statesmen, when nothing seems clearer than that these contentions were coexistent with the Union itself and were generally recognized by the people of all the older States in the Union. The Southern leaders, says this author, 'were laboring under some of the most curious hallucinations which a student of history meets in the whole course of his researches.' The Southern people, we are told, were daily growing weaker 'morally, mentally, and physically,' from which, perhaps, arises the conclusion of a later text writer that McClellan's progress in 1862 'should have been a steady triumphal march to the Confederate capital, like Scott's march from Vera Cruz up to the City of Mexico in 1847.' In this high school history the Southern people are represented as having 'but one complaint,' and that a very doubtful one. Subsequent to the War between the States we are told that 'it is impossible for the student of history to-day to feel otherwise than that the cause for which the South fought was unworthy' and that 'there was no thought of inflicting on the Southern leaders the extreme punishment of traitors.' Another widely used text makes the unqualified assertion that after the Emancipation Proclamation, under which slavery continued to exist in all territory actually controlled by the Federal government, 'the Confederacy was now placed before the civilized world in its true light as the champion of the detested institution of slavery.'"

The histories from which these quotations have been taken are even at the present time (1915) but types of those in use. They fail to grasp the fundamental truths of American history, the principles upon which this government was founded and under which it developed, and the economic and political phases of sectional differences above and apart from the so-called moral issue involved. Some of these textbooks have been written in the sincerity of ignorance; others are distinctly biased. Though nearly all in paragraphs of genuine praise bear witness to the high character and conduct of



MISS MARJORIE MAY LONGAN,

Sponsor for Camp No. 80, U. C. V., Kansas City, Mo., to the Richmond Reunion, 1915. Miss Longan is a daughter of the late Dr. H. A. Longan, of Kansas City, and a descendant of the Tyler-Terrell families of Virginia.

Robert E. Lee, the same texts traduce more or less openly the cause for which he fought and "draw up an indictment of an entire people" who looked upon him as their trusted leader. What inferences do American children draw from such books? That "the Southern leaders were liars and cheats," to use the exact language of an especially intelligent pupil who was studying a great sectional compromise in one of the least partisan of these texts. This boy's language was unparliamentary, perhaps; but his deduction, based upon the text given him, was clearly logical and correct.

If these histories be true, the world must change its estimate of the judgment and character of Robert E. Lee, for he has said: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor." For fifty years monuments have been erected to Americans of Southern birth and Confederate leadership. It is well to remember that Col. Charles Marshall, of the staff of General Lee, has said: "History tears down statues and monuments to attributes and deeds, unless those attributes have been devoted to some noble end and those deeds done in a righteous cause."

In the matter of protest against sectional histories, it is natural that the South should assume the leadership, for that section has suffered most from misrepresentation. Nevertheless, for some years, irrespective of textbook writers, patriotic men of Northern birth and training have voiced their protest against the complete subversion of the facts of sectional differences in United States history, the mistaking of effect for cause, the assumption of an indissoluble nation while we were

yet a federate republic, the strange reversal of the relations between political and economic issues and the moral or sociological issue of slavery—in other words, the basing of the causes of sectional dispute on one of the results of the sectional struggle.

Among those from the North who have thus protested, first of all should be numbered the late Charles Francis Adams, than whom New England has not produced a truer exemplar of fine American independence and patriotism. Mr. Adams not only paid willing tribute to the high character of his opponents in arms, but he went farther and endeavored to make clear to his fellow countrymen some of the "sacred principles," the heritage of Revolutionary forbears, which these opponents believed they were "in duty bound" to defend and for which so many of them "perished." Although Mr. Adams was, perhaps, the most noted of this growing group of protestants, there are others too numerous to mention here, the volume of whose irrefutable objections to false history must certainly affect the producers of textbooks, so that in the future all Americans may hope to stand on a common basis of sound historical interpretation. (In 1911 Gen. Horatio C. King, then completing his thirty-third year as Secretary of the Grand Army of the Republic, in the name of Abraham Lincoln, vigorously protested against the false subordination of the political causes of strife to the so-called moral crusade against slavery.)

We do not want Southern histories or Northern histories for our schools; but in this reunited country we want and should have histories conceived in a national spirit, fair to all alike and written with a due sense of perspective and proportion.

SOLDIERING IN MISSISSIPPI.

BY T. M. RICHARDSON, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

At the commencement of the War between the States I was a mere boy, living with my father on his plantation, near Okolona, Miss. I was educated at Aberdeen, and while attending that school an old soldier, who held a commission as major in the army, while on furlough drilled our schoolboys regularly for a while. During one of the Federal raids he had us to mount ourselves, armed with any kind of guns we could secure, and we went with him to meet the enemy. After marching north of Okolona, we got in their rear at Egypt, a small station eight miles south on the Mobile and Ohio Railway, which we reached just in time to see some of the straggling Federals going west. It was there that I captured a wounded horse left by the enemy, and the sale of this animal gave me my first money after the close of the war. After two days of strenuous excitement, our small company departed for their homes.

When the Federals made another raid into our country, I left home and was in line of battle during the fight at Harrisburg and Tupelo. I remained with the troops during this engagement with Capt. Sam Scott, a brave soldier from Aberdeen, Miss., and together we were in the fight north of Tupelo. After General Forrest had routed the Federals, I returned home. A short time thereafter I joined General Forrest's cavalry and was a member of Captain Kizer's scouts, remaining with them until the surrender. Just before the war closed our company was stationed at Baldwin, Miss., and was sent on the picket line about fifteen miles in the direction of Iuka. On one occasion a Federal soldier was turned over to me to guard safely into our camp. The poor fellow claimed that he was deserting the Federal ranks. He was worn out with fatigue from marching. After traveling a few miles, I dismounted and let him ride my horse in order to give him rest, which he seemed to appreciate greatly. He became very confidential and told me that he had some greenback bills and wanted to know if he could safely keep them. I had him dismount, pull off his shoes, and place the bills in his socks. While advancing upon the breastworks at Harrisburg I came to a young soldier who was suffering from sunstroke and almost famished for water. I gave him a drink, emptied my canteen into his, and pulled him under the shade of an old oak tree by the side of a small building. He was very grateful and profuse in his thanks. If either of these men or any member of Captain Kizer's company sees this article, I should be pleased to hear from him.

I came to Oklahoma from Texas when this country was opened to settlement. On one occasion, in conversation with an old Federal soldier, Col. W. H. Ketcham, of this city, he mentioned having been in hot fights at Harrisburg and Tupelo, Miss. I inquired of him if he remembered the hot skirmish north of Tupelo. He replied: "I was with the company that did the fighting." I told him I was just across the way, where the shells and bullets were flying thickest. Ever since that time we have been warm personal friends.

Private John Allen, of Mississippi, told the Washington Post a story illustrating the effect of the low price of cotton in the South: "Our cotton farmers are very much in the same position as the darky who, when standing on the gallows, was asked by the jailer if he had anything to say. He replied that he didn't care to make a statement, but when told that it was customary he replied with a flourish: 'Well, all I can say is that this thing will be a lesson to me.'"



MRS. WILLIAM H. GOTTFRIED, SPRINGFIELD, MO.,
Sponsor for Western Brigade, Missouri Division, U. C. V., to Richmond Reunion, 1915.

TWIN BROTHERS IN CONFEDERATE ARMY.

The Old North State leads in its record of twin brothers serving in the Confederate army who have survived the fifty years since they laid down their arms. The Currie twins, of Lumber Bridge, N. C., were thought to be the oldest twins surviving, but a later report tells of the Buie twins, of the same State, who are eleven years older, though this picture does not give the impression that they have reached the age of eighty-two years.



D. A. AND D. C. BUIE.

Duncan Alexander and Daniel Calvin Buie, twin sons of Archibald and Flora McInnis Buie, were born at Philadelphus, Robeson County, N. C., November 12, 1833. They were in their junior year at Davidson College when the war began. They went home and enlisted in August, 1861, in Capt. Malcolm McNair's company, the Scotch Grays, and within a week were put on detached service.

Daniel was assigned to the ordnance department, where he remained until appointed first sergeant of his company. He was in both battles at Fort Fisher, was captured at the last and kept a prisoner until the general liberation of prisoners, and reached home in July, 1865. He is married, and his five children live near him.

Duncan was ordered to Wilmington and appointed quartermaster sergeant of the 40th North Carolina Regiment of Heavy Artillery. He remained at Baldhead Island until the fall of Fort Fisher, marched through Wilmington the day it was evacuated to Kinston, N. C., and was in the battle there on March 9. He went from there to Bentonville and surrendered with General Johnston April 27, 1865. He then walked home, reaching it some time in May. He has two daughters, one of whom is married to the son of a captain in the Union army and lives in Washington, D. C.

Their mother died about four years ago, having lived to be almost ninety-eight years of age.

To the above must be added a statement from H. H. Newton, of Bennettsville, S. C., of twin brothers in that State who served as Confederate soldiers. He writes: "The McLaurin brothers, natives of Marlboro County, S. C., are still living, with spirits as elastic as when they stepped forth as volunteers in July, 1861, in Company G, 23d Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. This was the third company organized in the county. These twin brothers fought throughout the war together and were both wounded. Col. Daniel W. McLaurin was wounded three times. He is our State Land Agent, with offices at the State Capitol, has been a trustee of Winthrop College since its foundation, and has been very generous with his means in educating a number of girls. His twin brother, Hugh L. McLaurin, a resident of McColl, Marlboro County, S. C., has been a successful planter and business man, and for many years he has filled the office of magistrate with credit to himself and county. He was badly wounded at the Crater. Daniel was color guard in that battle; and while the color bearer and one of the color guard were killed and another color guard badly wounded, he escaped unharmed. This family furnished others also of the best fighting blood the country had."

Mrs. William Ingles writes from Radford, Va.: "William and Andrew Ingles, of Radford, Montgomery County, Va., who served together two years in the Confederate army, Company E, 25th Virginia Cavalry, were born February 16, 1846, and still live on parts of the land originally granted to their Ingles ancestors more than a hundred and fifty years ago. They are both six feet, four inches in height, the same build, and one is often taken for the other."

"Lorena" Still Living.—J. A. Troette writes from Cambridge, Ohio: "More than fifty years ago the old song 'Lorena' was the most popular of all songs, and 'Lorena' is still living about fifty miles from here. Although totally blind for years, she is still hale and hearty at nearly ninety years of age. I never knew her, but knew her husband, Judge W. W. Johnson, and she has a nephew and niece living here. The episode which gave rise to the song occurred at Zanesville, Ohio, some twenty-five miles from here, where some of the Blockson family are still living. Referring to the notice you gave me in the February Veteran, I have not heard of Colonel Moore, of the 35th Mississippi; but, like Mark Twain about the letters on the cross, I found Lieutenant Colonel Boone dead at three different places and dates."

A CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Lanier Moise, who was born at Talbotton, Ga., and is now eighty-four years old, is the mother of a Confederate soldier, Albert Welborn Moise, who served three years and was paroled at Appomattox, at the age of eighteen years, as first lieutenant, commanding Companies D and H, 24th Georgia Regiment, Du Bose's Brigade, Kershaw's Division, Longstreet's Corps, A. N. V. He is a member of the St. Louis Camp, No. 731, U. C. V., and has been its Adjutant and Commander and in 1913 and 1914 was Major General commanding the Missouri Division. Mrs. Moise resides with a younger son at Ottawa, Kans. She retains her mental faculties to an unusual degree and is always interested in current events.



MRS. E. L. MOISE.

"FINLAND, A LITTLE LAND THAT IS TRUE TO ITSELF."

BY HOWARD MERIWETHER LOVETT, GIRARD, GA.

Several years ago Miss Helen Gray was traveling over the Southern States as journalist, writing along lines industrial, agricultural, educational, sociological, historical, and many outdoor subjects. In this way a gentle Southern woman became informed and awakened as to the needs of her own people for independence of life and thought for the conservation of their civilization.

Miss Gray's grandfather, the Rev. Dr. Leacock, was for forty years rector of Christ Church, New Orleans. Her father, Col. A. B. Gray, was chief surveyor of the Southern Pacific Railway before the war. He had charge of Island No. 10 during the War between the States.

For her study of conditions she has inherent gifts and true perspective. To her the South seemed a land where we are not only dreaming, but sleeping over opportunities.

The vital question to-day is: What shall we do to overcome poverty and ignorance? To this question there is, to Miss Gray's mind, but one answer: "Study the South's past and present in the light of economics and political science and solve problems on the basis of knowledge thus gained." Making practical such a conviction became her chosen work. She determined to fit herself for it by travel and study. Going abroad for this purpose, she attended lectures at Oxford, England, and studied at the London School of Economics and Political Science. Miss Gray is convinced that such a school as this one in London should be in every State in the American Union.

Being a true Southerner and possessing the initiative spirit, she returned home to take up the work along original lines for her own people. In Atlanta Miss Gray founded the West End Civic Improvement Club and during the same winter that broad movement, the Southern Mountain Educational Association and as its outcome the Mineral Bluff Industrial School for Mountain Girls, one of the most interesting schools in Georgia.

Other plans had been forming in her mind for a Southern Woman's Economic and Political Science Association and a School of Economics and Political Science in New Orleans. Miss Gray carried her aspiration to Miss Grace King, of New Orleans, and was invited by Miss King to read in her drawing-room a paper introducing these subjects. A few months later was organized the Southern Woman's Economic and Political Science Association of New Orleans, of which Miss Gray bears the titles of Founder and Honorary President. Later she delivered a series of lectures on these subjects.

Now fresh from the press is a unique little book on Finland from the pen of Miss Gray, showing continued work along this line. Of the many titles accorded Finland—Land of a Thousand Lakes, Land of Wood and Water, Land of the Midnight Sun—the one given by this author, "A Little Land That Is True to Itself," strikes the keynote of her study and interest. The title-page shows the subtitle, "A Study of Finland under Russia in Comparison with the South of the United States." (Neale Publishing Company.)

A superficial glance reveals nothing in common between a northern country of Europe about half the size of Texas, poor in natural resources and of one tongue and race, with our great Southland, rich in every resource of nature and climate, varied in industry, unique in racial conditions. But the South's checkered fortunes of glory and tragedy have put her in sympathetic touch with any country despoiled by an invading foe, as Belgium, or writhing under humiliations of reconstruction by military force, as does Finland. It is the pure and noble resistance to such reconstruction by the Finns that wins Miss Gray's admiration. The heroic effort of this people to maintain under alien dominance and subjection a national spirit, a national language, literature, and institutions exhibits inspiring patriotism. The unity of Finland on the subject of being true to itself is suggestive of much worthy emulation for the Southerners of the United States. It is time to face squarely the fact that true patriotism is fidelity to standards and traditions handed down from the Old South. No student can deny to America two peoples, two types of a white race, that can never be blended into the one American. There is no typical American except of types as distinct as Puritan and Cavalier. Lincoln is offered on the one hand, Lee on the other. Such antipodes! There is no reasonable basis for amalgamation. With deathless loyalty to the highest type of race the South holds to "Lee the American." It takes little comparative study to make plain who would be losers by a surrender of standards of civilization, North or South. There is a wonderful uncatalogued record of history, literature, and achievement, ranging from Poe to F. Hopkinson Smith, from Jefferson to the Lamars and Toombs, from Robert Mills, first American architect, and the works of Matthew Fontaine Maury, to the tunneling of the Hudson by McAdoo and the Culebra Cut by Gaillard, of South Carolina, that speak for all time of the genius of our people. Such record removes any stigma ever cast by sensational fiction, like "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and all the historical lies that have been so assiduously sent abroad by those who vainly try to build self-justification on a false foundation. The future historian will examine the records and smile in pity at the futility and waste of energies in such propaganda.

Let us cherish evermore the Southern hallmark. Every informed and patriotic reader will indorse what Miss Gray says: "Finland is maintaining her individuality and in so doing is setting an example to the world. The Russification or the New Englandization of the world would either of them be a calamity."

There is much that is illuminating in this little book on Finland, enough to stimulate wavering allegiance of those Southerners who are inclined to go North toward the South "in its lack of what they have in abundance," as some one aptly puts it.

Miss Gray sees for our land marvelous possibilities and future greatness if we will only unite in patriotic purpose as Finland has done. If this little land can do so much, why cannot our great land redeem itself? It is the call of a loyal Southerner bidding us look with clear vision toward industrial and economic power.

Finland as a land of schools is particularly suggestive. In her study of Finnish questions Miss Gray has become an admirer of Madame Aino Malmberg, who is known as an exiled patriot. With the same devoted patriotism must we work for the South. Miss Gray is stimulating such patriotism. Let us join in the toast to Finland drunk by Miss Gray at the well of St. Henrichs: "To Finland! May Russia vanish from her shores!" May the great wave of liberty that is spreading through the world wash the shores of the South! Then shall our hills bloom with schools and colleges like other civilized lands, when men awaken from apathy that degrades, when tribute-paying ceases.

INQUIRIES.

H. C. McGlasson, of Uvalde, Tex., Box 618, wants to correspond with some survivor of Company F, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, Capt. Dick Thompson first captain, Bill Shacklett second, and Dan Taylor third captain. He wants to make application for a pension.

W. B. Weaver; 2937 Catherine Street, Shreveport, La., wants to get in correspondence with some member of Company E, 8th Missouri Cavalry (Captain Pritchett's company). He enlisted with a number of recruits at a place six miles east of New Madrid, Mo., and three miles west from Point Pleasant.

The widow of Joseph R. Hogg, who enlisted at Houston, Tex., in April, 1861, seeks information of his service so she may get a pension. He served as first lieutenant of Captain Drake's company, Colonel Thomas's regiment, under General Magruder, which was stationed at Fort Point, Galveston, Tex., during the war.

Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Auburn, Ala., wishes to secure information of the Confederate service of Maj. W. B. Shapard. In December, 1863, he was in camp near Dalton, Ga., and in February, 1865, near Greensboro, Ga. Major Shapard was associated in the banking business with W. B. Shapard, Sr., in Nashville, Tenn., and later opened a bank in Opelika, Ala.

D. H. Richardson, of Kemp, Tex., is trying to help an old comrade secure a pension and would like to communicate with some comrades who can testify to his record. W. W. Martin enlisted in East Florida in a company under Capt. J. J. Daniels; —— Houston, first lieutenant; Lewis Gamble, second lieutenant; —— Brooms, third lieutenant. John Brantly was one of the corporals.

Mrs. Callie Cannon Redwood, of Denison, Tex., is trying to locate a book, a copy of which was given her mother by the chaplain of the regiment in which her brother, Charles Cannon, served. The book was entitled "Presentiments," all about Charles Cannon. The book was loaned and never returned. She has forgotten the name of the chaplain and would like to get another copy or to hear from the chaplain.

In order to secure a pension for Mrs. J. B. Rennicks, information is asked of the record of her husband, who is thought to have enlisted at Union Springs, Ala. Replies should be addressed to Mrs. L. F. Fewell, 2712 Colonial Avenue, Dallas, Tex.

Mrs. E. M. Dexter, of Montrose, Ark., asks that surviving comrades of her husband, John F. Dexter, will kindly give her information of his service. The captains of his company were L. E. Locke and T. F. Jenkins, of the 53d Alabama Infantry. She is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. M. T. Morris, of Silver Lake, Tex., is trying to secure a pension and wants to hear from some comrade who can testify to her husband's service. T. D. Morris enlisted from Panola County, Tex., and served in Walker's Division, Trans-Mississippi Department. She doesn't know his company or regiment and thinks he was in the fight at Vicksburg.

Dr. D. H. Burk, of Warner, Okla., wants to find the last resting place of his father, William Flournoy Burk, who left his home, near Palestine, Tex., in the fall of 1861, joining his brother, Thomas Burk, in Sevier County. He then entered the Confederate army in Lanefield's Legion and was last seen near Corinth, Miss.

Mrs. H. P. Ledbetter, of Mansfield, Tex. (R. R. No. 2, Box 106), is trying to secure a pension and needs to secure her husband's record. He was reared in Gordon County, near Calhoun, Ga., and enlisted in Georgia, serving in the infantry, it is thought. Surviving comrades are appealed to for information that will help her.

Mrs. George Macauley, 335 East Forsyth Street, Jacksonville, Fla., asks that survivors of the 24th Mississippi Regiment who remember Henry Harrison (colored), a cook in the company under Captain Howard and Colonel Dowd, will give her such information in affidavit form, as she is trying to get a State pension for him. "Uncle" Henry is now one hundred and five years old. He enlisted in Florida, and while driving a provision wagon near Nashville, Tenn., he had the bones of his right wrist shattered by a stray bullet.

Thomas P. Crawford, of Steele, Ala., is helping to secure a pension for John J. Harris and would like to hear from some member of Company G, 23d Alabama Regiment, known as Pettus Brigade.

The widow of J. S. Hamilton, who went out from Washita County, Ark., under General Dockery, wants to hear from some of his surviving comrades. Address Mrs. M. A. Hamilton, Uniontown, Ark.

A. M. Hicks, of Wisner, La., wants to locate any comrade who served with J. M. King, of Company B, 14th Tennessee Regiment. He also wants to learn of A. M. Morris, C. O. C., 31st Louisiana Regiment. Their widows are trying to get pensions.

Mrs. George Ann Chatham, of Westville, Okla., is seeking information of the service of her husband, who was a private in Capt. Joe Little's company (regiment not known), enlisting in Georgia. She is in need and hopes to secure a pension.

Owen E. Cary, of El Centro, Cal., in order to settle an estate, wants information concerning William Hudson, of Arkansas, who was well known in that State twenty-five years ago. He graduated from Annapolis and had a cousin on the Bennington when it was blown up.

J. T. Morton, of Salisbury, N. C., who belonged to Company A, 53d Virginia Regiment, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, wishes to know if the following comrades who were captured at Gettysburg are still living and where: W. P. McGuire, of Winchester, Va.; Sam Graham, of Leesburg, Va.; Attomas Le Bean, of Pointe Coupee, La.; and Jacob W. Morton, of Charlotte County, Va.

The widow of John F. Hodnett needs to get his record established in order to secure a pension, and she hopes to hear from some of his surviving comrades. He enlisted at Starkville, Miss., and served in Company F, 35th Mississippi Infantry, and later became lieutenant of his company. He was in the siege and surrender of Vicksburg and was wounded during the siege. Response should be sent to Capt. P. A. Blakey, Mount Vernon, Tex.

E. M. Hicks, of Wisner, La., makes inquiry of any survivor of the C. O. C., 31st Louisiana Regiment. This is for the benefit of the widow of A. M. Morris, who wants to get a pension.

Any one knowing the post office address of any member of Company C, 1st Alabama Cavalry, will confer a favor by writing to Joe Hardin at Kiowa, Okla. He is a Confederate veteran, almost penniless, and is trying to obtain a pension from the State of Oklahoma.

Mrs. Frona Potts, of Norman, Okla., in order to obtain a pension, wants to learn something of the enlistment of her husband, W. B. Potts. He was from Cooper County, Mo., and enlisted at Boonville in the early part of the war. He was afterwards captured, escaped, and reënlisted.

In order to get a pension for Mrs. W. B. Yancey, N. B. Littlejohn, of Stilwell, Okla., wishes to communicate with any surviving comrade of her husband, who is thought to have volunteered from Texas and served in the infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department, in Arkansas and Louisiana.

W. A. Foster, 1319 Bigley Avenue, Charleston, W. Va., writes that while attending the late Reunion at Richmond he found a walking stick with the following carved on it: "C. S. A., Moorman, Tenn., from A. J. Phelph, Va." He wishes to return it to the owner, who will be expected to identify it.

P. A. Blakey, of Mount Vernon, Tex., wants to hear from any comrade who can testify to the record of Samuel N. Baugh, third lieutenant of Company A, under Captain Thrasher, Cook's Battalion, Cabell's Brigade, Fagan's Division. He joined this company after the fall of Port Hudson and surrendered at Benton, Ark.

Judge John A. Goodall, of Stilwell, Okla., wants to learn something of the service of N. H. White, who needs a pension. He enlisted in September, 1864, from Anderson, S. C., and served under Captain Long and Colonel Perryman in the 43d South Carolina Regiment. Two of his company were J. D. White and Jim Quales. The duty of this regiment seems mainly to have been that of caring for the people at home and in fighting bushwhackers. It was disbanded near Greenville, S. C.

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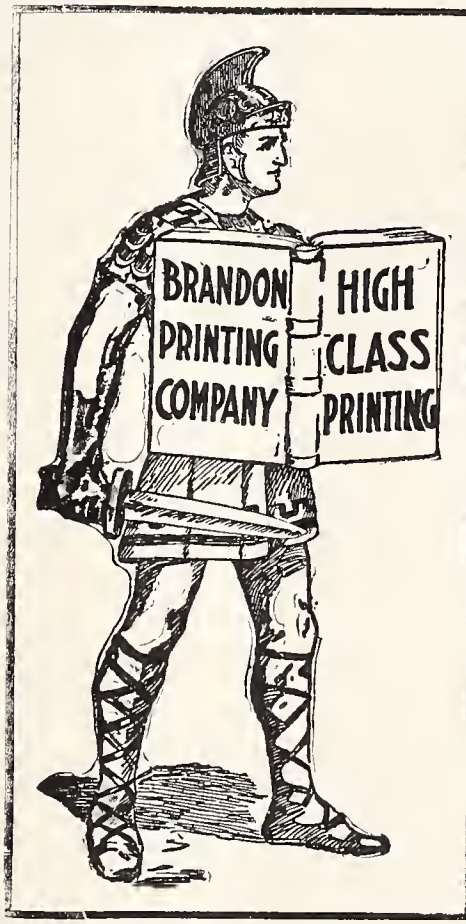
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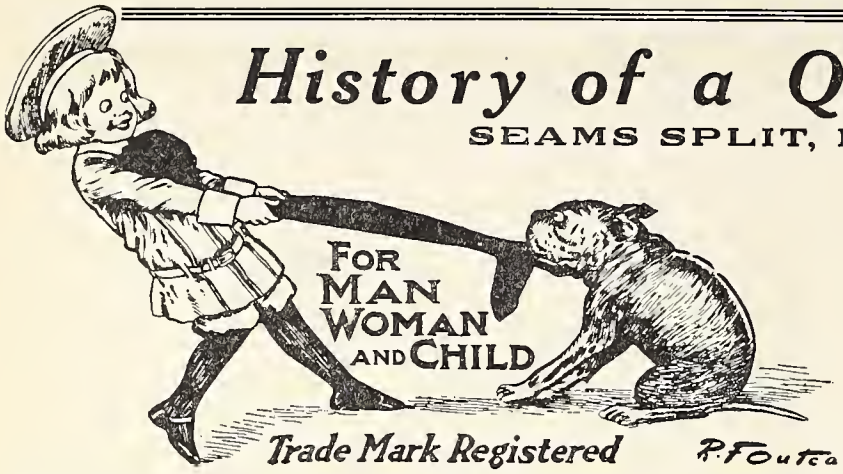
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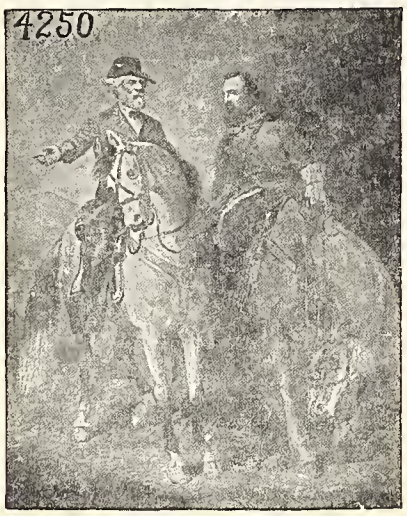
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INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES of CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Commissioner
Army Medical Library Building
Washington, D. C.

J. C. Alspaugh, of Burns, Tenn., wants a copy of the first number of the VETERAN—January, 1893.

J. W. Allen, 2705 Gaines Street, Little Rock, Ark., is seeking information relative to the order of "Knights of the White Camelia." The VETERAN would like to have an article about this order.

J. C. Porter, of Leesburg, Tex., wants to communicate with some surviving comrade of J. B. Brantley, who served in Captain Jewell's battery, under Lieutenants Chapell and Ball, Parson's Missouri command.

H. C. Glasson, of Uvalde, Tex., wishing to get a pension, would like to correspond with some surviving comrades. He enlisted in Harden County, Ky., in August, 1862, in Company F, 1st Voluntary Cavalry, under Capt. Dan Taylor

For the benefit of the widow of James Franklin Morgan, some information of his service is asked of surviving comrades. It is thought that he entered the army from Choctaw County, Ala. Please write to Dr. A. B. Gardner, Security Building, Denison, Tex.

Who knows of the following books and where they can be procured: "Lee's Attack North of the Chickahominy" (by Gen. D. H. Hill), "Four Years South" (by Major Gilmore), "J. E. B. Stuart" (by Major McClennan), "The Diary of a Confederate Clerk," "A Secret History of the Confederacy," "Noted Guerillas; or, the Warfare of the Border"?

John C. Martin, of Patmos, Ark., makes inquiry of some surviving comrade of Hosea Biddle who can testify to his record as a soldier. Mr. Biddle enlisted September 23, 1862, in Company F, 33d Louisiana Infantry, under Capt. Mercer Canfield and Col. Franklin H. Clark, later the 10th and 16th Battalions, Louisiana Infantry consolidated. He was paroled at Alexander June 13, 1863.

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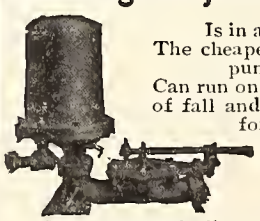
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CHAUNCEY C. FOSTER, Nashville, Tenn.

Richard Treakle, 724 Burwell Avenue, Staunton, Va., desires some knowledge of his father's record in the Confederate service. Sam Treakle went from Lancaster County, Va.

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The Creed of the Old South

By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

128 Pages. $1.00

THE AUTHOR states in the Preface that in the last score of years he has often been urged by his friends and sympathizers to bring out as a separate book his article issued under this title in 1892, and which attracted wider attention than anything he has ever written. As this (1915) is the jubilee of the great year 1865, the memories of that distant time come thronging back to the actors in the momentous struggle. In this book there is now published in more accessible form the author's record of views and impressions that may seem strange even to the survivors of that conflict. There is included an essay on a cognate theme, "A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War"; also numerous explanatory notes.

The Johns Hopkins Press
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Writers since 1906 will be found in supplement being prepared.)

Mrs. Bessie J. Jeter, of Montevallo, Ala., Box 173, wants information of W. L. Calhoun, who enlisted in Alabama and was reported to have been killed in the battle of Murfreesboro.

Mrs. T. J. Byler, of Blaneo, Tex., wants to communieate with some surviving comrade of her father, S. P. Rogers, who served in Company G, 7th Alabama, under Captain Graham.

W. L. Bremner, of the Higginsville (Mo.) Confederate Home, is seeking information of the family of J. L. Bremner, who was a member of the Louisiana Tigers. He was last heard from in Texas. He was married and had a daughter named Sally.

Mrs. Rachel B. Allen, of Kingsland, Ark., would like to eorrespond with some surviving eomrades of her husband, William Thomas Allen, who enlisted at College Grove, Tenn., in May, 1861, in Company D, 20th Tennessee Infantry, known as the "Webb Guards."

J. N. Eubanks, 601 E. Belmont Street, Pensaeola, Fla., makes inquiry for the sword of Capt. D. W. Kelley, who was wounded at Missionary Ridge, near Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1863 and fell into the hands of the enemy. The inseription on the sword was: "Second Lieutenant, Company F, 36th Alabama."

Mrs. Josephine LeFlore, of Kenefie, Okla., is anxious to eorrespond with some member of Bridges's Battalion, aeting in eonjunction with Colonel Ross and his 6th Texas Regiment of Cavalry, camped eight miles below Brownsville and five miles from Big Blaek, in Hinds County, Miss., about June 29, 1863. Lewis LeFlore was there as a private, and she wants to find some one who served with him.



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VOL. XXIII. SEPTEMBER, 1915 NO. 9

CHRISTIANITY IN WARFARE

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
CHAMBERSBURG, PENN., JUNE 27, 1863.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 73.

THE Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as soldiers and entitles them to approbation and praise. There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own. The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the unarmed and defenseless and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country.

Such proceedings not only degrade the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army and destructive of the ends of our present movement. It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemies and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain. The Commanding General, therefore, earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

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The Creed of the Old South

By BASIL L. GILDERSLEEVE

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THE AUTHOR states in the Preface that in the last score of years he has often been urged by his friends and sympathizers to bring out as a separate book his article issued under this title in 1892, and which attracted wider attention than anything he has ever written. As this (1915) is the jubilee of the great year 1865, the memories of that distant time come thronging back to the actors in the momentous struggle. In this book there is now published in more accessible form the author's record of views and impressions that may seem strange even to the survivors of that conflict. There is included an essay on a cognate theme, "A Southerner in the Peloponnesian War"; also numerous explanatory notes.

The Johns Hopkins Press

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Wanted—Confederate Money State what you have. I am a dealer and pay cash for large or small lots. Address WARREN SMITH, Ottawa, Ill.

Mrs. Gertrude Ferguson, 120 North Willet Street, Memphis, Tenn., asks that inquiry be made for surviving comrades of her husband, Henry Martin Ferguson, who lived in Nashville at the outbreak of the war and enlisted at a very early age. She knows nothing of his record as a soldier and hopes to get such information from any comrades now living.

A complete set of the VETERAN, unbound, is offered by a subscriber in Texas; copies in splendid condition. Address Box 126, Hubbard, Tex.

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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
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Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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SOLDIERS OF SIXTY-ONE.

Tramp, tramp! Listen! From east and west,
From sunlit valley and mountain crest,
The heart of a hero in every breast,
  Trusting and proud they come.
God of the conflict, guard them well!
O the shriek of the shivering shell!
But stories and glories the years will tell
  Of the soldiers of sixty-one.

For what? For honors that chieftains wear?
For fame's bright laurels were they to bear
The battle fury, the hurt of care?
  O glorious patriot band!
And back from the sixties the answer thrills:
For the tender light on our homeland hills,
For the sweet, glad music of Dixie's rills,
  For love, and for native land.

For these they marched in the cold and heat;
They forged ahead under rain and sleet,
Leaving the print of poor, torn feet
  In blood on the bitter snow.
For these they lay under silent skies,
Often with aching and sleepless eyes
That could not close, so loud the cries
  Of loved ones in their woe.

Then sometimes, just for a little space,
They lay in their blankets, each tired face
Touched to rest by a dream's sweet grace;
  And, lo, when the morning broke,
For the sake of the message the dream had brought,
With fearful havoc each strong arm wrought,
And fiercely and well was the battle fought
  In blood and the battle smoke.

Honor and love for our chieftains—yes,
Honor and love them none the less.
Grandly they loomed in the battle's stress,
  The target of every gun.

Glory and honor to them alway;
But mother of heroes, Dixie, lay
Rich gifts at the feet of the boys in gray—
  The soldiers of sixty-one.

The graves of your fallen are scattered far
From sea unto steep and the twilight star.
Seek them and cherish them where they are,
  Your peerless, your patriot sons!
Go, mem'ry and love, through the valleys deep
And over the mountains still and steep;
Find them and cover them where they sleep
  With chaplets their worth has won.

Wreathe ye the lilies, white like snow,
Come with the crimson roses' glow;
Gather the buttercups where they blow
  Under the golden sun.
Lay them with infinite love and care,
For every petal a kiss, a prayer.
Heaven yields never a flower too fair
  For the soldiers of sixty-one.

Some came home from the battle years,
Safe from the conflict, the blood and tears.
Do them great honor, your patriot peers;
  Love them and let them know,
For time is wearing apace, apace,
And each new month finds an empty place
In the ranks of the veterans. By God's grace
  Love them and tell them so.

—*Beatrice Stevens.*

FICTITIOUS TITLES.

Bartlett S. Johnston, of Baltimore, Md., writes: "I think it is almost a crime against the real generals and colonels of the Confederate army and most confusing to future history to give titles to men who were not of such rank in the Confederate army. The U. C. V. should abolish all such grades. There are only ten or twelve real generals living, and I know they feel it deeply."

SOME FAMOUS WAR ORDERS.

In sharp contrast to the humane spirit of General Lee as exhibited in his issuing an order for the protection of private property when he took his troops into Pennsylvania is the spirit of the Federal commanders in issuing their orders for the devastation of the South. That anything was accomplished by this wanton destruction of property in a country already drained for the support of its own army, more than to occasion unnecessary suffering for the defenseless women and children, is yet to be realized. That such orders should have emanated first from General Grant will perhaps surprise some who know more of his spirit of friendship toward the South after peace was declared. What could justify the following?

"CITY POINT, July 14, 1864.

"*Major General Halleck, Washington City, D. C.:* If the enemy has left Maryland, as I suppose he has, he should have upon his heels veterans, militiamen, men on horseback, and everything that can be got to follow to eat out Virginia clear and clean as far as they go, so that crows flying over it will have to carry their provender with them.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

"CITY POINT, July 15, 1864.

"*Major General Halleck, Washington, D. C.:* If Hunter cannot get to Gordonsville and Charlottesville to cut the railroad, he should make all the valley south of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad a desert as high up as possible.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

"HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, MONOCACY RIDGE, MD., August 5, 1864.

"*Maj. Gen. D. Hunter, Commanding Department of West Virginia:* In pushing up the Shenandoah Valley, as it is expected you will have to go first or last, it is desirable that nothing should be left to invite the enemy to return. Take all provisions, forage, and stock wanted for your command—such as cannot be consumed destroy.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

"CITY POINT, August 16, 1864, 2:30 P.M.

"*Major General Sheridan, Commanding District of Winchester, Va.:* When any of Mosby's men are caught, hang them without trial. U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

"CITY POINT, August 26, 1864.

"*Major General Sheridan, Halltown, Va.:* Do all the damage to railroads and crops you can. Carry off stock of all descriptions and negroes, so as to prevent further planting. We want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste.

U. S. GRANT, *Lieutenant General.*"

"HEADQUARTERS MIDDLE MILITARY DIVISION, HARRISONBURG, Sept. 28, 1864, 10:30 P.M.

"*Brig. Gen. W. Merritt, Commanding 1st Cavalry Division —General:* The major general commanding directed that you leave a small force to watch Swift Run and Brown's Gap and with the balance of your command and Custer's Division to swing around through or near Piedmont, extending toward and as near Staunton as possible. Destroy all mills, all grain, and all forage you can and drive off or kill all stock and otherwise carry out the instructions of Lieutenant General Grant, an extract of which is sent you and which means 'leave a barren waste.' JAMES W. FORSYTH,

Lieut. Col. and Chief of Staff to General Sheridan."

"HARRISONBURG, September 29, 1864, 7:30 P.M.

"*Lieutenant General Grant, City Point:* Torbett retired via Staunton, destroying according to your original instructions to me. This morning I sent around Merritt's and Custer's Divisions via Piedmont to burn grain, etc., pursuant to your instructions. P. H. SHERIDAN, *Major General.*"

To one who acted on the principle that "war is hell," whether he ever so expressed himself or not, the following order was evidently a message of joy:

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, D. C., December 18, 1864.

"*Major General Sherman, Savannah:* Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon the site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession. W. H. HALLECK, *Chief of Staff.*"

So General Sherman responded in this kindly spirit on the eve of the day of "peace and good will to all men":

"FIELD HEADQUARTERS OF THE MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, SAVANNAH, December 24, 1864.

"*Maj. Gen. W. H. Halleck, Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C.:* I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and I do not think 'salt' will be necessary. When I move, the 15th Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of this corps, you will have remarked that it generally does its work pretty well.

"The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her. We must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war as well as their organized armies. W. T. SHERMAN, *Major General.*"

And he had lived in the South and been well treated by her people.

Charles Francis Adams, of Massachusetts, wrote this: "In other words, a veteran of our civil strife, General Sherman, advocated in an enemy's country the sixteenth century practices of Tilly, described by Schiller, and the later devastation of the Palatinate policy of Louis XIV., commemorated by Goethe. In the twenty-first century, perhaps, partisan feelings as regards the Civil War performances having by that time ceased to exist, American investigators, no longer regardful of the victor's self-complacency, may treat the episodes of our struggle with the same even-handed and outspoken impartiality with which Englishmen now treat the revenges of the Restoration or Frenchmen the dragonnades of the Grand Monarque. But when that time comes, the page relating to what occurred in 1864 in the Valley of the Shenandoah, in Georgia, and in the Carolinas—a page which Mr. Rhodes somewhat lightly passes over—will probably be rewritten in characters of far more decided import."

General Lee said: "It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all those whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth."

THE AWFUL COST OF WAR.

The awful waste of blood and treasure in war has never been so forcibly realized as since the disruption of the European continent. The world stands appalled by the stupendous toll exacted, both of men and money, in this mighty conflict of nations. The ruin of Belgium is a sad reminder of the devastation of the South during the sixties. Let us hope that her reconstruction will not bring the humiliation suffered by the South in her period of readjustment.

A compilation made by Francis Trevelyan Miller some two years ago (copyright by the Searchlight Library), in which the cost of war and its casualties were interestingly set forth, shows that the valor of the American people in the War between the States has never been surpassed in any period of history, as may be seen by the following extracts:

"In the Spanish-American War, in 1898, the loss of life probably was not more than 6,000 men. The Philippine aftermath, which cost the lives of from five to ten thousand United States soldiers, many of them dying from the effects of the climate, was less than that of many single battles in the American Civil War. The highest estimate of the losses in the great war between the Russians and the Japanese is about half a million, or not so large as the lowest estimate of human life sacrificed through the American Civil War.

"The direct financial cost of the operation of the American Civil War was about $8,000,000,000, which, with destruction of property, derangement of the power of labor, pension systems, and other economic losses, is increased until the total reaches thirty billions of dollars.

"The direct expenditure of eight billion dollars alone is five times that of the direct cost of the Crimean War, nearly thrice that of the Franco-Prussian War, seven times that of the Russo-Turkish War, six times that of the British-Boer War, four times that of the Russo-Japanese War, ten times that of the Spanish-American-Philippine War, thirteen times that of the Chinese-Japanese War, twenty-four times that of the Prussian-Austrian War, seventeen times that of the two wars combined between Great Britain and the United States, and, with its pensions and interest on its debt, about equal to that of all the Napoleonic campaigns for nineteen years.

"The American people surely paid their full toll to the war gods a half century ago. Every fifth person—men, women, and children—of the State of Kansas went to the front and served as regularly enlisted soldiers on the battle line. The District of Columbia also gave every fifth citizen of its total population to the trade of war. Illinois, Minnesota, and Rhode Island sent a seventh of their entire population into the ranks of the Federal armies. Of these volunteers, Illinois lost a seventh of her 259,000 citizen soldiers, Minnesota was reduced a ninth by death, while Rhode Island lost an eighteenth of its contribution of citizen soldiers.

"Seven States sent every eighth citizen to the front—Connecticut, Indiana, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, and Wisconsin. Michigan gave a sixth of her troops on the battle line, Wisconsin and Indiana gave a seventh of all their troops, Ohio lost a ninth, New York and Connecticut mourned the loss of a tenth of their quota, while New Jersey lost but a twelfth of her soldiers.

"The largest number of soldiers on the battle line under the Stars and Stripes was given by New York. She sent 449,000 men; and of this number, one in every nine, or nearly 47,000, lost his life. Pennsylvania ranks second in the number of troops furnished. Her contribution during the four years was 338,000, and her loss was over 33,000.

"Tennessee holds a remarkable record. This State was divided in her sympathy. While she sent one hundred and twenty-nine regiments to the front under the Stars and Bars, more than 31,000 Tennesseeans fought under the Stars and Stripes. A larger percentage of Tennesseeans lost their lives in the ranks of the Union than any other State in the North or South, nearly 7,000 of her men dying, or more than a fifth of the entire number.

"The absence of complete muster rolls in the government records makes it difficult to arrive at an accurate comparison of the contributions of Southern States. An eminent Southern historian has conscientiously searched the various State records, and these figures are based on his results.

"Virginia holds the honor of having sent the largest citizen army into the ranks of the Confederacy—164,000 soldiers; Georgia stands second with 130,000; Tennessee is third with 129,000.

"The honor of sending the greatest percentage of a State's white population seems to rest between Florida, Mississippi, and South Carolina. Florida's white population was about 78,000, and she sent twenty-one military organizations to the Confederate army during the four years. Basing these organizations on the war footing of 1,000 would show that Florida sent more than every fourth person in her population to war. Mississippi and South Carolina take second place, with exactly every fourth person. Louisiana, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, and Texas sent every fifth white person. In Tennessee the records show that two persons in every thirteen went to the front in the Confederate armies. North Carolina sent every seventh white person to the front.

"The American aboriginal, the Indian, stood on the battle line of the Civil War. There were more than 3,500 regularly enlisted Indians in the Federal armies. There were also a great number in the Confederate armies, but the exact number is unknown, as the records are incomplete. Of these 3,500 Indians in the Federal army, over 1,000, or nearly a third, were killed or died of disease. * * *

"A record for losses in battle belongs to the 26th New York, which lost three-fifths of its number in a single combat. It was in the battle of Fredericksburg, where it went to the firing line 300 strong and came out with but 130, having lost 170 men.

"In the two days' fighting on the banks of the Tennessee at Shiloh the 'Fighting Fifty-Fourth' Indiana Regiment lost 198 men of its 418 with which it had gone into battle.

"A Southern investigator finds that over fifty Confederate regiments lost over fifty to the hundred in different battles: The 1st Texas at Antietam, 82.3 per cent; the 21st Georgia at Manassas, 76; the 26th North Carolina at Gettysburg, 71; the 8th Tennessee at Stones River, 68; the 17th South Carolina at Manassas, 66; the 1st Alabama Battalion at Chickamauga, 64; the 15th Virginia at Antietam, 58; the 6th Alabama at Seven Pines, led by that gallant commander in chief, General Gordon, lost two-thirds of its men in action.

"The total loss in killed or those who died of wounds among the Germans in the Franco-German War was 3.1 per cent; that of the Austrians in the War of 1866, 2.6 per cent; that of the Allies in the Crimea, 3.2 per cent. But in our war the Federals lost 4.7 and the Confederates over 9 per cent, the largest proportion of any modern army that fell around its standards.

"Never was such prolonged and desperate fighting done by the same men. The Light Brigade in the famous charge of Balaklava, which was sounded over the world, carried 673

officers and men and lost 113 killed and 134 wounded; total, 247, or 36.7 per cent. This pales before many exploits of both Union and Confederate troops, of which we have scarcely heard. I have a list of seventy-three Federal regiments which lost over fifty per cent in particular battles. The heaviest loss during the whole Franco-German War was that of the 3d Westphalian Regiment at Mars-la-Tour, which lost forty-nine per cent.

"Another investigator finds that at Waterloo, one of the most desperate and bloody fields recorded in European history, Wellington's casualties did not reach twelve per cent, his losses being 2,432 killed and 9,328 wounded in more than 100,000 men. At Shiloh, the first great battle of the West in the American Civil War, the casualties on one side were 9,740 out of 34,000, and on the other the number of killed and wounded reached 9,616, amounting to thirty per cent.

"Napoleon at Wagram lost five per cent, and yet the army gave up the field and retreated. At Racour Marshal Saxe lost two and a half per cent, at Zurich Massena only eight per cent, at Lagriz Frederick six and a half per cent, at Malplaquet Marlborough but ten per cent and at Ramilies six per cent. Henry of Navarre's troops were reported 'cut to pieces' at Contras, and yet his loss was less than ten per cent. At Lodi Napoleon lost one and one-fourth per cent. At Valmy Frederick William's loss was three per cent. Marengo and Austerlitz, with all their carnage, cost Napoleon an average loss of less than fourteen and a half per cent. The average loss of both armies at Magenta and Solferino was less than nine per cent. At Werth Spelcheren, Mars-la-Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan in 1870 the combined loss was six per cent; while on the historic battle field of Hohenlinden General Moreau lost but four per cent, and Archduke John lost but seven per cent in killed and wounded.

"Compare these with the battles of the American Civil War. At Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Atlanta, Gettysburg, Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania the loss frequently reached and sometimes exceeded forty per cent, and the average killed and wounded on one side or the other was over thirty per cent.

"From the discovery of America (1492) to 1861, the records of all the wars with other nations show but ten American generals killed in battle. In the four years of the American Civil War, from 1861 to 1865, more than one hundred general officers fell while leading their triumphant columns. From 1492 to 1861 the killed and wounded upon American soil in all the combats and skirmishes combined, as shown by reports, hardly exceeded the casualties of a sirgle battle of the great conflicts of the Civil War.

"Hood's Brigade is said to have suffered greater losses in proportion to its numbers than any other organization in American history. The brigade went to war with 3,500 men; it lost in killed and wounded during its four years of service more than eighty per cent of the total enrollment."

HISTORIC OLD HOME.

The picture below shows the present appearance of the historic old house built in 1847 by John G. Campbell and remodeled in 1866. It was used during the war by both sides as headquarters and signal station. From the top of this house Confederate and Federal generals had their orders signaled to their respective commands. It is situated northwest of the little city of Marietta, Ga., and about a mile and half from the foot of Kennesaw Mountain, which was named for the Indian Chief Kennesaw, of the Cherokees, who occupied that territory during the Revolutionary War.

While General Johnston occupied the old residence everything was in perfect condition, but upon his retreat Sherman's army took possession; and when General Sherman left he ordered the dwelling burned, and nothing but the bare walls were left standing. Since its reconstruction, in 1866, the house has needed very little repairing. The lower walls are made of concrete and cement, while the upper walls are of clay dug from the earth near the structure. A new roof was put on a few years ago, and a bay window took the place of the front gable. The woodwork is of Georgia pine.

The Campbell homestead has been in the family for four generations. It was allotted to the great-great-grandmother of the present heirs by the old British Land Grant before the Revolutionary War, and it has never changed hands, but continues by entail in the Campbell family. This picture was furnished by George D. Campbell, of Palatka, Fla., a great-great-grandson of the original owner.

Just about a quarter of a mile from this old place was the home of William G. McAdoo, M.A., LL.D., and birthplace of the present Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. During the fighting about Kennesaw Mountain Gen. Leonidas K. Polk had his headquarters there.



Copyright by Geo. D. Campbell.

HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, C. S. A., AND GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, U. S. A., ON CAMPBELL'S HILL, NEAR MARIETTA, GA.



MISS FRANCES YOUNG,
Maid of Honor, Camp No. 80, U. C. V., of Kansas City, Mo., to Richmond Reunion.

BRIG. GEN. RICHARD B. GARNETT.

BY R. H. IRVINE, PORTLAND, OREGON.

As an eyewitness to the death of General Garnett, I am able to give the attending circumstances and the reasons why his body was not identified and why his friends never knew what became of it. At the beginning of the War between the States I was a student at Roanoke College, Virginia. Returning to Amherst County, where I was born, I joined a volunteer company of that county which became Company I, 19th Virginia Regiment of Infantry. The commander of this regiment was Col. John B. Strange, who was killed in the battle of Boonsboro Gap, Md., September 14, 1862. I continued with my company and regiment until June, 1863, when the Army of Northern Virginia began its march to Pennsylvania. I was then detailed as a courier for General Garnett, commanding one of the brigades of Pickett's Virginia Division.

In the early morning of July 3 the three brigades of the division—viz., Kemper's, Armistead's, and Garnett's—were moved forward in battle line into position on the slope of Seminary Ridge into an open field some four hundred yards in the rear of the Confederate batteries, occupying the crest of the ridge and a little more than fourteen hundred yards from the Federal battle lines on Cemetery Ridge. The aggregate strength of General Garnett's brigade that morning was not above fourteen hundred, of which only about three hundred came back from the battle.

The artillery duel, which began at about 1:30 P.M., lasted nearly an hour and a half. During this artillery fire the men lay on the ground flat on their faces under a broiling July sun, and many were killed and wounded by shell and shot. An exploding shell in the ranks of the 19th Regiment killed Lieutenant Colonel Ellis, of that regiment, and a fragment of it slightly wounded me in the arm.

During this fearful artillery combat General Garnett rode to and fro along the line of his brigade until induced to dismount. At the close of the artillery duel the advance began, Kemper's Brigade on the right, Garnett's on the left, with Armistead's close up on the left rear of Garnett's. The advance was made with spirit and in splendid order through open fields, obstructed at the Emmitsburg road by a post-and-rail fence, which the men were forced to climb in order to keep the line. General Garnett rode close behind his line of battle; and as it met the fire of the enemy and men fell, killed or wounded, he continually called out: "Steady, men! Close up! A little faster; not too fast! Save your strength!" When within close musket range the Federal infantry delivered a tremendous volley, which struck down a very large number of the men and killed, wounded, and unhorsed the whole of the staff and couriers except General Garnett and myself, but wounding our horses.

The men in their headlong rush had reached the stone fence behind which the Federal infantry was posted and were driving and pushing them back, when I was ordered by General Garnett to rush to the rear and hurry up Armistead's men. Returning quickly from this mission, I was again at the General's side, the struggle still close and bloody. Discovering that the troops on the left of his brigade were giving way and the enemy flanking his brigade, the General ordered me to go to the left (he went to the right) and tell the officers to fall back. I was quickly back at his side, finding him within fifteen or twenty paces of the rock wall, a little to the right of the point of the angle known as the "bloody angle" as we faced the enemy. Just as the General turned his horse's head slightly to the left he was struck in the head by a rifle or musket ball and fell dead from his horse, and almost at the same moment a cannon shot from a Federal battery on the right struck my horse immediately behind the saddle, killing him and throwing his body over the General's body and me upon the ground. Immediately springing to my feet, I dragged the body from between my horse's fore and hind feet, took the General's watch from his pocket, and gave it to Adjutant General Linthicum, who just then came up wounded and who said to me: "We had better get away quickly, or we will be killed or captured." We ran away as rapidly as we could, but were halted as we went in aiding a wounded comrade, a former schoolmate of mine, to a ditch or depression in the ground where there was shelter. I hurried to the rear for a litter to remove General Garnett's body, but when I returned with the litter I found that the enemy had the ground, and I could not reach the body.

Since the war I met an ex-Federal soldier, Smith by name, who said he was a sharpshooter on the day of this battle and had shot General Garnett, and that as soon as the Confederates retreated from the ground he went to the body and with his knife ripped from the General's collar his insignia of rank and took his sword.

Inasmuch as General Meade refused us permission to remove our wounded and bury our men who died within his line, I have no doubt that, as all evidence of his rank had been removed, General Garnett was unknown to the Federal burial squads and that his body was undoubtedly buried near the spot where he fell in the common grave of dead Confederates who lay around him. Captain Linthicum, adjutant general of the brigade, was afterwards killed in the battle of Cold Harbor, 1864.

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

Another meeting of the Cunningham Memorial Committee was held in Nashville on August 25 for the purpose of considering a design for this memorial and the fund that would be needed for its erection. It was decided that a fitting memorial building could be erected for $10,000, for it must be an honor to the city and State in order to honor the memory of a great-hearted citizen. It will be the Cunningham Memorial Museum, and within its walls will be treasured the mementos of a dead past, those things we touch with reverent hands; for they tell of years of blood and toil, of tears and sacrifice for our beloved South. When we visit the museums of Richmond, Va., New Orleans, La., Savannah, Ga., and other places of the Confederate South and view their priceless relics, a wonder arises that Nashville has never provided a suitable place for the preservation of such historical treasures. The whole State will be proud of this Memorial Museum, and many thousands will visit it yearly; the whole South will be proud that another city is caring for the relics of its momentous struggle, and the many loyal friends of the founder and editor of the Veteran will be proud of this memorial that honors his unselfish work in the interest of Confederate history.

Veterans of the Confederacy, this is a work for you; for through the columns of the Confederate Veteran your glory and fame have been recorded as never before. Here, too, Daughters of the Confederacy, is work to your hands; for to forward your great memorial work was ever a sacred obligation of the Veteran's editor. Sons of Veterans, will you heed the call for your coöperation in this sacred duty? Friends of the man who was a friend to all (who of you has not received a favor at his hands?), now is the opportunity to honor the memory of him whom you cannot honor more in life.

This is a work for all, and who will not feel honored to have a share in it?

Additional Contributions.

Previously reported	$2,414 95
Thomas D. Osborne, Louisville, Ky	1 00
L. W. Worsham, Corinth, Miss	1 00
J. A. McDonald, Criner, Okla	1 00
Judge W. W. Moffett, Salem, Va	2 00
Mrs. Virginia Higgason, Caldwell, Tex	50
Mrs. S. H. Mobberly, Pilot Point, Tex	1 00
Oran M. Roberts Chapter, U. D. C., Houston, Tex.	5 00
Bell County Chapter, Belton, Tex	1 00
Corpus Christi Chapter, Corpus Christi, Tex	1 00
John Scruggs, Altamont, Tenn	1 50
From sale of Al Field's book	25 00
Total	$2,454 95

The U. D. C.'s have an additional fund of $317, which makes the total to date $2,771.95.

THE COTTON TAX.

For several years the Veteran has been receiving communications in regard to the cotton tax so unjustly imposed on the South just after the war, the writers of which offer many suggestions as to the best application of the fund if it should be returned. There is a difference of opinion about this, of course. The Daughters of the Confederacy favor its being returned to those, or their heirs, who paid the tax, which would seem to be the proper thing to do except for the difficulty of proving their claims. The majority of Confederate veterans advocate its being returned to the States in which it was collected, to be used as a pension fund for their needy comrades. It seems rather premature to suggest how this fund be used in advance of its being secured. The tax was illegally collected by the United States government and should be returned either to those who paid it or to the Southern States. It is no concern of the government as to the eventual disposition of it.

Should this money be appropriated for return to the people who paid the tax, few would be able to show their receipts or vouchers, which would be necessary to prove their claims. Many who paid the tax are dead, and the amount coming to the individual heirs would be very small. Doubtless many would prefer their shares be used as State pensions for the needy Confederate veterans.

The following extract from a general letter sent out by the late G. T. McLaurine, of Birmingham, Ala., shows his unselfish interest in the best use of the fund: "To avoid any litigation that might arise in collecting the claims, let the tax due each State be paid by the government to the Treasurer of the State. After this is done, a census can be taken to ascertain how many Confederate soldiers and widows of Confederate soldiers there are in the State. The money then can be paid out to the best advantage. I paid $500 cotton tax myself, but, like thousands of others, have lost my receipts or vouchers. * * * This money was made by Confederate soldiers or through their efforts. These soldiers returned home after the surrender with nothing left save honor. I say, 'God bless the soldiers.' They have not been treated with that kindness and sympathy which are due in their old age. They are dying off rapidly, and many of them do not have the comforts of life. In ten years more the Confederate veterans will have passed out into the great beyond. Their average age is said to be seventy-four years now. We are asking for money that belongs to us by right, so says the Supreme Court of the United States. Many, many Northern members would vote to return this money."

His plan was to pension all Confederate veterans whether needy or not, but this would simply exhaust the fund without benefiting those most in need. A bill is now before Congress for the return of this money; and if all who are interested would write to their Congressmen to use the utmost endeavor to get the appropriation, the application of the fund could have consideration later.

The Reunion Oration.—The Veteran was in error in stating that the Reunion address at Richmond, Va., in June was the first that had been made by the son of a veteran. This correction comes from Maj. G. N. Saussy, of Georgia, now a resident of Jacksonville, Fla., who states that Col. Robert E. Lee, grandson of Gen. R. E. Lee, was the orator of the day at the Richmond Reunion in 1907 and that Gen. S. D. Lee, then Commander in Chief U. C. V., stated that it was the first time the custom had been broken, but that it "was worthily done."

REBIRTH.

We hear to-day some old war song
The world heard long ago,
And memory sweeps the years along
To battle's ebb and flow.
We see again the thin gray line
That flung itself in might
Through forests of shot-riddled pine
Or stormed a mountain height.

"Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland, my Maryland;
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland, my Maryland.
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland."

Yes, these songs fill the air to-day
As fifty years ago
They burst forth from the proud array
That met the stubborn foe.
The voices of the men who sing
Have lost youth's clarion peal,
Yet still the deathless stanzas ring,
Yet still youth's fire reveal.

"Sons of the South, awake! awake!
And strike for rights full dear as those
For which our struggling sires did shake
Earth's proudest throne, while freedom rose,
Baptized in blood of braggart foes.
Awake! That hour hath come again."

Ah! knights who bore the Southern cross,
Your glories are not past;
The world that sorrowed for your loss
Of hopes too fair to last
Is thrilled again to hear a song
That it heard long ago
As memory sweeps the years along
To battle's ebb and flow.

"And here's to Virginia—
The Old Dominion State
With the young Confederacy
At length has linked her fate.
Impelled by her example,
Now other States prepare
To hoist on high the bonnie blue flag
That bears a single star.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights hurrah!
Hurrah for the bonnie blue flag
That bears a single star!"

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch (Reunion, 1915).*

In Justice to General Shelby.—Capt. O. F. Redd, of Lexington, Ky., asks that a reference to Gen. J. O. Shelby as a "great cusser," made by Gen. B. H. Young in a newspaper interview some months ago, be corrected through the Veteran. Captain Redd says: "I rode, ate, and slept with General Shelby from 1861 to 1865 and never heard him take God's name in vain. He was an Episcopalian, one of the most refined generals in the army, and a perfect gentleman under all circumstances."

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SOUTHERN ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

BY MISS HELEN GRAY, BATON ROUGE, LA.

Southern people have had more crucial problems to face during the past one hundred years than any other people at any period of the world's history.

In order to overcome the obstacles that are retarding our civilization, we should study our history, past and present, from an economic and political standpoint; and we should study the principles of economics and political science that we may be able to apply them to our conditions.

In studying history from an economic and political viewpoint we are led to analyze, to study effects and causes. We are to this extent, then, better able to reach the roots of our troubles. Economics treats of man's efforts to make a living. It is the science of civilization. Political science treats of government. Upon wise laws and sound economic conditions depend the health, the wealth, and the happiness of a people. To neglect either of these sciences is to neglect our civilization, and to neglect our civilization is to neglect a duty that we owe to the child in the cradle, to our aged mothers, to our sisters, and to our brothers.

The objects of this Association shall be:

1. To study and promote an interest in the sciences of economics and politics and their allied subjects and, in particular, to study the economic life and history of the South.

2. To encourage the youth of the South to study the economy and history of the South.

3. To promote in the principal city of each Southern State the founding of a school of economics and political science patterned more or less after the London School of Economics and Political Science, having for its particular purpose the study of the problems of the Southern States.

4. To encourage the founding of libraries of economics and political science in towns and cities throughout the South and to encourage throughout the South associations for the study of these sciences and the study of the economy and history of the South.

How We Can Help.

A bitter cry among many of our women is: "How can we make a living?" Southern women are adepts in the art of cake-making, flower-growing, canning, and the preparation of preserves, jellies, and marmalades from such home-grown varieties of fruits as the fig, orange, guava, mahaw, konquat, watermelon, etc., commodities in which the North cannot compete with us. We can create a market for these homemade products by working toward establishing in every Southern State a depot where good quality canned goods, preserves, and similar commodities, the products of home enterprise, can be disposed of at popular prices. It is a fact that among the commodities we import from other sections are flowers, preserves, canned goods, and cakes.

Many talented Southern people are denied an opportunity to express themselves. Let us stand for encouraging the initiative spirit in our own people.

Will you help this work to grow by starting a Southern Economic and Political Science Association in your town?

[Miss Gray will be glad to send a list of books suitable for the study of economics and political science and Southern history to any one desiring to start an Association. Address Southern Economic and Political Science Association, Gray Lodge, La.]

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"*Love Makes Memory Eternal.*"

"Do we love them still in Dixie?
Ah! yes, we love them still.
The deathless courage of their lives
Makes every true heart thrill
And beat with tender warmth and pride
At deeds so nobly done—
So shall it be throughout the years,
Till quick and dead are one.

Yes, we love them still in Dixie.
Soldiers and sweethearts too—
For their sweethearts are our mothers—
None can doubt that we are true.
Though their ranks now fast are melting
And the Stars and Bars are furled,
Yet their deeds will live forever
In the glory of the world!"

FROM THE PRESIDENT GENERAL.

My Dear Daughters: It is the earnest hope of your President General that every Chapter be in perfect readiness for the General Convention, which meets in San Francisco October 20-26, and that we shall have a large delegation present. The great and splendid cities of San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego have made wonderful preparations for our entertainment, and I feel perfectly sure that this will be the most successful convention in every way. Mr. C. H. Gattis has mailed you circulars giving a splendid itinerary. Mrs. A. L. Dowden, of Opelika, Ala., and Sister Esther Carlotta, S. R., of St. Augustine, Fla., are both to conduct U. D. C. trips to the convention which are exceedingly moderate in price, well planned for the best sight-seeing, and most pleasing in every way. Both have my full indorsement.

Daughters, if there are matters about which you wish especially to correspond with me, please do so now and do not write me lengthy communications after I get to San Francisco, when I shall not have time even to read them, to say nothing of giving them the attention they should have.

I urge upon you again to see that each Daughter has a certificate of membership. I will sign my last certificates the second day of October; and as I write my name to the last one, I shall be wondering if each Daughter possesses one.

It is with eagerness that I await the Arlington monument report, for great is my anticipation that the full amount has been collected during the year, that the committee may be dismissed at the next convention and our energies bent toward Shiloh. It is my wish that the delightful Indian summer days may bring us renewed energy and zeal in our work.

Faithfully,

Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General, U. D. C.

CALIFORNIA DIVISION.

MRS. MARY NELSON WARDEN, EDITOR.

Dear Daughters: The Daughters of California send greetings to the members of the General Association and urge you to come to California to the convention to be held in San Francisco beginning October 20, so that we may entertain you in a manner befitting not only the Daughters of the Confederacy, but also as daughters of the Golden West.

We are arranging, as much as it is possible to do, not only in San Francisco, but in Los Angeles and San Diego as well, and want you all to maintain the dates upon which we have arranged such entertainments.

The San Francisco dates are October 20 to 26, headquarters at Bellevue Hotel. Make your reservations early. The San Diego date is October 28, when you will be entertained by members of the Stonewall Jackson Chapter. The Los Angeles dates are October 29, 30, 31, headquarters at Clark Hotel. While here seven Chapters surrounding Los Angeles will be your hostesses, and we plan elaborate entertainments, chief of which will be a matinee at our wonderful mission play.

Mr. C. H. Gattis, of Raleigh, N. C., has planned a very complete personally conducted tour, which has our indorsement and recommendation, and we feel that you will be well taken care of if you come with him. However, if you have made other arrangements, the California Daughters ask that you arrange to be in the places specified on the designated dates.

Expecting and hoping to see you all in California in October, I am cordially yours,

Mrs. J. H. Stewart,
Chairman Program and Transportation Committees.

TENNESSEE DIVISION.

Dear Historians and Daughters of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C.: In beginning my second term of office I desire to express grateful thanks to those who have so loyally supported me in the past and to ask your earnest coöperation in the future. The work of each Chapter Historian—I might say of each member—is necessary to make the historical department of the U. D. C. a success. If we could only report an average of one historical paper from each member of our Division, what a contribution to Southern history would be assured!

Daughters, do we realize the responsibility resting upon us, and are we willing to discharge our full duty in collecting and preserving the heretofore unwritten history of our country? If our historical work measures up to its full requirement, each Daughter of the Confederacy must do her part. Will you not rally to your Historian and help her in the effort to attain this much-coveted end? Let us be earnest and diligent, directing the minds and hearts of our youth to the

study of Southern history by offering prizes in our schools for the best essays on subjects of Southern literature and history, thus encouraging our boys and girls to enter contests for the State medal.

And, perhaps more important than all, let us urge that Southern textbooks be used in all our schools to the exclusion of textbooks by Northern writers. Sisters in a common cause, ours is a glorious privilege to have even a small part in recording the names and deeds of a noble ancestry; ours will be the shame if we fail to do our part. We cannot fail. I appreciate deeply your loyal support in the past and most earnestly beg that you will accord me your sympathy and aid in my effort to have the Tennessee Division reach the very forefront of our organization.

In loving thought, MRS. GRACE MEREDITH NEWBILL,
Historian Tennessee Division, U. D. C.

THE VIRGINIA DIVISION.

MRS. A. A. CAMPBELL, EDITOR.

The Virginia Division is now preparing for the twentieth annual convention, to be held in Danville September 22-25. The date was advanced two weeks on account of the meeting of the General U. D. C. Convention in October. A number of Virginia delegates and the Treasurer General, Mrs. C. B. Tate, anticipate taking the Gattis tour to San Francisco, leaving October 10. They do not expect to rival the Richmond Blues or Governor Stuart and his staff in popularity, but they are assured a hearty welcome at the Virginia Building, "Mount Vernon," of which Miss Heth is hostess and Col. W. W. Baker is commissioner in charge.

For several years it has been the custom of Hope Maury Chapter, of Norfolk, Mrs. Frank Anthony Walke, President, to offer a gold medal for the best essay on a designated subject. The winner this year in the Maury High School was J. E. B. Stuart, Jr., grandson of the famous cavalry chieftain, and it was particularly gratifying that the decision of the judges was unanimous.

Manassas Chapter reports excellent charitable work, caring for the blind sister of a Confederate soldier and supporting entirely a destitute veteran. It is always a pleasure to record such deeds of kindness, and possibly it may encourage others to "go and do likewise."

The Isle of Wight Chapter has given two delightful entertainments at which nearly two hundred dollars was realized. A public historical evening was greatly enjoyed and proved a most interesting occasion.

The State Historian, Miss Preston, has issued a circular letter which is a model of *multum in parvo* and should elicit a hearty response from the Chapters. The study of Miss Rutherford's splendid address, "Wrongs of History Righted," has been an inspiration, and it is not too much to assert that it is the most valuable single contribution ever made to the historical study of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

It is a matter of sincere regret that the time limit of two years retires from office in September our beloved and efficient State President, Mrs. S. A. Riddick, whose administration has been a period of growth and prosperity for the entire Division. The charming personality and fine executive talents of Mrs. Riddick have been appreciated by all with whom she has come in contact, and the Virginia Daughters are to be congratulated upon her successful work, especially the advance on educational lines, two new scholarships, with living funds, having been added to the list. The capable Division Treasurer, Mrs. L. B. Allen, the faithful Registrar, Miss Wood, the gifted Historian, Miss Preston, and the Third Vice President, Mrs. B. A. Blenner, who has so long been identified with Division work, all go out of office to return at some future time, it is sincerely hoped, for the ability shown by these ladies inspires belief that the Division will call upon them again to take part in the State work.

THE OKLAHOMA DIVISION.

MRS. F. C. COOKE, EDITOR.

A short mention of our Confederate Home, located at Ardmore, may be of interest to the many readers of the VETERAN. We feel that we have cause to be very proud of the work accomplished in these few years.

On the 4th of March, 1909, the charter granted to the Confederate Veterans' Home Association of Oklahoma was filed. The home building as it was first erected could take good care of sixty-two persons; but we soon found that we must have more room, and in a few years a good-sized annex was added.

Comparatively few deaths have occurred, considering the ripe age of most of the inmates. Our family enjoys a Christmas tree more than anything else, the different Chapters contributing.

As time goes on and the evening shadows lengthen, we find the old comrades, their wives, and their widows drifting to the Home and knocking for admission, where they may receive the care they so much need and which is made possible for them to receive by the good people and great and generous State of Oklahoma. No enterprise ever launched in our new State has appealed so strongly to the masses of our people.

The Daughters of the Confederacy have given liberally of their means, their love, and their labor, that our old comrades and their wives may spend their last days in peace and comfort.

THE ALABAMA DIVISION.

MRS. C. S. M'DOWELL, JR., EDITOR.

Although the U. D. C. Chapters have disbanded for the summer months, they are not entirely idle, the committees being especially active. The Scholarship Committee, of which Mrs. L. M. Bashinski is chairman, will be busy during the summer months placing scholarships for the next school term. Mrs. Bashinski has done splendid work on this committee before, being chairman at the time of her election as President.

The Committee on Legislation, under the leadership of Mrs. Robert Chapman, of Montgomery, has been active since the legislature convened in July, having before it several bills of interest to the Division.

The Committee on Chapter Extension has planned an active campaign, adopting for its slogan: "At least one Chapter in every county in Alabama before the next convention." This work has been divided into four subdivisions, with Mrs. Joe McLendon as chairman of the whole. Mrs. E. P. Garrett, Mrs. J. F. Comer, Mrs. W. S. Pugh, and Mrs. C. W. McMahan are the subchairmen.

Our newly elected President, Mrs. Bibb Graves, has entered into the work with great enthusiasm, and we predict a continuation of the good record of the Alabama Division under her leadership.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DIVISION.

MRS. A. A. WOODSON, EDITOR.

Your correspondent was enabled to enjoy a most interesting memorial service with the Edgefield Chapter and listened to a very fine address from one of the gifted sons of Rev. J. William Jones, chaplain to our immortal Lee, who gave a contrast between Lee and Lincoln. His wife is Historian of the Edgefield Chapter. The Chapter is fortunate in having Mrs. Julian D. Holstein again for its President. She had served it faithfully and well for four years before she was elected Second Vice President for the State, when she gave up her local work.

The Varnville Chapter women are workers along all lines. Mrs. Gooding, Historian of the Wade Hampton Chapter, of Varnville, reports beautiful memorial exercises, the bestowal of four crosses of honor, and the marking of five graves with bronze markers.

The M. C. Butler Chapter, of Columbia, is working to put on the beautiful "Kirmess." This requires a cast of three hundred children and means much effort and labor.

The Aiken Chapter is preparing to entertain the Division in December, and to raise money for this purpose the "1920 Minstrels," an amateur troop from Augusta, have given a performance. The Aiken ladies are determined to make this convention one long to be remembered.

All of the Chapters observed Memorial Day, nearly all with a dinner to the veterans, and generally the beautiful custom of having the school children decorate the soldiers' graves was observed.

In June most of the Chapters held their annual elections and suspended their meetings until September.

In this election year all are looking forward to the General Convention in San Francisco. We in South Carolina love Miss Rutherford so that we dislike to think of any other Historian in her stead. She is the only general officer who has been with us recently, and she is the one who has nerved us up to try to take a ranking place among the history-making States. Our State Historian is a woman of marked ability, and she is striving to place us near the top of the list.

CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY IN GEORGIA.

The third annual conference of the Children of the Confederacy was held in Macon, Ga., June 22. Miss Anna Bryant, directress of the hostess Chapter, the Dorothy Blount Lamar, presided at the opening session, the program for which consisted of eloquent welcome addresses from the mayor of Macon, U. C. V. Camps, U. D. C. Chapter, the C. of C., greetings from the State U. D. C. President, Mrs. W. D. Lamar, and an appreciative response from the guests by Miss Mary Griffith, of Atlanta.

Miss Elizabeth Hanna, State Directress, of Atlanta, received the gavel from Miss Bryant, presiding during the conclave.

A feature of enthusiastic interest was the address of Miss Mildred Rutherford on "Heroism in Southern History." Thoroughly conversant with the history of the South and an impressive speaker, Miss Rutherford has also the happy faculty of presenting cold facts as interestingly as fiction.

Chapter reports and earnest discussions of vital points of organization work proved the Children's Auxiliary fully alive and doing most excellent work.

A resolution indorsing Mrs. W. D. Lamar for President General, U. D. C., was enthusiastically received, and, upon motion of Miss Rutherford, it was carried by a rising vote. Delightful social attentions followed profitable business sessions. Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Lamar entertained the delegates at a buffet luncheon, the Sidney Lanier Chapter tendered them a garden fête at Mr. and Mrs. James Neel's home, and a brilliant ball at the Hotel Lanier was the initial entertainment.

Next year the conference will be held in Barnesville.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS PARKWAY.

BY MRS. BENJAMIN ORY, CHAIRMAN PARKWAY COMMISSION.

All Confederate visitors to New Orleans during the past five or six years must have made a pilgrimage to the shrine of their chieftain, Jefferson Davis, in the parkway of his name. There he stands, calm, dignified, and majestic, in the vigor and glory of his splendid manhood, framed by a background of trees and flowers, those beautiful things in nature that he loved so well. His natal day, June 3, is observed in Louisiana as the State's Memorial Day; and on this occasion the men and the women of this far Southland city of New Orleans come to do him honor. Flowers, the fairest that hands can cull or money buy, are laid at his feet as love offerings.

On Memorial Day this year the parkway was made more beautiful by the addition of ten large flags, crossed and stacked. Five of these flags were the glorious emblems of the Confederacy; the other five represented the States most closely identified with this "nature's nobleman." Kentucky, the State that gave him birth, Alabama, the cradle of the Confederacy, Mississippi, the land of his adoption, Virginia, the seat of the government he led, and Louisiana, where he answered the last roll call of the Supreme Commander, were all represented by their respective flags. These emblems of patriotism, flung high to the gentle summer breeze and kissed by the June sun, made an inspiring sight by day to the men who fought for principle and home; by night the sight was one never to be forgotten. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated by red and white electric lights hung in strings and peeping from tree branches like sentinels in the watch tower. And at the feet of the chieftain was stretched his country's flag done in electricity.

To the parkway came great crowds of the old and the young, the feeble and the vigorous, representing the past and the present. They came on foot, in carriage and car, each with a desire to enjoy the beauty of the sight and many to dwell on the thought of the need of just such a memorial, "lest we forget."

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

REPORT OF MRS. ROY W. MCKINNEY, TREASURER, FROM JULY 17 TO AUGUST 17, 1915.

Georgia: Newnan Chapter, $2.50; Mary Ann Williams Chapter, Saundersville, $5. Total, $7.50.

Kentucky: Mayfield Chapter, $6.

Missouri: Dixie Chapter, Slater, $2.50; R. E. Lee Chapter, Blackwater, $1. Total, $3.50.

Tennessee: Sara Law Chapter, Memphis, $25.

Texas: Mary West Chapter, Waco, $10; Immortal Six Hundred Auxiliary, Galveston, $10; Benevides Chapter, Laredo, $25. Total, $45.

Interest, $274.88.

Total collections since last report, $361.88.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $25,919.31.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $26,281.19.

HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

State Historians and Chapter Historians where no Divisions exist will please have blanks printed as per form sent and distributed at once, so that all reports from Chapters may be in the hands of the Historian General one month before the General Convention, U. D. C.

All contestants for the loving cup offered by Mrs. Rose must have essays in the hands of the committee by September 10.

Extra copies of "Wrongs of History Righted" may be had by sending postage, one cent per copy.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. When did your State seeede?
2. Who presided over the Seeession Convention? Where was it held?
3. How many signers from your State were there? Can you name any?
4. Are there any descendants of those signers in your Chapter or in your city?
5. Read the secession ordinance. Who was your war Governor?
6. How many companies went from your town?
7. Has the muster roll of those companies been preserved?
8. How many crosses of honor has your Chapter bestowed?
9. Were there any battles fought near you?
10. Did the enemy ever enter your city or State during the war?
11. Relate some war incidents.
12. Who presided over the Provisional Congress that met at Montgomery, Ala., in 1861? How many States were represented?
13. Who was chosen as President of the Confederacy? From what State? Did he have opposition?
14. Who administered the oath to Jefferson Davis? Why?
15. What men composed President Davis's Cabinet?
16. Who was chairman of the committee to draw up the Constitution? What direction given about it?
17. Who really wrote it? Where is the original copy?
18. Who was put on the committee to select a flag? Whose design was chosen? Why was it neeessary to have a battle flag? Who designed it? Who made it?
19. When was the Confederate uniform chosen? By whom designed? Who suggested the gray?
20. When was the capital moved to Richmond, Va? Why?

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song (State song).
2. Recitation, "Nebuchadnezzar," Irwin Russell.
3. Recitation, "Every Year," Albert Pike.
4. Paper (one of your State's great heroes).
5. Recitation, "Cross of Honor," Mrs. C. B. Tate.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR OCTOBER, 1915.

SOME OF OUR HEROES.

Responsive reading.

Recitation, "The Southern Soldier Boy," Father Ryan.

1. Who was Sam Davis? Why heroic? Give date of birth and execution.
2. Recitation, "Tribute to Sam Davis," Ella Wheeler Wilcox.
3. Who was David Dodd? Why heroic? Reading, "David O. Dodd, the Boy Hero."
4. John Pelham, September 7, 1836 (birth). Read "John Pelham," Randall.
5. Reading, "Little Giffen, of Tennessee," Ticknor.
6. Who was Dave Sadler, of Mississippi?
7. Who was Randolph Fairfax, of Virginia?
8. Who was the hero of Fishing Creek?
9. What was "The Battle of the Handkerchiefs"?
10. Reading, "The Battle of the Handkerchiefs."

LIFE ON THE OLD PLANTATION.

BY MAJOR GENERAL QUITMAN, NEW YORK.

[Copy of a letter written by General Quitman to his father in 1822.]

I am now writing from one of these old mansions, and I can give you no better notion of life at the South than by describing the daily routine. The owner is the widow of a Virginia gentleman, a brave officer in the War of 1812, and is a friend of my friend Mrs. G. A Mississippi planter would be insulted by a proposal to board, so the mansions of the planters are thrown open to all comers and goers free of charge. The whole aim of this lady seems to be to make others happy. I do not believe she ever thinks of herself. She is growing old; but her parlor is constantly thronged with the young and gay, attracted there by her unfailing cheerfulness and kindness. There are two large families from the city staying here, and every day there are ten or a dozen transient visitors.

Mint juleps in the morning are sent to our rooms, and then follows a delightful breakfast in the open veranda. We hunt, ride, fish, pay morning visits, play chess, read or lounge until dinner, which is served at 2 P.M. in great variety and is most delicately cooked in Creole style—very rich and mixed dishes. In two hours every one, white and black, disappears. The whole household sleeps—the siesta of the Italians.

On the grass under the spreading oaks in fine weather the tea table is always laid before sunset, and then until bedtime we stroll, play whist, sing, or play croquet. It is a charming life, and one quits thinking and takes to dreaming.

This lady is not rich, merely independent; but by thrifty housewifery and a good dairy and garden she contrives to dispense the most liberal hospitality. Her slaves appear in a manner free, yet they are so obedient and polite, and the farm is so well worked. With all her gayety and fondness for the young, she is very pious, and in her apartment every night she has family prayers with her household slaves and often calls upon them to sing or to pray. When a minister comes, which is very often, prayers night and morning for the assembled household are said, and chairs are always provided for the servants.

The slaves are married by a clergyman of their own color, and a sumptuous supper is prepared. On holidays the negroes have dinner equal to an Ohio barbecue. For a week or ten days at Christmas there is a protracted festival for the blacks. They are such a happy, careless, unreflecting, good-natured race, who, if left to themselves, would assuredly degenerate into drones or brutes. Subjected to wholesome restraints and stimulus, they have become the very best and most contented laborers. They are greatly attached to "old massa" and "old missus," but their devotion to "young massa" and "young missus" amounts to enthusiasm. They have great family pride and are the most arrant aristocrats in the world.

In short, these "niggers," as we call them, are the happiest people I have ever seen. So far from being fed on "salted cotton seed," as we were told in Ohio, they are oily, sleek, bountifully fed, well clothed, well taken care of, and one hears them at all times whistling and singing cheerily at their work.

Compared with the ague-smitten and suffering settlers that you and I have seen in Ohio or the sickly and starved operatives we read of in factories and in mines, these Southern slaves are indeed to be envied. They are treated with great humanity and kindness.

[From "The Origin of the Late War," by George Lunt, of Boston, Mass. D. Appleton and Company. 1866.]

WEBSTER'S COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS.

[A short history of the volunteer company under Capt. W. S. Webster found in the camp of the 12th North Carolina Regiment on the evening of the battle of New Bern, March 14, 1862, by R. Charlton Mitchell.]

On the 11th of May, 1861, the old Bear Creek volunteer company, under the command of Capt. W. S. Webster, assembled for the purpose of drill at the residence of Richard Taylor, in Chatham County, N. C. Captain Webster was in Raleigh at this time acting as doorkeeper in the House of Commons. After the drill the question was sprung upon the company whether they should tender their services to the Governor of the State or disband and return to the militia. It was the wish of the captain to muster that company into service, but through the influence of several prominent gentlemen it was decided to pursue the latter course. The minority of the company, however, disliking this course of proceeding and well knowing that it was contrary to the wishes or the expectations of their captain, determined to try immediately to organize another volunteer company with the expressed understanding that W. S. Webster should be the captain, and the following preamble was forthwith gotten up to be signed by those who were willing to join:

"We whose names are hereto subscribed, being men who love our country and prefer above all things earthly the liberties and the freedom our fathers fought for in the War of the Revolution and bequeathed to us, their children, do hereby join ourselves in a volunteer company, under the command of Capt. W. S. Webster, to serve for one year and agree to go and fight, if need be, wherever and whenever the Governor of North Carolina may order us."

Fifteen men joined that day and signed their names to the above agreement—namely, J. McDaniel, B. M. Beal, Greene Fields, J. W. Dowd, George Phillips, D. E. Rives, Edward Johnson, and O. D. Vestal, who were members of the old company, and S. G. Tally, W. H. Merritt, Robert Cheek, James Moody, S. S. Carter, J. R. Tally, and W. J. Headen, who were not members of the company. It was distinctly stated that day by those of the old company who did not join the new company that they would certainly volunteer as soon as the soil of North Carolina should be invaded by the enemy. It was then decided to meet again at Cartersville on the next Saturday (the 18th), and it was advertised that there would be a "grand rally" there that day and that then a strong effort would be made to get up the company.

The day came and with it a large assembly of gentlemen and ladies anxious to join the company or to persuade the hesitating to do so. Speeches were made by William P. Taylor, S. S. Carter, Daniel Hackney, and William G. Headen, encouraging the young men to rally at the call of their country and again take up arms against the usurpations of a tyrant as their ancestors did in the memorable struggle of 1776. The roll was swelled to the number of forty-seven, including many of the most promising young men of the county. The prospect of success in getting up the company was now promising; but at the same time another company was in process of formation at Harper's Crossroads, in the same county, and, considering it doubtful whether two companies could be speedily raised in almost the same section of country, it was decided to meet at the Crossroads on the 24th of May and endeavor to get the two companies to unite. Remarks were made to the crowd that day by W. P. Taylor, W. J. Headen, and Gen. R. C. Cotton, urging the necessity of prompt action and the propriety of uniting the two companies into one. The Harper's Crossroads company decided to join in with Captain Webster's, and the next day (the 25th) the election was held for officers at Cartersville. Capt. W. S. Webster was unanimously elected captain and W. J. Headen first lieutenant. The candidates for second lieutenant were B. G. Dunlap and W. H. Merritt. The contest was warm and exciting. The friends of each candidate were confident of success, and as the balloting proceeded many were the efforts made to get the members to vote properly. The merits of each candidate were fully discussed, and the election very greatly resembled many that we have not infrequently witnessed in the backwoods in a close contest for members of the legislature. The result was that B. G. Dunlap was elected by seventeen majority. S. W. Brewer was unanimously elected to the office of third lieutenant, S. S. Carter was elected orderly sergeant without opposition, S. J. Tally was unanimously elected second sergeant, and J. M. Brooks was elected third sergeant over J. R. Emerson. The candidates for fourth sergeant were J. W. Calder and James T. Phillips. The former was chosen to the office by a majority of five, and Phillips was elected fifth sergeant.

The company was now organized with eighty names on the roll, and on the 27th the captain started to Raleigh. On the next day the commissions were issued to the officers. The company was ready to leave immediately for the scene of action; but, following the recommendation of the adjutant general, they decided to drill at Cartersville until the company could be equipped by the county or by individual subscription. In a very short time fifteen or sixteen hundred dollars was subscribed by individuals, and in a few days Mr. A. B. Marsh departed for Milledgeville to procure the cloth for uniforms. Mr. Marsh seeming to be rather slow in getting the remainder of the clothing and the camp equipage, the business of the treasurer's department was transferred from him to S. S. Carter, who set forth immediately in the discharge of his duties and went to Wilmington, where he procured the necessary supplies.

Right here there is much over which we would fain draw the veil; but history must be impartial if it would be true, and it must when in possession of the facts declare the whole truth. The orderly sergeant was thought to have gone beyond his powers, since it was apparent that he had purchased very inferior articles and had paid extraordinary prices. The result was that an estrangement took place between him and the captain, and the breach grew wider and wider until, what with the remarks of the curious, the reports of those not particularly friendly to either, and the dissatisfaction of those who feared that the subscription money would be squandered, they lost confidence in each other, and the orderly, consistent with his notions of propriety, would

not consent to remain longer in the company. He therefore resigned his office and, by the consent of the company, left and attached himself to Captain McLean's company. It was admitted by all that the sergeant acted hastily, if not rashly, and that the circumstances of the case in no way justified the exercise of such extreme measures or ebullition of passions that ought to be held subordinate to a better judgment. The second sergeant was then elected to fill the vacancy, and W. H. Merritt was elected second sergeant.

The company was at this time drilling at the Mount Vernon Springs. For the convenience of the men a part of the company sometimes drilled at Gorrell's store, on Bear Creek, and another part at Isaac T. Brook's. The company also drilled for a few days at Richard Taylor's in order to partake of the hospitality of the people of that neighborhood. In the meantime the ladies were busily engaged in making the uniforms for the soldiers. To their industry and zeal the company was very greatly indebted and was thereby enabled to surpass their own most sanguine expectations in getting ready for the field in so short a time. It ought to be remembered, and will be by the company, that the reason why some men seemed to take such a deep interest in getting up the company was that the ranks might be filled without any necessity of calling on themselves or their sons to volunteer; while the moving principles with others appeared to be the opportunity of selling such articles as would be needed for the outfit of the company; but others labored for the soldiers with a zeal worthy of the cause and will be spoken of with gratitude as long as there is one of the company living. Immortal may their memory be who thus exhibited that Southern hospitality and chivalry that render us a different people from our once Northern brethren!

On the morning of the 17th of July the company left Mount Vernon Springs for the camp of instruction, near Raleigh, and arrived that evening at Beaumont, encamping there for the night. On the next day the company proceeded on their journey, stopping a few hours at Pittsboro to enjoy the hospitalities of that hospitable town, and encamped that night at William Griffin's, on one of the muddiest hills the writer ever saw. The next day the company encamped at Page's Station, on the North Carolina railroad, eight miles west of Raleigh, and on the evening of the next day arrived at Crabtree Creek, three miles north of Raleigh. Here we encamped to receive instruction in military tactics, to await the arrival of other companies so as to form a regiment, and to qualify ourselves in every way for the duties of an active campaign. On our march from our homes to this camp, the name of which was Camp Carolina, we were accompanied by a large number of wagons which brought our baggage and clothing. As we marched through Raleigh we were acknowledged to be one of the finest companies that had passed through the city. We were indeed a fine-looking body of men.

"A hundred men in Chatham bred,
With muskets all so bright,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their guns aright."

Many anecdotes might be related of events that occurred on our journey to Camp Carolina, especially of the achievements of those of the company who would not deny that they were friends of the goblet. They seemed to act on the principle that the juice of the apple is famous of a rainy morning, preventing ague and acting generally as a great antifogmatic.

"Ah! brandy, brandy, bane of life,
Spring of tumult, source of strife,
Could I but half thy curses tell,
The wise would wish thee safe at hell."

Encamped at Crabtree and frequently visited by our friends from Chatham with provisions and other good things, we lived very agreeably indeed and began to think the soldier's life not so hard, after all. The 12th Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers was encamped here under the command of Colonel Pettigrew, and in a few weeks after our arrival it left for the scene of action in Virginia. We were drilled regularly at this camp until we could perform accurately any maneuver that was required. We were also instructed in camp duty until every man in the company knew what was required of a sentinel in all instances whatever. H. K. Burgwyn, Jr., was then commander of the post.

Occasionally some of the company would go to Raleigh, and, returning with a canteen of backwoods nectar, his mess would resign themselves to a flow of the bowl by way of relieving the monotony of camp life. On one occasion the company was marched to the city to get their bounty money, which was ten dollars each for the enlisted men. Getting to the apple juice, its subtle spirits so animated them that on their way back some thought themselves as big as field officers, insomuch that, disdaining to walk with privates, they did not get to camp until late in the evening.

On the whole we had a pleasant time at this camp; and although our patriotism at that time ran so high that we were restless and longed for removal to other scenes, we have often since wished ourselves back at Crabtree.

On the 1st of August we took the oath of allegiance and of subordination. Our captain during much of our stay at Crabtree was in the city of Raleigh acting as doorkeeper at an extra session of the legislature.

In the latter part of August, the requisite number of companies having arrived, our regiment was formed, and the following officers were elected: Hon. Z. B. Vance, colonel; H. K. Burgwyn, Jr., lieutenant colonel; A. B. Carmichael, major; J. B. Gordon, adjutant; R. W. Goldston, commissary; Dr. Foster, quartermaster. The regiment was composed of ten companies, the captains of which were: Captain McMillan, Company A; Captain Steele, Company B; Captain Horton, Company C; Captain Rand, Company D; Captain Webster, Company E; Captain Rankin, Company F; Captain McLean, Company G; Captain Martin, Company H; Captain White, Company I; Captain Carraway, Company K.

Captain Webster's commission bearing the oldest date and Captain Rand's the next oldest, their companies were placed on the right and left flanks of the regiment. Our company was thus assigned the most dangerous post in the line, and in consequence thereof it was armed with rifled muskets.

On Thursday, the 29th of August, Fort Hatteras was taken by the Federal fleet, and as soon as the news reached Raleigh we were ordered to repair to the seacoast to assist the few brave men of that section in repelling the invaders. We had expected to be ordered to Virginia, but were ready and anxious to go wherever our services were needed. While at Camp Carolina Colonel Clarke and Colonel McRae both endeavored to get our company to join their regiments, a fact that shows how highly those commanders thought of our company.

Our regiment was styled the 26th Regiment of North Carolina Troops, or rather Confederate State Troops, as we were transferred to the Southern Confederacy on the 20th

of August, and a finer body of men has seldom gone forth to battle in any cause.

On the 2d of September we took the cars for some point on the coast, we knew not exactly where. We arrived at New Bern about dark on the same day, and there we received orders from General Gatlin to continue on to Morehead City and await further orders. We reached Morehead City about nine o'clock at night and remained in camp there until we were directed to cross Bogue Sound and go into camp on the Banks, about six miles out of Fort Macon. From our camp we could see the Confederate flag waving over the fort. Bogue Island, or Bogue Banks, is about twenty-five miles long and from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide. About the only timber on the island consists of shrubby red cedar and live oak. The sand is very deep on the island and is very readily blown about by the wind in every direction.

On the 8th Private James Andrews, of our company, died at Morehead City of typhoid fever. He was buried in the family graveyard at Mrs. Pickett's, near Morehead City.

Our camp on the island was called Camp Burgwyn. We could see Lincoln's blockaders.

[Here the story ends. It was copied from the original by Mahlon Van Booskirk, of Philadelphia, who wrote when sending it to the VETERAN that it was found among the papers of a deceased uncle, who had been a Union soldier. The writer may still be living and can give further information of this "fine body of men."]

NORTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE IN THE WAR.

At the outbreak of hostilities Gen. James H. Lane was a young professor in the North Carolina Military Institute, at Charlotte, and occupied quarters in the barracks. When Fort Sumter fell, he was waited on by a committee from that patriotic and well-behaved corps of boys to know if he objected to their raising a Confederate flag on the building early next morning and firing an artillery salute as the train passed. He replied: "Young gentlemen, I am not the superintendent. You know my habits, and I do not expect to change my hour of rising." To this there was a "Thank you, Lieutenant," as those merry-hearted fellows rushed from his room.

Next morning, long before sunrise, there was a "secesh flag" floating from the barracks, made and presented by the patriotic ladies of the town; and when the train passed on its way to South Carolina the artillery thundered forth its greetings. To keep these enthusiastic boys together Governor Ellis ordered them up to Raleigh to act as drill-masters in the State's first camp of instruction. The Governor had appointed the superintendent of the Institute, D. H. Hill, colonel commanding the camp, and at Hill's request Lane acted as its adjutant. When the first regiment of volunteers was organized, D. H. Hill, C. C. Lee, and J. H. Lane, of this military institute, were elected its field officers, and Hill appointed Cadet Poteat his adjutant. There were in this regiment two companies from Charlotte, the old historic "Hornet's Nest Rifles" and a company of gallant boys commanded by Captain Ross, known in the regiment as Charlotte's "Spring Chickens."

D. H. Hill rose to the rank of lieutenant general, and a braver man the world never saw. At Frazier's farm Lee and Lane, always bosom friends and then commanding the 37th and 28th North Carolina Regiments in A. P. Hill's light division, charged a Federal battery. Lee was killed, and Lane was severely wounded in the cheek. When Branch was killed at Sharpsburg, Lane took charge of the brigade, and the brigade soon after petitioned for his promotion and assignment as its permanent commander. On the recommendation of Generals Lee, Jackson, and A. P. Hill, he was promoted and assigned to the command of Branch's Brigade. When as lieutenant colonel of the Bethel Regiment Lane left the Peninsula to take charge of the 28th North Carolina, of which he had been unanimously elected colonel, he was presented with a sword, saddle and bridle, and a pair of handsome silver goblets. When he was appointed brigadier, the brigade received the announcement with cheers of delight and soon after presented him with a sword, saddle and bridle, and an elegant general's sash. He took an active part in all of the great battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia and was wounded three times. Of him President Davis said: "Endeared to me, as he is, by his services to the South when he was the youngest brigadier in the Confederate army, I admit that I feel a warm interest in his success, not for himself only, but also as a good example for the youth of the State I love so well."

Col. R. M. McKinney, of the 15th North Carolina, was another professor in the North Carolina Military Institute. He was killed April 16, 1862, while gallantly fighting near Williamsburg, Va.

A large number of the cadets of this Institute held official positions in the Army of Northern Virginia. Of them we recall Ratchford, aid to Gen. D. H. Hill; the modest but brave Maj. J. G. Harris, of the 7th North Carolina, often in command of his regiment; the fearless boy captain, Johnnie Young, of the same glorious old regiment; Capt. Nick Gibbon, of Charlotte, the efficient commissary of the 28th; and the gallant and handsome Dave Oates, also of Charlotte, the adjutant of the 37th.

Lane's was one of the three brigades that constituted the rear guard of the Army of Northern Virginia when it crossed the Potomac at Williamsport after the battle of Sharpsburg. At Falling Waters it stood alone, fighting as it covered the crossing of the same river on the pontoon bridge of that part of General Lee's army after the battle of Gettysburg. Next morning, while on the march in a pouring rain, General Heth rode up and, saluting Lane, said: "This is a pleasure I did not expect yesterday. When I ordered you to cover the crossing, I was afraid all of you would be killed or captured." Lane replied: "But didn't they behave handsomely? I was proud of my brave fellows when they crossed that wabbling bridge in the presence of the enemy in such splendid order and gave you that fearless Rebel yell as you took off your hat to them."

LINCOLN ON RACIAL EQUALITY.—I will say that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of bringing about in any way the social and political equality of the white and black races; that I am not, nor ever have been, in favor of making voters or jurors of negroes nor of qualifying them to hold office nor to intermarry with white people; and I will say, in addition to this, that there is a physical difference between the white and black races which will forever forbid the two races living together on terms of social and political equality. And, inasmuch as they cannot so live, while they do remain together there must be the position of superior and inferior; and I, as much as any other man, am in favor of having the superior position assigned to the white race.—*Dixie Book of Days.*

MISTAKES OF SO-CALLED HISTORY—SECRETARY MALLORY'S FATAL DELUSION.

BY JOHN W. H. PORTER, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Gen. H. A. Wise's book, "Seven Decades of the Union," from which Dr. Samuel E. Lewis quotes in the VETERAN for July, is not historically accurate where the author undertakes to tell about things which happened outside his personal observation. His description of the burning of the ship-of-the-line Pennsylvania at the Gosport Navy Yard in 1861, "with her broadside pointing to the city of Norfolk and the providential fall of fire from the burning sail lofts onto her decks causing them to burn and settle in the middle and thus give an unexpected elevation to the muzzles of the guns which caused the shells to pass over Norfolk instead of into it," is very poetical, but has no real foundation. As a matter of fact, her bow was pointing toward Norfolk and not her broadsides. They were pointing away from Norfolk. For years before her destruction by the United States authorities she had been stuck so fast in the mud at the bottom of Elizabeth River that even the rise of the tides did not lift her out of it, and when the Federals set her on fire she did not sink. She was already on the bottom. Neither were there any "sail lofts" on her to burn, nor even were there any sails. All of her sails and upper spars had been stripped off years before 1861. It was reported at the time that several of her guns, pointing in the direction of the navy yard, were left loaded by her crew and were subsequently discharged as they became heated from the burning ship; but this was never substantiated satisfactorily. No shells were observed passing through the air, nor were any known to have struck anywhere. Three or four explosions were heard on her while she was burning, but they may have been, and probably were, caused by shells exploding in her magazine. No one from the outside was permitted in the navy yard while the work of destruction was being carried on.

The terrapin-backed marine Catapulta, designed by Captain Barron, to which General Wise refers and from which he says the ironclad Merrimac was planned, was in no manner like that vessel. The Merrimac was not terrapin-backed, neither was she designed as a ram. Naval Constructor Porter, her designer, had no idea that she would be so used; and it was only a few days before she made her fight that Captain Buchanan, who had reported at the Gosport Navy Yard for duty as her commander, informed him that he would like to make use of her as a ram. It was in consequence of this statement of Captain Buchanan that Constructor Porter got up the beak which he bolted to her bow as a sort of entering wedge. It weighed about fifteen hundred pounds and slanted downward on top. In an article published in the Scientific American he gives an account of this beak. He says: "As far as the ram is concerned, it was an idea of my own entirely. Very little was known about them at the time, and, for want of something better to make it out of, we made it of cast iron. But scarcely any one thought it would ever be used."

Dr. Lewis, quoting from General Wise, goes on to say that there was a mistake in calculation by which, "when the vessel was launched, the hulk stood several feet higher out of the water than the sheathing reaching down the sides. This was remedied by ballast." As a matter of fact, the ship was never launched. She was constructed in a dry dock, and when finished, with her crew and all of her stores on board, the water was turned into the dock, and she was floated off the blocks. Her water line came exactly where Constructor Porter had calculated it would come. Several writers without personal knowledge of the facts, and some copying from others, have undertaken to account for the ballast which was used to settle the ship deeper in the water; but there is no mystery about it. Constructor Porter has explained it all. He says that when he measured the old burned hull and calculated for all of the weights that were to go in her he found that he would have displacement enough and fifty tons to spare on a depth of nineteen feet of her original hull, but when he drew the line at that height he found it cut one foot into the propeller, which was already in the vessel; consequently, to avoid this, he raised the line one foot aft and cut her down on a draft of nineteen feet forward and twenty feet aft. This gave an additional displacement of nearly two hundred tons, which had to be overcome by ballast to bring her caves down to the proper depth below the water. All of this was done before the water was turned into the dry dock. General Wise made a further mistake in saying that the Merrimac rammed the Congress.

There were only three men who had any connection with the conversion of the Merrimac into an ironclad—viz., Naval Constructor John L. Porter, Chief Engineer William P. Williamson, and Lieut. John M. Brooke. These three composed the board appointed by Secretary Mallory, of the Confederate States navy, to examine and report upon the model which Constructor Porter had submitted to Mr. Mallory for his consideration in June, 1861. Only one of the three, Constructor Porter, had seen the Merrimac since her destruction by the Federal authorities, and neither of them, previous to the meeting of the board, had any idea of making an ironclad of her. If any one else previous to that time entertained such an idea, he took care not to let the public know anything about it. At that time General Wise was in Western Virginia organizing his brigade.

The three gentlemen above named composing the board had decided to recommend the building of a new boat after Constructor Porter's plan, when a chance remark by Chief Engineer Williamson about using some of the Merrimac's machinery in the new boat caused Constructor Porter to remark that he could adapt his plan to the Merrimac and utilize all of her machinery in her. This remark caused the board so to recommend; and but for it the new boat would have been built, and the Merrimac's hulk would have remained a wreck.

While Constructor Porter was in Richmond on this occasion he advised Secretary Mallory to import about twenty-five marine engines and ten thousand tons of iron plating for ironclads; for while the South was rich in timber with which to build the hulls, she had no facilities for building engines or rolling out armor plating. At that time the Southern ports had not been closed by blockade. But Secretary Mallory said the war would be over in six months, and it was useless to go to all that expense. When it was too late he found out his mistake. Nine months later, after Roanoke Island had been captured and the waters of Eastern North Carolina were overrun by Federal gunboats, he waked up to a realization of the fact that he had a war on his hands and sent to Capt. S. S. Lee, commanding the Gosport Navy Yard, the following order:

"CONFEDERATE STATES NAVY DEPARTMENT,
RICHMOND, VA., March 30, 1862.

"*Sir:* You are specially directed to urge with all possible dispatch the completion of the small ironclad gunboats designed for the North Carolina waters and to go through the Albemarle Canal. Call upon Constructor Porter, get his

plans and specifications, and set him at work, by contract or otherwise, upon them immediately. Say eight such vessels, etc. Proceed to work without the loss of a day. Chief Engineer Williamson will furnish the motive power.

S. R. Mallory, *Secretary of Navy.*"

(See Volume VII., page 753, "Official Records.")

It was then too late. The Secretary took too long getting his eyes open. Two such vessels, the Elizabeth and Escambia, were nearly completed at the navy yard and were ready for their machinery and armor, and a third, the Yadkin, was well advanced; but there was no machinery to go in them and no iron armor to cover them with. Our ports were then blockaded, and it was too late to import. All three boats were burned when the Confederates abandoned the navy yard in May, 1862. Had they been completed in time, as they might have been but for Secretary Mallory's want of forethought, Roanoke Island would not have fallen. Three good marine engines and six hundred tons of armor iron would have saved Eastern North Carolina in 1862.

THE CONFEDERATE STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

In the fall of 1863, with the Confederate steamship Patrick Henry as a school ship and quarters for midshipmen and Lieut. William Harwar Parker as commandant, the Naval Academy of the South went into active commission with a class of fifty boys between the ages of fourteen and eighteen.

Cadets were appointed by members of Congress from their respective districts and by the President from the Confederacy at large, and on the roll were the names of many of the distinguished families of the South. The school ship was usually stationed near Drewry's Bluff, the scene of desperate fighting, and by the time the midshipmen were sent to service they were well versed in the practice as well as the theory of war. The following is a description of the daily duties, taken from "Scharf's History of the Confederate Navy": "If the routine of a day was not broken by a summons to man the guns on shore, do scouting, or take part in boat expeditions, it was full of hard work on board. The morning gun was fired at seven o'clock, and at eight a breakfast of hardtack and a decoction of sweet potatoes or beans that masqueraded as coffee was served. Sick call, studies, and recitations occupied the hours until two o'clock, and then came a dinner of salt junk, perhaps some vegetables, and the inevitable corn meal that became a staple article of diet when wheat flour climbed to $1,200 per barrel in Confederate money. School exercises and dress parades took up the remainder of the afternoon, and the day ended with tattoo at 9:30 and taps at ten o'clock."

Near the end of the war, having to be on shore duty nearly all the time to man guns, the corps occupied huts in the Drewry's Bluff batteries.

It was truly a strenuous education, schoolboys at one time and fighting men another, dropping their books to take up arms; but amidst the realities of the final struggle they retained the happy, hearty, healthy spirit of boys, combined with the courage and understanding of men.

In May, 1864, the midshipmen were taken aboard the ironclads Fredricksburg and Virginia; and when General Butler landed his army at Bermuda Hundred they were taken ashore and participated in several skirmishes with the Federals. In March, 1865, the school was moved to Richmond, and the corps was quartered in a warehouse until the night of April 2, when the government abandoned the city. They left Richmond in charge of the train carrying the government papers and funds. From the 3d to the 9th they remained in Danville. Greensboro, N. C., was reached on the 10th and Charlotte on the 13th. At Chester, S. C., the railroad was abandoned, and they marched to Newberry, which they reached on the 15th. Taking the railroad to Abbeville, they left the latter place on the 17th and marched to Washington, Ga., which place was made on the 19th. Not finding a secure place in this city to put the treasure, they took it to Augusta and placed it in the vault of a bank on the 20th. The corps remained in Augusta during the armistice between Generals Johnston and Sherman, refusing to disband as long as they were responsible for the funds. On the termination of the armistice they again took charge of the treasure and went with it to Washington, hoping to find the President at that place. Not finding him there, they went to Abbeville, S. C., where, upon the arrival of the government on the 30th, they were enabled to get rid of their burden.

The corps was disbanded at Abbeville on May 2, and none of its members were surrendered or paroled. The following order was given to each cadet: "You are hereby detached from the Naval Academy, and leave is granted you to visit your home. You will report by letter to the Secretary of the Navy as soon as possible." At the instance of Captain Parker the cadets were given $40 in gold each as a reward for their faithful services.

Before turning over the treasure to the government, Captain Parker had been strongly urged to divide it among those following, but he and his midshipmen were true to their sense of duty; and when it was turned over to the department it was intact in the original packages, and, in fact, none of this little band ever knew the value of the money intrusted to their charge.

The Attack on Fort Fisher That Failed.

Toward the end of November, 1864, the largest fleet that up to that time had ever assembled under the United States flag was in Hampton Roads under the command of Admiral Porter, of Mississippi River fame. Early in December transports carrying thirteen thousand men under General (Beast) Butler arrived, and toward the middle of the month the entire flotilla went to sea and on December 22 was anchored off the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Before leaving Fortress Monroe, Butler's fertile mind had conceived of a "powder boat," by the explosion of which near the fort he expected to level walls, dismount guns, kill the defenders, and allow him personally to take the place; consequently an old steamer had been loaded with several hundred tons of gunpowder and had been turned over to a volunteer party from the navy, who were to touch her off at the proper place.

The fleet moved in, and on the night of December 24 the "infernal machine" was taken up to give the Rebels a nice surprise for a Christmas present. Admiral Evans says: "No one in the navy believed for a moment that it would do much harm, but none anticipated how little injury would come from the explosion."

The affair was set for 1:30 A.M. of the 25th, but it was two o'clock before it took place. A gentle vibration, then a low rumble, with the sky lit up for a few seconds, was all that was noted. The fleet then assembled for the attack, and all awaited daylight with great curiosity to see what had been accomplished. At dawn General Butler in his flagship went in at full speed, headed straight for the fort. The latter stayed

quiet until the General got in fair range, when with a flash and a roar every gun that could bear on the ship was turned loose.

Admiral Evans says: "If General Butler had had any idea that he could land unopposed, he was very quickly undeceived; and the way that ship tore away from that 'hell broke loose' and got off shore spoke well for her fire room force. The last seen of her she was going east as fast as her wheel would turn."

The powder boat had been a failure, and the General was very much provoked over the result. A Southern paper reported that a Yankee gunboat had been blown up and the entire crew lost, so the inmates of the fort never knew what a narrow escape they had. The fleet fired at the fort all day, and never was a place subjected to such a bombardment before; but after the ships had drawn off for the night (some of them pretty roughly handled) the fort was practically in the same condition as before the attack and able to make as stout a resistance as the day before. On the 26th the fleet kept the fort busy while Butler landed his men. The place was pounded for two days more; and although some of the Union troops got close in, General Butler, like the king of France and his ten thousand men who walked up the hill and down again, decided that the works were too strong to be successfully assaulted, reëmbarked his force, and "went away from that place instanter."

General Grant, at this time in command of the entire Union armies, upon hearing of the failure, sent the following telegram to President Lincoln: "The Wilmington expedition has proved a gross and culpable failure; delay and free talk have enabled the enemy to prepare and defeat it. Who is to blame I hope will be known."

Two Real Soldiers of Fortune.

Of the foreigners who came of their own accord to take up cudgels for the Confederacy, there was an Englishman named George St. Leger Grenfell and a Prussian, Heros von Borcke. Grenfell was with Morgan in Kentucky and rose to the rank of colonel, while Von Borcke was with Stuart in Virginia and was his adjutant general with the rank of major. Grenfell is described by Duke in his book on "Morgan's Cavalry" as follows: "Just before Morgan left Knoxville on the expedition known as his first Kentucky raid he was joined by a gentleman from abroad whose history had been a curious and extraordinary series of exciting adventures and who had come to see something of our war. This was George St. Leger Grenfell, of England; and of all the very remarkable characters who have figured in this age, he will receive the suffrage of our Western cavalrymen for preëminence in devil-may-care eccentricity. He had commenced life by running away from home, on account of not being allowed to join the army, and going to Africa, where he served five years with the French in Algeria. He then went to the Moors and was with them in Tangier when the French bombarded that place. After leaving the Moors, he passed several years of his life in great happiness and contentment amid the pleasant scenes of the Crimean War, Sepoy mutiny, and Garibaldi's South American service. When war broke out here he came over and, taking a fancy to Morgan, joined his command. He was a thorough and very accomplished soldier and may have encountered something in his early life that he feared, but if so it had ceased to exist. He became Morgan's adjutant general and was of great assistance to him, but at times he gave trouble by persisting in making out reports in the English fashion, regardless of the orders of the War Department. He was always in a good temper when things were active; but I never saw him hilarious but once, and that was when he had just thrashed his landlord and doubled up a brother Englishman in a set-to over a mule. He was the only gentleman that I have ever known who liked to fight with his fists, and he was always cheerful and happy when he could shoot and be shot at."

After leaving Morgan, he was made chief inspector of cavalry and became the terror of the whole front. He resigned in 1864; but afterwards, becoming implicated in a plot to release the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, he was caught by the Yankees, tried, and sentenced to be "hanged by the neck until dead." This sentence was, however, commuted to life imprisonment at the Tortugas, from which he managed to escape on March 7, 1868.

Von Borcke was mentioned by Stuart after the Seven Days' Battles as follows: "Capt. Heros von Borcke, a Prussian cavalry officer, who lately ran the blockade, assigned to me by the Secretary of War, joined in the charge and by his energy and skill won the praise and admiration of all. I hope the department will confer as high a commission as possible on this deserving man, who has cast his lot with us in this trying hour."

Von Borcke was with Stuart to the last and kept his fine record unstained. He was severely wounded and had a very narrow escape from death. He received the thanks of Congress in 1864 and also a personal letter from President Davis, the latter part of which reads as follows: "You have my best wishes for your speedy restoration to health and for your happiness during the many years which I trust are in store for you within which to observe the enjoyment by a prosperous people of that freedom you will have so nobly helped to gain."

According to General Sorrell's book, "Recollections of a Confederate Staff Officer," Von Borcke was armed to represent infantry, cavalry, and, with his enormous revolver, almost artillery. The General describes him thus: "Here we saw for the first time the Prussian Von Borcke. He had just arrived and could not speak a word of English. He was splendidly mounted and rode well. He was an ambulating arsenal. A double-barreled rifle was strapped across his back, a carbine hung at his hip, heavy revolvers were in his belt on both sides, an enormous straight double-edged saber hung to his left thigh, and a short *couteau de chasse* finished up his right. Besides all this, his saddle bore two large holsters, one for his glasses and the other for an enormous revolver, bigger and deadlier than the others. He was a blonde, active giant. When I next saw him he had discarded, taught by experience, all of his arms except his saber and a couple of revolvers. He stayed with us to the last and received an ugly wound in the neck. The Major went back to Prussia and, I have heard, took a prominent part in the Franco-Prussian War, coming out of it with great honor and high rank."

Cotton Speculation during the War.

In January, 1864, the following letter was written to Lieutenant General Holmes, C. S. A., by Major Burton, chief purchasing officer, district of Arkansas:

"I have examined a number of contracts made in Richmond, and almost invariably, if the arrangements are carried out, the contractors evidently make a fabulous profit, while the Confederacy parts with a large quantity of cotton (its sole wealth), receiving in return only a few army supplies. For

instance, I have received a proposal for a contract, indorsed favorably by my superiors, for me to make a contract if I deemed it advisable. I have declined same on the grounds that the government would not get equivalent for privileges granted.

"The proposition reads as follows: The contractor proposes to buy within the district of Arkansas two thousand bales of cotton if the Confederate government will allow him to export same beyond its limits, this privilege being granted him in order to give a capital on which to operate. For these two thousand bales he will pay in Confederate money $200,000. This sum he proposes to invest in army supplies, to be delivered within the lines of the Confederacy in the Trans-Mississippi Department upon condition of his receiving a profit of sixty-five per cent on the amount expended. He expends for supplies $800,000; profit of sixty-five per cent, $520,000; amount due from the government, $1,320,000. The amount due from the government is to be paid in cotton at the rate of twenty-five cents per pound, requiring of the latter 13,200 bales, delivered at some navigable point. This large amount of cotton he receives on an investment of only $200,000, and that in Confederate money.

"Let us now see what would be the contractor's profit. He takes out of the Confederacy two thousand bales of cotton worth $800,000 and receives in payment 13,200 bales worth $5,280,000, showing a total worth of cotton of $6,080,000.

Credit.

Sale of cotton	$6,080,000

Debit.

Cost of cotton, original	$200,000	
Freight to port	152,000	
Army supplies	800,000	1,152,000
Profit		$4,928,000

This enormous profit is made on an investment of only $200,000 in Confederate funds.

"If the contractor has $40,000 in United States money, he can purchase the $200,000 in Confederate and make a profit of $5,088,000; or if he has $20,000 in gold, he can procure the necessary amount of Confederate funds and thus make a profit of over five millions of dollars, which is quite a neat sum to realize on such a small investment."

As the New England mills had pretty well run out of cotton by this time, there seems to have been an understood agreement by the United States authorities to allow any cotton to come into their lines, although it was well known that it was sold on account of the Confederacy and also that the latter would receive army supplies in return (made in the North); so I suppose the contractors had no trouble in getting their cotton to a market.

Forgotten History.

Although the State of Texas seceded from the Union on February 1, 1861, according to the following communication from the Secretary of State of the Independent Nation of Texas to the Secretary of War of the Confederate States of America, she was not one of the confederation on March 13.

On March 4 the Confederate States called on the Governor of Texas to furnish a regiment of mounted riflemen to be organized and received into the service of the Confederacy. The following communication in reply to this was sent from Austin on March 13: "The people of Texas, having severed their connection with the United States of America, have assumed again the position of a sovereign State, and nothing since that period has warranted the construction that Texas is other than independent. Your letter of March 4 informs Governor Clark that the President of the Confederacy assumes control of all military operations in this State; therefore the inference is that Texas is regarded as one of the Confederacy and as such is subject to the provisional government established for the same. While Texas has resumed again the nationality with which she parted by annexing herself to the United States of America, her position before the world, and especially in relation to the Confederacy, seems to be misunderstood. Judging from your communication, Texas is again deprived of her sovereignty and instead of an independent nation has become one of the Confederate States, subject to a government which her people had no share in making and a constitution which they have never seen. As Texas is not one of the Confederate States and therefore not subject to their government, and until his excellency is informed from some official source that the people of Texas have parted with their sovereignty and become a part of the government on whose instigation you write I am instructed to say that he cannot recognize any obligation to the same. I have the pleasure of assuring you, however, on the part of the Governor, that the States which have formed this provisional government have his ardent wishes for their welfare in the future, and the people of Texas are bound to them in sympathy and feeling no less closely than when members of a common union. But, however close these ties may be in feeling, there are requirements due the national pride and dignity of a people who have just resumed their nationality which do not sanction the course pursued in annexing them to a government without their knowledge or consent."

The facts in the case, however, were that a convention (unauthorized by the Governor) had been held previous to the State's secession from the Union. This assembly had elected and sent delegates to the Montgomery convention who, upon arrival, had been accredited to Texas and voted to go into the Confederacy, consequently the order for troops. But the "Lone Star State" did not hesitate long. Throwing her fate in the balance, she held with her sisters in grim determination until the bitter end of the greatest civil war in the history of the world.

UNION ATTACK ON CONFEDERATE NEGROES.

R. M. Doswell, of Norfolk, Va., gives the following incident in the Times-Dispatch of April 2: "On Tuesday or Wednesday following the evacuation of Richmond, on returning from carrying an order from Gen. Rethel Barton, I saw a wagon train guarded by Confederate negro soldiers, a novel sight to me. When within about one hundred yards of and in the rear of the wagon train, I observed some Union cavalry a short distance away on elevated ground forming to charge and the negro soldiers forming to meet the attack, which was met successfully, the Union cavalry retreating. Not observing the Union cavalry further, I was preparing to inquire whose wagon train it was. The cavalry charged again, and the negro soldiers surrendered. Then, realizing my situation, I rode away without receiving any appreciable notice, to my surprise."

A Wise Prescription.—Doctor: "How is your appetite?" Patient: "Fine. I can eat anything." Doctor: "Well, don't for a while, and you will get better."

CHANCELLORSVILLE, MAY 2, 1863.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

While my regiment, the 17th Mississippi, was in the same position as on the 13th of December in the battle of Fredericksburg—that is, across the run beyond Marye's Heights—yet my brigade, Barksdale's Mississippi, was extended so as to cover the space occupied by Cobb's and one or two other brigades on account of our troops being called away to Chancellorsville, where Hooker had his headquarters. The line thus thinned was, after more than one assault, broken by the Federals; and the 18th Mississippi, being at the sunken road in front of Marye's, was literally run over by a massed force of Federals. Some of this regiment were captured, some killed; but the bulk of it, as well as our brigade, were driven back fully a mile before Gordon and his command moved up to our relief. After a sharp bout with the enemy, our line was restored to its original position.

In his very interesting "Reminiscences" General Gordon gives the part his command took in restoring our line. When the Yankees had run over the sunken road and the 18th Mississippi, they swarmed up around Marye's mansion and beyond till checked by Gordon. The Washington Artillery, the part left on Marye, was badly tousled in this bout. Just what their loss was I do not recall after more than fifty years. This was the command that did such execution on the 13th, as told in my article on the battle of Fredericksburg. The last time I saw Stonewall Jackson was on that morning of the 2d of May. Near midnight of that night he received his death wound by his own men. How often during this great war did Providence intervene to turn our victories into ashes—such as the death of Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, when Grant's forces were ready to surrender! General Lee said at Lexington after the war, as told by Chaplain General J. William Jones, that had he had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, the result would have been different, and so it ran in many more instances of like kind.

But I started to tell about my last vision of Jackson. Our brigade was lying at ease on the side of Marye's Hill, facing the town, when Jackson and staff came riding along the sunken road, going to Hamilton's Crossing, our extreme right. He was beginning to execute his celebrated flank movement against Hooker by moving his command from our right to our extreme left, when about sundown he struck the 11th Federal Corps and routed Hooker's whole right wing. Jeb Stuart had a few days before presented Jackson with a brand-new uniform. For more than two years we had always seen him with his faded gray and his old dingy cap drawn down over his eyes; but here was an officer in a new uniform with buttons all down before and "chicken fixin's" of gold lace on his coat sleeves and a fancy gray cap, banded and gilded all around, and so transformed that the word went down the lines: "What officer is this?" With his aides all about him, riding in full sweep, we didn't know him until Bill Day, our Irish wag, discovered him and exclaimed: "Boys, it's old Stonewall! Stonewall," said Day, "you disguised yourself so we boys didn't know you." The cavalcade swept around the brow of the hill and was soon lost to sight. And that night, turning into Sunday morning, he received his death wound and died the Sunday following. In 1861 he left Lexington on Sunday with his cadets on a sudden call to the front by Governor Letcher. His first battle was on Sunday, where he won his immortal name of "Stonewall."

In an old number of the VETERAN a comrade who was in the charge the evening of Jackson's death writes that as the sun was sinking the northern half of the heavens were lit up with the brilliant hues of the setting sun, while the southern half was as dark as winter. There is a vein of superstition in us all, and it seems that fate, which the Greeks religiously called destiny, was against us from the beginning. But we have the consoling words of the Master that he who loses his life in a good cause shall find it. We lost ours in defense of home rule and local self-government, and we are now in control of the government with a wise Virginian, next to Washington in ability, as President.

After we had been restored to our broken lines and were again next day lounging on the side of Marye's Hill and Hooker had been made to take the back track, as we had done it to Burnside, we boys were in a very good humor and ready to rig anybody that happened along. Presently the opportunity came in the shape of a long, lank mountaineer from North Carolina. In that army a "Tarheel" was ever the butt of a joke, the same as a Texan rigs one "water-bound in Arkansas." He had been wounded; and as he put down his limping leg we kept time with the movement by exclaiming, "Left, left! Go it, Tarheel!" marking time for him in his affliction. It was a cruel jest on a sturdy soldier from a State that furnished more and better fighters than any in the Southern Confederacy. But he got even with us by turning his battery on us thus: "Yes, d— ye. If yer hadder had some tar on yer own heels yistiddy, yer would er stuck to them 'ar works better, and we wouldn't er had to put yer back thar." We had to confess to the soft impeachment, and there was an embarrassing silence in our ranks.

GETTYSBURG—ROMANCE IN PRISON.

After Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, we started on our Northern tour in June. The last near-vision I had of our great commander, "Marse Robert," as we boys delighted to name him, was about the first week in June, as Longstreet's Corps was moving for a grand review of the Army of Northern Virginia by General Lee at Culpeper Courthouse, which occurred on the 8th of June. As we of Company B, 17th Mississippi, were trudging along a dusty lane for this rendezvous, General Lee passed us with quite a cavalcade of his numerous staff. He wore a long linen duster, which so enveloped his uniform as to make it invisible; added to this disguise was a gray beard about six weeks old, and he wore a broad-brimmed straw hat, evidently the art of his many lady admirers, all of which gave him the appearance of a plain old farmer. To complete the illusion, in the effort to pass the column in the middle of the road, the cavalcade became so entangled that the General was placed in the middle of his men, which gave him the appearance of being under arrest. But we boys all recognized him, for that figure could not be mistaken by the Army of Northern Virginia.

Bill Day, our Irish wit, could not resist the opportunity for fun. He was the life of the company and fed our drooping spirits on fun as a necessary tonic. Said Bill: "Boys, where did you get that old bushwhacker? What has he done? He looks like a good old man. There's no harm in him; turn him loose."

General Lee half turned his face in the direction of the speaker and with a kindly smile passed on to glory. His bright smile, after half a century, haunts me still. We saw him at a dim distance at the grand review, but never saw him at Gettysburg, as his headquarters were at and around the Lutheran church, in the northern part of the city, while we were with Longstreet's Corps, on the extreme right.

We crossed the Potomac on the 20th of June at Williamsport, Md., and that evening bivouacked not far away. The next day we crossed Mason and Dixon's line, made by these surveyors as the dividing line between Maryland and Pennsylvania, which in time became the dividing line of the North and South. It was at a village called Middleburg, and the line dividing the States ran through the middle of the village. As sergeant major of the regment, I was marching with the lieutenant colonel at the head of the column; and seeing an old man supporting himself with a cane, I called to him to draw a line in the middle of the street, marking off Maryland from Pennsylvania. He did so, and with a running jump I bounded over into Pennsylvania.

This was the 27th of June, and General Lee at Chambersburg issued his celebrated restraining order to his army, warning us against depredating on the enemy. It was a humane, Christian order from a magnificent Christian soldier and reads well in history. But my country in North Mississippi had for more than two years been overrun with Federal soldiery from Memphis so frequently that they reduced their depredations to a joke, saying my people were like a flock of geese, to be picked every six weeks.

We rested at Chambersburg, read the order, and remained there till Gettysburg opened, we getting in on the extreme right opposite the peach orchard the second day. The day the order was issued I told the field and staff of my regiment that, notwithstanding the order, I was going to take one man from each company and go into the town with a sack for each and get a mess of something to eat as a memorial feast, agreeing to hold myself individually responsible in case of failure. I lined up those twelve men, and when I approached one of "Marse Robert's" sentinels at the corner of the streets I would simply say: "Detail for headquarters." This was an open sesame, which took us to a sign "Confectionery." There we halted. The Dutch live in the rear of their stores; and though the front was closed, a high plank fence with a gate led on the side to the road. The sentinel on the opposite corner, seeing us file in so orderly, took it as a matter of course that we were a detail on duty. When we arrived at the rear door, a finely fed Dutch face of the male variety made its appearance, and I requested him to open the door, which he did under protest, and we found ourselves in a fairly well-supplied confectionery store. I had the boys line up at the counter with their twelve budgets, mine making thirteen. I gave the orders, which our Dutch friend filled promptly of good things, and then I had him cast up the reckoning, and it footed up to $19.75. I gave him a $20 Confederate bill. He demurred at receiving Confederate money, but I assured him that we were to fight a battle in a few days and make it better than his greenbacks, which were then rated at the lowest mark, two for one. He gave me a Virginia shinplaster in change.

The great battle of Gettysburg came off, and the scene shifts. I am a prisoner at Chester, on the Delaware, fifteen minutes' run from Philadelphia. I am summoned to the reception room to meet my mother and father from their home at Memphis. While the conference lasted the face of my Dutch confectioner, as I thought, made its appearance at the door and came straight toward me. I turned my back on him, nursing a guilty conscience; and when he touched me on the shoulder, I felt that my Dutchman had returned as a Nemesis, for "conscience makes cowards of us all." My calculations had gone wrong; we lost and failed to make Confederate money redeemable dollar for dollar in gold, but my intentions were good, you can but agree. My visitor surprised me by presenting me with a silk handkerchief. He was accompanied by his daughter Fannie. It was Pierce Butler, of Georgia, and thereby hangs a tale. Before the war he, a rich Georgia and Carolina planter of that historic South Carolina family, had wooed and won the celebrated actress, Fannie Kemble, of English forbears, and she prevailed on him to dispose of his slaves, quit the negro business, and make his home in Philadelphia. When the war for the Union arose, it resulted in disunion for this couple. She adhered to the old flag and wrote the very first eulogy on "Old Glory," lengthening it out to book form. Fannie, Jr., went with her father, and they were there to aid wounded Confederate soldiers. Fannie was fair and debonair, and her wealth and beauty held a wide influence with the Federal surgeons there attending two thousand Confederates, the overflow that could not be received at the regular prisons from lack of room. Our wounded in this great battle amounted to 23,000; theirs to 25,000.

I attended the great peace jubilee at Gettysburg, and on the 2d of July, 1913, just fifty years from our charge down from Seminary Ridge into the peach orchard, I, with three of my regiment, retraced my footsteps over this ground. The peach orchard was not there. During this half century it had been replaced three times. A local denizen informed me that a peach orchard lives there only fifteen years. I passed over beyond our lines to that of our opposers, to the wheat field where our General Barksdale fell, and talked with one of a New Jersey command who saw him fall away ahead of his men on horseback. It was here that Gen. Dan Sickles lost a leg. He was also there, with an escort of his old companions, making headquarters at the Rogers house, where he was carried that evening of July 2, 1863. I greeted him thus: "General Sickles, fifty years ago to-day on this field you and I exchanged courtesies. I gave you my hand, and you gave me your leg."

The Laurel and the Cypress.

The fiftieth anniversary of Appomattox came vividly to mind at our Richmond Reunion, June 1-3, 1915. When I saw the changes that had been wrought in this monumental old city during this half a century of years, I was reminded of the saying attributed to Cæsar Augustus that he found Rome builded of wood, but left it of marble. Fifty years ago we left Richmond in ashes; going back, we found it abounding in marble monuments, memorials of the glory of our old mother of States and statesmen and of our heroic dead who died on the field of honor that home rule and constitutional government might live. We found it as the old prophet Isaiah sings: "Beauty for ashes, oil of joy for mourning."

One who visited Appomattox, not far away, on this occasion tells of strange mutations there. The courthouse was burned about twenty years ago and rebuilt at the railway station, some three miles off. A Congressional district high school has been built at the station as well as at Manassas, in that Congressional district. The house of Col. Wilbur McLean, where Lee and Grant signed the papers of surrender, has been torn down and yet lies in the yard, hidden by wild weeds. The bricks are wasting away by the elements, and the frames of the doors and windows are so decayed as to be all but useless. In 1892 a promoter of the World's Fair at Chicago bought this historic old pile, and after dismembering

it as seen failed to carry out his plans; and so it lies there moldering to decay.

The picture of this building before its destruction seems to be a replica of Colonel McLean's residence that I saw while engaged in the battle of First Manassas on an eminence at our extreme right, overlooking Blackburn's Ford on Bull Run. This was the headquarters of General Beauregard at first, as he thought the main attack would be on our right; but it was only a feint by McDowell, who shifted his main force to our extreme left. After this battle Colonel McLean, seeing that he would be exposed to both sides of the contending forces if he remained there, sought a quiet retreat at Appomattox, in the interior. "But the heavy villain still pursued him," as history reads. I find that the clan McLean is one of the old Scottish clans whose crest is mounted by the picture of a battle-ax bound around its handles by the laurel and the cypress, the laurel for victory and the cypress for mourning. At the McLean house at Bull Run the laurel of victory was in evidence for our Southern arms, but at Appomattox the cypress of defeat is yet in mourning over this dismantled old pile and the surrender of Lee.

AN INCIDENT OF FREDERICKSBURG.

BY J. R. MEHEN, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

The article of Judge Cummings in the June VETERAN on the "Bombardment of Fredericksburg, December 11, 1862," takes me back to that morning fifty-three years ago. I was a member of Company C, 17th Mississippi Infantry, and that company was on picket duty in the old frame houses on the river bank in front of the pontoon bridge, referred to in the article mentioned. Those houses stood where the Martha Washington Hospital now stands, and on the opposite corner was the house where the mother of Washington had lived. There were six men in the basement of the middle two-story house, and any of them now living will testify to the fact that the house was torn to pieces, the chimney falling down in the basement among us; also to the fact that a shell fell down there, spinning around like a top; the fuse going out saved us all in that small space. On the bank down near the water's edge there were three or four men sheltered behind the stone foundation of an old burned building. Those men were in the most exposed place along the river front from the sharpshooters on the opposite side, who were concealed by the pontoon boats lying on the shore. All day we could not go out to get water, as we were liable to be picked off by those men.

In the evening the bugles sounded a truce, the batteries ceased firing, and in a few moments a Union officer, riding a white horse, came down to the pontoon boats on the shore. We all shot at him, but he rode away up the hill as if nothing had happened. A few moments after the batteries opened, several regiments of Union infantry came yelling down the hill toward the river, laying hold of the boats and coming over toward where we were stationed. As they came up the bank we tried to get out at the end of the house.



GROUP OF MEMBERS OF YOUNG COUNTY CAMP, NO. 127, U. C. V., GRAHAM, TEX.

1. W. M. Matthews. 2. M. D. Harrell. 3. J. M. Harris. 4. J. W. Still. 5. J. L. McCord. 6. O. E. Allen. 7. A. O. Norris. 8. W. W. Woodward. 9 A. C. White. 10. C. Stoffers. 11. G. W. Carlton. 12. J. W. Hughes. 13. E. K. Murdock. 14. Henry Campbell. 15. F. Herron. 16. Dr. Petty. 17. W. H. Nichols. 18. W. M. Stanford. 19. R. E. Mabry. 20. J. W. Horner. 21. J. H. Wood. 22. R. G. Boyle. 23. R. W. J. Parsons.

One of the men was killed and one badly wounded. It was getting dark, and the city was on fire in many places. I reported to my regiment, which I found drawn up in line on a street near the City Hall. Colonel Fizer ordered me to go down to the foot of Main Street to tell the officer of Company F, 17th Mississippi, to report to the regiment at the foot of Marye's Heights, back of the city. On my way down I did not see any soldiers. The town was lit up by burning buildings. On turning a corner to go down to the river I met an old negro carrying a feather bed and a parlor lamp. I halted him and asked if he had seen any soldiers down toward the river. He looked at me and replied: "Yes, boss; they're all dressed in blue there an' not your men." While I was standing there four Union men came up the street, three carrying guns and one having a sword, who were attracted by the wooden Indian sign at a tobacco store. With the butts of their guns they broke in the door. The officer, who crossed the street to talk to two women, I captured, taking him to Longstreet's headquarters, where he stated that he was a member of the 2d United States Artillery, stationed near the Lacey house.

There was no fighting through the town, and I am confident that I was the last man to leave Fredericksburg that night. If any of my comrades who were in the buildings there are still living, I should be glad to hear from them.

THE KENTUCKY INVASION OF 1862.

BY AN EX-KENTUCKIAN.

The summer and autumn of 1862 ushered in the most exciting period of Kentucky's war history. True, the State had had some experiences of bloody baptism in the latter half of 1861 and in the early months of 1862. But these were more on the transient, incidental, raiding kind than of the invasion-on-purpose order. Polk had temporarily held Columbus in 1861, Zollicoffer and Crittenden had hovered in the mountains along the Upper Cumberland till after the battles of Wildcat and Mill Spring, and Buckner had occupied Bowling Green during the same period. The Cumberland and Big Barren Rivers formed the strategic line for most of the year. Flying raids were occasionally made across this general boundary line; but no really significant movement affected this general demarcation between the armies till Grant's forward movement early in 1862, when the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson compelled General Johnston to fall back beyond the Tennessee. Kentucky was then for some months practically free from military operations—indeed, till August, 1862. The Federal Morgan was holding Cumberland Gap, while the Confederate Morgan was pushing farther and farther into the heart of the State, until in the summer of 1862 his raiding reached the blue-grass counties, extending to within about thirty miles of Cincinnati. But in August, 1862, a determined invasion of the State was made by the Confederates, Kirby Smith's corps coming into the State through the mountain passes west of Cumberland Gap, thus flanking and compelling the evacuation of that impregnable stronghold; while Bragg, crossing the Cumberland above Nashville, moved directly toward Louisville. Buell was following along the western side of the two old pikes, projected but only partially completed nearly thirty years before, between Louisville and Nashville.

The earlier part of this Kentucky invasion resulted in some brilliant successes for the Confederates. In the West Bragg captured Munfordville, with several thousand prisoners, and moved on until within sight of the spires of Louisville. That he could have captured the city by a determined assault is now universally admitted. Nelson, the Federal commander, had gathered about the city a large force, but nearly altogether of new recruits who had never yet tasted battle and who were, moreover, much demoralized by the recent Confederate victories. Nelson fully expected an attack, and it is said that he had prepared to burn the city in case he should be compelled to evacuate it. A Stonewall Jackson or an Albert Sidney Johnston would have dashed upon the city and taken it by assault. But Bragg was a cautious man, and, knowing that Buell was close upon him with a veteran army, he would not be hemmed in between the two Federal armies, but fell back southeasterly toward the hills of Chaplin.

Here he expected to form a junction with Kirby Smith, who had won a very decisive victory over Mason and Cruft at Richmond, Ky., August 29 and 30, and had taken possession of all Central Kentucky, pushing his outposts to the Kentucky hills bordering the Ohio and in sight of Cincinnati.

For a brief period in those late September days practically the whole State outside of the environs of Louisville was under the Stars and Bars. A provisional government was organized at Frankfort, but it did not have time to get upon its feet, the Governor's inaugural dinner being eaten by the Federal cavalry of Buell's advance.

To the nonmilitary man it must always be something of a mystery that Perryville was chosen by such West Pointers as Bragg and Polk for a battle ground. True, the bed of Chaplin about and below Perryville is lined by ranges of hills which reach considerable altitude below the town; but the Confederate line was not drawn up with reference to this hill system. The heaviest fighting occurred on the north and west of the hills, where the advantages of the ground were about equal for the combatants. The town, like most blue-grass villages, is the radiating point for a network of turnpikes. By one of these, the Harrodsburg, it was expected to keep in communication with Kirby Smith's army, approaching from the northeast. To the nonmilitary man this seems to be the chief reason why Bragg made his stand about Perryville. The little village was in no sense a strategic point. The nearest railroads were twenty miles away (these the Lebanon branch of the Louisville and Nashville to Louisville), and the Nicholasville extension of the Kentucky Central from Cincinnati were in the enemy's possession. There was no river near by whose possession was worth a skirmish, no line of communication which could not have been as well guarded from any one of a score of other localities. General Bragg was not forced into battle on this particular field, but had deliberately selected it several days beforehand. Why he should have retired from before Louisville at all is inexplicable to the nonmilitary man. He was on the defensive after the retreat from Louisville and could choose his own ground for battle. If he was seeking merely an unassailable position in this region, why did he make no use of the hill ranges known as the "Knobs," which extend in long stretches, roughly parallel, from east to west and shut in the beds of the Rolling Fork branches of Salt River, the tributaries of Green River and of the Cumberland, a region of abrupt highlands extending in broken lines from Central Kentucky into Tennessee? The most northerly range of these knobs is in sight of Perryville and about four miles distant at the nearest point.

Had Bragg taken possession of these abrupt knobs, he could not have been successfully attacked in front; nor would the enemy dare flank his position. Such a movement would have exposed Louisville and Northern Kentucky. Cumber-

land Gap had already been evacuated by the Federals. There was no enemy behind him. The whole of Eastern and Southeastern Kentucky, of Eastern and Middle Tennessee, down to Murfreesboro and Tullahoma and southward, was in Confederate hands; indeed, the whole bulwark of the Cumberland, with its spurs and plateaus, the northern and western skirts of this great, sky-capped, crowning region of the Southeast, whose streams, like Eden's, flow in every direction—northward toward the Ohio and Potomac, eastward toward the Atlantic, southward and westward toward the Mississippi and the Gulf—like the Rock of Corinth, a "fortress formed to freedom's hands."

If Bragg seriously thought of making the invasion of Kentucky more than a mere raid, why did he not use these great natural barriers to maintain himself? At Chattanooga, with the natural bulwarks of Lookout and Missionary Ridge, he maintained himself for months in the presence of a much larger force of the enemy and commanded by the greatest captains of the Federal army. Yet Chattanooga could be more easily "turned" by flank movements than could this line of knobs. If Bragg expected to retain a place in Kentucky, why should he have chosen Perryville for his stand? Crittenden, commanding the right wing of Buell's army, encamped the night before the battle on the North Rolling Fork, ten or fifteen miles from Perryville. In the great drought which was burning Kentucky in the autumn of 1862 it was a most difficult matter for large armies to find a water supply. Indeed, much of the severest fighting of the Perryville battle was done around some of the little artificial stock ponds, common in the blue-grass country for their miserably slimy, scum-covered, tepid waters, over which the famishing soldiers of the hostile armies were struggling.

McCook's Corps approached Perryville from the north. This body bore the brunt of the fight on the Federal side. Gilbert's Corps was on the left wing toward Lawrenceburg and only partially engaged. Why did not Bragg strike one of these corps with the concentrated weight of his army? They were miles apart and could not have been massed in less than half a day at the least. A Napoleon, a Frederick the Great, a Stonewall Jackson would have forced the battle at this juncture by actively assuming the aggressive.

But Bragg remained in his lines, waiting to be attacked. If Perryville had to be fought, the action should have begun before or by daylight on the 8th of October instead of waiting till two o'clock in the afternoon. Crittenden could not have reached the field in time to save McCook, and he (Crittenden) would have been cut off from the left wing, and this latter would have been doubled up between Bragg and Smith. Perryville was simply a useless slaughter, without special result to either combatant. Bragg was too far from the knobs to have saved his left wing from a flank movement by Crittenden had the latter simply followed up the line of the Danville and Lebanon Turnpike. Only his withdrawal in the direction of Harrodsburg and Camp Dick Robinson on the night following the battle saved his army from this doubling up of the left wing.

Perhaps a bloodier battle for the time it lasted and the number of men engaged did not occur during the war. Only a minor part of either army actually took part in the conflict. The battle was little more than a slaughter. Of generalship, there was next to none. No central point, no commanding position, no key to the battle field was either assumed or attacked. The battle was rather a series of fierce onslaughts and repulses, extending along a line of several miles, with no special meaning, no central point aimed at on either side. No real strategy was employed either in attack or defense. Fancy such opportunities offered to a Frederick as at Rossbach, to a Marlborough as at Blenheim, to a Gustavus as at Lützen, to a Napoleon as at Jena! What would have been the result? These opportunities were offered on either side, yet disregarded by both.

A few days after the battle Bragg had collected his army at Camp Dick Robinson, about fifteen miles from the battle ground and one year before the chief Federal recruiting camp in Kentucky. The natural strength of this camp for a large army acting on the defensive was very great. To the north was the long line of the Kentucky River cliffs, higher than the Hudson Palisades and reaching from the mountains to below Frankfort, effectually blocking any attacking army from the north. To the west and southwest frowned the Dick's River cliffs, only a little lower than those of the Kentucky and furnishing a secure defense in those quarters. Dick's River pours into the Kentucky a few miles northwest of Camp Dick Robinson and a few hundred yards above the present High Bridge on the Queen and Crescent Railroad. Thus the camp was in an acute angle of the two rivers and unassailable save from the southeast.

General Buell, who was superseded by Rosecrans shortly after the Perryville battle because he did not attack Bragg at Camp Dick Robinson, defended his course on the ground that it was impossible for him to dislodge the Confederates from such a stronghold. Bragg, he said, could be successfully attacked in this camp only from the southeast—*i. e.*, by veering far to the south around the head of Dick's River. But such a move on his (Buell's) part must have left the way open to the Confederates to Louisville and Northern Kentucky. Then why did Bragg abandon Dick Robinson? In that strong camp, with several of the richest counties of Kentucky behind him and able to feed his army during the coming winter; with the roads and the mountain passes toward Tennessee open, undisputed, and ready for his retreat if it should become necessary; with the seat of war suddenly transferred two hundred miles to the north; with the richest region of the South in his grasp and able to feed his army; with the chances for large accessions to his army from the Kentucky secessionists, who were not likely to enlist with the certainty that they must leave their homes in the enemy's hands and with no prospects of return—under all these conditions, why did General Bragg evacuate Kentucky? His invasion of Kentucky was by no means a counterpart to Lee's invasion of Maryland at the same time. The latter general had behind him the intrenchments of Washington, the Potomac, and the chief Federal army. For Lee to fail to force the withdrawal of this army from Maryland and the consequent evacuation of Washington was itself a kind of defeat, inasmuch as the Confederate retreat was thereby endangered.

But in the Kentucky invasion the case was wholly different. Bragg had behind him no large hostile army to cut off his retreat, no river which could block his passage. His way toward Knoxville and Chattanooga was assured, and he was abundantly supplied. Indeed, for several days before leaving Dick Robinson people miles away noticed the columns of smoke hovering over the camp and were treated to the odor of burning bacon carried on the autumnal breezes. Bragg was burning immense stores of supplies preparatory to his retreat, stores sadly needed a few months later. The invasion of the Blue-Grass State, so brilliantly begun, had

ended in a burlesque, if not a tragedy. The best chance to gain Kentucky for the South had been lost forever.

[This interesting artiele was sent to the VETERAN some years ago, and, unfortunately, the name of the author has been lost sight of. His queries on the reasons for Bragg's evacuation of Kentucky open the way for responses in defense of the failure to hold that State.]

DEATH OF THE FEDERAL GENERAL M'COOK.

BY J. M. MANN, EUFAULA, ALA.

The date of the skirmish was August 5, 1862. The officer slain was Col. and Brevet Brig. Gen. Robert L. McCook. The persons nearest to General McCook when he was wounded were Capt. F. B. Gurley, Lieut. W. H. Bailes, James Brandon, and the writer. Very near also were T. P. Gurley and several others.

Among the articles captured that day was an elegant sword with a solid silver scabbard. Upon the blade the name of General McCook was inscribed and the fact that it was presented to him by the Congress of the United States. More than forty years ago, when the events of the war were much more vivid in our memories than they now are, I wrote some reminiscences covering that and other incidents, and later some of these were published in the "Southern Bivouac." From that source I abbreviate my recollections:

"The progress of Bragg's army through East Tennessee now began to necessitate the removal of large bodies of Federal troops from West Tennessee and Mississippi toward East Tennessee. Their line of march lay just along the line of Tennessee and Alabama. Learning of their passage through the country, we moved in that direction for the purpose of interfering as much as possible with their progress and observing their movements. While watching what is locally known as the Gum Spring road we learned that a Federal general, ignorant of our proximity, had passed with an escort of only four or five hundred cavalry. He was several hours in advance of us; but the prize was too alluring to be easily relinquished, and we followed upon roads parallel to his line of march. At night he encamped at Rock Spring. It was night before we reached the neighborhood of his camp. Much time was spent in securing guides and getting the necessary information as to the location of the camp. When these were secured, the night was far advanced, and a plan was hastily communicated to the men for surprising the camp and capturing the general. We approached as near as was prudent, dismounted, and divided into two parties to attack on opposite sides. One of these parties reached its position at a fence about one hundred yards from the camp and found the Federals already astir. They waited patiently for the preconcerted signal. Before the other party was ready for the attack, the Federals had mounted and begun their march.

"This officer who came so near falling into our hands was Gen. George H. Thomas. We had followed him farther than we could prudently go and turned again in the direction of our rendezvous. We marched rapidly by the most obscure roads and without halting to rest or eat. About nine o'clock in the morning we crossed again the Gum Spring road at a point about six miles north of New Market, and as we crossed the road we observed that troops had been passing. We were halted and formed into line parallel with the road in the open woods. Captain Gurley, mounted on a large gray mare, turned down the road in the direction from which the Federals had come to see if others were near at hand. We saw him wheel and start back at a gallop, and in another moment we saw four cavalrymen in close pursuit. As soon as he reached our position he turned and ordered a charge. The Federals discovered us at the same moment and fled.

"Our column entered the road left in front, which threw Gurley's company in advance. We had pursued about a quarter of a mile when we ran into a body of cavalry, among whom we discharged our shotguns with fatal effect. Those of us in front passed many of these and left them to be captured by the men behind us. As we became intermingled with them in their flight, we emptied several saddles. Next we passed a wagon camp by the roadside and then entered a long lane. Everything ahead of us was panic-stricken. In the lane we overtook a buggy containing the Federal officers. Firing on these as we came up with them, one was wounded and the other surrendered, and, hastily stating that the wounded officer was General McCook, he appealed to us for help. Captain Gurley, who was with the head of the column, stopped and caused the General to be carried into a house near by, where he expired in a few minutes. The fatal shot had passed through his body from the rear, coming out near the buckle of his sword belt."

At this point I break off from the quotation to state that what occurred when Captain Brooke surrendered I learned several hours after the event. My horse was going at full speed. I did not stop nor attempt to stop for an instant. It was an exciting mêlée. I saw that two officers were in the buggy and that one was shot, but I did not know until hours afterwards that the wounded officer was General McCook. I did not know until I read Wyeth's "Life of Forrest" that when the buggy or vehicle first came in sight it had a top which was broken off by an overhanging tree. I think I did not see the vehicle for the dust until we were very near it. When it stopped I went right on and knew but little of what had happened until the command was reassembled. But there was one circumstance which was calculated to impress upon my mind the facts which I did know.

I passed on in pursuit of the fleeing Federals. Some of our men were passing me. We reached the end of the lane, and I saw a Federal officer turn out into the woods to the right. About the same time some of the men in front of me ran into the Federal infantry. I turned to the right after the officer. A grapevine caught me about the middle of the body and pulled me off my horse, breaking my saddle girth. It took several minutes for me to recapture my horse and readjust my saddle, and when I remounted my horse I was alone, and the Federals were very near. I recrossed the road and started toward the mountains east of Hurricane Creek, feeling certain that our scattered command would make for that rendezvous. I came up with a part of them in a few miles. When I came up they were surprised to see me, as some one who saw me fall reported it, and it was thought that I had been shot. The first I knew of the identity of the wounded Federal officer was when it was said to me: "Mason, you have killed General McCook." I knew then that no one could tell who had shot General McCook. Pistol fire is very inaccurate even when men are afoot and near each other. When men are mounted and horses running at full speed and several firing in the same direction, no man can tell whose bullet finds the mark. But the fact that such a thing was said of me and that the Federals were always disposed to treat the affair as a crime impressed the incident very vividly on my mind and influenced my conduct many times both during the war and afterwards. Among other things, it determined me, if captured, to take every means of escape,

which I did, and I escaped twice after capture. It also influenced me after the war to make my home in another part of the State.

Whoever killed General McCook killed him under circumstances justified by all the laws of warfare. The matter was misrepresented to the Federal authorities from the first. Their course toward Captain Gurley, both when he was a prisoner of war and afterwards when they violated in time of peace the terms of his parole and subjected him to unjust prosecution and condemnation, can be excused only upon the theory that sectional hatred deprived men for the time of reason. It is one thing that I confess has sometimes obtruded itself before me when I have tried to love the Yankees, and it, among other memories, made me applaud when I heard that statement by Bishop Keener upon an occasion given over to fraternal greetings between men of the North and men of the South: "Brethren, we do love you; but it takes the grace of God."

When I published my reminiscences years ago, I hoped some comrade would read and comment upon and correct them. It was long before the day of Confederate Veteran organizations, and I suppose they were read by no one having knowledge of the facts. They were seen by a Federal soldier of General McCook's command with whom I had some friendly correspondence. He informed me that the brutal revenge which was taken upon innocent people was by the 9th Ohio, a regiment of foreigners who could not speak English; that it gave great indignation to the native American soldiers and that they put an end to it as soon as they could.

The original reports of this, which I copy herewith, are in "Official Records of the War," Series I., Volume XVI., Part I.:

"Huntsville, Ala., August 9, 1862.

"*Brig. Gen. Lorenzo Thomas:* It is with pain I inform you that Brig. Gen. Robert L. McCook died at 12 M. on the 6th of a gunshot wound or wounds inflicted by guerrillas on the previous day near New Market, Ala. He was indisposed and was riding in an ambulance some distance ahead of his brigade with a member of his staff and a small escort. He had stopped to see about a camping ground for his command, when the party was attacked by a band of guerrillas, one of whom rode up to the ambulance and shot him in the side.

D. C. Buell, *Major General Commanding.*"

"Decherd, Tenn., August 7, 1862.

"*Maj. Gen. D. C. Buell—General:* Gen. R. L. McCook died of his wounds yesterday at twelve o'clock. It seems that he was riding some distance ahead of his command in an ambulance (being sick) with his escort and stopped at a house belonging to a man named Petit to inquire about water and a camping ground. He sent his escort a short distance ahead to the edge of a wood, where they were fired upon, and before he could turn his ambulance around and return to his command the escort retreated, and a man riding alongside of the ambulance shot him through the side. His regiment was very much enraged, and before they could be stopped they burned and destroyed some four or five farmhouses. Col. Van Derveer by great exertions succeeded in subjugating them to discipline before night, and they are now quiet.

G. H. Thomas, *Major General United States Volunteers.*"

"Decherd, August 7, 1862.

"*Col. John B. Fry, Chief of Staff:* The attack on General McCook occurred near New Market on the road between Hazel Green and Winchester. Col. Van Derveer thinks they were guerrillas; but Captain Brooke, who was captured, wrote a note to Col. Van Derveer, stating that the attack was made by regular Confederate States cavalry and that he was a prisoner to a Captain Hambrick, who offers to exchange him for his (Hambrick's) brother, a prisoner in Huntsville. I am inclined to the belief that citizens were giving assistance, but do not know who.

George H. Thomas, *Major General.*"

So it appears from the original documents that two days after General Buell had information from McCook's own staff officer, who alone knew what troops had captured him, that the force was regular, he reported to the adjutant general of the army that they were guerrillas. That statement is just as true as that a solitary horseman rode up to an ambulance and shot a sick officer in the side.

THE CONFEDERATE NEGRO.

BY JOSEPH A. MUDD, HYATTSVILLE, MD.

The Confederate negro is the proudest being on earth. A few weeks ago I was standing at the counter of the water office, Municipal Building, in Washington, when in came a negro who, standing near by, began his business with one of the clerks. He was rather shabbily dressed, but evidently one of the "old stock," as black as ink and as ugly as Satan, eyes beaming with intelligence and a great depth of human sympathy, a countenance one loves to rest one's gaze upon, and with a bearing of modest and courteous dignity. His business over, I said to him: "How long have you been in Washington?" "Since 1870, suh." "Where did you come from?" I could see his chest swelling, and I knew the answer before it was spoken. "From Ferginny, suh." "Were your people in the war?" "Yes, suh," with a smile of enthusiasm and a bow that bespoke reverence for the memories of the olden days. "They tell me you people 'fit' some." I could almost see the lightning dart from his eyes as he straightened himself up. "'Fit?' Why, dey outfit de world, suh; never did whip us, suh. If dey hadn't starved us out, we'd been fightin' yit." As he passed me going out of the office he said: "I was wid 'em foh years, suh. I cahd my young master off de field once when I din't think he'd live till I got him to de doctor; but he's living yit." I did not tell him I was a Confederate soldier, and he didn't seem to care. He knew what he was, and that was enough.

I have never seen a Confederate negro that was not full of pride in his record. I believe this sentiment is an evidence of his patriotism as well as a testimony of his love and loyalty to his white folks. During the last year of the war I was on duty as assistant surgeon at Howard's Grove Hospital, Richmond. There were about seventy-five young negro men and about the same number of young women employed as laborers in the three divisions of the hospital. In our division there was a bright young fellow whose avowals of patriotism were so frequent and intense that we suspected his sincerity. When the proposition came to enlist the slaves, we accidentally heard that a meeting was to be held at night outside the hospital grounds to consider the matter and that this young fellow would make a speech. Taking care that no white person attended, two or three of us sneaked up in the darkness to where we could hear without being seen. He was speaking, and for a half hour we listened to a most eloquent and earnest plea for every man to enlist in our glorious cause and help to drive the ruthless invader from the sacred soil of Virginia.

CORINTH, MISS., IN WAR TIMES.

[This paper was written some years ago by Mrs. F. A. Inge for the U. D. C. Chapter at Corinth.]

Two companies of Confederate soldiers were organized in Corinth, Miss., in March, 1861, one of infantry and one of cavalry. Each company numbered about one hundred soldiers, volunteers, defenders of our rights and of our homes. Capt. W. H. Kilpatrick, a man in whom the community had the utmost confidence, was elected captain of the infantry company. This was also the first company taken out of Mississippi. The first Confederate flag that unfurled its silken folds to the breeze in our town was made by the ladies of Corinth and presented to this company by one of our lovely young ladies, Miss Lydia Mitchell, Captain Kilpatrick himself receiving it in a beautiful tribute to the loyalty and patriotism of the ladies of the South and particularly of the Corinthians. After some weeks of drill, they were mustered into service and ordered to Pensacola, Fla.

We can never forget that sad morning in April, 1861, when good-bys were taken of our gallant soldier boys, looking so handsome in their new uniforms of Confederate gray, bugle, fife, and drum making sweet music. Word was passed to the large number of citizens and relatives to see them off: "No tears, only prayers." Rev. J. W. Wells, of the Methodist Church in Corinth, who had been chosen chaplain of this company, offered up a touching and feeling prayer, after which the troops were marched single file into the cars, bearing aloft the beautiful flag; and as the train moved off slowly our very heartstrings were at their utmost tension. Loved ones were being borne away from home and all they held dear in life save their country's honor. Strong men shed tears, and women wept softly. Still we lingered to catch a last glimpse; and as the banner faded from view we turned with heavy hearts to vacant homes, little dreaming that there could ever come darker, sadder days into our lives. This company, the first to reach Pensacola from Mississippi, was mustered in as Company A and assigned to the 9th Mississippi Regiment.

W. M. Inge was elected captain of the company of cavalry, and, being a West Pointer, he soon had his company well drilled in cavalry tactics. The company was invited to drill one afternoon on the large lawn of the Corona Female College; and, to their surprise, a silken, hand-painted banner was presented the company by Miss Lucy Irion (now Mrs. Neilson), of Columbus, Miss. This was a contribution from the principal and the college girls of this institution, Capt. W. M. Inge receiving it in behalf of his company. Rev. L. B. Gaston, a Presbyterian minister, was president of this college; and his wife, Susan Gaston, was principal. As an educator she had no superior and few equals in all our Southland. Many bright young women went from this institution into the great, busy world prepared "to live." Some have risen to distinction; others became home makers, character builders, which, after all, is the *sine qua non* of life.

There being no call for cavalry early in the war, Captain Inge resigned and joined the 12th Mississippi Regiment of Infantry, commanded by Col. Richard Griffith, and was appointed adjutant of that regiment, then in rendezvous at Union City, Tenn. After a few weeks they were ordered to Virginia and took part in several severe engagements. Colonel Griffith was promoted to general only a short while before he was killed, at Savage Station.

Corinth furnished and sent out the following companies: One company in the 9th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Captain Kilpatrick; one company in the 26th Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Captain Hyneman, killed at Fort Donelson (the company was afterwards in the command of Capt. Phil Hay, who was killed at Lynchburg, Va.); one company in the 32d Mississippi Regiment, commanded by Capt. William Irion, who was killed in the battle of Perryville; one company in the 12th Mississippi Cavalry, in command of C. B. Hyneman.

Corinth furnished four colonels: M. P. Lowry, Eugene Whitfield, A. E. Reynolds, and W. M. Inge.

There were other companies from the county in which Corinthians were numbered. In Company A, 2d Mississippi Regiment, Colonel Faulkner commanding, were six brothers, the Bynum brothers, and they had one brother in the Trans-Mississippi Department, making seven Bynum brothers in the Confederate service at one time. Lieut. Col. Francis Marion Boone was killed in the battle of the Wilderness. Several Corinthians were in Company D, 26th Mississippi Regiment, Capt. Troup Belcher's company, also in Company F, Colonel Reynolds's 26th Mississippi, Captain Nelms's company, H, General Forrest's old regiment, commanded by W. D. Kelly.

In a few months sickness and death invaded the ranks of Company A at Pensacola, and the bodies of some of our soldiers were brought home. Among the number was J. W. Wells, who gave his life for his country's cause. Another sad death of a bright young man was that of Dr. George C. Inge, who made a sacrifice of his life attending the wounded in the battle of First Manassas.

In April, May, June, and July, 1861, Corinth was the rendezvous for the Mississippi troops. Regiments were formed, officers elected, and the commands fully equipped for warfare. Daily drilling was witnessed by citizens and visitors, much interest being taken in the proficiency of the troops. As many as ten regiments were sometimes drilling on the field at one time.

The social feature was the brighter side of this life. Many entertainments were given the troops and concerts in which they who wished were assigned parts with the young ladies, who delighted to do them honor. There might have been some married men, but that was unknown and unknowable.

By April 1, 1862, many engagements had taken place between the armies of the North and the South, brave men had fallen on both sides, and battles had been fought, sometimes victorious to Southern arms, again defeats. The strategic point of the Southern army was centered in or near Corinth; that of the Federals on the Tennessee River near Pittsburg. Some few troops had been rendezvousing in Corinth; now large bodies were arriving daily, and the great army was mobilizing near by for the inevitable conflict between Grant and Johnston, the North and the South.

Captain Inge, who had reached home on a furlough from Virginia, met Lieut. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at the depot and extended our home to him as headquarters, which was accepted for himself and staff, and four days of home life (we might say military life) were passed in that home.

Ere dawn of April 2 there seemed unusual stirring, the measured tramp, tramp of moving troops, the bugle, fife, and drum in the distance. The army was moving out to meet the foe. One wing of the forces marched north on Fillmore Street, and as they passed headquarters in review of General Johnston and staff the battle flags were given to those who were without them, General Johnston himself in some instances giving them into the hands of the ensign bearers. On and out they passed, brigades, divisions, regiments, companies

of cavalry, infantry, and then battalions of artillery, interspersed with music from the regulation army band, martial airs and ballads such as "The Mocking Bird," "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still," "Lorena," "Annie Laurie." The favorite seemed to be "The Girl I Left Behind Me," but the depth of pathos was reached when from the cornet soloist was heard the sweet strains of "Then You'll Remember Me."

The last corps had passed. Leave-taking with General Johnston and his military family was tender and assuring. We had learned to know our great general as a humane man. Mounts were soon made, General Johnston, Colonel Breckinridge, Colonel Preston, and others waving farewells. They were passing on.

Captain Inge, who had accepted a position on Gen. Charles Clark's staff, in command of a brigade of Mississippi troops, took leave of mother, wife, and three little children for the field of battle. The darker, sadder days had come. How often the sweet Christian assurance in the still small Voice would come, "Be still and know that I am God"!

Saturday, the 5th of April, dragged its weary length along in much expectancy. No engagement took place. Very early in the morning of April 6 the roar of cannon was heard. Then we knew that the two great armies were in conflict. It seemed that the ground was vibrating with the shock of missiles of death from the cannon's mouth. The agony of that day can never be written. Couriers at nightfall brought in news of a glorious victory for Southern arms. Three thousand prisoners were taken. Then hospital flags were run up at most of the private residences and at all public buildings, churches, and hotels. Physicians, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and nurses from Memphis, New Orleans, Mobile, and other points had been assigned to these places, ready to receive the wounded that were on their way to Corinth. The ambulances soon brought in their precious burdens, and the work of alleviating bodily suffering began and continued all night long. Rain set in and caused the wounded much discomfort in coming in from the field of carnage.

About 11 A.M. on Monday, April 7, a courier brought me a message to have General Johnston's room in readiness for his remains; and in a short time our fallen chieftain's body, in an ambulance escorted by a cavalcade of soldiers and his staff, was at the door. His body, wrapped in army blankets, was carried tenderly to his room and placed on an improvised bier amid silence and tears. Three days before he had left this room in all the vigor of mature manhood. Now he lay dead in the same room, a martyr to his country's cause. After his body was prepared and placed in a white pine coffin, Mrs. Ellen Polk, Mrs. Rebecca Inge, and I draped the insignia of the Confederacy, the Stars and Bars, around his body. He lay in state for several hours in the parlor of this home, while many comrades and citizens came with tear-dimmed eyes to look upon all that was mortal of him they loved so well. General Johnston's body was taken to New Orleans for interment that afternoon by his staff and was afterwards taken to Houston, Tex., for final rest.

The troops were greatly depressed by the fall of their chieftain and the loss of so many brave men left on the field of battle. Many seemed to think it but the beginning of the end, as the battle was a victory on the first day, but a defeat on Monday.

Captain Inge returned late at night, almost helpless. His horse was killed under him, and he was caught in the fall and severely bruised, but was back at his post in ten days. In the battle of Malvern Hill he was promoted, made colonel, and sent back to Mississippi to raise a regiment of cavalry in North Mississippi. This regiment followed in the flank of Sherman's army from Atlanta to Savannah and was doing picket duty at Macon, Ga., when Appomattox closed the war.

On Wednesday, the 9th of April, the citizens were ordered to leave Corinth, to fall back for safety, as the Federals were following up their victory, and a fight in or near Corinth was imminent. We fell back to our old home in Aberdeen, from there to Enterprise, Miss., returning to Corinth in 1864 to find our house a shell, desolation reigning supreme.

The women of Corinth were truly loyal to the South, giving attention to the sick and wounded in our hospitals, Federals as well as our own soldiers. As Confederate money was decreasing in value, a bank was organized by three of our leading citizens, Col. C. P. Polk, Col. W. G. Campbell, and Col. W. D. Duncan, which never went into bankruptcy as long as soldiers' widows were in need of assistance or wounded and sick army men were without means. In addition to the bank, they had full charge of quartermasters' supplies, a very important trust in an army. These gentlemen were pioneers of Corinth, or "Cross City," as at first named, truly loyal and sacrificing. Each was beyond the age in army regulation, but each gave sons for service in the army, and each has children and grandchildren who are an honor to our community to-day.

THE ATTACK ON FORT JOHNSON.

BY J. J. BROWN, GOODWATER, ALA.

I have often wondered why nothing has ever been written about the attack on Fort Johnson, Charleston, S. C., on the 2d of July, 1864. The Federals made an attack on the lower end of the island and drew all of our forces away from Fort Johnson except thirteen men there and a few others on a battery who were cut off from us.

On the morning of July 3 the Federals advanced in barges (about fifty men in each) from Battery Gregg, Morris Island. We had a hand-to-hand fight. Some crawled over breastworks and were captured; some fifteen of the Yankees were killed. After we drove them from the breastworks, they went to a Brooks gun and made an unsuccessful attempt to turn it on us. They were forced to surrender. During the fight some stragglers came to us, making about eighty men in all with us. Our side lost P. F. Brown, John Atkinson, and Sergeant Stubblefield. We belonged to Company E, Heavy Artillery. The fight lasted about thirty minutes. We fired seventeen shots from brass cannon. Among the thirteen men were John Atkinson, M. B. Brown, P. F. Brown, R. L. Evins, W. D. Buckhalter, Arthur Weeks, F. M. Woodward, W. H. Mosley, Zep Owens, Mat Taylor, and J. J. Brown.

The Yankees were commanded by Carl Hoyd, of the 52d Pennsylvania Regulars. Hoyd said that was the first time he ever made a failure. If we had not been successful, Charleston would have been lost.

If any are living who were in that fight, I should be glad to hear from them.

Charles Howard writes from Jackson, La.: "I want to get all the volumes of the VETERAN and leave them for my baby boy to read, when he grows up, as a complete history of the Confederacy and the South. I am a son of a Confederate soldier. My father was with Stonewall Jackson."

THE LAST ROLL

Dr. H. M. Clarkson.

In the passing of Dr. Henry M. Clarkson, of Prince William County, Va., the South has lost one of its most beloved and able men. As soldier, physician, educator, and poet, doing noble work in his every field of endeavor, he rendered valuable service to his State and country and ever won the love and admiration of his people. Death came to him at his home, in Haymarket, Prince William County, Va., on June 17, after a brief illness. He is survived by his devoted wife, five sons, and two daughters.

Henry Mazyck Clarkson was born in Charleston, S. C., on November 6, 1835, the son of Thomas Boston Clarkson, a large Southern planter, through whom his ancestry can be traced back to men of England and Scotland. Especially notable among these was Thomas Boston, a distinguished Scotch divine and an ecclesiastical writer of much note in his day. Young Clarkson attended school in Charleston, S. C., until 1850, when he went to Columbia, S. C., to prepare for college. Two years later he took up work at South Carolina College, graduating in 1855 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts and the following year taking the Master of Arts degree. After this he studied medicine and graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1859.

Returning to South Carolina, Dr. Clarkson soon followed his State into the war. His first service was as a private, later, in 1862, as assistant surgeon, and the following year he was promoted to the full rank of surgeon. He was one of the three men who fired on the Star of the West, and the only shot from Fort Moultrie was fired by him, he being the gunner. He later served as gunner in the battle of Fort Sumter.

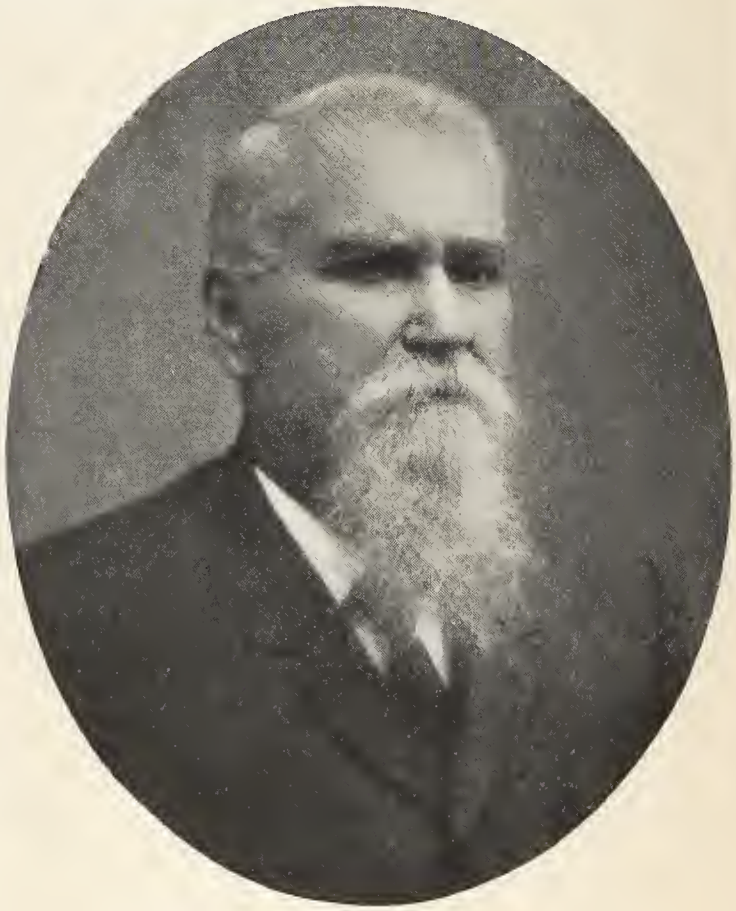
During the war Dr. Clarkson was in Virginia a great deal, and while in Alexandria he met Miss Jennie Irvin Sayrs, to whom he was married in 1863. At the close of the war he went to South Carolina and took up the practice of medicine. In 1870 he removed to Prince William County, Va., and there resided for the remainder of his life.

Dr. Clarkson ranked very high in the medical profession, being a member of the Medical Society of Virginia and contributing several notable papers on professional subjects. Until about ten years ago he was in active practice; but the weight of years and his duties as superintendent of schools for Prince William County, which office he held from 1892 to 1909, caused his retirement. He was widely known as a poet, two editions of his poetical works having been published. In his "Songs of Love and War" may be found the best of his writings.

Dr. Clarkson was a man of the noblest feeling, kind-hearted and self-sacrificing. Quiet and unassuming, he was especially admired by those who could appreciate his true worth. He was a Christian gentleman, the senior warden of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and allied with all that was best and most uplifting in his community.

Capt. Chancellor A. Nelson.

Capt. Chancellor Alexander Nelson, a retired merchant of Fort Scott, Kans., died at his home, in that city, on May 9, 1915, from a stroke of apoplexy. Thus has passed one of the landmarks of the century, a witness and a mighty participant in the great convulsion, the political upheaval which resulted in the revolutionary changes brought about by the Civil War. He was born in the days when strong men were needed to execute the ruthless decree of fate—"a grim-visaged war"—and in the performance of his duty as he saw it he accepted the gauge of battle for his State and bravely stood "foursquare." From the First Manassas to Gettysburg he participated in practically all the great battles that were fought on Virginia soil.



CAPT. C. A. NELSON.

Captain Nelson organized a company of more than a hundred men at Dumfries, Prince William County, Va., and was chosen captain with the understanding that he should remain in command of this company during the period of war. To this agreement he conscientiously adhered when General Beauregard offered to advance him to regimental commander. This company was mustered into the Confederate service at Dumfries in May, 1861. He was appointed provost marshal by General Beauregard and assigned to duty along the water front in and around Quantico, on the Potomac River, and his command acquired the title of the "Quantico Guards."

In March, 1862, Captain Nelson's company joined the 49th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. William Smith, known as "Fighting Billy" Smith, and the annals of history record no greater deeds than were performed by these men. Some years after the war the famous commander of this regiment embraced Captain Nelson on the streets of Warrenton, Va., and wept tears of joy over their first meeting after the great conflict. The history of the amazing dash, courage, and accom-

plishments of this regiment, therefore, records in a measure the deeds and performances of Captain Nelson and his large company, who constituted an integral and important factor of the "fighting 49th." We have, however, from Captain Nelson's hand, written in his old age by request, an enumeration of the principal battles in which he participated—viz.: "I was in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, the battles in the Valley of Virginia under Gen. Stonewall Jackson, all the battles around Richmond during the seven days' fighting, including Malvern Hill, the battles of Cedar Mountain, Rapidan, Bristow Station, both battles of Manassas, then at Ox Hill, Harper's Ferry, Antietam, both battles of Fredericksburg, at Winchester, and Gettysburg, where I was wounded and captured on the 4th of July, 1863. I was also wounded at Seven Pines and Fredericksburg."

Captain Nelson was shot down in a charge at Gettysburg and left for dead, but was afterwards taken by the Northern forces and sent to Fort McHenry, then to Fort Delaware, and finally to Johnson's Island, off Sandusky, in Lake Erie.

In March, 1865, he was sent South to be exchanged. He reported to General Lee at Richmond as ready to return to duty, but General Lee refused to allow him to perform any sort of service until the terms of the exchange had been complied with. Shortly thereafter the surrender occurred, and Captain Nelson returned to what had formerly been his home in Prince William County, Va.

It would seem that, hostilities having ended and having survived the horrors of war, the return of a soldier to his native land would be accompanied with feelings of thanksgiving and joy; but a pillaged and desolated home and country awaited him. Beyond the joy of a reunion with his wife and children, the most disheartening situation confronted the Southern soldier—everything gone, no money, no credit, no bread, no help, and the dark cloud of Reconstruction concealing the sunshine of peace. War and its perils were far preferable to peace under the conditions in the South from 1865 to 1871. But adversity is the test of the true man, and Captain Nelson began the fight for bread for himself and family. For several years he plowed and harrowed the unfruitful soil of that portion of Stafford and Prince William Counties. In 1871 he decided to join his brother-in-law, Charles Nelson, who had become a successful business man at Fort Scott, Kans. Here he entered mercantile life, reared his family, and passed the rest of his days. In his declining years he was provided with every comfort of life, and quietly and gently, with malice toward none, but beloved by all, he passed his allotted time on this earth and was "gathered to his fathers."

Captain Nelson was born in Rappahannock County, Va., March 21, 1834. He was the son of Joseph I. Nelson and Mary B. Chancellor, of Fauquier County, Va. His brothers and sisters died young. His uncles, brothers to Joseph I. Nelson, all moved to Missouri in early days and are the ancestors of a numerous and prominent family in that State. He removed to Prince William County, and on March 11, 1858, he married Jane Nelson (no relative), of that county, a sister of the late Edwin Nelson, of Prince William, Charles Nelson, of Fort Scott, Kans., and of Mrs. Marshall B. Weedon, late of Fort Scott. Before the war he conducted farming operations on a large scale in Fauquier and Rappahannock Counties. He and his mother owned many negroes. In 1862 dealers from Mississippi upon a certain occasion offered them $77,000 in gold for seventy of their slaves, representing that unless they were taken South they would soon disappear. The offer was refused upon the ground that they did not believe in selling slaves. Within two weeks every one of them had gone northward and crossed over the river to freedom.

About the time of the beginning of hostilities Captain Nelson had occasion to visit Washington on important business; but the rumblings of civil war were loud and unmistakable, and he was conducted to the north end of the Long Bridge and advised to go southward. That night he slept at Jackson's Hotel, in Alexandria. Next morning early he heard shooting and saw soldiers marching into the hotel. Jackson had shot Ellsworth, and the soldiers had killed Jackson, all about pulling down the flag of Virginia from Jackson's Hotel. Captain Nelson got away by hiring an engineer to take him southward on his locomotive.

Captain Nelson belonged to the old stock of Virginians, of those who had their estates and dependents who served and who brought forth a living for themselves and for their owners. This form of service developed the highest that was in man, and in the dawn of civilization it constituted the power and strength of the kingdom. No condition in which the human race has existed in the past has excelled the manly self-reliance, the culture, and the ability to execute that was characteristic of the slave owners. The rural districts were populated with men of character and capacity to manage both local and national affairs.

All through life that greatest quality of mankind, consideration for others, characterized Captain Nelson. He had no enemies in war or peace. He was obliged to fire on the opposing armies, but when firing ceased he was on amicable terms with those who were targets for his bullets. He entertained no animosity or vindictiveness, and after the struggle was over he had many warm friends who had been Federal soldiers. Human sympathy and a tender and gentle spirit marked his days. The highest sense of honor dominated all his transactions with his fellow man. In war he was intrepid, brave, and gentle; in peace he was honest, charitable, and beloved—a high-toned, cultured gentleman, respected by all classes and considerate of every one. Though the cause for which he fought was lost, an example of a life devoted to duty, Christian in act and word, and gentle in all his ways, has been gained. The world would be better were there more like him.

Captain Nelson leaves surviving him a widow, a daughter, Miss Nolie Nelson, and two sons, Joseph T. Nelson, President of the Nelson Investment Company, of Fort Smith, Ark., and C. C. Nelson, of Fort Scott, Kans., President of the Citizens' National Bank.

Jules A. Bornefeldt.

The William R. Scurry Camp announces with profound sorrow the death of another comrade. After many months of enfeebled health, on the morning of May 11 Jules A. Bornefeldt entered life eternal. He was a native of Louisiana, born April 24, 1846, and taken by his parents to Indianola, Tex., where his boyhood years were passed. At the age of eighteen he enlisted in Company A, Hobbey's Regiment, Shea's Battalion, Texas Volunteer Infantry, and served to the close of the war, when he received an honorable discharge. No man ever made a better soldier, citizen, or friend. In his home, consisting of a devoted wife and five children, there were affection, contentment, and peace, and he wore the white flower of a blameless life; therefore be it

Resolved, That we will cherish his memory as that of a brave comrade and a faithful member of the Camp.

Committee: George O. Stoner, Louis Benard, A. Goldman, Victoria, Tex.

Maj. Joseph Hardie.

Maj. Joseph Hardie, Southerner and veteran of the Confederate army, died at his home, in Los Angeles, Cal., on May 15, 1915. The burial was at Talladega, Ala. He is survived by his wife and two brothers, W. T. Hardie, of New Orleans, and Alva F. Hardie, of Dallas, Tex. The pictures of the four Hardie brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army, appeared in the Veteran some years ago.

Joseph Hardie was born at Huntsville, Ala., June 26, 1833. He enlisted as a private in the Confederate army at the outbreak of the war and reached the rank of major. After the war he was active in educational affairs in Alabama and throughout the South. In 1875 and twice subsequently he was president of international conventions of the Young Men's Christian Association; he was also a pioneer Y. M. C. A. worker in California during many winters and became widely known for his Y. M. C. A. work among the negroes. In recent years Major Hardie made his home in Birmingham, Ala., but spent some twenty winters in and about Lo Angeles, Cal.

A beautiful tribute was paid to Major Hardie by the editor of the Y. M. C. A. publication in California, who said: "Major Hardie was indeed a remarkable man. He possessed that dignified chivalry so characteristic of the South of earlier days. In associating with him one felt that he was in the presence of a man who was accustomed to 'walk with God.'"

Major Hardie was a member of the Presbyterian Church and a teacher in its Sunday school. He long ago retired from active business.

Dr. John T. Bolton.

Dr. John T. Bolton, one of the oldest and most highly honored citizens of Wharton, Tex., entered the higher life March 29, 1915. He was born of distinguished ancestry in Washington, Ga., March 22, 1838, and was a pupil of the University of Georgia at the time of his father's (Col. C. L. Bolton) removal to Texas, in the fifties. He received his medical education at the New Orleans School of Medicine, graduating with honor in 1860.

Dr. Bolton enlisted as a private in the 35th Texas Cavalry, C. S. A., at the beginning of the War between the States, was soon promoted to assistant surgeon of the regiment, and served faithfully till the close of the war. He was with the Texas troops sent to repel the invasion of the Federal General Banks near Sabine Pass.

After the war Dr. Bolton devoted most of his time to his and his father's large property interests in Wharton County, Tex., where he held many positions of trust and honor during his long and useful life, always standing for the higher and better interests of the community. He was married in 1869 to Miss Mary Rogers, daughter of the distinguished Confederate officer, Col. William P. Rogers, who fell while leading that heroic charge on Fort Robinett in the battle of Corinth, Miss., October 3, 1862. Dr. Bolton was a member of Camp Bushel, No. 228, U. C. V., and was ever loyal to the cause, cheerfully giving assistance and encouragement to the work of the Daughters of the Confederacy, his wife being long the President of the local Chapter in Wharton. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church, and his entire life was an open book, in which his beautiful Christian character shone as an inspiration and benediction to his associates.

Dr. Bolton leaves a devoted wife and three children. When his work was finished, he rested, but his influence for good will live throughout time and eternity.

Maj. Samuel Horine Buchanan.

Maj. Samuel H. Buchanan, prominent as a Confederate veteran and citizen of Louisville, Ky., died in that city on March 27, 1915. He was born near Floyd's Fork, Oldham County, Ky., December 23, 1838, and was educated in the county schools. However, before he was fifteen years of age he assumed the responsibility of his own support, taking a clerkship in a furnishing store, thus early showing his determination to fill the duty of a citizen. The martial spirit of the times, aroused by Gen. S. B. Buckner, awakened the enthusiasm of the youth of Kentucky, and among them Samuel Buchanan enlisted in the National Blues, a crack military company in Louisville, in which he was elected to a lieutenancy. Soon afterwards the War between the States came on, and he promptly offered his services to the Confederacy, was elected a lieutenant in Company C, 6th Kentucky Infantry, and served in that capacity in the battle of Shiloh. For his gallantry in that battle he was promoted to adjutant of the regiment. Cheerfulness, fidelity in service, and heroic bravery under trying conditions endeared him to his comrades and elicited their admiration.



MAJ. S. H. BUCHANAN.

When Gen. Ben Hardin Helm was killed at Chickamauga, the command devolved upon Col. Joseph H. Lewis, who was made brigadier general, and he immediately took on his staff Lieut. Samuel H. Buchanan and promoted him to captain as fit recognition of his distinguished gallantry on that bloody field. Captain Buchanan never missed an engagement or skirmish in which his brigade took part, with the exception of that at Baton Rouge, when he was sick, serving continuously until he was wounded at Sandersville, Ga., just before the command reached Savannah. Sherman was pressing hard, and in the endeavor to hold him back Captain Buchanan was at the front establishing the lines and was shot through the leg, but not until the enemy was driven back did he seek medical attention. For gallant and meritorious conduct in that campaign he was promoted to major and served until the close of the war, having won the admiration, respect, and love of the whole command. Returning to Louisville, he again entered service as a clerk with the firm of Hawkins & Thornton, where his ability and faithfulness gained for him a partnership, and at the time of his death he was at the head of that firm.

Major Buchanan was a soldier of high qualities while in the army, and as a soldier of the cross he displayed those same qualities to a still higher degree under divine influence. He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, faithful in his attendance and active in all its work. He succeeded Capt. John Weller as Commander of the Orphan Brigade Association and gave it faithful service to the end.

Thus has passed away one of the most gallant soldiers that ever fought in the army of the South. Modest, unassuming, brave, and courteous, he met with unflinching courage the last great enemy, and as the end came he closed his eyes peacefully and "fell on sleep."

[From a tribute prepared by a committee composed of John W. Green, John H. Leathers, and Thomas D. Osborne, of the Confederate Association of Kentucky.]

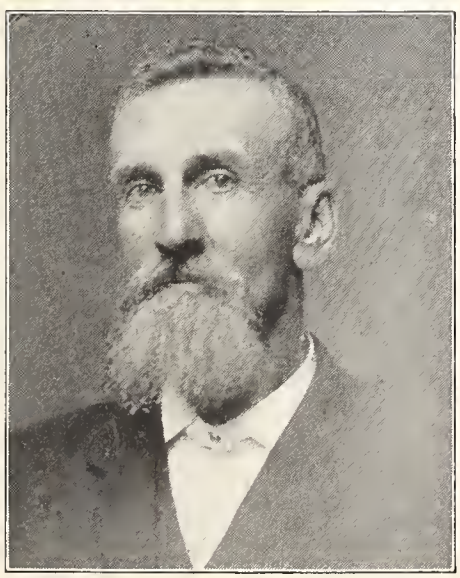
Lakeland Camp, No. 1543, U. C. V.

The following losses in membership are reported by Lakeland Camp, Lakeland, Fla.:

Lieut. N. B. Boyer, Company A, 10th Virginia Cavalry.
Lieut. W. M. Boswell, Company G, 1st Alabama Infantry.
Private W. H. Clifford, Company H, 9th Georgia Infantry.
Lieut. W. H. Cheney, Company K, 1st Arkansas Infantry.
C. P. Foster, Company I, 63d Georgia Infantry.
Capt. W. L. Finger, Company B, 23d North Carolina Infantry.
W. H. Fields, Company H, 9th Louisiana Infantry.
W. P. Flanagan, Sims's Georgia Regiment.
Rev. J. F. Gracy, 1st Tennessee Cavalry.
Lieut. W. W. Jackson, Company C, 37th Georgia Infantry.
H. H. Smith, 5th Virginia Infantry.
J. D. Richardson, Company B, 62d Alabama Infantry.
J. M. Robinson, Company H, 8th Alabama Cavalry.
W. S. Ryall, Company B, 1st Tennessee Infantry.
J. J. Wood, Company A, 6th Mississippi Cavalry.
J. A. Grubb, Company A, 6th Florida Infantry.

Lieut. William H. Hildreth.

When the survivors of Company I, Baxter Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry (Dr. Henry Sienknecht, of Oliver Springs, Tenn.; Z. T. Crouch, Bellbuckle, Tenn.; B. Porter Harrison, Albany, Ky.; O. J. Moate, Washington, D. C.; John N. Simpson, Dallas, Tex.; and John W. Story, Forrest City, Ark.), met in annual reunion at the lovely and hospitable home of their comrade, Z. T. Crouch, at Bellbuckle, Tenn., in May, 1914, their hearts were saddened by the vacant chair of their beloved comrade, Lieut. William H. Hildreth, who had departed this life since their last meeting. In expression of their admiration and esteem for him resolutions were passed setting forth their loss of his comradeship.



LIEUT. W. H. HILDRETH.

William H. Hildreth was born in Fentress County, Tenn., on the 5th of October, 1843, and died at his home, in Johnson County, Tex., February 26, 1914. He enlisted in Bledsoe's cavalry company, afterwards Company I, in Baxter Smith's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, in August, 1861, when only seventeen years old, and served with honor and distinction to the close of the war. He entered the company as a private and rose, by virtue of faithful discharge of duty and distinguished gallantry, to the rank of lieutenant. As a soldier he was brave to a fault, faithful to every duty, devoted to his comrades, and ever magnanimous to a fallen foe.

When the war ended, young Hildreth took up the work of civil life with the same zeal and courage that had characterized his career as a soldier. On the 22d of December, 1872, he was married to Miss Lee Miller, of Barren County, Ky., and in May, 1874, they removed to Johnson County, Tex., where he purchased a farm, on which he resided until his death. He was a successful and prosperous farmer. His married life was a most happy one and in a large degree compensated for the privation and suffering he had endured during the war. His wife survives him. He was a consistent member of the Christian Church, a devoted husband, a useful, public-spirited, upright citizen. He was widely and favorably known in his State and was mourned by all classes of his fellow citizens.

Col. Henry Clay Derrick.

On May 9, 1915, Col. Henry Clay Derrick, of Houston, Halifax County, Va., died in his eighty-fourth year. He was born in Washington, D. C., January 13, 1832, but most of his long and arduous life was spent in Virginia. He was a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers and held many responsible positions with railways in the South and elsewhere. His first experience was on the Richmond and Danville Railroad as resident engineer, under Col. Andrew Talcott, from 1851 to 1853. From 1854 to 1857 he was United States department surveyor in the territories of Kansas and Nebraska and from 1858 to 1861 assistant engineer of the United States armory at Harper's Ferry, Va., where he witnessed the stirring events incident to John Brown's raid.

Casting in his lot with his beloved Southland, he was made captain of engineers of the Army of Northern Virginia and served as such during the four years of the war. He was engaged chiefly in the defense of Yorktown and Petersburg, countermining at the Crater. This service was dearest to his heart and so remained while life lasted. He surrendered with Lee at Appomattox and walked from there to his home, in Halifax County, Va. He engaged in railroad work in Virginia and North Carolina for the next ten years, and in 1875 he accepted the position of lieutenant colonel of engineers on the staff of the Egyptian army of the Khedive Ismael for three years, serving with distinction in the Abyssinian campaign, surveying the military railroad from Massowah, on the Red Sea, to Bahr Reza, Abyssinia. For gallant service in this campaign he received the decoration from the Khedive of the Turkish Imperial Order of Medjidier. Returning home, he continued the practice of his profession for about ten years, then retired from active service and lived quietly at home.

He leaves his widow, who was Martha F. Cosby, of Halifax County, Va., three sons, two of whom are members of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and two daughters.

The soul of honor and integrity and a loyal friend, Colonel Derrick was known and loved by a large circle and admired for his moral and mental attributes. Loving and beloved to an unusual degree as husband and father, he is deeply mourned by his family and friends. Long a member of the Episcopal Church, his walk and conversation were those of a sincere Christian. Soldier, patriot, poet, scholar, and Christian gentleman, he has gone to his long rest. May peace, perfect peace, be his!

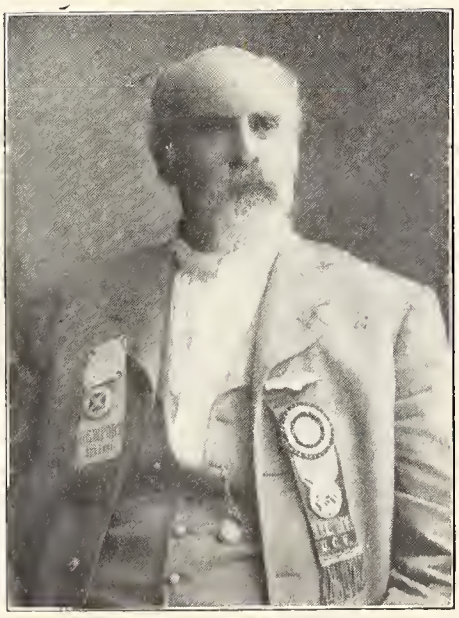
Dr. B. G. Slaughter.

Dr. Benjamin Gabriel Slaughter, of Winchester, Tenn., died on April 10, 1915, at Abilene, Tex., where he and his wife had spent the winter with their daughter. He was born near Danville, Ky., March 8, 1845, and as a lad of sixteen entered the Confederate service in Capt. John H. Morgan's original company. Leaving Transylvania University, at Lexington, Ky., where he had been a student for two years, he followed the company to Chattanooga, Tenn., to enlist. This was Company A, Morgan's Cavalry, and he rode with that intrepid leader throughout the war. Twice he was captured within the Federal lines and condemned to be shot, and twice he made his escape by cutting through the Federal pickets. His body was riddled with bullets. Despite two musket shell wounds, one in the head and one in the groin, either of which was enough to kill an ordinary man, he lived and fought to the end. After fifty years of pain and suffering, these battle wounds caused his death.

Dr. Slaughter had lived in Tennessee since 1868 and was senior deacon in the Baptist Church at Winchester. The burial was in his home town, with impressive funeral services and the beautiful Confederate burial service by Turney Camp, U. C. V., of which he was a charter member. During his last illness the Capt. Tom Green Camp, U. C. V., at Abilene, extended him every courtesy; and when he died his casket was draped in a Confederate flag by the members, who, in a body, escorted his remains to the railroad station.

Dr. G. D. Clements.

Dr. G. D. Clements was born on a farm near Atwood, Carroll County, Tenn., December 17, 1844. He enlisted in Company B, 7th Kentucky Regiment, Forrest's Cavalry, and was a gallant, brave, and true Confederate soldier. He was paroled in Tennessee in 1865. In Memphis, Tenn., he met Mr. Hooker and family, friends and neighbors from Atwood, who were moving by wagon and carriage to Texas, so he joined them. On the trip he was married to Miss Sallie C. Hooker near Forrest City, Ark.; and they all settled near White Church, in Woodruff County. This was in May, 1869, and in September Mr Hooker and family went on to Texas. Dr. Clements practiced medicine and ran a farm until 1876, when he removed to his farm in Jackson County, Ark., near Shoffner, and from there in 1885 to Auvergne. He was a man of wealth, having large landed estates and a big mercantile business. In late years he was not actively in business, but traveled for his health.



DR. G. D. CLEMENTS.

Dr. Clements was a devoted member of the Methodist Church, liberal in his contributions to all its interests as well as to other benevolent enterprises and giving aid to many people. All who knew him loved him. He was a prominent member of Tom Hindman Camp, No. 318, U. C. V., of Newport, Ark., and helped to build the Confederate monument there. He is survived by three daughters.

Milton P. Craig.

Milton Philip Craig, a Kentuckian by birth and a Confederate soldier, who served in the famous cavalry commands of Gens. John H. Morgan and Joseph E. Wheeler, died in Corpus Christi, Tex., the home of his adoption, on December 5, 1914, at the age of seventy-six.

Soon after the breaking out of the War between the States, in 1861, he left home and went to Lawrenceburg, Ky., where he met Captain Morgan with his old company, the Lexington Rifles, marching south. He enlisted immediately and began his military career, which lasted for four years. This company grew into the "Old Squadron" of three companies, of which so much has been said, rapidly increased to a regiment, then to a brigade, and finally to a splendid division of four thousand gallant and dashing cavalry, the very flower of Kentucky's young manhood. From the day Milton P. Craig enlisted until the daring Morgan marched north he was actively and constantly engaged in marches, raids, and battles in which this command took part. He was then transferred to the 9th Regiment of Kentucky Cavalry, commanded by W. C. P. Breckinridge, which was left in Tennessee under command of General Wheeler. Under this valiant leader he saw arduous and hazardous service at Chattanooga, which led to the battles of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. Then with his command he took active part against Sherman from Dalton to Atlanta, from Atlanta to the sea, through the Carolinas to the battle of Bentonville, the last of the war.

It was about May 1, 1865, that the last of the Confederate cavalry, numbering one hundred and fifty that had not surrendered, left Yorkville, acting as escort for President Davis and cabinet, the 9th Regiment comprising a large part of the force which was the last organized east of the Mississippi. A long train of wagons loaded with treasure, gold and silver, had been brought from Richmond with the intention of storing it in General Toombs's cellar at Washington, Ga. Milton Craig was one of the sixty men detailed from his regiment to guard this money. However, before reaching Washington the command was disbanded, each man receiving only thirty dollars in coin. His old comrades who stood with him shoulder to shoulder during this stormy period of his life to a man testify to his worth as a soldier at all times, under all circumstances. Whether on the march or in camp, on the outpost or on the firing line, he stood unfalteringly at his post, discharging every duty.

He was happily married to Miss Margaret Buford, a member of one of the most prominent families in Kentucky.

Milton Craig was a gentleman of the old school, whose kind and courteous manner made a host of friends who, with his wife and three children, mourn his departure.

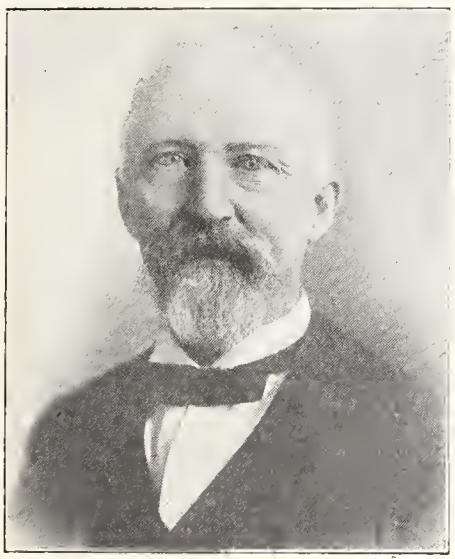
A. P. Luna.

A. P. Luna died at the home of his son-in-law, John W. Hoskins, ten miles from Lawrenceburg, Tenn., on June 12, 1915, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He volunteered in May, 1861, in the Confederate army and served in the 23d Tennessee Regiment. He was an honored member of his county court for several years. He suffered from a serious affliction for about fifteen years, and for the past four years he was entirely helpless. He was a lifelong Democrat.

J. Henry Landman.

On June 24, 1915, at his home, in Huntsville, Ala., J. Henry Landman died at the age of eighty years. In his death there was lost to his State a man whose high and lofty ideals of duty and responsibility made his life that of an honorable and patriotic Confederate soldier and citizen.

J. Henry Landman was born in the year 1835 near Huntsville, Madison County, Ala., where he lived with his parents until about nine years of age, when the family removed to Demopolis. There his father died in less than a year, and shortly afterwards his mother took her children back to Madison County.



J. H. LANDMAN.

During the three years just preceding the outbreak of the war Henry Landman was cashier for Bradley, Wilson & Co., one of the largest merchandise and cotton houses in the whole South. The home office of this company was located at Huntsville, with branches at New Orleans, La., and Charleston, S. C. As cashier for this company Mr. Landman was sent to Charleston on horseback upon a mission of unusual trust and confidence, and on returning he brought with him to his employers in his saddlebags $1,250,000.

Henry Landman enlisted at Huntsville on September 16, 1862, as a Confederate soldier "for the war" under Capt. J. M. Hambrick in Company F, Forrest's Regiment of Cavalry. Later this regiment was reorganized, and Comrade Landman became a member of Company K, 4th Alabama Cavalry Regiment, Col. A. A. Russell's command, serving as high private in this company till October 20, 1862, when he was detailed by order of Brig. Gen. N. B. Forrest to report for duty to Maj. C. S. Severson, brigade quartermaster of Forrest's command. Later, on July 17, 1863, by order of General Bragg, whose headquarters were then at Chattanooga, Tenn., Mr. Landman was again detailed to report for duty to Maj. C. S. Severson, and he served as his assistant until the surrender.

So competent and efficient was he in this branch of the Confederate army that his services were indispensable to Major Severson, who on May 15, 1864, made direct application to the Secretary of War of the Confederacy at Richmond, Va., to have Mr. Landman appointed his first assistant, saying: "I earnestly recommend and solicit the appointment of Mr. J. Henry Landman, of Huntsville, Ala., as assistant quartermaster with the rank of captain, and ask that he be ordered to report to me for the following reasons—to wit: In the interest of the government I require an assistant. * * * I want a commissioned and bonded officer as an assistant, so that when I am compelled to leave the command to get up supplies I can leave my business in charge of an officer responsible to the government and qualified to attend to any business that may come up during my absence. * * * He can give the required bond and is in every way worthy and deserving of the appointment."

Gen. N. B. Forrest also wrote the department, giving his indorsement of this application, and said of Mr. Landman: "Mr. Landman is an excellent business man, an excellent accountant, and one whose habits, experience, and reliability would, aside from the considerations urged by Major Severson, render his appointment an acquisition to the quartermaster's department."

Mr. Landman never received the appointment, however, for Brig. Gen. A. R. Lawton, quartermaster general at Richmond, in making his reply to Major Severson's application, said: "No new appointments are necessary, as there are officers available for assignment."

Mr. Landman continued to serve in the quartermaster's department as assistant to Major Severson until the surrender at Gainesville, Ala., on May 10, 1865, when he was paroled by E. S. Dennis, brigadier general U. S. A. After being paroled he returned to Huntsville, where he was in the dry goods business for two years, and then with his brother, George P. Landman, he established the cotton firm of Landman & Co., of which he was the active head until his death.

Mr. Landman was the second son among five brothers, all of whom served in the Confederate army. His elder brother, William B. Landman, served in Company I, 4th Alabama Infantry, and lost his life in the battle of First Manassas. His parents, George P. and Eliza (Griffin) Landman, were among the first settlers of this section of Alabama. His father was a native of Virginia and his mother of Kentucky.

Mr. Landman was twice married, first to Miss Frances M. Kelly, of Madison County, on November 28, 1861. His second wife was Miss Fannie B. Caruthers, of Huntsville, whom he married in 1885. He is survived by one brother and five sons.

Capt. Edmund L. Wharton.

Capt. Edmund Logwood Wharton died on September 29, 1914, at Lawfield, the home of his brother, John A. Wharton, near Montrose, Westmoreland County, Va., in his seventy-sixth year. He was the second son of Rev. Dabney O. Wharton and Anne Ophelia (Pearce) Wharton and was born in Botetourt County, Va., his father removing first to Spottsylvania County and in 1859 to Westmoreland County. He was educated at the country schools and at the Culpeper Military Academy, in Culpeper County, Va., and enlisted in the Confederate army April 21, 1861, as a member of the 40th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Colonel Brockenborough, but was shortly after transferred to the 47th Virginia Regiment, commanded by Col. J. D. Richardson, in which he was captain of Company C. He was in the battles at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, the various engagements near Richmond, Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Courthouse, Second Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Reams's Station, and Sailor's Creek, as well as in the numerous smaller engagements incident to the fighting of the Army of Northern Virginia. Throughout the whole period of the war he was at his post, beloved by his men and possessing the respect and confidence of his superior officers.

At the close of the war Captain Wharton returned to Westmoreland County, and after the death of his father he engaged in farming upon his portion of his father's estate. He was twice married, leaving three children by his first wife, Miss Harvey, and two by his second wife, Miss Fairfax, both of Westmoreland County. He was a brave soldier, a generous and true-hearted man, and died beloved and lamented by all who knew him.

Col. Jesse H. Tracey.

At its meeting in April, Camp W. L. Cabell, No. 1761, U. C. V., Tulia, Tex., J. P. Morris, Commander, passed resolutions expressive of loss in the death of Col. Jesse Harrison Tracey, "an efficient and ardent member"; that his family lost "a devoted husband and father, the South one of its most noble defenders, and the farmers of Texas sustained an irreparable loss."

The death of Colonel Tracey occurred on March 29, 1915. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Pickens, and four children. He was born in Clay Hill, Ga., in 1840, but the family removed to North Arkansas while he was still a small boy. He enlisted in the Confederate army early in 1861 as a private, and for gallant and meritorious service he was promoted to the rank of captain and assigned to duty on General Walker's staff. At the death of this officer Captain Tracey was elected lieutenant colonel of the 6th Missouri Cavalry. His regiment participated in most of the battles fought in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and especially did Colonel Tracey distinguish himself for bravery during General Price's campaign in Missouri in the fall of 1864.

Returning home at the end of the conflict, with that courage so often displayed on the battle field he set to work to rebuild the home which he found in ruins. Appreciating his ability and integrity, the people of his section selected him to represent them in the legislature of his State; and after helping to rid the State of carpetbag misrule, he removed to Rockvale, Tex., and engaged in the mercantile business. In daily contact with the farmers of his section, he became convinced that speculating interests got too large a share of the farmers' labor; so he closed out his business at Rockvale and devoted his time and talent for nearly thirty years to educating the farmers in economic questions that were vital to their interests. He lived to see many of the great reforms he had fought for so long on the statute books.

G. W. Nott.

Few men of affairs in the city of New Orleans enjoyed a higher respect or more general esteem than Mr. Nott. His long life was a useful one, and his efforts were well worth while in that in winning success for himself he always sought to conserve the best interests of others.

Mr. Nott was born in New Orleans seventy-one years ago, and he left Spring Hill College at the age of seventeen years to enlist in the Confederate army. His service was for four years, until the end of the war. He later took an active part in the White League movement, having as its object the freeing of the city and State of the carpetbag government, and he was an active participant in the great uprising of September 14, 1874.

Upon returning from the war Mr. Nott obtained employment with the Merchants' Insurance Company, and later he was promoted to the office of secretary. He filled this post with such ability that his future was assured with the company had he decided to remain in that field.

Under President Cleveland's first administration Mr. Nott was selected for the position of postmaster of New Orleans, which he held for four years. He became identified with the Citizens' Bank more than a quarter of a century ago, and public confidence was restored in the old institution when his appointment to the presidency was announced. He showed his skill and knowledge as a financier, and the stock rapidly increased in value under his management. He took up a claim the bank had against the United States government for funds abstracted by General Butler and was the only Southern banker who pushed such a claim to a successful issue. After filling the office of president for many years, failing health forced his retirement from active management of the board. Besides his wife, who was Miss Kate Kennedy, two sons and two daughters survive him.

Capt. J. Wistar Gary.

Capt. J. Wistar Gary, who died on January 21, 1915, was the first Commander of James D. Nance Camp, U. C. V., at Newberry, S. C., and was successively elected to that position, which he filled with honor to his death. The resolutions passed in his honor state that "in the death of Captain Gary his country has lost a loyal citizen, the Camp a kind and considerate Commander, his relatives and friends a lovable and devoted member of society."

Captain Gary chose the medical profession for his life work and graduated from the Charleston Medical College in the spring of 1861. Soon afterwards the War between the States began, and he joined Company B, 3d South Carolina Regiment, as a private and served a year in the arduous duties of soldier life. At the reorganization of the regiment he became captain of a company of intrepid horsemen in the 2d South Carolina Cavalry and thus served to the end. He then returned home to take up the duties of civil life, to which he was as loyal as when fighting for his country. He was rich in that which is most to be sought on earth and without which life is desolate—the love and respect of his fellow men. He was a man of probity, a man of action, kindness, and worth, and the world is better for his having lived in it.

T. M. Richardson.

T. M. Richardson, who died at his home, in Oklahoma City, Okla., on July 17, 1915, was one of the original builders of that city. He was a native of Mississippi, born in Okolona in 1848, but removed to Texas in 1874. He was identified with the lumber interests of that State in connection with the M. T. Jones Lumber Company, which became one of the most famous lumber firms of the South. When Oklahoma was thrown open to settlement, in 1889, Mr. Richardson removed to Oklahoma City and started a string of lumber yards in all the important towns of the State and the old Indian Territory. He also started a bank, which later became the First National Bank of Oklahoma and of which he was President for many years. In 1901 he incorporated the Western Lumber Company, with retail yards throughout Western Oklahoma and the Panhandle of Texas, and was President and Comptroller of that company until his death.

Mr. Richardson served in the Confederate army for a short time before the close of the war, making a brave and faithful soldier. He was married in 1866 at Okolona, Miss., to Miss Helen Brown, who, with eight children, survives him.

Joseph L. Cleer.

Joseph L. Cleer, who died at Haleyville, Ala., on May 9, 1915, was a Confederate soldier, having served as lieutenant in Company G, 4th Alabama Cavalry, under Capt. A. J. Harris, late senior member of the firm of Harris, Davis & Co., of Nashville, Tenn. He was wounded at Decatur just before the battle of Franklin, Tenn., and had not recovered sufficiently for further service when the war closed. "Uncle Joe," as he was familiarly known, was highly esteemed in his community. He was seventy-eight years of age, lacking a few days. He is survived by his brother, W. H. Cleer, and three sisters.

Capt. William J. Stores.

Capt. W. J. Stores died September 10, 1914, at his home, in York County, Va. He was born in 1841 in Elizabeth County, near the town of Hampton, where he was reared and educated. When the call to arms resounded throughout the Southland, William Stores enlisted in the 32d Virginia Regiment, Company I, "York Rangers," as first lieutenant, and by his efficient service he was soon promoted to captain of his company. He was a brave and gallant soldier, a cultured Christian gentleman, and he served his country with all the ardor of his young manhood, going cheerfully and bravely wherever duty called. When some special duty was required he was often detailed with his company to perform it, and so prompt and efficient were the services rendered that his company became known as the "Banner Company" of the regiment. He was always ready to lend a helping hand in everything pertaining to the welfare of his own dear South, which he served so faithfully to the end of the war. A few days before General Lee's surrender he and his company were taken prisoners and carried to Point Lookout, Md.; and so willing was he to share the fate of his men that he took off his insignia of rank that he might remain with them as a private soldier.

He was laid to rest with the loved Stars and Bars draped about his casket, amidst beautiful floral tributes sent by the U. D. C. and other friends.

John R. Stewart.

John R. Stewart was born in Lumpkin County, Ga., October 17, 1837, and died of paralysis at his home, in Chattanooga, Tenn., on May 1, 1915. He was the youngest son of William Stewart and Nancy Thomas Stewart and enlisted in the Confederate army in Captain Hardy's company of Colonel Fain's regiment. Among the battles in which he took part were Chickamauga and Big Shanty, and he was shot through the leg at Stone Mountain. He believed himself to be the last member of his company. He had two brothers in the Confederate service, one of whom was captured and died in Rock Island Prison.

His father was a miller near Lafayette, Ga., and on account of his activity in the community, his sympathy with the Southern cause, and the fact that his sons were in the service, he was taken, with Captain Cothran, to Chattanooga Church and shot to death by the "Tories."

Comrade Stewart was twice married. His first wife was Miss Leckie, of Gainesville, Ga., and his second wife was Miss Nannie Manney, of Rome, Ga. He is survived by his wife and six children—a daughter and five sons.

Edward J. Green.

Edward J. Green was born near Bowling Green, Ky., on April 11, 1835, and died May 18, 1915, at Plainview, Tex. He was a member of Plainview Camp, No. 1548, U. C. V., having been one of the faithful soldiers of the Confederacy, enlisting at Pine Bluff, Ark., June 9, 1861, in Company C, 9th Arkansas Regiment. He was paroled at Greensboro, N. C., April 6, 1865. His first engagement was in the battle of Belmont, Mo., and afterwards at Fort Donelson. From that time he was with the Tennessee Army to the close of the war, and he was an active soldier through it all, taking part in nearly all the hard-fought battles. He was wounded at Corinth, Miss., in October, 1862, but on recovering he returned to his command and continued to bear the burdens of a faithful soldier.

Otto C. Hegemann.

Otto Christian Hegemann, a Confederate veteran, born in Frankfort, Germany, died at his home, in Lexington County, S. C., on June 26, 1915, at the age of fourscore and ten years. When only sixteen he came to America, and after living two years in the vicinity of New York City he came South and for seventy-two years was a loyal and patriotic son of his adopted land. In January, 1853, he was married to Miss Martha Elizabeth Roof, and to them were born two sons and four daughters, of whom a son and three daughters survive him.

Mr. Hegemann was a unique figure in his community. He was always kind, gentle, and considerate, ready to minister to the sick, to console the sorrowful, to comfort the distressed, and to lend aid where needed. He was well educated in Germany and always kept posted on current affairs. He became a soldier of the South in December, 1861, and remained to the close of the war, serving for a time as mail carrier for his regiment. His old commander, Col. M. D. Harman, testifies that he was a brave and loyal soldier, admired and loved by his comrades. Comrade Hegemann was a charter member of Camp Steadman, No. 668, U. C. V., of Lexington, S. C., and was a faithful attendant at its meetings, often walking for miles in his old age to be present at roll call.

Augustus Owen McCroan.

Augustus Owen McCroan died at his home, near Gorman, Tex., on February 24, 1914, aged sixty-seven years. He was born in Burke County, Ga., June 15, 1847, and at the age of seventeen enlisted in Company F, Cobb's Legion of Cavalry. This company was known as Grubb's Hussars. He was never captured nor wounded, but surrendered as a part of Joseph E. Johnston's army at the close of the war. In 1878 he went to Eastland County, Tex., where he resided till his death. He was one of the best citizens of the community, and his loss was deeply felt. He is survived by his wife and four children.

Albert Marion Walker.

Albert M. Walker, who died at Electra, Tex., on June 24, 1915, at the age of eighty-two years, was born in Marshall County, Ala., and went to Texas when a boy. He enlisted in Freestone County on the 1st of June, 1861, in Capt. R. M. Maddox's company, which was sent to Camp Racket, in Ellis County, and became a part of the regiment under Col. W. H. Parsons, the 12th Texas Cavalry. Comrade Walker served throughout the war. He was married in 1861 to Miss Margaret A. Candler, who survives him.

Madison Goodson.

On the night of March 7, 1915, the spirit of Madison Goodson took its flight after an earthly pilgrimage of seventy-two years. Captain Goodson had lived in Carrabelle, Fla., for about twenty-eight years. He is survived by his devoted wife, five sons, and a daughter. In 1863 he joined Company E, 2d Florida Cavalry; was transferred to Captain Simmons's company, of the same regiment, and served till the end of the war. He was a brave soldier, a good citizen, and a devoted member of the Methodist Church.

A Correction.—W. M. Ives writes from Lake City, Fla.: "The sketch of Nathan Odon in the July Veteran, page 327, should have stated that he enlisted in Capt. W. H. Dyal's company (C), 4th Florida, in 1861, and at our reorganization in May, 1862, he was transferred to Company B, 5th Florida. The State of Florida had no 52d Regiment."

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1915–16.

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Ben Watts, Cave Spring, Ga.
Judge Advocate in Chief, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, Ray G. Stewart, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMITTEES.

Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: W. McDonald Lee, Chairman, Irvington, Va.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, Charles H. Keel, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, Percy C. Magnus, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, J. S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, Logan N. Rock, Louisville, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, ——
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, Dr. J. M. Northington, Boardman, N. C.
Oklahoma, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken, S. C.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Rich. I. McClearen, Nashville, Tenn.
Texas, Howard W. Peak, Fort Worth, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, E. R. Garland, Huntington, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

AN ACTIVE CAMP.

Camp Robert C. Newton, S. C. V., of Little Rock, Ark., is making a record as one of the livest Camps in the organization. At the annual reunion in 1913 the members of this Camp pledged $10 for each of the thirty-three Arkansas Camps to assist in paying off the indebtedness of the confederation, and they did more than this, the amount paid by the Arkansas Division being $366.

Some other things to the credit of this Camp are the maintenance, at a cost of approximately $600 per annum, of a 24-piece drum and bugle corps and the erection in City Park at Little Rock of a handsome monument to the Capital City Guards, a military company of that city which rendered valiant service to the Confederacy. In 1911 Robert C. Newton Camp raised $18,000 as its contribution to the Little Rock Reunion fund. Each year it provides some entertainment for the local veterans. In November, 1914, at an expense of $800, the veterans of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., were entertained two days.



W. N. BRANDON, COMMANDER IN CHIEF S. C. V.

In all this work Commander in Chief Brandon has taken an active part, contributing generously of his time and money toward promoting the interests of the association in his State and in serving the veterans of the Confederacy. He is a native Tennesseean, born at Dover in 1875, and a grandson of Col. Nathan Brandon, of the 14th Tennessee Regiment. He has been Commander of the Arkansas Division, S. C. V., Adjutant of Robert C. Newton Camp, and Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and he brings to his position as Commander in Chief S. C. V. that interest and energy which should add strength to the organization.

HOW SHALL WE SING "DIXIE"?

BY THE SON OF A CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

Of late there has been some controversy over the singing of "Dixie" to the words of the version by Dr. M. B. Wharton. Opposition has been manifested to this change in some quarters, especially when sung at Confederate reunions and conventions by what is known as the Confederate Choir. Much of this opposition arises from misapprehension.

The writer is naturally a conservative and opposed to radical changes, but in this case he is decidedly progressive in his views. Although I appreciate the feelings of those who oppose a change in an old song because it is a change, I must say that the Confederate veterans seem to be overwhelmingly right in their support of the Choir and the new version of "Dixie" which the latter sings so heartily and well. Side by side let us place a stanza or two of the words of Dan Emmett, of Ohio, who did not intend to write a patriotic song for the South, and the words of the new version, which are

intended to be patriotic and representative of the Old South as well as the South of the present day, now coming to its own as never before in all its history. Let us compare these stanzas. Here is the Emmett version:

"Ole missus marry Will de weaber;
William was a gay deceaber.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
When he put his arm around 'er,
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.

Chorus.

Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's land we'll took our stand
To lib an' die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Buckwheat cakes and stony batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
Here's a health to de next ole missus
An' all de gals dat wants to kiss us.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land."

Here are some of the words by M. B. Wharton:

"O, Dixie Land is the land of glory,
The land of cherished song and story.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
'Tis the land that patriots love to dwell in,
The land our fathers fought and fell in.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.

Chorus.

I am glad I live in Dixie,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

And Dixie's sons will stand together
For sunshine and in stormy weather.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land.
Though lightnings flash and mountains sever,
Count on the gallant South forever.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie Land."

To my mind it seems only necessary to print together and compare these versions to achieve a notable triumph for the sentiment and patriotism of the new words. If the old words by the Northern minstrel singer had the least sense or feeling in them, I should not wish them changed; but instead of the sentiment which we should find in these words we find nothing but a silly jumble of nonsensical rhymes, united, however, with a wonderful melody which is now and ought to be a national heritage. The melody alone arouses a feeling of enthusiasm wherever it is heard; but the words not only do not arouse these feelings, but actually serve to stifle them. They are far too inane and silly and are wholly misrepresentative of the literature and feeling of the South. For example, the substance of the Emmett words constitutes neither literature nor even good dialect.

It has been said with great earnestness and sincerity in some cases and with supercilious unction in others that "what's good enough for our fathers is good enough for me." I have the fullest sympathy with those who say this through sincerity and in good faith; but for those who say it from ignorance, prejudice, or other reasons we have naturally much less respect. It seems to me that any sincere person of this day and generation who has had the pleasure of hearing this sung with the wonderful expression and sentiment of the Confederate Choir or of other singers could not choose other than the words of the new version. These new words, when sung with expression and feeling, arouse on their own behalf the most intense emotion over and above that aroused by the stirring melody which they accompany.

It is no wonder that thousands of Confederate veterans and thousands of a later generation become wildly enthusiastic over "Dixie," as, for instance, when it was sung by the Confederate Choir at Richmond this year. Every word was distinctly enunciated and struck an answering chord in the heart of the hearers. Such a thing is impossible in the singing of the words of Dan Emmett; for here the melody only is attractive, and the words seem wholly irrelevant in a great patriotic gathering, expressing something like a ribald jollity to those who feel that the language of a national song should measure up to the occasion on which it is sung.

OUR NATIONAL HYMN.

BY H. W. HENRY, SR., OKLAWAHA, FLA.

Will you not kindly enlist the help of the Daughters, Sons, and Veterans of the Confederacy, as well as all others who love the South and desire that justice should be done her, to right a wrong that on occasions burdens our souls?

We have a hymn, "America," called our national hymn, taught in our public schools and sung on all great public occasions and sometimes in public worship in our churches. When the hymn is sung, we are all expected to stand reverently and in heart and soul, if not in tuneful voice, unite heartily and enthusiastically in glorifying our "grand and glorious country" as we sing:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride," etc.

Are we not inclined to ask ourselves what part or lot have we who have not been granted the good fortune of a Pilgrim Father in America, past or present? We must bow our heads in humility and retire to the rear and let the Pilgrims do all the priding. Is this just or becoming to the multitude of Americans whose ancestors not only died but did something for the advancement and honor of America? Were there never any other settlers in America than those who landed on Plymouth Rock?

One might infer that alone and single-handed the doughty Pilgrim Fathers braved the dangers of the deep, subdued the savage, cleared the wilderness, and by their courage and industry made America what she is to-day and are the only men who to-day can point with pride to their achievements. Had the Jamestown, the Maryland, Pennsylvania, Delaware, North and South Carolina, and Georgia settlers, with the Dutch of New York, the Spaniards of Florida, and the French of Canada, Louisiana, and the Mississippi Valley, no part or lot in our common country? Some achievements and names

they have left in her history and some names on her map would indicate that they had.

The hymns of a people, as has been truly said, are potent in making the character of a people. It is no small matter that what is recognized as our national hymn, which we are expected to sing and which our children are taught to sing, has a very serious "false note." Let it be rewritten, at least omitting the first stanza, or, what would be better, let us have a new national anthem in which we can all heartily unite, whether we be of pilgrim or alien blood. This from a Confederate veteran with no "pilgrims' pride."

THE SPIRIT OF COMRADESHIP.

A. H. Boies, Adjutant De Golyer Post, G. A. R., and a veteran of the 4th Michigan Regiment, 5th Corps, Army of the Potomac, writes from Hudson, Mich.:

"Will you kindly allow a brother Yank short space in your valuable magazine? I have just finished reading the June number; and the more I read, the more interested I got in its perusal. It certainly takes the old boys back to those glorious dark days. I say glorious, for when I look back over fifty years and think of the heroic deeds, the hairbreadth escapes, the fun in camp, running the guard, upsetting settlers, flirting with the girls, etc., I say they were halcyon days for me. And yet I do not forget that they were years of sorrow and sadness to many of us as well. I had my share of sorrow, for my comrades left me in nearly every battle, and sorrow and trouble I had to share with others of my regiment. I was killed at Malvern Hill, so my comrades say, but I would not stay dead; and again at Gettysburg I was shot and taken prisoner by a little Georgia boy of the 24th Infantry, who held me up, but he got no money nor even a watch. I forgot to have such articles with me. I wish I knew that boy's name, but one never thinks of asking a soldier's name during a battle. I was but eighteen years old when taken prisoner at Gettysburg in 1863, and the Georgia boy was about the same age. I would give the world to meet that boy. I hope he will make himself known if we both meet in the great beyond. He was about as anxious to get out of that fight in the wheat field as I was. I think both of us were so scared that we had to hold our caps on our heads; but he got me to the rear and turned me over to the proper authorities. I liked that little fellow; and if I could ever find him, I would welcome him with open arms to the home of a Michigan Yankee.

"There is very much published nowadays by both Union and Confederates that lays particular stress upon the matter of one side having better, braver, and more heroic soldiers than the other; but I make no such claim. I feel and think that we cannot draw the line. We are all Americans, and the South had just as brave, heroic men as the North, and I do not condemn any one of them for revering their flag, the Stars and Bars. Those same men to-day, and the whole South for that matter, would fight just as quickly for 'Old Glory,' the Stars and Stripes, if insulted by any other nation. Had things turned out differently, had the South won in the Civil War, of course the Stars and Stripes would have taken a back seat, and we of the North undoubtedly would follow the same course as the South does in memory of a lost cause. But we thank God to-day that the North and South are united; we are as one; one flag flies over us, and the whole world knows that we are a united country and the Johnnies and Yanks are Americans and ever ready to stand by and protect the flag of our country.

"As I was traveling through the Southern States a short time ago, along between Atlanta and Macon, Ga., I overheard a man on the cars telling others how in that part of the country the Yanks captured him, and he gave some of his experiences while with them. After listening for a while, I went over to him and said: 'My friend, I have been very much interested in your talk. I am one of those Yanks you are talking about.' Well, the judge (for such he was) handed me his card, which read, 'George Hillyer, Atlanta, Ga.,' and Judge Hillyer and I clasped hands in a good old-fashioned shake. We had a good visit on the train, and he invited me to his home, and I also extended a welcome to him to the Wolverine State. He was at the great peace reunion of the blue and gray at Gettysburg, Pa., in 1913, and he pronounced it one of the most wonderful gatherings of the age, a reunion of the Northern and Southern veterans. It certainly was great and will long be remembered by those who were there.

"O, these old veterans who saw service at the front—I do not mean those at the rear, but those actually on the firing line—know what war is, and they know how to greet a comrade. I say comrade, although the proper definition for comrade is a companion, tentmate, or associate, perhaps; but I feel like greeting those battle field Confederates with all the vigor and friendship of my own Union comrades.

"I want to tell you of a little incident that happened lately up here in Michigan. An ex-Confederate soldier, Capt. R. E. Harkings, of the 5th Virginia Cavalry, was recently traveling through Michigan and became stranded at Hudson, Sewanee County. Upon learning of the plight of the Confederate soldier, some of the veterans of De Golyer Post, G. A. R., kindly provided him with meals, lodging, and railroad transportation to help him on his way to his Southern home, in Henrico County, Va. Captain Harking's regiment and the old 4th Michigan had faced each other many times in the Army of the Potomac and Northern Virginia; and although enemies in those days, they are true friends now. May it ever be thus between the North and the South! I hope to meet every one of them on our new camp ground in the great beyond. So while we cheer for our comrades at the encampment at Washington next fall, we must not forget that there were heroes in gray. I wish it were so that the Army of the Potomac and Northern Virginia could mingle and march together. Wouldn't it be glorious?"

SEEKS A "BOY" COMRADE.

Tom N. Shearer writes from Atlanta, Ga. (60 Garnet Street):

"Our regiment was a mixed regiment and in 1861 and 1862 was known as 1st Alabama and Mississippi, commanded by Col. Alpheus Baker, of Eufaula, Ala. On March 8, 1862, just after campaigning in Missouri and crossing the Mississippi River into Tennessee, we were captured and carried as prisoners of war to Camp Rowell, Madison, Wis. We remained there about six weeks, when we were sent to Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. We were exchanged the latter part of 1862, sent on a railroad train to Cairo, Ill., then we were put on a steamboat and carried down the Mississippi River to Vicksburg, Miss. We remained there a few days, when we were sent to Jackson, Miss., and reorganized. Our regiment was then made the 54th Alabama, with Alpheus Baker still our colonel. In the battle of Baker's Creek Colonel Baker was wounded. After this he was promoted to brigadier general and had his old regiment transferred to his brigade, which

was then above Dalton, Ga. We went all through the Georgia campaign.

"The object of this letter is to try to locate a boy (at that time) who belonged to Company F, from Alabama. He and I were frequently thrown together as skirmishers. On July 22, 1864, near Atlanta, they called for volunteer skirmishers. We went forward, he from Company F, Alabama, I from Company D, Mississippi. We made an agreement that if either was wounded the other was to take care of him. We started from near a church or school building, and we had advanced some distance before being fired on. We returned the fire, then obliqued to the right, and, to our surprise, in a short while we were there alone. In order to protect ourselves, we crowded into a small washout and followed that until it became too shallow to protect us. I proposed to try it out and requested him to follow. I made a break for the first tree and then went in a zigzag run from tree to tree until I got out of the reach of bullets. I then stopped and called for my comrade, but received no reply. It was nearly night when I reached the regiment. I made inquiry for the boy; he was not there. I made inquiry the next day; he was still missing. If he is living and remembers this, I should be glad to hear from him."

MORE CONFEDERATE TWINS SURVIVING

"UNCLE" MACK DABNEY, A FAITHFUL CONFEDERATE.

This picture of Uncle Mack Dabney was taken in October, 1913, and he was seventy-one years old in December following. Uncle Mack saw service with the 3d Tennessee Regiment, Col. C. H. Walker, under Gen. John C. Brown, during the entire four years of the war. Colonel Walker was killed at Jonesboro. History says this was one of the best of the Tennessee regiments.



"UNCLE" MACK DABNEY.

The hardest contested battles which Uncle Mack remembers were Vicksburg and Chickamauga. From the latter battle field he carried Mr. Bob Marsh, who was mortally wounded. Mr. Marsh was from Uncle Mack's home town of Cornersville, Marshall County, Tenn. He also recalls Missionary Ridge and was in the bloody battle of Franklin with the cavalry under Capt. Andrew P. Gordon, now living at Cornersville. This faithful servant and negro soldier was surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., May 10, 1865.

The following letter from Capt. A. P. Gordon gives authenticity to Uncle Mack's service as a Confederate soldier: "Old Uncle Mack Dabney was born and reared three miles south of this place (Cornersville). His old master, the late J. O. Dabney, one of Giles County's best citizens, sent five noble boys to the Confederate army and also Uncle Mack to cook and wait upon them, which he did well and faithfully to the end. He was with us in all the marches from Fort Donelson to Atlanta and on to Gainesville, Ala., where we all surrendered. He came home with us and went to work to try to make an honest living for himself and family, and in all these long fifty years just passed I have never heard one single thing against Uncle Mack Dabney. He is true and faithful to his family and the old soldier. He is now, and has been for years, sexton at the Methodist church. All the young masters that he went out with have passed away, except one, Sam D. Dabney, who lives here."

CAMP BEAUREGARD MONUMENT FUND.

REPORT OF MRS. GEORGE T. FULLER, CHAIRMAN, MAYFIELD, KY., FROM MAY 27 TO AUGUST 4, 1915.

Cash in bank May 27, 1915, $433.57.

Kentucky: A. O. Stanley, Henderson, $5; T. W. Thomas and Noah Caldwell, Wingo, $1 each: C. W. Milliken, Louisville, $1; Dr. J. C. Sullivan, Dublin, $1; J. W. Sanderson, C. W. Wilson, J. E. Frey, W. H. Albritton, L. F. Morgan, W. E. Olive, Wiley S. Boyd, W. H. Hester, O. H. Brooks, Walter Wilson, C. S. Wyatt, R. G. Robbins, Mayfield, $1 each.

Total collections since last report, $21.

Total amount in hands of chairman, $454.57.

Will not each Chapter President of Alabama, Arkansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, and Tennessee please urge her Chapter to send in at least one dollar before October 1, the time of our annual report? These States should be interested enough to contribute to the marking of the resting place of so many of their heroic sons who lost their lives while at Camp Beauregard.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

There were nine members of Company E, 36th Illinois Infantry, who answered to the name of "James," and the picture here given shows the three survivors. On the left is James Hatch, the youngest and tallest man of the company. He now lives in Plano, Ill., and is an interested subscriber to the VETERAN. About twice a year he comes South to go over the battle fields of Tennessee and Georgia, on some of which his blood was spilt. He was wounded at Stones River (December, 1862), at Chickamauga (September, 1863), and again in the Atlanta campaign (June 19, 1864), when he was captured and spent a little over eight months in Confederate prisons, being at Andersonville part of that time.



THE THREE "JIMS."

James E. Moss, in the center of this group, was bo New York, but grew up in Illinois; and he is now a suc ful farmer and large landowner at Scranton, Ia.

James F. Harral was born in England, but came to Am when quite young and located in Illinois. He is a prom business man of Aurora, Ill., proud of his English birth American loyalty. He is president of his regimental ass tion.

Of the nine "Jims" in Company E, two were Irish, one lish, one Canadian-French; the others were born in York and Illinois; two of them were killed in battle (Ja Baird at Stones River and James Alston at Franklin); Ja Brown carried a badly crippled arm until his death, s years ago. On the night of December 30, 1862, four of t —James Brown, James Moss, James Harral, and James H —lay down in the darkness together, looking anxiously the coming day; all four were wounded, two of them seri ly. Company E took fifty-eight men into the battle, of wl seven were killed or mortally wounded and twenty- wounded; at the close of the day twelve were present with colors.

The 36th Illinois Infantry was a famous fighting regim taking part in the battles of Pea Ridge, Perryville, St River, Vicksburg, Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, Missio Ridge, Resaca, Adairsville, Dalton, Little Kennesaw, Ke saw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Lovejoy, Jo boro, Pulaski, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville. Ou the fifteen hundred infantry and cavalry mustered into command, the loss was more than seven hundred.

A correspondent from Spartanburg, S. C., writes of u the VETERAN in connection with his school work and s "I have been reading the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in the libi here this summer and have enjoyed it very much."

"THE AMERICAN PARTY AND THE GREAT REPUBLIC."

Dr. John Allan Wyeth, the distinguished ex-Confederate soldier, author, and surgeon, has issued a brochure with the above title, advocating the formation of a national party to secure "one government and one national language from Panama to the Arctic Pole." The United States is to absorb and control all other governments and nationalities on the North American Continent. The proposition is inspired by the noblest spirit of humanity and brotherhood.

When a man has written two such delightful and instructive books as "The Life of General Forrest" and "With Sword and Scalpel" and has, moreover, won such a high place in science, anything he writes is worthy of earnest thought and serious consideration, and I wish every American citizen might read this little pamphlet.

I must confess that as an ex-Confederate I am not sufficiently reconstructed and patriotic to desire or to believe in the benefits of such a wide extension of the "best government the world ever saw." And as a pure-blooded Scotch-Irishman I don't care to share citizenship with the mongrel races south of us. Our citizenship has enough of solid color now, without the variegated populations made from a mixture of [illegible] and negro. To me the plan seems not

OFFICIAL REPORT ON GETTYSBURG REUNION, 1913.

The report of the Battle of Gettysburg Commission of the State of Pennsylvania on the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of that great battle has been sent out, handsomely bound in blue and gray, these colors joined by our national colors of red, white, and blue, and stamped with the coat of arms of Pennsylvania. In continuation of its spirit of generous good will, the Commission has sent this report complimentary to officials and others who gathered at Gettysburg two years ago to take part in that great reunion.

It will be interesting to note the number of people entertained at this great love feast. The attendance of veterans from both sides totaled 53,407, and the government assigned 1,466 officers and men as the force necessary for proper administration and protection of the camp; the helpers totaled 2,170, while the 155 newspaper men, representing this and foreign countries, swelled the grand total entertained at this great meeting to 57,198 persons.

The total of appropriations made for this reunion by Congress, the State of Pennsylvania, and other States and territories was $1,175,370, of which sum $740,000 was expended for transportation alone. Three hundred thousand dollars was expended in establishing and maintaining the great camp, while $135,000 was used in entertaining the visitors. The full amount appropriated by the State of Pennsylvania was $450,000.

This is the record of an event the like of which was never known before and can never be again, the celebration of an anniversary whose participants once faced each other in "battle's stern array." Fifty years of peace had mellowed the hearts of those who gathered again on that fateful field, and they met as brothers united in the bonds of patriotic love. It was an occasion never to be forgotten by those who took part in it, and this handsome volume is a record for posterity. Much of the success of the meeting was due to the unflagging zeal and enthusiasm of Col. Lewis E. Beitler, Secretary of the Commission, and to him also is due credit for the compilation of this very complete report.

The volume is profusely illustrated with pictures of those prominently connected with the Gettysburg Commission, of Governors Stuart and Tener, of Pennsylvania, under whom the movement was inaugurated and carried out, of Presidents Taft and Wilson, of the committees G. A. R. and U. C. V., of scenes in camp and over the battle field, and of monuments and markers at the special points of interest. It is a valuable souvenir of a great occasion. Should any of those to whom the book was sent have passed over the river, their families are requested to accept this "record of an unparalleled national reunion of good will" with the compliments of the Commission.

The legislature has made appropriation for another edition of the report, 12,000 volumes, for the use of the legislators, the Governor, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the School Library Commission.

W. O. Dungan, Minden, Nebr.: "I am very well pleased with your paper and am glad to renew my subscription. I want to hear the old Johnnies' side of our little unpleasantness. They are still 'Johnnies' to me, and I suppose I am a 'Yank' to them. Their accounts of the battles amuse me as well as instruct. I know they would have licked us if we had used the pen, especially if such men as Witherspoon, of Jackson, Tenn., were wielding it. I was shut out of the service by a 7th Tennessee cavalryman, dismounted."

VETERAN SIGNAL CORPS ASSOCIATION.

Lieut. George Carr Round, of Manassas, Va., President of the United States Veteran Signal Corps Association, writes that the next annual meeting will be held in Washington, D. C., during the G. A. R. National Encampment, September 27 to October 2. It is his wish that all survivors of the Confederate signal corps communicate with him, and he invites each and every one of them to meet with his association in Washington and take part in the jubilee gathering on Georgetown Heights on Monday, September 8. Lieutenant Round says:

"Of late we have been favored at our meetings with the presence of several Confederate signal corps veterans. At Chattanooga, in September, 1913, Col. Washington A. Clark, of Columbia, S. C., delivered the principal address at our reunion; and Capt. B. L. Goulding, of Chattanooga, joined with me in opening up war-time stations on Lookout, Missionary Ridge, Cameron Hill, and Signal Mountain, and in exchanging jubilee messages of peace and good will, which were published daily in the Chattanooga papers at that time.

"In 1902 Gen. E. P. Alexander, of Georgetown, S. C., Beauregard's signal officer in July, 1861, gave, on my invitation, the thrilling story of the first signal message sent on a battle field, which was sent by Alexander himself to General Evans at the Stone Bridge to inform him of the movement of McDowell on his flank via Sudley. Our 'History of the Signal Corps,' edited by our Historian, Lieut. J. Willard Brown, contains a chapter on the Confederate signal corps, which Colonel Clark tells me is the fullest historical account known to him.

"The signal system was a purely American invention, its author being Assistant Surgeon Albert J. Myer, of New York, who laid his ideas before the Senate Military Committee about 1859. Jefferson Davis was a member of that committee and was so convinced of the importance of Myer's methods that in 1861, when Captain Alexander asked for employment in the Confederate engineers, he directed him to organize a Confederate signal corps. Alexander was one of the West Point graduates who had been instructed by Major Myer in his new alphabetical signal code. Myer's system was put to the test in the great war of 1861-65, and out of it has grown the signal systems now so efficient in all the armies of the world."

CONFEDERATE MOTHERS.

J. S. Frink, Adjutant of Camp Stuart, U. C. V., of Jasper, Fla., writes that Mrs. Sallie Polhill, now living at Belville, Fla., sent two sons into the Confederate army. One son was killed at Richmond, Va. She is now ninety-four years of age and in fine health. Also Mrs. Melissa Williams, of Genoa, Fla., had a son in the Confederate service who was killed in the battle of Seven Pines. Mrs. Williams is now ninety-three years old. Mr. Frink writes that he finds very few Confederate fathers now living.

Mrs. John Carr, who was Miss Susan Howell, born September 11, 1824, and married in 1842, is the mother of John Carr, a Confederate soldier, now living in Arkansas. Mrs. Carr's home is near Quitman, Miss.

J. M. Adams, of Monroeville, Ga., writes of two other Confederate mothers. Mrs. Elvira A. Smith, who was born in 1825, lives at Colbert, Ga. Her husband and son were in the Confederate army. Mrs. F. A. Fambrough, of Arnoldsville, Ga., born in 1826, also had a son serving the Confederacy.

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The one college uniting a refined Christian home with most advanced college courses. A complete, comprehensive curriculum of fifteen distinct schools, embodying every subject that can aid in intellectual, moral, religious, and æsthetic development, a two-year college preparatory course, a four-year standard A.B. college course, and a three-year university Bible course. Conservatory advantages in language, literature, art, music, expression, and domestic science secure the uniform unfolding of the soul, all based upon personal care and character-building in the making of a woman for womanly ends. No death, no elopement, no casualty in the twenty-five years' history of Buford College.

A consecrated, cultured Christian faculty of Southern women, experienced specialists "to the manner born," long identified with Buford College, trained in leading universities and conservatories in America and Europe, supplemented by a scholarly lecture corps, protecting, directing, and instructing under the wise guidance of Mrs. E. G. Buford, preëminently the "South's great woman educator," create a rare personnel, resulting in the inspiration to earnest effort and the attainment of high ideals. Mrs. Buford is prominent and active as a Daughter of the Confederacy, and several girls have had the benefit of the scholarship given by Buford College to the Tennessee Division, U. D. C.

The wisdom of the plan and purpose of Buford College is proved in the national and international patronage and crystallized in the representative student body and splendid alumnæ throughout the country, noble, accomplished women, loyal daughters, faithful wives, devoted mothers, broad educators, and vital factors in social life, making the world better because they live in it.

The prospective purchase and endowment of Buford College, celebrating her twenty-fifth anniversary, making her the alumnæ college of the South, must promote the advancement of every interest, insuring permanence and perpetuity and giving promise of a full enrollment at the opening, Thursday, September 23, 1915.

Prize of War.—Mrs. B. F. Ragsdale, of College Park, Ga., has in her possession a relic of the days of war which she is anxious to restore to its original owner or some descendant. It is a small rosewood desk in which is the following inscription: "This desk was taken out of the Harrison house, on the James River, seven miles from Richmond, by George W. Barney, Company N, 27th New York, and is confiscated according to act of Congress." The intrinsic value of the case is practically nothing, but it would doubtless be prized highly for its sentimental and historical value.

THE LAST CONFEDERATE.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH, CASSTOWN, OHIO.

He stood upon a mountain's crest,
  Beneath the glowing stars,
The last one of that gallant line
  That rallied round the Bars;
He looked across the plain below
  And dimly seemed to see
The flutter of the flags that waved
  Above the plume of Lee.

He saw his comrades of the past
  In tattered suits of gray,
Shoulder to shoulder as of old,
  Advancing to the fray;
Again he heard the cannon boom
  Along the lisping river,
And caught a glimpse of bayonets
  By glory crowned forever.

No comrade's hand was his to take
  As in the days of glory;
But, ah! he knew that all would live
  Embalmed in deathless story;
That Lee and Jackson and the rest
  Who led the hosts immortal
Had passed, their duty nobly done,
  The mystic, silent portal.

A banner rose among the stars;
  His eyes grew soft and tender
As he recalled a vanished youth
  When he was its defender.
"I will salute my flag," said he,
  "Ere I depart forever—
The flag I followed long ago
  When crimson ran the river."

His hand went up, he gave salute,
  The Stars and Bars above him,
The last old veteran in gray,
  Crowned by the hosts that love him;
He knew erelong the roses fair
  Would bloom where he was sleeping,
Content to rest the cause he'd served
  In God's eternal keeping.

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Part of student body of George Peabody College for Teachers, summer quarter, assembled on front steps of Social-Religious Building. This magnificent building, erected at a cost of $300,000, is one of the finest educational buildings in the country.

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Peabody College is endeavoring to supply such instruction as an educator of any rank may need.

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Thru the departments of Agriculture, Economics, and Rural Education, combined with the use of the Knapp Farm, students may secure special aining for the teaching of agriculture and the handling of rural problems in education.

Thru the affiliation with Vanderbilt University (just across the street) an opportunity is afforded to take advantage of many advanced courses in ademic and scientific work. The College itself offers courses in many of these fields, such as agriculture, botany, chemistry, economics, drawing, ography, Greek, hygiene, etc.

Besides the above, there are 73 courses in the department of Education, with 16 more in that of Psychology and Psychology of Education. Here e educator may find such pedagogical training as is needed for any position in the educational world.

The **Fall Quarter** opens Sept. 27 and ends Dec. 21. The **Winter Quarter** extends from Jan. 3 to March 22, the **Spring Quarter** from March 29 to June Degrees of B.S., M.A., and Ph.D. Write for catalogue of year 1915-1916.

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Charles N. Gibbs, of Leesville, La., wishes to communicate with some member of Company A, 10th Alabama Cavalry, Colonel Powell's regiment.

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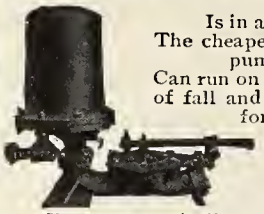
Mr. W. H. Ogden, of Fontella, Va., says: "I am in my eightieth (80th) year, and suffer from dizzy spells, but ***Thedford's Black-Draught*** will relieve me in twenty minutes. My wife suffered with cramp colic, sick headache, and catarrh. ***Black-Draught*** cured her of all three troubles. I recommend

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to all my friends for all simple liver and bowel diseases."

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INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES of CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Commissioner
Army Medical Library Building
Washington, D. C.



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Mrs. Emandy Sanders, of Thurber, Tex., wants to hear from some comrades of her husband, J. Sanders, who enlisted at Fairfield, in Freestone County, Tex., early in 1862, in Company E, —— Regiment. She needs a pension.

Mrs. M. E. Pitman, 46 W. Hickory Street, Denton, Tex., is trying to obtain a pension and would like to hear from some comrades of her husband, Col. R. W. Pitman, who served in the 13th Tennessee Regiment under General Forrest.

The widow of Rev. Harry Cassell desires proof of his service as a Confederate officer. He served in a Missouri cavalry regiment. Surviving comrades will kindly write to Mrs. Jennie Cassell, 229 East Second Street, Jacksonville, Fla., giving all information possible of his record. She is trying to get a pension.

Ben L. Griffin, 2121 West Sixteenth Street, Little Rock, Ark., wants to hear from some surviving comrade of Richard A. Brown, who enlisted in the Confederate service in the spring of 1861, in Company B, Haywood Rifles, 9th Tennessee Regiment, under General Maney. General Cheatham was major general. Mr. Brown is trying to secure a pension.

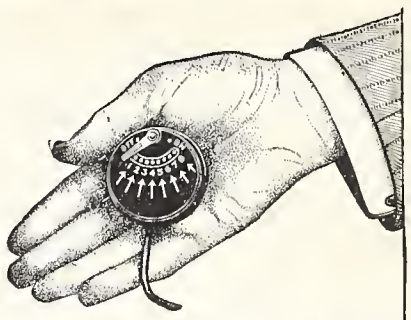
J. S. Owens, of Zimmerman, La., enlisted in October, 1861, at Wallaceville, Tex., in Company E and served under Captain Black and Colonel Debrays. From Galveston he was sent on scout duty to Hockley, Tex., then to Texanna, Sabine Pass, Bolivar Point, Liberty, back to Galveston, and from there to Mansfield, La. He was in the hospital at Hempstead, Tex., at the surrender. He is trying to get a pension and wants to hear from some of his old comrades.

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On Trial We prove our confidence in the Mears by asking you to test it thoroughly before you buy. We will send you an Eight-Tone instrument on trial! Test it under every condition of service for 15 days. Satisfy yourself of its powers before you send us a cent. If it fails to help you and please you, send it back, it will not cost you a penny.

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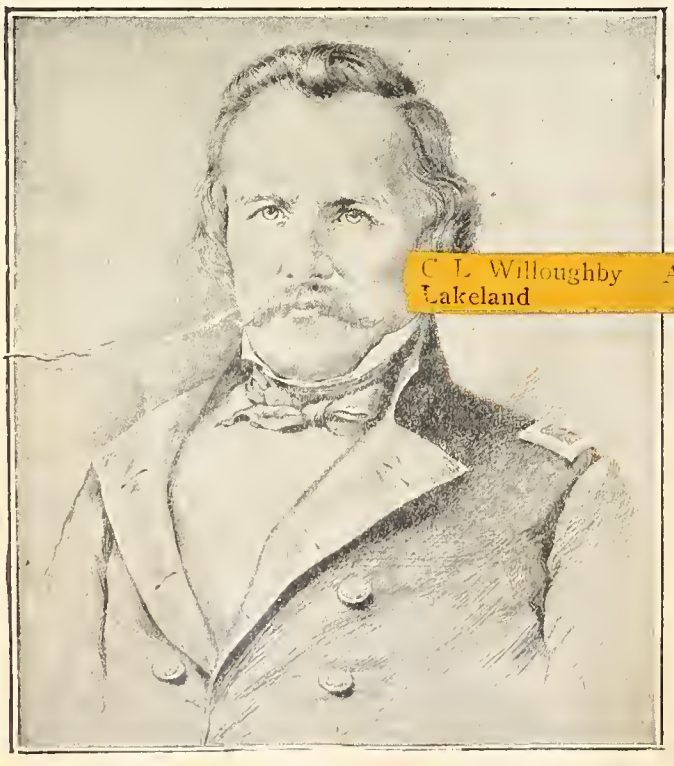
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Nashville, Tenn.

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VOL. XXIII. OCTOBER, 1915 NO. 10



EMBLEM AND MOTTO, U. D. C.

The Twenty-Second Annual Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Will Be Held in San Francisco, Cal., Opening October 20, 1915

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Inquiry is made for surviving comrades of J. H. Ratcliff, who served in Company G, 1st Arkansas Infantry. Address him at Ratcliff, Tex.

R. T. Carter, of St. Petersburg, Fla., is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from some member of Company A, 5th Georgia Reserves, who can testify to his record.

C. C. Walker, J. P., of Minden, La., asks that surviving comrades of J. M. Clinton, of Company A, 1st Georgia Battalion, will give their testimony to his service, as he is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. W. H. Taylor, of Muldoon, Tex., wishes to correspond with some one who remembers her husband, W. H. Taylor, in the 4th Alabama Regiment, C. S. A. He enlisted some time in 1862 at Eufaula, Ala., and served until the close.

E. K. Channell, of Suffolk, Va., R. F. D., has in his possession a trunk which at one time belonged to J. B. Haywood, of the 1st South Carolina Regiment, which was left at his father's in 1862. He will be glad to turn this over to either the owner or some of his relatives.

P. A. Blakey, of Mount Vernon, Tex., is trying to help J. C. Caviness establish his war record in order to obtain a pension. Mr. Caviness was a member of Company E, 26th North Carolina Infantry, under Capt. Steve Brewer and Colonel Johnson, entering the service at Petersburg, Va., June 7, 1863. At one time he was detailed to guard prisoners to Saulsbury, N. C.

Mrs. Kate E. Perry Mosher, known among the Confederate prisoners of Rock Island, Ill., as "Faithful," asks that any Confederate soldier who surrendered at Newnan, Ga., about May 12, 1865, and who knew W. T. (Tom) Chisholm, of Company C, 11th Kentucky Cavalry, as a soldier after Lee's surrender, write to her at 1556 Madison Avenue, Covington, Ky.

Mrs. Thomas H. Capers, of Crescent City, Fla., is trying to establish the record of her husband in order to get a pension and would like to hear from some surviving comrade. Dr. Capers was assigned to duty with the 18th Alabama Regiment at Auburn, Ala., and went from there to Mobile, then to Corinth. He was transferred to the surgical department and did duty in the hospitals. He was at Boonville, Miss., when taken prisoner with Capt. W. A. Scott and Colonel Murphy, but soon escaped.

Confederate Veteran.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONFEDERATE ASSOCIATIONS AND KINDRED TOPICS.

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OFFICIALLY REPRESENTS:
UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS,
UNITED DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY,
SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

PRICE, $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE COPY, 10 CENTS. | VOL. XXIII. | NASHVILLE, TENN., OCTOBER, 1915. | No. 10. | S. A. CUNNINGHAM, FOUNDER.



FLAG OF THE 32D TENNESSEE, COLONEL COOK.

This handsome old flag, rescued from a pawnshop in Dayton, Ohio, at the instance of the late editor of the VETERAN, by whom it was sometimes loaned for display on special occasions, has been missing for several years. Any information of it will be highly appreciated. Those who have seen it at any time within the past four years will confer a favor by writing to the VETERAN.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

A Memorial Association has been chartered in Nashville, Tenn., for the purpose of carrying to completion the memorial to the late editor and founder of the VETERAN, which will take the form of a memorial hall for the preservation of Confederate relics and papers. As a beginning of its work this memorial committee has issued an appeal for funds to carry out this plan, and in this appeal are given the reasons why every son and daughter of the South should have a part in this memorial work, which are as follows:

"Mr. S. A. Cunningham established the CONFEDERATE VETERAN in Nashville, Tenn., in 1893, and was its editor and publisher up to the date of his death, December 20, 1913. . . . No other citizen did singly as much as Mr. Cunningham to perpetuate the memory of the Confederacy and to save from oblivion the records, from a Southern viewpoint, of the War between the States. His life work was done and his reputation was made in the city of Nashville. Fully appreciating this, the committee has unanimously decided to erect in Nashville a fireproof building as a memorial to him, firmly believing that no other memorial could be so pleasing. Upon the walls of this building will hang pictures of Confederate generals and other distinguished men and women of the South; and there will be a number of cases to receive Confederate relics, histories, pamphlets, manuscripts, and other records of the Confederate States.

"To build this memorial the committee must have money; and it must come from the Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and their sons and daughters. Therefore the committee earnestly appeals to every Confederate veteran, every Daughter of the Confederacy, every son and every daughter of the South, and to all others interested to contribute to the erection of this memorial building.

"The CONFEDERATE VETERAN was bequeathed to the Confederate organizations by Mr. Cunningham, and this committee urges that the president of every Camp and Chapter have this appeal read at the next meeting and special committees appointed to solicit contributions.

"All contributions should be sent to the Treasurer of the Cunningham Memorial Association, care of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, Nashville, Tenn., and a list of all contributors will be published in the VETERAN from time to time.

"Committee: John P. Hickman, President; M. B. Morton, Secretary; Miss Edith Pope, Treasurer; M. A. Spurr, S. B. Shearon, P. M. Griffin, Miss Mary Lou White, Mrs. W. T. Davis, Mrs. John P. Hickman, Mrs. W. Frank Fessey, Mrs. Reau E. Folk, Mrs. W. Mark Harrison, Mrs. Mary R. Lee, Mrs. W. B. Maney."

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Previously reported	$2,454 95
Previously reported by U. D. C.	317 00
James S. Lipscomb, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Alvan D. Freeman, Newnan, Ga.	1 00
Mrs. H. M. Hamill, Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
John C. Cates, Connerville, Okla.	1 00
Mrs. John E. Wood, Scarsdale, N. Y.	1 50
W. O. Tirrell, Nashville, Tenn.	20 00
E. W. Smith, Weston, W. Va.	1 00
H. H. Padgett, Ridge Springs, S. C.	1 00
Parkersburg Chapter, Parkersburg, W. Va.	5 00
Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., Elberton, Ga.	5 00
Mrs. Augusta C. Inge, Corinth, Miss.	1 00
Fort Donelson Chapter, U. D. C., Dover, Tenn.	2 00
Mildred Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Martinsville, Va.	$ 5 00
Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., Charleston, Ark.	5 00
David O. Dodd Camp, S. C. V., Charleston, Ark.	1 50
R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, C. V.; No. 181, U. C. V., Richmond, Va.	25 00
Total	$2,852 95

THE OLDEST FLAG.

Those who attended the Reunion at Richmond last June will remember the old flag that was exhiibted just after the Flag Committee had made its report awarding the honor of having designed the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy to the late Maj. Orren R. Smith, of North Carolina. This old flag, said to be a replica of the design submitted by Major Smith to the Confederate Congress at Montgomery, Ala., in February, 1861, was made in Petersburg, Va., under the direction of Mrs. Herbert Claiborne, who had been reared in Louisburg, and that it was copied from Major Smith's design has been proved by sworn testimony. On one side of the field of blue is the North Carolina coat of arms, now almost obliterated; on the other side, in gilt letters as clear and distinct as if but recently painted, is inscribed: "Our Lives to Liberty, Our Souls to God. Franklin Rifles. Presented by the Ladies of Louisburg, N. C., April 27, 1861."



OLD FLAG OF THE FRANKLIN RIFLES.

This old flag was sent back to Louisburg before the close of the war and intrusted to Miss Ella Noble for safe-keeping. Since 1890 it has been in the care of Mrs. J. E. Malone. On July 7, 1915, with appropriate ceremonies, it was placed under the guardianship of the State by being deposited in the Hall of History at Raleigh. As a part of the ceremonies at the time Miss Jessica R. Smith, daughter of Major Smith, gave a history of the flag written by Mrs. Malone, who hopes to prove that it was the very first of the Stars and Bars ever presented to any military organization. It is doubtless the oldest Confederate flag now in existence.

ANNUAL REUNIONS IN STATE DIVISIONS.

Nearly all the State Divisions, U. C. V., hold their annual reunions in the fall of the year, and the time is near at hand for these meetings in the following States:

Mississippians will gather at Biloxi on September 27, 28.

The Texas Division will hold its annual meeting at Hillsboro October 5-7.

The Tennessee Division meets at Memphis October 6, 7.

The Kentucky Division will meet at Russellville on October 14. A commander is to be elected this year, as Gen. William B. Haldeman declines to stand for reëlection.

Fredericksburg is the city selected for the meeting place of Virginia Division, U. C. V., and the Grand Camp of Virginia, and the date is October 19-21.

The North Carolina Division will convene in annual session at Raleigh on October 20.

The Alabama Division meets at Selma on October 20 and 21, and Maj.-Gen. Harvey E. Jones issues a cordial invitation to all comrades to be of those present.

The Arkansas Division will hold its convention at Little Rock on October 26-28, with Maj. Gen. W. C. Ratcliffe in command, by order of Commanding General J. R. Gibbons, who will be abroad at the time.

The Florida Division convention will be held at Ocala October 27-29.

The Louisiana Division meets this year in New Orleans on November 10 and 11, this date having been selected by Maj.-Gen. A. B. Booth, that the unveiling of the equestrian statue of General Beauregard on the afternoon of the 11th might be a feature of this reunion. The monument complete will cost $21,000. Commander Booth favors rotation in office, so that other comrades may have this honor in the few years remaining to them.

West Virginia veterans will meet at Ronceverte on October 14 and 15.

REUNION OF THE ORPHAN BRIGADE.

BY THOMAS D. OSBORNE, SECRETARY.

The thirty-second reunion of the renowned Orphan Brigade, C. S. A., composed of the 2d, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 9th Kentucky Infantry, Cobb's Battery, and the 1st Kentucky Cavalry, was held at Harrodsburg, Ky., September 8. The address of welcome by Hon. Ben Lee Hardin was responded to with a highly instructive historic address from Sergt. Maj. John W. Green, of the 9th Kentucky. Rev. William Stanley, formerly a captain in the 6th Kentucky Infantry and father of Hon. A. O. Stanley, the next Governor of Kentucky, made the opening prayer, preceded by an invocation from Rev. Dr. W. H. Harley.

All the homes of Harrodsburg were open to the brigade, flags floated everywhere, and a short parade was given. Following royal dinners, the business session was held in the courthouse. Gen. William B. Haldeman was unanimously elected to command the brigade. Hon. Henry Watterson and Col. William A. Milton, of Louisville, were elected to honorary membership

The death roll of the year contains forty names and was read as follows:

First Kentucky Cavalry: John H. Gilliland, Ben Wilson, J. M. Anderson, John Stark, Joe E. Vincent, W. H. Phillips, George D. Rossett, John H. Bell.

Second Kentucky Infantry: John Cooley, W. H. Hammond, Congressman Robert J. Breckinridge, Robert A. Hick, James Brennan, Daniel Phillips.

Fourth Kentucky Infantry: A. K. Russell, Winston Anderson.

Fifth Kentucky Infantry: Robert Davis, John W. Wilson, John Connor, Joseph C. Cummings, Robert Allen.

Sixth Kentucky Infantry: J. M. Owens, Thomas Pollard, Ben F. Dickerson, W. J. Self, Ben M. Steffey, Maj. Sam H. Buchanan, John T. Neville, A. L. Harned, J. C. Bryan, J. C. Brannin.

Ninth Kentucky Infantry: J. M. Tydings, P. Booker Reed, M. O. Towns, J. H. Taylor, J. J. Williams, Thomas Y. Brent, James S. Carpenter.

Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm, mother of the brigade, was introduced and received with enthusiasm, the brigade standing and saluting.

In the evening a charming reception at Graham Springs Hotel was held under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy. The time and place of the next meeting were left to the Executive Committee.

AN UNSUNG HERO.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

On May 30, 1862, the commanding officer of the 12th Georgia Infantry, who had been left by General Jackson to defend Front Royal, Va., personally abandoned the place and after reaching Winchester sent the following dispatch to General Ewell: "Just arrived; enemy in close pursuit. Unless you can throw reënforcements here by morning, all will be gone."

The following indorsement on the report was made by General Ewell and forwarded to General Jackson: "This letter was written by Colonel ——— after abandoning his regiment and flying to Winchester with the impression that the whole affair had been captured."

The facts in the case, however, were that the major left in command tried to surrender; but at this juncture Capt. William N. Brown, over sixty years of age, who was made of sterner stuff, decided with the men not to surrender without an effort to get away and, taking command, brought the regiment safely to Winchester. General Jackson had the colonel send in his resignation; and as Captain Brown commanded the regiment at Cedar Mountain, the major must have been eliminated also.

The brigadier in command of this regiment at Cedar Mountain in his report of the battle says: "The conduct of the 12th Georgia elicited my especial approbation. It is a gallant, fighting regiment, and its commander, Capt. W. N. Brown, who is over sixty years of age, displayed great courage, coolness, and energy. He is eminently fitted for the command of the regiment, and I recommend him for promotion." This regiment had refused to fall back under a counterstroke, remarking that they had not come all the way from Georgia to run away from the Yankees, and they held their ground till the fight swung the other way.

On General Trimble's being severely wounded at Second Manassas, Captain Brown, being the senior officer of the brigade left, had command of it until the battle of Chantilly, where the gallant old hero was instantly killed. These facts in regard to Captain Brown were gleaned from the "Official Records," and I hope that some of his descendants will see this so they will know that his name will go down to posterity in the light it should as that of a man who "saw his duty and did it."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

HOW SHALL WE SING "DIXIE"?

Although the Daughters of the Confederacy have gone on record as opposed to any change in the words of "Dixie" as written by Dan Emmett, the argument advanced by "the son of a Confederate" in the VETERAN for September (page 423) gives good reasons why the finer sentiment expressed in the lines by Dr. M. B. Wharton should give them preference. The inspiration of "Dixie" in the sixties did not spring from the words, and the doggerel of the original version is not appropriate for our patriotic exercises. This opinion is shared by others, judging by the expression from an early friend of the VETERAN, Mrs. H. G. Hollenburg, of Little Rock, Ark., who writes: "I thank the VETERAN for advocating the adoption of patriotic words befitting the military glory and renown of our now national air of 'Dixie.' The tune that was fitted to the old 'befo' de war' minstrel words has become sacred in our hearts and memories and should have words expressive of these sacred memories whenever sung in honor of the soldiers of the Southern cause. The President of our Chapter and all the members to whom I have mentioned the subject as published in the September issue of the VETERAN are in accord with the adoption of suitable words to our glorious tune of 'Dixie,' and I hope the VETERAN will continue to show the incongruity of the words of a negro minstrel song being handed down to posterity as our war song. Let us adopt patriotic words to be sung to our glorious, soul-stirring air of 'Dixie.'"

No reasons other than those of sentiment in the association have been advanced for continuing to use the words of this negro minstrel song. How many are familiar with the lines beyond the first stanza? How appropriate to hear a dignified body of our representative women singing

"While missus libbed she libbed in clover,
When she died she died all over;"

or such as this,

"Buckwheat cakes an' stony batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter!"

The first stanza is the only one to be tolerated, and even that is but a merry jingle of words without any special meaning, not comparable to the fine sentiment of the lines by Dr. Wharton which arouse pride in the heritage which is ours, for

"Dixie Land is the land of glory,
The land of cherished song and story;
The land where rules the Anglo-Saxon,
The land of Davis, Lee, and Jackson."

Let us have words with meaning for our "Dixie."

There is another song which should be known and sung wherever there are hearts to be stirred by the music of the Southland. Dr. Ticknor's poem on "Dixie," which is set to the air of "Annie Laurie," gives both expression and sentiment of the finest from the opening lines,

"O, Dixie's homes are bonnie,
And Dixie's hearts are true,"

to the close,

"For Dixie's songs are o'er,
Her glory gone on high,
And the brave who bled for Dixie
Have laid them down to die."

TREE-PLANTING BY U. D. C.

For fifteen years it has been the custom of Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, of San Francisco, Cal., to send a "Sequoia Gigantea" (California redwood) for planting in the city where the U. D. C. convention was being held. This year the convention will be held in San Francisco, her home city, and it is her special request that each State represented in this convention furnish a tree for planting in that far Western city. Each Division President is asked to bring a small tree of the variety peculiar to her State, if possible to be distinctive. The planting of these trees from different Southern States will fittingly commemorate this meeting of the U. D. C. in San Francisco in 1915.

FOOD FOR ALL EUROPE.

According to the estimate of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, a recognized authority, the principal American crops this year will reach the following proportions: Wheat, 1,003,000,000 bushels; corn, 2,983,000,000 bushels; oats, 1,352,000,000 bushels; rye, 45,700,000 bushels; barley, 224,000,000 bushels; hay, 78,900,000 tons; cotton, 10,500,000 bales.

It is interesting in this connection to note that Virginia's corn crop, as officially forecast by the Department of Agriculture, will amount to 62,500,000 bushels, which exceeds by fifty per cent the production for last year and is more than 16,000,000 bushels greater than the average production for the last five years. Virginia farmers are to share in the general prosperity.

We could feed Europe with our excess production of grains. There need be no scarcity anywhere on earth, for we can relieve it.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

HIS SWORD RETURNED.—Col. R. Preston Chew, of Charlestown, W. Va., who, as commander of Chew's Battery, was one of the youngest officers in the Confederate army, has received the saber he wore during the conflict. The weapon was placed in a wagon on the retreat from Appomattox, when Colonel Chew was attempting to join Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army in North Carolina. The wagon and its contents came into the possession of a farmer in Amelia County, Va., whose son recently corresponded with Colonel Chew, and a few days ago he sent the sword that had been kept in good condition by the Amelia County family for more than fifty years.

AN APPRECIATED GIFT.—The twelve members of Camp Steadman, U. C. V., of Lexington, S. C., have each been complimented with a year's subscription to the VETERAN through the kindly thought of Hon. A. S. Lever, Congressman of that district. The order was sent to the VETERAN through Col. M. D. Harman, of Lexington, who voices the appreciation of the Camp. This was a most acceptable gift to the membership, and leading men of other communities have the same opportunity to give our veterans such pleasure.

BILL STUBBS, OF NORFOLK.

BY EMMA FRANCES LEE SMITH.

Bill Stubbs, of Norfolk, he up and said
(A-standing on a fence he was):
"I'll stand by my colors, captain. I promised sis!
And you fellows may be sure of this:
I'll stand by my colors till I'm dead."

'Twas just before the end had come.
"Marse Bob" was sorely pressed;
There was talk of trouble and of woe,
And some men said as they would go
Back to their folks in the old home.

I tell you, friend, 'twas an awful day
For us boys who were following Lee.
So tired we slept as we marched along;
There was no more laughing, no more song;
Nobody had a word to say.

Our feet they were bare and mighty sore.
We hadn't eat a bite all day;
And I saw the boys all so bent and worn,
Their old gray jackets stained and torn,
And a sight were the hats they wore.

And some they took and dropped out o' rank,
'Cause rations were so mighty scarce—
A drink of water and a bit of dry bread
And a stone on the ground for to lay your head
Und'neath a brush heap or a bank.

But Bill Stubbs, of Norfolk, we heard him say,
A-standing and a-waving of his hand:
"My dear little sister, she's that brave
She'd rather see me cold in my grave
Than to go straggling off that away."

So he went plodding on, 'cause, friend,
We all said that Lee knew best.
Though we wept when he furled the Stars and Bars,
Yet we felt through the sting of unhealed scars
We had "stood by our colors" to the end.

[Extract from an old war diary: "Bill Stubbs, of Norfolk, Va., standing on a fence, waved his hand and said: 'Captain, I promised sister last night that I would stand by my colors. Most of the boys stayed in."]

GALLANT DICK GARNETT.

Rev. R. H. Ferguson writes this appreciation: "I think I ought to amend the well-deserved tribute in the September number of the VETERAN to the memory of Gen. Richard B. Garnett. In the battle of Gettysburg, where he was killed, I was adjutant of the 18th Regiment of his brigade. He was the only one of the three brigadier generals of Pickett's Division who went into the battle mounted. He was kicked by a horse a few days previously and had to be carried in the ambulance the day before on the march from Chambersburg to Gettysburg. On this account he might have kept out of the battle, but he was too brave to allow his lameness to stop him. He fell with his face to the enemy, encouraging his men. All honor to his memory!"

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

[From a Richmond (Va.) paper of January 1, 1864.]

Among the Irish officers in our service, there is one whom I must name, Major Atkins, a County Cork man, from Mallow, a cousin of Thomas Davis. His father is Anglican rector of Mallow. Atkins is a man of six feet two inches, with a huge black beard. He has served in Italy and on the wrong side, as I think—that is, under Garibaldi. He is on the right side here, however, and is a good officer, attached at present to the staff of General Elzie, commandant of Richmond, so that I meet him often. Another soldier of fortune, like Atkins, is Col. St. Leger Grenfell, an Englishman, commanding a regiment of our cavalry. He is a tall, wiry old officer, who has led a most adventurous life, having served in Spain for Don Carlos and in Africa under Abd-el-kader, where he actually led wild Kabyles. He is a man of very fine education and highly courteous in manner, but does not affect to care for this Confederate cause save as it affords him a field for military adventure. When I speak of Grenfell as a soldier of fortune, I do not, however, mean in the Dugald Dalgetty sense. He is rich, and, far from fighting for his pay, he accepts no pay for his fighting. Remittances come to him from England regularly, and he keeps splendid horses and two enormous dogs. Among foreign officers in our service, there have been certainly few more popular than this gentleman, whose subsequent usage and sad fate leave a deep stain upon the Yankee name.

Henningsen, too, is here with the title of colonel, though he is usually styled general, which was his filibustering title in Nicaragua. Henningsen has had, if possible, a yet wider career than Grenfell himself. He served in Spain of old also for Don Carlos.

Still another European officer I may mention, Heros Von Borck, a young Prussian and descendant of a very noble house, which has furnished famous captains to all the tribe of Hohenzollern kings. This Von Borck is a splendid cavalry officer and under our Stuart has done some daring feats; but for some months he has been invalided by a horrible bullet wound in the throat which is sure to kill him one day, as the doctors tell him. But in the meantime he tries to enjoy life and devotes himself to the fair maidens of Richmond. All these men—the Irishman, the Englishman, the Swede, and the Prussian—being now in the city and for the present out of field duty, I meet them occasionally; and having seen so much of the world, they are all agreeable companions.

NOTED FOR HER ELOQUENCE.

W. J. Milner, of Birmingham, Ala., sends this tribute to a famous woman of Alabama:

"I was very glad to read in the August VETERAN the tributes to the late Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton. She well deserves all the praise bestowed upon her. It was my good fortune to have had a personal acquaintance with her for many years, and I desire to add my tribute to her memory.

"Some years ago, while attending a Confederate Reunion in Mobile, I was told by the late Col. J. J. Parker, of that city, that some years previously he heard a prominent citizen ask Father Ryan whom he considered the greatest orator he had ever heard. Parker was a great mimic, and in Father Ryan's tone and voice he gave the latter's reply: 'Well, H——, I have heard Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Everett, Choate, Gladstone, Douglas, Prentiss, Yancey, Jefferson Davis, and all the great orators of my day; but I tell you the greatest of them all is Mrs. Clement C. Clay.'"

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*
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"*Love Makes Memory Eternal.*"

O, Dixie's homes are bonnie,
And Dixie's hearts are true;
And 'twas down in dear old Dixie
Our life's first breath we drew,
And there our last we'd sigh,
And for Dixie, dear old Dixie,
We'd lay us down and die.

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL'S MESSAGE.

My Dear Daughters: This is the last letter I shall write to you through the Veteran as your President General. Naturally, it is written with a feeling of sadness. It shall not contain a single request of you, nor shall it bear a reminder of your duty in U. D. C. affairs, but serve only as a vehicle to carry to you a loving expression of my deep gratitude for your unswerving loyalty to me, your hearty coöperation, and your loving affection. The two years of my administration of your affairs have meant earnest effort on my part and consumed almost my entire time. The result has been most satisfactory, for these two years have chronicled the most important events that have transpired in the history of our organization. It is not necessary for me to cite you to all you have accomplished, for you are as cognizant of that as I. May success attend you in all future efforts!

Sometimes my duties have seemed overwhelming, but your letters and messages of love and approval have renewed my strength and converted the rough places into smoothnesses, and your forgiving spirit has overlooked my weaknesses and mistakes. Wherever my duties have called me, and that has been almost all over these States, I have been received with the greatest attention and courtesy as your President General; and I feel free in saying that the United Daughters of the Confederacy receive to-day the greatest national recognition they have ever known.

In the evening of my life, when I shall sit in the twilight and think of things from my youth up, my thoughts will linger with happiness upon my associations and friends of the past two years, and I shall bless you in my heart for the memories of love you have given me.

I am of few words, as you have already learned from my previous letters to you. In this message of farewell expression fails me, but I hope you can read between the lines and realize the fullness of my heart. To say more would be fulsome. May I thank you again now for having given me the honor of serving you by naming me to the highest gift within your power, that of President General?

With a sincere interest in whatever nearly concerns you and love abiding, I am faithfully,

Daisy McLaurin Stevens,
President General U. D. C.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS.

Mrs. L. C. Perkins, official editor of this department, has recently changed her residence from Meridian, Miss., to Atlanta, Ga., and her address there is 607 Healy Building.

Just before her departure, the H. M. Street Chapter, U. D. C., of Meridian, entertained in honor of Mrs. Perkins with a musical and gift shower. Mrs. Perkins has been President of this Chapter for the past two years and has given every effort and energy to make this the leading Chapter of the State. Resolutions expressing the appreciation of its membership for what she had done were passed by the Chapter, with their realization of loss in her departure.

EXPOSITION NOTES.

BY HARRIETTE LOUISE RICHMOND SMITH, HISTORIAN JEFFERSON DAVIS CHAPTER, U. D. C., SAN FRANCISCO.

To those readers of the Confederate Veteran who are interested in the wonderful Panama-Pacific Exposition it may be interesting to hear what the Jefferson Davis Chapter, No. 540, U. D. C., of San Francisco, Cal., has been and is still doing in extending hospitality to all visiting members of the organization.

To the President of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, belongs the conception of the thought that our Chapter should come forward and stand for a real welcome to the visiting Confederate Daughters within our gates, and Miss Helmsley, charming and generous hostess of the Maryland Building, has made it possible for the Jefferson Davis Chapter to extend a welcome to all the visiting Daughters by giving the use of several rooms. Here from two to five o'clock on six days of the week the hostesses appointed by the President serve tea to all those who register name and Chapter affiliations. Thus is the spirit of hospitality kept alive, and the word of greeting over the teacups is a pleasure to hostesses as well as to visitors.

Since the opening of the Exposition the Jefferson Davis Chapter has given three notable receptions. The first was given early in the season at the spacious residence of Mrs. Mozart, one of our members, where, with many noted guests, we met the Southern hostesses of the Southern States buildings. The second was in honor of Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri, his wife, and party. The hostess of the Texas Building graciously opened the house for us. A balmy afternoon, music by the Presidio Band, delicious refreshments, and a delightful talk from Mr. Clark made this reception a pleasure that will long abide. Our third reception, lately given at the West Virginia Building to honor Ex-Governor and Mrs. Slaton, of Georgia, was delightful and charming. It was an evening affair, with the army and navy represented and many

distinguished guests. Mrs. Van Wyck, our gracious President, was ably assisted by the two most charming hostesses of the West Virginia Building, the officers of our Chapter, and the hostesses of the Southern States buildings. The real spirit of an old-time Southern home abided, and the memory of the evening will linger long.

PRESIDENT MISSISSIPPI DIVISION, U. D. C.

In the address by Mrs. Alice Tolbert Turner, of Carrollton, Miss., when she introduced her friend, Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price, to the convention at Vicksburg last May as one of the aspirants to the highest office that the Division had to confer, she said: "If you walked into a beautiful garden of roses, where this queen among all flowers might be found in profusion, in beauty of form and fragrance, and were told that it was your duty to pick from this garden one of the choicest to adorn some bright and glorious place on earth, what a task would be yours! Such is the task before the Mississippi Division, U. D. C., now in convention assembled. And from the bright and brilliant galaxy of women that adorns the garden of our Division it has become our duty just now to select one who shall grace with beauty, intellect, and true womanhood the presidency of our Division. It becomes my very great pleasure to introduce to you, Daughters, one who, I think, will add glory and luster to our State and to our work as President of the Mississippi Division—Mrs. Virginia Redditt Price."



MRS. V. R. PRICE.

Mrs. Turner's words were well chosen, for this fair and lovely daughter of Dixie seems peculiarly endowed with those characteristics that will not only redound to her credit as an official, but to the Division in many works well done and in well-devised plans for carrying forward the things that go to make up the routine of Division affairs. Already she is opening the eyes of the Executive Committee and of others important in the work, as well as of the Daughters throughout the State, by her wise action in looking toward finances and expenditures. With this executive ability regarding the practical things that come under her supervision, she is a true Southern daughter, filled with love and sentiment for the cause she so well represents.

Mrs. Price's work as Historian for the Division was excellent and placed her in the foremost ranks of Historians.

THE KENTUCKY DIVISION.

MRS. LINDSEY PENDLETON CLELAND, EDITOR.

The Col. Ed Crossland Chapter, Kentucky Division, U. D. C., of Fulton, is making elaborate preparations for the State convention, which will meet there September 21-23. House parties, receptions, teas, and dances will be the social features of the convention, while the principal business will be the election of officers and the revision of the constitution.

Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond will leave the office of President of the Division after making one of the most charming and efficient Presidents the Division has had. Mrs. Polk Prince, of Guthrie, Ky., and Mrs. W. H. Bateman, of Lexington, Ky., are candidates for President.

[Since this report was made the convention has been held, and Mrs. Polk Prince was elected President. Lexington was selected as the next convention city.]

FOUNDERS' DAY, U. D. C.

Founders' Day, September 10, was observed in Nashville, Tenn., by the affiliated Chapters, U. D. C., with appropriate exercises under the direction of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, held in the Tennessee Historical Society Room at the Watkins Building, in which building was held the third convention of the U. D. C. This day marks the founding of an organization which is now the largest and most influential body of women in this country, and its celebration honors the memory of the late Mrs. C. M. Goodlett, who first suggested the bringing together of all associations of Confederate women throughout the South into one general organization. A committee composed of a representative from each of the affiliated Chapters, some of the charter members, and Rev. R. Lin Cave held special exercises at the grave of Mrs. Goodlett and placed thereon an ivy wreath.

Mrs. William Hume, one of the founders, presided over the general exercises, and others of the founders, still active members of Nashville Chapter, No. 1, and some of the State officers were seated on the platform. The theme of the program was woman's work for the Confederacy, which in Nashville was begun under the leadership of Mrs. Felicia Grundy Porter in 1861, when a call was sent out to the women of the South to assist in furnishing money and supplies for the hospitals in Nashville. These relief societies were officially authorized by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of War, C. S. A., and as long as Nashville was under Confederate control the Southern women gave their time and money and devoted service to this work. Later a benevolent society was formed whose object was to furnish artificial limbs to the maimed Confederate soldiers.

From some old publications a comprehensive history of these relief societies was given by Mrs. T. M. Steger, a daughter of Mrs. Porter, and this was supplemented by Mrs. John P. Hickman's paper on the work of Nashville women after the war, who first looked to the removal of the Confederate dead from the battle field of Nashville to Confederate Circle in beautiful Mount Olivet, this lot having been purchased at a cost of $1,500. In a few years a monument association was chartered, and active work was begun in raising a fund for a Confederate monument to mark this hallowed spot, for which the sum of $13,500 was secured, the monument costing $10,500. Each year memorial exercises are held there and the graves tenderly strewn with flowers.

In 1889 the Tennessee Confederate Home was established, for which the State gave four hundred and seventy-five acres

of the Hermitage tract, and its appropriation of $25,000 for a building was supplemented by $6,000 raised by these earnest, patriotic women, who had organized as a Woman's Auxiliary to the Confederate Soldiers' Home in 1890, and from this auxiliary sprang the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Many large amounts were earned and used for the benefit of the Home during the nineties, such as $3,000 from a chrysanthemum show and $2,750 from concerts, operas, and luncheons. In 1895 Nashville Chapter, No. 1, the only Chapter then in the city, raised $735 toward a debt on the Home, and in 1899 the Nashville and William B. Bate Chapters gave $250 toward building the hospital annex and also gave $1,135 toward its furnishings. In that same year $650 was contributed toward sending the veterans to the Charleston reunion, and in 1900 Nashville Chapter gave $250 on their transportation to the reunion in Louisville. In 1907, when a second hospital annex was built, the First Tennessee Regiment Chapter donated $844 toward its cost, and the Kate Litton Hickman Chapter furnished four rooms at a cost of $185.

In 1903 the Tennessee State Division, U. D. C., came to the assistance of the three Nashville Chapters in their work for the Soldiers' Home by appointing a special committee, composed of a representative from each Chapter, through which this work was to be carried on. In her report of this work Mrs. C. R. Handly showed that a total of $14,611 had been collected and expended for the benefit of the inmates since the appointment of this committee, in addition to their loving care and solicitude, which are without price.

After the splendid paper by Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, State Historian, which was a beautiful tribute to the Southern soldier and the Southern cause, came the reports by representative members of these affiliated Chapters—Nashville Chapter, No. 1, William B. Bate Chapter, Kate Litton Hickman Chapter, Harriet Overton Chapter, First Tennessee Regiment Chapter, Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, Anne Humphreys Morton Chapter, and Gen. George Maney Auxiliary—which show a prodigious work accomplished in improving conditions at the Confederate Home and furnishing comforts to the inmates, involving the disbursement of many thousands of dollars. The estimated collections of these Chapters for all purposes aggregate more than $20,000, of which more than $10,000 has been used directly for the Home.

The exercises of this occasion were interspersed with old, favorite songs by prominent musicians, and at the close the veterans sang "We're Old-Time Confederates" and gave the Rebel yell as a compliment to the U. D. C.

Our Daughters of the Confederacy should ease off in building short-lived monuments. Let them devote funds contributed by loyal Southerners to the establishing of a Southern publishing house for the publishing and perpetuating of Southern histories, periodicals, and contributions of Southern authors. Thus a record will be made, a hiding place found for it, and in the far-distant future some prowling archæologist will find the manuscript, and truth will be established. In this way the Sinaitic version of the New Testament was found in the Convent St. Catherine and our sacred volume verified.—*C. C. Anderson, in Macon Telegraph.*

A Correction.—The address of Miss Helen Gray, promoter of the Southern Economic and Political Science Association, should have been given as Gray Lodge, Covington, La., instead of Baton Rouge, where she was only temporarily.

SHILOH MONUMENT COMMITTEE.

Report of Mrs. Roy W. McKinney, Treasurer, from August 17 to September 18, 1915.

Arkansas: Harris Flanigan Chapter, Arkadelphia, $2.60; C. E. Royston Chapter, Fulton, $1; C. D. Govan Chapter, Marianna, $5; James F. Fagan Chapter, Benton, $1; Charles Coffin Chapter, Walnut Ridge, $5; Mrs. L. C. Hall (personal), Dardanelle, $12. Total, $26.60.

California: A veteran, $1.

Colorado: Robert E. Lee Chapter, Grand Junction, $1.65.

Georgia: C. of C., Savannah, $15; Hartwell Chapter, $1; Boynton Chapter, Griffin, $2; Fort Tyler Chapter, West Point, $1. Total, $19.

Illinois: Stonewall Chapter, Chicago, $35.

Kentucky: J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, $5; Mrs. Roy W. McKinney (personal), Paducah, $7. Total, $12.

North Carolina: Bethel Heroes Chapter, Rocky Mountain, $5.80; Margaret Davis Hayes Chapter, Hendersonville, $3; James B. Gordon Chapter, Winston-Salem, $10; Mount Airy Chapter, $2.50; Norfleet Harrell Chapter, Murfreesboro, $5; Cleveland Guards Chapter, Shelby, $5; A. M. Waddell Chapter, Kenston, $10; Bell Battery Chapter, Edenton, $5; Hartford County Chapter, Winton, $5; Albemarle Chapter, $5; Junius Daniels Chapter, Weldon, $3; R. F. Hoke Chapter, Salisbury, $10; Pemlico Chapter, Washington, $1.50; Ransome-Sherrill Chapter, Newton, $2; Cape Fear Chapter, Wilmington, $10; Halifax Chapter, $10; Abe Shuford Chapter, Hickory, $2; High Point Chapter, C. of C., $1; High Point Chapter, $10; Anson Chapter, Wadesboro, $2; King's Mountain Chapter, $3.10; Z. B. Vance Chapter, Lenoir, $5. Total, $115.90, less postage deducted by Mrs. Williams, $3.

Oklahoma: Chickasaw Chapter, Ardmore, $1; Dixie Girls' Auxiliary Chapter, Muskogee, $2; Lee-Jackson Chapter, Chickasha, $2; Cynthia Walker Chapter, Edmond, $1; John C. Cates (personal), Connersville, $1; Col. William Penn Adair Chapter, Talequah, $1. Total, $8.

Tennessee: Tennessee Division, $50; Old Hickory Chapter, Dickson, $5; Musidora McCorry Chapter, Jackson, $25. Total, $80.

Texas: Mrs. Virginia Higgason, Caldwell, 50 cents.

Virginia: Richmond Chapter, $5; Suffolk Chapter, $1; Dabney H. Maury Chapter, Philadelphia, $5; Craig Chapter, New Castle, $5; Radford Chapter, $10; H. A. Carrington Chapter, Charlotte C. H., $1; Goochland Chapter, Vinita, $1; William Watts Chapter, Roanoke, $5; Farmville Chapter, $5; Rawley-Martin Chapter, Chatham, $5; Warwick-Beauregard Chapter, Denbigh, $2; Julia Jackson Chapter, Clifton Forge, $5; Lancaster County Chapter, Molusk, $2; Jefferson Davis Chapter, Accomac, $10; Dixie Chapter, Jenkins Bridge, $5; Neimeye Shaw Chapter, Berkley, $1; John W. Daniel Chapter, Newport News, $2; Sallie Tompkins Chapter, Matthews, $10; Beaver Dam Chapter, Carrsville, $1; Salyer-Lee Chapter, Norton, $5; Agnes Lee Chapter, Franklin, $1; Hamilton Wade Chapter, Christiansburg, $5; Randolph-Preston Junior Chapter, Christiansburg, $15; Surry Chapter, $1; Greenville Chapter, Emporia, $5; Shenandoah Chapter, Woodstock, $2; Ann Eliz Johns Chapter, Danville, $5. Total, $120.

Interest, $7.47.

Total collections since last report, $423.52.

Less expense of office of Secretary and Treasurer, $19.

Total collections in hands of Treasurer since last repor $404.52.

Total in hands of Treasurer at last report, $26,281.19.

Total in hands of Treasurer to date, $26,685.71.

HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

In preparing statistics for the minutes the Historian General asks for the name and approximate number of Chapters using the U. D. C. programs this year.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Was slavery a crime? What is the Bible view of it?
2. Was the slaveholder a criminal?
3. When was slavery first introduced into this country? By whom? What colony first owned slaves?
4. Contrast the laws necessary to govern slaves in colonial times and those in 1860.
5. Give a picture of life on the old plantation. (See "The Old South," by Thomas Nelson Page.)
6. Were the negroes happy on the plantation?
7. Give illustrations of faithfulness on the part of slaves.
8. Contrast the religious condition of the slaves now and then.
9. Contrast the educational conditions then and now.
10. Give incidents of faithful old "mammies" of the old days.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Song, "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."
2. Reading, "Old Billy," Pyrnelle.
3. Reading, "The Negroes," Vance.
4. Song, "Old Kentucky Home."
5. Reading, "Slavery in the South."
6. Plantation melodies.
7. Reading, "Ante-Bellum Civilization."
8. Reading, "Mars Chan's Last Battle," Thomas Nelson Page.
9. Recitation, "Bivouac of the Dead," O'Hara.

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR NOVEMBER, 1915.

Responsive service.

"Dixie."

1. Who is called the "mother" of the Daughters of the Confederacy? Why? Where did she live? When did she die?
2. Who first suggested the United Daughters of the Confederacy? When? Where does she live?
3. What are the objects of the U. D. C.? How many Divisions and Chapters now?
4. Who first suggested the Children of the Confederacy? When? Where does she live? How many auxiliaries now? What States have Children's Conferences? Why important?
5. Who first suggested the scholarships in the U. D. C.? How many scholarships have we now?
6. Who first suggested the essays on historical subjects with prizes?
7. Have the C. of C. erected any monuments? If so, where?

Recitation, "Gather the Sacred Dust," Father Ryan.

[A copy of the Athens Banner containing the answers to all of these questions in C. of C. program will be sent to any one for five cents in stamps. Send to Historian General for this.]

CORRECTIONS.

The Historian General has made several mistakes in her program work and gladly corrects these and thanks those sending corrections:

The Bayard of the Revolution, John Laurens, of South Carolina, not Henry Laurens.

The bravest soldier of the Mexican War, Daniel Hill, not David Hill.

In the Revolution, one of the heroes of King's Mountain, Campbell, of Virginia, not of North Carolina.

John Paul Jones, of Virginia, not of North Carolina.

Florida seceded January 10, 1861, not January 11.

The "Bonnie Blue Flag" was sung first in Jackson, Miss., not in New Orleans.

"The Southern Cross of Honor" was written by C. B. Tate, of Max Meadows, Va., and not by Mrs. C. B. Tate, of Pulaski, Va.

Jefferson Davis was wounded at Buena Vista, not at Monterey.

Charles Pinckney said, "Millions for defense, but not a cent for tribute," not John Marshall.

Mount Vernon was purchased by the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association, not by the United States government.

A GIFT OF VALUABLE RECORDS.

At the Richmond Reunion Col. James Sample, of the Grand Army of the Republic, brought to Miss Rutherford, the Historian General U. D. C., an album, or rather a scrapbook, filled with tributes to President Davis and General Lee. This scrapbook was presented to the U. D. C. and is to be placed in the Confederate Museum at Richmond with the data collected by Miss Rutherford. It contains a list of all the United States officers who left the service of the United States after November 1, 1860, and joined the Confederate army. It contains a refutation of Senator Hepburn's charge that General Lee accepted pay from the United States government after he had cast his lot with the Confederacy, written by Colonel Sample and published in a Tennessee paper. It also contains a refutation of the falsehood that President Davis tried to escape in woman's clothes, also written by Colonel Sample. These articles were alluded to by Miss Rutherford in the speech she made at Richmond before the Sons of Veterans, and thanks were publicly expressed to Colonel Sample and other G. A. R. veterans for aid given to her.

This gift from Colonel Sample is a very valuable one and greatly prized by the U. D. C.

It is quite a singular fact that one on the other side should be so interested in doing justice to the South, and it only goes to prove what Miss Rutherford has so frequently said, that the time is fast coming when both sides are willing to listen to reason and to aid in righting the wrongs that have been done to each other.

EXTRACT FROM "WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED."

WAS SLAVERY A CRIME AND THE SLAVEHOLDER A CRIMINAL?

How little the people living to-day know of the institution of slavery as it existed in the South before the war! I long for the eloquence of our silver-tongued orator, Benjamin H. Hill, that I might paint the picture as I remember it.

If a roll call were taken of the children in the South to-day, they would in large numbers be found to be abolitionists, intense and fanatical, and in full sympathy with the Northern side. Why? Because from childhood they have been taught by teachers who believe this and have been fed on such children's books as "The Elsie Books," Louisa Alcott's stories, and kindred ones, besides being allowed to see moving-picture shows of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sheridan's ride, contest between Merrimac and Monitor, and the like. Whom can you blame for this, parents, but yourselves?

Slavery was no disgrace to the owner or the owned. From time immemorial all civilized nations had been slaveholders. White, brown, and black have been slaves.

Who was responsible for slavery in the United States? Spain and England.

What colony first owned slaves? The Jamestown colony.

Was there any colony or State of all the thirteen which did not own slaves? Not one. In 1776 there were 500,000 slaves in America, and 300,000 were in the Northern colonies.

What was the condition of the Africans when brought to this country? Savage to the last degree, climbing coconut trees to get food, without thought of clothes to cover their bodies, and sometimes cannibals, and all bowing down to fetishes—sticks and stones—as acts of worship.

What laws became necessary when they reached this country? Very rigid and, in the light of the present-day civilization, excessively cruel. A strong argument for the civilizing power of slavery would be to compare these colonial laws with the laws of 1860.

How did the Cavaliers regard slavery? They were very thankful to have a part in such a wonderful missionary and educational enterprise.

How did the Puritans regard slavery? They thanked God for the opportunity of bringing these benighted souls to a knowledge of Jesus Christ.

How did the Quakers regard the institution of slavery? They were always opposed to the holding of any human being as property, although it is stated that William Penn did once own slaves.

Does the Bible Condemn Slavery?

It certainly does not. God gave to Abraham the most explicit directions as to what he should do with his slaves bought with his own money and what he should do with the ones he owned by right of capture. (Gen. xvii.) Then our Lord healed the centurion's servant and said not a word about its being a sin to hold him in bondage. (Matt. viii.) And Paul sent Onesimus, the run-away slave, back to his master with apologies, but said nothing to Philemon about freeing him, but rather offered himself to pay his master for the time Onesimus had stolen from him. (Phil. i. xviii.) And Titus was the pastor of a slave Church. Paul wrote to him to exhort those slaves to be obedient to their masters, not to answer back again, and not to steal, but to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things. (Titus ii. 9, 10. See also Ephesians vi. 5-8.)

Did the slaveholder in the South take an interest in the religious condition of the negro? He certainly did. More negroes were brought to a knowledge of God and their Saviour under this institution of slavery in the South than under any other missionary enterprise in the same length of time. Really, more were Christianized in the two hundred and forty-six years of slavery than in the more than one thousand years before.

In 1861 there were, by actual statistics, in the seceding States 220,000 negro Baptists, 200,000 negro Methodists, 31,000 negro Presbyterians, 7,000 negro Episcopalians, and 30,000 negroes belonging to unclassified Christian Churches.

The negro race should give thanks daily that they and their children are not to-day where their ancestors were before they came into bondage.

Was the negro happy under the institution of slavery? They were the happiest set of people on the face of the globe, free from care or thought of food, clothes, home, or religious privileges.

The slaveholder felt a personal responsibility in caring for his slaves physically, mentally, morally, and spiritually. By the way, we never called them slaves; they were our people, our negroes, part of our very homes. I do not remember a case of consumption (I should now say tuberculosis) among the negroes in the South. I can recall but one crazy negro in those days. Hospitals and asylums cannot now be built fast enough to accommodate them.

I am not here to defend slavery. I would not have it back if I could. But I do say I rejoice that my father was a slaveholder and my grandfathers and great-grandfathers were slaveholders and had a part in the greatest missionary and educational endeavors that the world has ever known. There never have been such cooks, such nurses or mammies, such housemaids, such seamstresses, such spinners, such weavers, such washerwomen. There never have been such carpenters, blacksmiths, butlers, drivers, field hands, such men of all work, as could be found on the old plantations. Aunt Nanny's cabin was a veritable kindergarten where the young negroes were trained to sew, to spin, to card, to weave, to wash and iron, and to nurse; where the boys were taught to shell peas, to shuck corn, to churn, to chop wood, to pick up chips, to feed pigs, to feed chickens, to hunt turkey, duck, guinea, goose, and hen eggs, to make fires, and to sweep the yards.

Did the negroes hate their owners and resent bondage? I need only to call to mind what happened when John Brown tried to make them rise and murder their masters and their masters' children. I need only to call to mind what happened when their masters went to battle, leaving in absolute trust "Ole Mis" and the children to their protection. I need only to call to mind what happened after they were free that made Thad Stevens's "Exodus Order" necessary in order to tear them from their old owners. I need only to call to mind the many mammies who stayed to nurse "Ole Marster's" children to the third and fourth generations.

Compare the race morally with what it was then. "Ole Marster" never allowed his negroes to have liquor unless he gave it to them. Crimes now so common were never known then. While the negro under the present system of education may know more Latin and Greek, it does not better fit him for his life work. It is true the negro did not go to school under slavery, but he was allowed to be taught if he so desired. I have in mind a young aunt who taught three negro women every night because they wanted to read their Bibles. I have in mind my mother on the plantation every Sunday afternoon teaching to the negro children the same verses of Scripture, the same Sunday school lesson, the same hymns that she taught her own children.

As in family life a child must be punished if disobedient, so in plantation life a negro had to be punished if disobedient. Even admitting that some overseers were cruel, will the most exaggerated cases of cruelty compare with the burning of the witches at Salem, or the awful conditions of the captured Africans on the slave ships or the fearful conditions in the sweat shops of Chicago and New York to-day? The slave was the property of the slaveholder, and a selfish reason would have protected him if there had been no higher motive.

No, the slaveholder was no criminal, and slavery under the old régime was no crime. In all the history of the world no peasantry was ever better cared for, more contented, or happier.

These wrongs must be righted and the Southern slaveholder defended as soon as possible.

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S HEROISM.

(Prize story in Banner contest.)

All the world has thrilled at stories of the Southern soldiers, who, though cruelly outnumbered, outarmed, outclothed, and outfed, dauntlessly fought four years. The lives of these brave men have gone down in history.

Such has not been the lot of the Southern women. History gives no mention of the mothers who gave their sons, the wives who gave their husbands, and the women who gave their lives.

There was one woman especially, Elizabeth Temms, the wife of a Georgia soldier, whose heroism is a fit theme for song and story. Right through the enemy's camp she continually and fearlessly sneaked clothes and food to the suffering boys in gray. Often she and her children ate less that the hungry soldiers might be fed. It happened that her home lay directly in the line of Sherman's march to the sea. The Yankees had been routed in a skirmish near the Temms plantation on a certain day, and the Confederates were hotly pursuing them. The Yankees hid in a dry creek just behind the house. There was a high fence about twenty feet in front of the creek, and the Confederates were compelled to climb this fence to continue the pursuit. While in the disorder necessary for climbing, the Yankees would open fire on their unsuspecting foe. A panic would ensue. The boys in gray would be butchered.

Elizabeth Temms from her upstairs window saw this clearly. She must save her people, at what price she cared not. Better the death of one than the death of many. Without a moment's hesitation, Elizabeth Temms boldly rushed out and warned her people of their danger.

And so the soldiers were saved. But for her heroism she must pay the penalty. The Yankees commanded her to take the oath of allegiance. Elizabeth Temms, powerless in the enemy's hands, dared to refuse. She defied them, swearing love and eternal devotion to the South, though her home was in ruins and it meant separation from her little children. She was sent to Louisville and placed in the old residence at Twelfth and Broadway, used during the War between the States as a woman's prison. Her spirit was unbreakable. Hunger, suffering, and privation could not bend her. She was thrown into an old ice house in the yard and there compelled to remain all night on the molding, wet straw. When taken out the next morning, she had developed pneumonia and was soon near death. Unconquered, she died, feeling that her tragic death was no sacrifice, but a supreme privilege. Her dying request was: "Bury me with my people."

Elizabeth Temms gave up for the South her home, her husband, her children, her life. The South gave to her a grave in Cave Hill Cemetery beside the Confederate soldiers and a simple marble slab with her name and date. No written word of appreciation records for posterity the memory of this woman. But, in the name of justice, should not the memory of Elizabeth Temms be cherished among our martyred dead?



MISS LOUISE HANCOCK, OF NASHVILLE.

Miss Hancock, winner of the prize in the Banner story contest and one of the youngest contestants, is the granddaughter of a Confederate veteran and a member of the George Maney Auxiliary to Nashville Chapter, No. 1, U. D. C. In this picture she is dressed in a costume of her grandmother's.

The contest inaugurated by the Nashville Banner some months ago brought in a number of stories of heretofore unrecorded deeds of heroism on the part of Southern women during the War between the States. The special object of the contest was to parallel the story widely circulated of the heroism of Mrs. Francis Barlow, wife of General Barlow, of the Federal army, which aroused interest in building a memorial to the women of both sections in the sixties. A full account of this was given in the VETERAN for March and April. The prize story in this contest told of the bravery and self-sacrifice of Mrs. Elizabeth Temms, of Georgia, whose grave is the only one of a woman in the Confederate section of beautiful Cave Hill Cemetery, in Louisville, Ky. On her tomb is inscribed her last request: "Bury me among my people." The tragic result of her heroic sacrifice of self tells of the useless persecution of the helpless, which is such an unnecessary part of warfare. The story of her heroism was thoroughly investigated and verified in every detail by sworn statements. The name is also spelled Teems and Timms.

Many other stories of heroism on the part of Southern women were received in this contest with a wide application of the subject. One of them recounted the daring exploits of Mrs. Amy Clark, who, disguised as a soldier, fought by the side of her soldier husband during the early part of the war; and when he lost his life at Shiloh, she buried him with her own hands and then continued her military service until she was wounded. Others were of such stirring deeds as that of Miss Alice Thompson, who, during the battle of Thompson Station, Tenn., when the 3d Arkansas Regiment was thrown into confusion by the loss of its colonel and color bearer, rushed from her shelter and seized the fallen standard, thus inspiring the troops to victory. Some of the stories were of the crushing burdens and responsibilities so bravely borne by our Southern women, which were no less tests of their courage if not so spectacular. Nor was the faithful devotion of the slave women unrecorded.

Deeds of heroism, courage, and loyalty to the Confederacy were thus brought to light and recorded; while a number of the stories were of the deeds of Southern heroines well known in history, such as Mrs. Rose O'Neal Greenhow, known for her bold operations for the Confederate government, many of which were carried on almost in the shadow of the Capitol at Washington and even while in prison; of Mrs. Ella King Newsom Trader, the Florence Nightingale of the South; of Belle Boyd, the famous Confederate spy; of Emma Sansom, the young girl who piloted Forrest to the river ford; of Miss Emily Mason, famous as a war nurse; and of many, many others who counted it a glorious privilege to give themselves and their all to the cause of the South. Their name is legion, and most worthily will they share in the glory of the great memorial at Washington which will represent the appreciation of our nation for the women of America.

THE 31ST GEORGIA AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY I. G. BRADWELL, BRANTLY, ALA.

In the spring of 1863 our encampment was near Hamilton's Crossing, about three or four miles below Fredericksburg, Va. Every three days one regiment of the brigade was detailed to do picket duty along the Rappahannock River, a mile or so away. Gordon's Brigade consisted of six Georgia regiments at this time—the 13th, 26th, 31st, 38th, 60th, and 61st. Afterwards the 12th Battalion, formerly of the artillery, was added. When General Hooker, who now commanded the Federal army, decided to begin active operations, the 13th Georgia was on picket along our front. Other infantry pickets extended ten or fifteen miles above and below Fredericksburg, and then the line was extended much farther by the cavalry, so that General Lee was always fully informed as to any movement made by the enemy. Hooker's plan of campaign was perfect; and if he had carried it out, it would have resulted in the capture of Richmond. He sent a force twenty-five thousand strong under General Sedgwick, one of his best generals, to cross the river at Hamilton's Crossing; while he, with the main army, over a hundred thousand in number, crossed the river fifteen miles above Fredericksburg. The 13th was one of the best regiments in the brigade; but it could offer little resistance to Sedgwick's army, and after some fighting it fell back and gave the enemy an opportunity to put in their pontoon bridges without opposition. As soon as this was done Sedgwick's whole force came across, formed a line parallel with the river, and fortified their positions with excellent breastworks. Behind these they remained very quiet and at first did not seem disposed to make trouble.

The wooded hills about a mile back from the river were well fortified by General Lee, and in these our brigade was led when the news came that the enemy had crossed. A fine old road runs from Fredericksburg down the river. This road had a cedar thicket on each side which almost shut out the view from our breastworks. Through a few openings our men could see the enemy busily engaged building their breastworks and mounting their guns. The 31st Regiment, commanded by Col. Clement A. Evans, was ordered to occupy the road and observe the movements of the enemy. Our position was only a short distance from the breastworks of the Federals, and we had nothing to do but watch them at work. They did not have any skirmishers out to annoy us, and at first we had a fine time peeping up over the bank of the road, which afforded us ample protection. Some of the men felt so secure that they made little fires in the road and behind the cedar brake toward our men and began to warm their breakfasts, for this was early in the day. Suddenly there was a volley of artillery from the Confederate position in our rear, and shrieking shells brought every man to his feet. This was the beginning of an artillery duel with a Federal battery a short distance in front of us. The Confederate artillerymen cut the fuses of their first shells too short, and they exploded just over our heads and scattered fragments and shrapnel all around us, but did us no harm. The Federal guns in their redoubts in our front now began to reply. Some of our men watched the effect of our shells as they fell in and around the enemy, while others observed the solid shot from the Yankee guns as they plunged into the red dirt in front of our works. When the firing was at its hottest, Lieutenant Acree threw up his hands and exclaimed: "That was a good shot!" A shell from our battery cut a Yankee in the redoubt in two. We were in great danger from our shells all the time and were glad when the shelling ceased.

At this time Lee and Stonewall Jackson were making it so interesting for General Hooker and his big army at Chancellorsville that he changed his plan of battle. Orders came to Sedgwick to abandon his efforts at Hamilton's Crossing and to unite his force in our front with that at Fredericksburg and drive away the small force left by General Lee to defend the heights above the town and march direct by the plank road to Lee's rear. This Sedgwick did, and after the loss of a great many men he succeeded in overwhelming the few defenders. The road to General Lee's rear was now open. One small brigade only, under General Wilcox, was in Sedgwick's front to oppose his advance. The thunder of the guns at Chancellorsville told to friends and foes alike that a great battle was in progress there. Early's whole division, which constituted the forces at Hamilton's Crossing, was now in the rear of Sedgwick, who was slowly driving Wilcox ahead of him.

When it was known that Sedgwick had captured the heights at Fredericksburg, our command was marched in that direction late in the afternoon. About sundown we came to Colonel Cutts's battalion of Georgia artillery deployed for battle behind a hedge about a mile from the plank road, his guns all pointing in that direction. The artillery had no support, and we were formed in the rear of Cutts's guns and ordered to lie down. Every one of his artillerymen was in his place ready for action when we came. In front was a level field three or four hundred yards wide extending to a piece of woods. We had hardly taken our place in the rear of the artillery when we saw a smart-looking officer coming toward us, riding at a lively pace from the woods. When he got within fifty yards of his guns, he commanded them in a loud tone to commence firing. This his men responded to by firing from one end of the line to the other in rapid succession. We now naturally expected to see the enemy's line advance or that they would open on us with their artillery posted in the woods; but when we rose up we saw General Gordon coming out of the woods on his horse toward us in a full gallop. When near enough to be heard, he commanded in a loud voice: "Cease firing." To this the artillery paid no attention, and the General rode to the rear. After some words between him and Colonel Cutts, the latter gave the order, and the guns ceased. It seems that General Gordon and Colonel Cutts were both reconnoitering in the woods to ascertain the enemy's movements. Colonel Cutts came up on the enemy, rode away, and ordered his artillery to fire on the woods, not knowing at this time that General Gor-

don was there. The latter had not seen any Yankees there when the artillery opened and was of the opinion that it was held by our men.

Darkness now came on, and we slept on our arms in line of battle. Nothing happened to disturb our rest; and when day broke we were called to arms, and our regiment, the 31st Georgia, was deployed in front of the guns, so as to cover the ground occupied by the other five regiments. The order was given to advance, and our long line did so in fine style. I remember this advance distinctly and how nobly Mark Everett, of Company E, carried our regimental colors through all the fighting of that memorable day. Although we were expecting the enemy's line in the woods to open on us every moment, the regiment crossed the field and entered the woods in front with a formation as perfect as if it were on parade. When we entered the woods we saw a number of United States army wagons loaded with army supplies turned bottom up. The mules, tangled in the harness, were still hitched to the wagons. They raised their heads and snorted as they saw our men coming toward them. Our litter bearers saw that the hind gates of the wagons were off and, peeping in, found that the teamsters had gotten in there for safety. The line made no halt here, but kept right ahead through the woods. No enemy appeared until it reached the opening beyond. Here there was a plain view of the enemy's trains on the plank road, guarded by a line of men on each side, all hastening on toward Salem Church, where Sedgwick's army now was. The land sloped from the woods about a thousand yards to a mill creek near the road. On the high ground beyond this was the plank road, on which the enemy was traveling. The sight of the enemy in plain view and the knowledge that they were in General Lee's rear inspired our men to make the most of this opportunity to do them all the harm in their power. The regiment advanced at double-quick down to the creek, which was about fifty yards wide and dammed up below where we were to cross. Some one plunged in and found that it was fordable, and in a short while the whole regiment was in the water. The aim of the enemy was bad, and we got across without losing any of our men. The ascent on the other side was steep, and, our clothing being wet, we climbed up the hill with difficulty. When the men got to the top, they opened fire on the enemy in reply to their sharp fire, to which we had made no response till now. This threw the teamsters and guards into great confusion. Some attempted to whip up their teams and go on, others tried to turn around and go back to Fredericksburg, while many abandoned their teams and tried to escape on foot. Much valuable property fell into our hands, and the guards fell back uphill toward some some old Confederate intrenchments occupying a very commanding position above Marye's Heights. Colonel Evans now reformed his men for the purpose of driving them out of these also.

While here our men, looking back over the ground over which they had just come, saw the other five regiments far to the rear. The color bearers were waving their flags and the men and officers their hats, but we could not hear what they were saying. They saw us when we captured the trains and dispersed the guards, and we supposed they meant that they were coming to our support. Colonel Evans ordered the advance, and we drove the enemy's sharpshooters ahead of us until they took refuge in the intrenchments on the hill. We thought these were held only by the men we had been fighting, and we advanced with confidence until we were within a few feet of the works, when a whole line of infantry rose and fired a volley. Strange to say, we did not suffer any loss; we were occupying lower ground, and their balls went over our heads. Colonel Evans ordered the men to lie down; but some, under the lead of our color bearer, Everett, wanted to mount the works. After remaining here for some time without losing any of our men, Colonel Evans gave orders to fall back forty or fifty steps. Here the enemy could see us, and we suffered some loss.

After we had been here some time under a very heavy fire of infantry and artillery, some one saw fit to send the 13th Virginia Regiment to assist us. This regiment was very much reduced in numbers, but came up the hill in the open in gallant style. The enemy's fire was thinning their ranks with fearful rapidity. When they reached our men on the left, they called out to them to get up and help them drive the enemy out. To this our men replied in language more forcible than polite and informed them that what our regiment had failed to do they would be very far from doing. They advanced only a few steps more when they broke and fled for protection under the hill. Their loss must have been considerable. Why a little handful of brave men were thus sent into the jaws of death without any hope of accomplishing any good the writer could never see. They lost more men in five minutes' time than we did in the whole engagement. Everett had stuck his flagstaff in the ground, and its folds waved in the smoky breeze of battle in full view of the enemy, only a few steps away.

At length, seeing that he was losing valuable men here where he was without support and without hope of accomplishing anything, Colonel Evans ordered a retreat. This had to be made under fire and in full view of the enemy to another line of earthworks some distance downhill. When the order was given, it was obeyed forthwith and without loss. There we remained until late in the afternoon, when we were ordered to the left, where, with the other regiments of the brigade, we joined in the general advance and drove the enemy from his position on the heights into the river swamp, from which he crossed the river during the night and made his escape. The entire loss of our regiment in this day was perhaps not more than forty or fifty killed and wounded. The other regiments of the brigade suffered less, as they were not so much exposed.

THE OLD BOATMAN.

I changed my name when I got free
To "Mister," like the res';
But now dat I am goin' home,
I likes de ol' name bes'.

Sweet voices callin' "Uncle Rome"
Seem ringin' in my ears;
An' swearin' sorter sociable,
Ol' Master's voice I hears.

De way he used to call his boat
Across de river: "Rome!
You damn ol' nigger; come and bring
Dat boat an' row me home!"

He's passed heaven's river now, an' soon
He'll call across its foam:
"You, Rome, you damn ol' nigger,
Loose your boat an' come on home!"

—*Howard Weedon.*

JOHNNY REB.

BY M. C. HARRISON, PETERSBURG, VA.

You may talk of Tommy Atkins as he marches to the front
To meet the German charge and stem the tide.
He's a mighty fine young soldier, I'll admit; and when the brunt
Of fighting comes, he doesn't run away to save his hide.
Yet not all his glare and glory is enough to take away
The adoration from our hearts for him who wore the gray,
The soldier boy we used to love, the vet we love to-day,
Our dear old gray-clad, gray-haired Johnny Reb.

Then a health to Johnny Reb, for there's none on earth above you;
A health to Johnny Reb, for the Southern lassies love you.
The hero that on gory field held hosts of foes at bay
Beneath the Stars and Bars, to you, old wearer of the gray.

I have heard about the Uhlan mounted on his prancing steed,
And never would I honor from him take;
But still the loyal Southern mind has memories that feed
The patriotic fire for him who perished for our sake,
For the soldier of the sixties who, half naked and half fed,
Followed through the smoke of battle where the sword of honor led,
To plant the flag of principle above the ranks of dead,
Our dear old ragged, bleeding Johnny Reb.

Then a health to Johnny Reb, for you left dear ones behind you;
A health to Johnny Reb, for you did the work assigned you.
Though silvered locks and wrinkled brow Time's ravages display,
Your eye beams with the light of old, dear wearer of the gray.

Yes, the papers all are telling of the Cossacks' mighty force
And the gallant way the Frenchmen charge the line;
The Dago and the Turk show grit; the Hun is grave, of course.
But nowhere in the universe the stars of glory shine
Like those within the Southern Cross, that torn and tattered rag,
Above the ranks of Lee and Stonewall, Beauregard and Bragg,
The Johnstons, Hills, and Forrest, for it was the battle flag
Of our dear old daring, dauntless Johnny Reb.

Then a health to Johnny Reb, for your valor never slumbered;
A health to Johnny Reb; you were ten to one outnumbered.
For two to one against you would have failed unto this day
To furl your flag; so here's to you, old wearer of the gray.

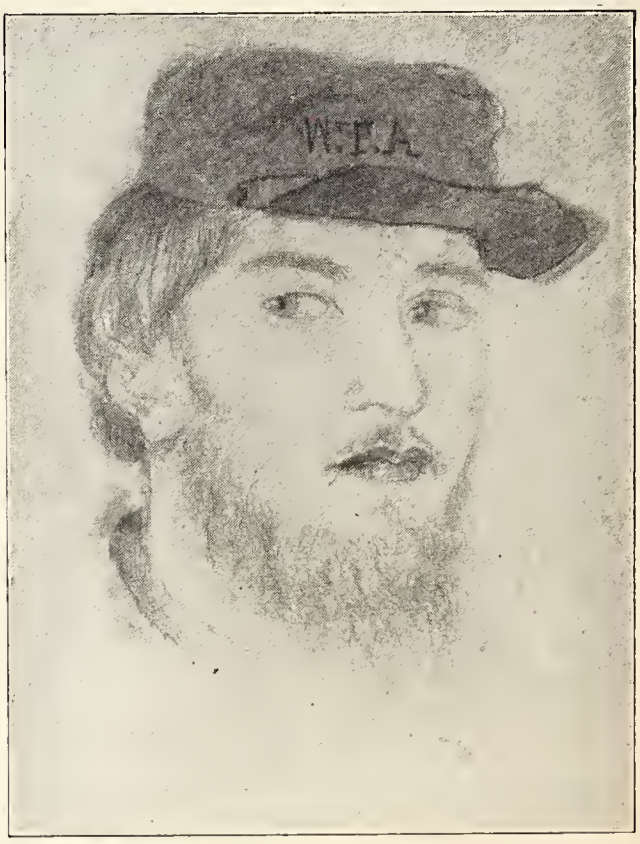
With the vision of the combat bursts the unrestrained cheer
For phantom heroes dashing as of yore,
And scenes of slaughter oft compel the eye to yield its tear
For those who fought their battles, but who rise to fight no more;
And the names have been engraven on the time-defying stone
Of those who prayed with Jackson, those who cussed with Bill Mahone,
Who rode with Stuart, charged with Pickett—take it for your own,
O praying, cussing, fighting Johnny Reb.

Then a health to Johnny Reb, for you're free from aught that's sordid;
A health to Johnny Reb, for your name's by fame recorded.
And in the land of sunshine be that record kept alway
In this dear sunny South of ours, old wearer of the gray!

Now, we are not fond of bloodshed, and we wish all strife to cease,
For purity abhors the gory flood;
Our hearts are ever hoping for the snow-white dove of peace
To rule the realms too long usurped by preying fiends of blood.
And glad we are for peace to dwell about our altar fire;
But should the demon waken in his blood and thunder ire,
The Southern son will pledge him by the valor of his sire—
His sire, our aged, honored Johnny Reb.

Then a health to Johnny Reb, for there's none on earth above you;
A health to Johnny Reb, for the Southern lassies love you.
The hero that on gory field held hosts of foes at bay
Beneath the Stars and Bars, to you, old wearer of the gray.

A WAR-TIME SKETCH.



W. T. Armistead, of Corinth, Miss., sends this picture of his war-time "phiz" and tells how it happened to be made. "One morning in March, 1865, after a night of severe shelling at Petersburg, James Cowardin, a member of my company, said: 'Will, you are going to be killed to-day. Sit on that stump, and I will make a picture of you to send to your sweetheart.' I sent the picture to a lady friend, who found it a short time ago and returned it to me. To a survivor of Company K, 1st Regiment Engineer Troops, A. N. V., this may be of interest."

CHARACTERISTICS OF GENERAL FORREST.

[These interesting comments upon the character and soldierly abilities of the great cavalry leader are taken from the "Life of Lieut. Gen. N. B. Forrest," by John A. Wyeth, M.D.]

Gen. James R. Chalmers, in his address before the Southern Historical Society in August, 1879, said:

"In February, 1841, when I was but ten years of age, I remember well a small company of volunteers which marched out of the town of Holly Springs, Miss., to the relief of Texas, then threatened by invasion from Mexico. In that little band stood Bedford Forrest, a tall, black-haired, gray-eyed youth, scarcely twenty years of age, who then gave the first evidence of the military ardor he possessed. The company saw no fighting, for the danger was over before they arrived, and the men received no pay. Finding themselves in a strange country without friends or money, Forrest, with the characteristic energy which distinguished him in after life, split rails at fifty cents per hundred and made the money necessary to bring him back to his family and home. * * *

"Lieut. Gen. N. B. Forrest, who was my immediate commander during the first year of the war, if not the greatest military genius, was certainly the greatest revolutionary leader on our side. He was restrained by no knowledge of law or constitution; he was embarrassed by no preconceived ideas of military science. His favorite maxim was: 'War means fighting, and fighting means killing.' Without the slightest knowledge of them, he seemed by instinct to adopt the tactics of the masters of military art. * * *

"On December 28, 1861, Forrest, with three hundred men, met the enemy for the first time, about four hundred and fifty strong, near Sacramento, Ky. This fight deserves special notice not only because of its success and the confidence inspired in the raw Confederate cavalry, but because it displayed at once the chief characteristic and natural tactics which were subsequently more fully developed and which made Forrest famous as a cavalry leader. He had marched his command twenty miles that day when he found a fresh trail where the enemy's cavalry had passed. Putting his command at a gallop, he traveled ten miles farther before he struck the rear guard. His own command was badly scattered, not half up with him, but without halting he rushed headlong at them, leading the charge himself. When he had driven the rear guard on to the main body and they turned on him with superior force, he quickly dismounted his men and held the enemy in check until his command came up and ordered them to attack in flank and rear. This movement was successful, and the retreat of the Federals soon began. Quickly mounting his men, he commenced one of his terrible pursuits, fighting hand to hand with pistol and sword, killing one and wounding two himself, continuing this for miles and leaving the road dotted with living and dead."

Maj. D. C. Kelley, who then for the first time saw his superior under fire, describing the wonderful change that took place in his appearance in a fight, said:

"His face flushed until he bore a striking resemblance to a painted Indian warrior, and his eyes, usually so mild in their expression, flashed with the intense glare of the panther about to spring on its prey. In fact, he looked as little like the Forrest of our mess table as the storm of December resembles the quiet of June."

General Chalmers says that some of the notable points in Forrest's manner of fighting were reckless courage in making the attack, a rule he invariably followed and which tended to intimidate his adversary; the quick dismounting of his men to fight, showing that he regarded horses mainly as a rapid means of transportation for his troops; his intuitive adoption of the flank movement, so demoralizing to the enemy even in an open field and so much more so when made, as Forrest often did, under cover of woods which concealed the weakness of the attacking party; his fierce and untiring pursuit, which so often changed retreat into rout and made victory complete; following, without knowing it, Napier's precept of the art of war, he was always in front making personal observations. This practice brought him in many personal conflicts and exposed him to constant danger, and he had twenty-seven horses killed and wounded under him in battle. This practice led to imitation by his general officers, and at Hurt's Crossroads, the day before the battle of Franklin, I witnessed Forrest with two division and three brigade commanders, all on the skirmish line. General Chalmers further says:

"At Shiloh Forrest, without orders from any superior officer, had pushed his scouts to the river and discovered that reënforcements of the enemy were coming. I was then in command of an infantry brigade, which by some oversight had not received the order to retreat. About midnight Forrest awoke me, inquiring for Generals Beauregard, Bragg, and Hardee; and when I could not tell him, he said in profane but prophetic language: 'If the enemy come on us in the morning, we will be whipped like hell.' He carried this information to headquarters and with military genius suggested a renewal at once of our attack; but the unlettered colonel was ordered back to his regiment. * * * I recall an anecdote strikingly illustrative of the esteem in which Forrest was held by the people, and he always told it on himself with great delight. When Bragg was retreating from Tennessee, Forrest was among the last of the rear guard. An old lady ran out of her house to the gate as he was passing and urged him to turn back and fight. As he rode on without stopping, she shook her fist at him and cried: 'O, you great, big, cowardly rascal! I only wish old Forrest were here; he would make you fight.' * * *

"One of the greatest secrets of Forrest's success was his perfect system of scouts. He kept reliable scouts all around him and at great distances, and often, even days in advance, he was informed of movements that were about to be made.

"Near West Point (1864) Forrest came up to where I was standing on the causeway leading to the bridge; and as it was the first time I had ever been with him in a fight, I watched him closely. His manner was nervous, impatient, and imperious. He asked me what the enemy was doing, and I gave him the report just received from Colonel Duff, in command of the pickets. He said sharply: 'Well, I will go and see myself.' He started across the bridge, which was about thirty yards long and then being raked by the enemy's fire. This struck me at the time as a needless and a somewhat braggadocio exposure of himself, and I followed him to see what he would do. When he reached the other bank, the fire of the enemy was very heavy, and our men were falling back, one running without hat or gun. In an instant Forrest seized and threw him to the ground and, while the bullets were whistling around him, administered a severe thrashing with a brush of wood."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston said that if Forrest had been an educated soldier no other Confederate general would have been heard of.

Dr. J. B. Cowan, of Tullahoma, Tenn., who was chief surgeon of Forrest's Cavalry during the war and was intimately associated with Forrest, told how in the battle of Okolona, where Forrest's brother Jeffrey was killed, his grief was overpowering when he realized that the brother whom he idolized and who, being a posthumous child, had been tenderly reared and carefully educated by his eldest brother, was mortally wounded. Although the Federals were in flight, with Forrest pursuing, he seemed for a moment to forget the great responsibility of his position as a commander in the agony of this sudden affliction. He dismounted, picked up his dying brother, and held him in his arms as he would a child until his lifeblood was spent. The wound was of such a character that surgical relief was impossible, and he bled to death within a few minutes. The rough soldier kissed his dead brother tenderly, with tears streaming from his eyes, laid him gently upon the ground, took one last look, and then his expression of grief gave way to one of almost ferocity. He sprang to his horse, shouting to Goss, his bugler, 'Blow the charge!' and swept ahead of his men in the direction of the retreating enemy. Dr. Cowan followed as closely behind him as he could keep in the pursuit, and the faithful escort were well up with their great leader. Half a mile or so down the road they suddenly came upon the enemy, who had determined upon a stand. A piece of artillery was placed to sweep the road by which they must approach, and the Federals, dismounted, had taken a strong position on each side of the road. As soon as they were observed, the Federals fired upon them, and Dr. Cowan remonstrated with the General for thus exposing himself. Forrest remarked, "Doctor, if you are uneasy, you can ride out of range"; and the General continued in this position, making a careful survey of the enemy's position. His horse was killed under him, and he mounted another, belonging to one of the escort who had just then ridden up. While Forrest was riding a little farther on on the side of a little eminence this horse was also killed. Satisfied with the reconnoissance, which had occupied only a few minutes, he drew his saber and shouted to the escort: "Move up!" This plucky body of sixty men followed with equal bravery their daring and, on this occasion, reckless leader. Dr. Cowan says:

"It seemed to me then that the General, maddened by grief at the loss of his favorite brother, wanted to go with him. It was only the matter of a moment when the General and his escort were mixed up with the Federals in a fearful mêlée. I put the spurs to my horse, ran back in the direction from which we had come to hurry up help, met Colonel McCulloch with a portion of his Missouri regiment, and said to him: 'Colonel, for God's sake hurry down the road as fast as you can. The General and his escort are down there in a hand-to-hand fight, and I am afraid he will be killed before you can get there.'

"Forrest slew three men with his sword in this terrible fight before the Federals yielded and fled from the field."

Gen. Richard Taylor, who later in the war was placed in command of the department in which Forrest operated, says in his book, "Destruction and Reconstruction" (page 19):

"Some months before the time of our first meeting Forrest had defeated Sturgis at Tishomingo, and he soon repeated his defeat of General Grant at Okolona.

"Okolona was fought on an open plain, and Forrest had no advantage of position to compensate for great inferiority of numbers; but it is remarkable that he employed the tactics of Frederick at Leuthen and Zorndorf, though he had never heard these names. Indeed, his tactics deserve the closest study of military men. When asked to what he attributed his success in so many actions, he replied: 'I got there first with the most men.' * * * I doubt if any commander since the time of lion-hearted Richard has killed so many of his foes as Forrest. His word of command was unique: 'Move up and mix with 'em!' While cutting down many a foe with long-reaching arm, his keen eye watched the whole fight and guided him to the weak spot. Yet he was a tender-hearted, kindly man. The accusations of his enemies that he murdered prisoners at Fort Pillow and elsewhere are absolutely false. These negroes told me of Forrest's kindness to them."

Of the closing campaign at Selma, in April, 1865, General Taylor says (page 219):

"Forrest ordered his brigade to the Catawba crossing, leading on in person. He was a host in himself and a dangerous adversary to meet at any reasonable odds. With one brigade Forrest was in Wilson's path. He fought as if the world depended on his arm and sent to advise me of the deception practiced on two of his brigades, hoping to stop the enemy if he could with the third, the absence of which he could not account for. After Selma fell, he appeared, horse and man covered with blood, and announced the enemy at his heels and that I must move at once to escape capture. I felt anxious about him, but he said he was unhurt and would cut his way through."

If Forrest was terrible and relentless in battle, he was by nature gentle, tender, and affectionate. His love for children was very strong. My personal friend, Col. R. B. Kyle, of Gadsden, on the 25th of June, 1895, gave me in writing the following personal reminiscence of the great soldier:

"About May 7, 1863, as Forrest was returning from the capture of Streight at Rome, he stayed all night at my house. Forrest's terrific pursuit of Streight and the capture of his large command with a force only one-third as numerous as the enemy had, of course, filled the country through which Streight had passed with the idea that Forrest was a tremendous fighter and gave me the impression that his mind would be occupied only with things concerning the war; but the only thing that seemed to concern him while in my house for almost a day and all night was my little two-year-old boy, to whom he took a great fancy, holding him on his lap and carrying him around the place in his arms. The little child showed great fondness for him and loved to stay with him. The next day, when Forrest rode away in the direction of Guntersville, he took the little fellow two or three miles on the road with him, holding him on the saddle in front of him, and I rode along with Forrest this distance in order to bring the child home to his mother. He kissed the little fellow tenderly as he bade him good-by and, turning to me, said: 'My God, Kyle, this is worth living for!'

"I again met Forrest in the fall of '63 on board a train *en route* to Montgomery, Ala., to meet President Davis, with whom he had some correspondence and who had asked Forrest to come to Montgomery, as he wanted to see him personally. We renewed our acquaintance, and in conversation he told me he would not serve longer under Bragg. He said that he was not competent to command any army; that the army had whipped the Federals badly at Chickamauga and that he with his command had followed them almost to the suburbs of Chattanooga; that they were demoralized and could have been captured and that he rode back himself, after sending couriers and getting unfavorable replies, and found

General Bragg asleep. He urged that they move on in pursuit of the enemy at once, as their capture was certain. Bragg asked how he could move an army without supplies, as his men had exhausted them. Forrest's reply was: 'General Bragg, we can get all the supplies our army needs in Chattanooga.' Bragg made no reply, and Forrest rode away disgusted."

Of his considerate treatment of prisoners, Gen. W. T. Sherman, on page 12, Volume II., of his "Memoirs" says:

"I was told by hundreds of our men who were at various times prisoners in Forrest's possession that he was usually very kind to them."

Maj. Charles W. Anderson, who was General Forrest's chief of staff, wrote:

"Every soldier of Forrest's Cavalry remembers the 6th Tennessee Federal Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Col. F. H., of Purdy, McNairy County, Tenn. It may be truthfully said of this regiment that it did more plundering, burning, robbing, and running and less fighting than any regiment in the Federal army, 5th Tennessee Cavalry only excepted.

"On one of Forrest's campaigns into West Tennessee this regiment had evacuated Purdy, and before leaving they had laid in ashes the homes of absent Confederate soldiers. Two of our regiments were from McNairy and adjoining counties, and Forrest knew that, unless timely steps were taken to prevent it, there would be trouble when he reached Purdy. When within a few miles of that place he directed me to take a sergeant and five men from his escort, dash on into Purdy, and place a guard around the residence of Colonel H.

"On entering the town blackened walls, lone chimneys, and charred remains of buildings gave abundant evidence of H.'s cowardly vandalism. Learning from a citizen that his residence was in the suburbs and directly on our line of march to Jackson, we were soon at its front. Dismounting and entering the portico of his dwelling, I tapped lightly on the door with the hilt of my saber. In a moment or so it was opened by a lady; and when I asked, 'Is this Mrs. Colonel H.?' she, trembling, answered, 'Yes, sir.'

"I noticed her agitation, also that on opening the door her countenance quickly changed, manifesting on the instant both surprise and alarm. Hastening to relieve her apprehensions, I said: 'We are not here to harm you, but have been sent for your protection. Although General Forrest has not reached Purdy, he is aware of the ruin and devastation caused by your husband's regiment and has sent me in advance of his troops to place a guard around your house. This guard is from his own escort and will remain with you until all of our command has passed, and I assure you that neither your family nor anything about your premises will be disturbed or molested.'

"Giving the officer of the guard instructions, I turned to her and was in the act of raising my cap before mounting my horse when, brushing away tears she could no longer repress, she said: 'Please, sir, say to General Forrest for me that this [referring to the guard] is more than I had any right to expect of him and that I thank him from my heart for this unexpected kindness. I shall gratefully remember it and shall always believe him to be as generous as he is brave.'

"Returning to the town, I rejoined the General as he was entering the public square, where he halted and was soon surrounded by citizens of the place, among them the venerable father of Col. D. M. Wilson, of our command, who said: 'You see, General, the marks of Colonel H.'s last visit to our town, and you are also aware that a large number of our citizens are Union people, and they are greatly alarmed for fear of retaliation on the part of your command.'

"Forrest's reply was characteristic and stripped of his habitual way of emphasizing matters: 'I do not blame my men for being exasperated and, especially those whose homes have been laid in ashes, for desiring to revenge such cowardly wrongs; but I have placed a guard around the home of H., and others need feel no uneasiness. Orders have been issued to my command that no Union citizen of this town must be insulted, much less harmed, and this order was accompanied by my personal request that it be obeyed to the letter; and I am sure no soldier of my command will disobey the one or disregard the other. Of one thing, however, the Union friends of H. and his cowardly regiment may rely upon: if we ever are so fortunate as to find them in our front, I will wipe them off the face of the earth.'"

A letter from Gen. Marcus J. Wright states:

"In a conversation with Gen. W. T. Sherman in the presence of Col. Robert N. Scott, U. S. A., and several other persons he said that he regarded General Forrest as one of the ablest cavalry commanders that had ever lived. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston expressed the same opinion and added that Forrest was a born military genius."

General Wolseley, commander in chief of the British army, acknowledged to be one of the greatest soldiers and finest military critics of the age, wrote:

"Forrest had no knowledge of military science nor of military history to teach him how he should act. He was entirely ignorant of what other generals in previous wars had done; but what he lacked in booklore was to a large extent compensated for by the soundness of his judgment upon all occasions, by his power of thinking and reasoning with great rapidity under fire and under all circumstances of surrounding or of great mental and bodily fatigue. Panic found no resting place in that calm brain of his; and no danger, no risk appalled that dauntless spirit. Born with true military instincts, he was nature's soldier. His force was largely composed of wild and reckless men, who looked on him as their master and their leader. He possessed that rare tact which enabled him not only to control effectively these fiery, turbulent spirits, but to attach them to him personally with 'hooks of steel.' They recognized in him not only the daring, able, and successful leader, but also the commanding officer who would not hesitate to punish with severity when he deemed punishment necessary. He never ventured to hamper their freedom of action by any barrack yard drill. They were irregular by nature, and he never attempted to rid them of that character. Accustomed, as they were, from boyhood to horses and the use of arms and brought up with all the devil-may-care notions of the frontier, they possessed as an inheritance all the best and most valuable qualities of the irregulars. There was something in the dark-gray eye of Forrest which warned his subordinates that he was not to be trifled with and would not stand any nonsense from friend or foe. His raids upon the enemy's line of communication were frequent and successful. No rivers stopped him, and a detailed account of the military stores he destroyed and the fortified posts he captured would alone fill a volume.

"One Federal general was removed from his command at Memphis for having failed to do anything against this now redoubtable commander. Shortly afterwards Forrest himself marched into Memphis and took possession of the newly appointed Federal general's uniform, which was found in his room. The disgraced general, referring to his dismissal, wittily said: 'They removed me because I could not keep

Forrest out of West Tennessee, but my successor could not keep him out of his bedroom.' "

Concerning the capture of Fort Pillow, General Wolseley says:

"The signal for assault being then given, the place was quickly taken. There was a heavy loss on both sides; but, all things considered, including the intense ill feeling then existing between the men of Tennessee who fought on one side and those on the other, I do not think the fact that about one-half a small garrison in a place was either killed or wounded evinced any unusual bloodthirstiness on the part of the assailants."

An officer who knew Forrest well gave the following description of the forces under his command about this time:

"Forrest's troops were then crossing the Tennessee River. There were about ten thousand mounted men, well provided with blankets and general equipment stamped 'U. S.,' showing whence he had obtained them, sixteen field pieces taken from the Northern army, each drawn by eight horses, two hundred and fifty wagons, and fifty four-horse ambulances. He had enlisted, armed, equipped, supplied with ammunition, and fed all this force without any help from his own government. For two years he had drawn absolutely nothing from the quartermaster or commissary department of the Confederate States. His was, indeed, a freebooter's force on a large scale, and his motto was borrowed from the old raiders on the frontier: 'I shall never want as long as my neighbor has.'

"His defeat of General Sturgis in June, 1864, was a most remarkable achievement, well worth the attention of military students. He pursued the enemy for nigh sixty miles, the battle and pursuit lasting thirty hours. Of this operation, General Sherman says: 'Forrest whipped Sturgis fair and square.'

"Forrest was wounded badly (could not sit his horse) and took to the field in a buggy. He struck Sherman's line of communication, tore up railroads, burned bridges, captured gunboats, burned transports and many million of dollars' worth of stores and supplies."

Sherman wrote General Grant in 1864: "That devil Forrest was down about Johnsonville, making havoc among the gunboats and transports."

Speaking of the end of the Confederacy, General Wolseley says:

"It was a gallant struggle from the first, a pitched battle, as it were, between a plucky boy and a full-fledged man. If ever England has to fight for her existence, may the same spirit pervade all here that was shown by both North and South! May we have at the head of our government as wise and far-seeing a patriot as Mr. Lincoln and to lead our mounted troops as able a leader as General Forrest. * * * Forrest possessed all the best qualities of the Anglo-American frontiersmen. He was a man of great self-confidence, self-reliance, and reticence. Of quick resolve, prompt execution, inexhaustible resources, he had all the best instincts of the soldier, and his natural military genius was balanced by sound judgment. He knew what he wanted, and there was no uncertainty in his orders. There was never any languor in that determined heart nor weakness in that iron body. Panic and fear flew at his approach, and the sound of his cheer gave courage to the weakest heart. * * *

"'In war,' said Napoleon, 'men are nothing; a man is everything.' And it would be difficult to find a stronger corroboration of this maxim than is to be found in the history of General Forrest's operations."

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, one of the most celebrated of the Confederate leaders, regarded Forrest as one of the brightest soldiers our war produced. He achieved great things during the war and would, I am sure, have achieved greater if he had been trusted earlier and given the command of armies instead of the weak regiments and brigades which for so long were confided to him. * * * Forrest had fought like a knight-errant for the cause he believed to be that of justice and right. No man who drew his sword for his country in that fratricidal struggle deserved better of her; and as long as the chivalrous deeds of her sons find poets to describe them and fair women to sing them, the name of this gallant, though low-born and uneducated, general will be remembered with affection and sincere admiration. A man with such a record needs no ancestry, and his history proves that a general with such a head and such a military genius as he possessed can win battles without education. * * * He died about twelve years after the close of the war from the effects of a wound near the spine which he received in the battle of Shiloh. * * * It would be difficult in all history to find a more varied career than his. * * * A man who from the greatest poverty, without any learning, and by sheer force of character alone became the great fighting leader of fighting men; a man in whom an extraordinary military instinct and sound common sense supplied to a large extent his unfortunate want of military education. When all the disadvantages under which the South fought are considered, it is wonderful what her soldiers achieved; but soldiers who believe in themselves and have absolute faith in their leaders are very difficult to beat in war. Little by little this feeling grew in the officers under Forrest, and he knew well how to foster it among the wild and restless spirits that followed him.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.

BY C. C. CHAMBERS, PHŒNIX, ARIZ.

The object of this article is not to get into print what I did, but what I saw and what I know to be true; to correct misleading statements, incorrect statements made by one who was not in the battle and who had taken his information from those who did not know the facts. I do not wish to detract one single particle of credit from any one, but to give to every one his just dues.

It is now fifty-one years since that battle of the 5th and 6th of May, 1864. I was in action from about nine o'clock on the morning of the 5th until dark that night and on the morning of the 6th until wounded. We old soldiers do not forget what happened around us in those dreadful days. Although half a century has gone by, that desperate struggle was so indelibly stamped upon our minds that it is one continual picture before our eyes.

The battle of the Wilderness was strictly an infantry fight, no artillery to amount to anything in either day's action. Along on the old plank road, as one of the 4th Texas writes me, went "just one lone gun." But General Lee was there. He did not surely give the credit to one solitary field cannon of checking that rushing mass of infantry. I had as a sharpshooter fired into the main line of the enemy on our left on the morning of the 5th. It looked to me to be eight or nine deep charging upon our one line, which may have had one supporting line, and I am not sure that that was there. I thought at the time that it would be impossible to hold out for the day. Our men had gathered logs, chunks of wood, anything to arrest a bullet, and lay flat on the ground. There

they stayed all day, but when the enemy found the end of our line we skirmishers had to face a line of battle which we held back all day; so that at dark we had almost reached the plank road, thus exposing our main line to a rear attack.

Before it was daylight, canteens were sent by a detail for water. Before the water was distributed, sharpshooters were ordered out on the opposite side of the road from where we had fought the day before. I am sure our lines were being drawn in until that battle line was about the shape of a horseshoe. A line of men was being forced back to where we sharpshooters were rushed to their support and to hold in check the advancing enemy until a full line could form and check that onrush which, this writer in the December VETERAN says, "was coming on to that battery." That part of the old 3d that was there—11th and 2d Mississippi, of J. Davis's brigade—was lying ready to send a death blow into that mass of blue-coated Dutch. I fell just in front of that line and know that they caught what "Paddy gave the drum," and they held them, too, until Longstreet's men got in along about seven o'clock.

I was not long in passing through Longstreet's men, for I don't think it was three hundred yards from the spot where I fell. Then I got one of the Texas boys to relieve me of that tent cloth which saved my life, the ball having penetrated the fourteen-ply of that heavy drilling, jacket, vest, and two shirts, smashing the shoulder blade, but bringing not more than a drop or two of blood. Shot in the back, of course! It wasn't always the coward that was shot in the back. The skirmisher fires and falls back as the enemy crowds.

Now as to the junction of Generals Ewell's and Hill's Corps after the battle of the 5th of May about halfway between Parker's store and the Orange Turnpike. All night Hill's men heard the enemy preparing to renew the attack, but had failed to prepare to meet the attack. We slept on our arms, what sleep we got. With very little water to wash it down, we ate one slice of raw bacon and a couple of hardtacks. We were on the spot and did some bloody work quite early that morning. A. P. Hill's men were the divisions of Heth and Wilcox alone, for Anderson was not in either day. The two divisions made the fight until Longstreet got there. My heart rejoiced when I saw those reënforcements, our old comrades, the 4th Alabama, and, I think, the 6th North Carolina, which once composed a part of our brigade, the 3d, known as B. E. Bee's old brigade. These were a part of Longstreet's command. At this time that impending blow was met resolutely and effectively by infantry. I saw General Lee, and I saw the Texas soldiers go to General Lee and beg him to get to the rear. This took place near the old plank road and not over three hundred yards from the fierce fighting. I had read several statements of this incident not altogether as I saw it. I was with those fellows long enough to get one of them to unload me and fix me for moving on as lightly as possible. At the field hospital I had a surgeon to examine my wound. He found the ball inside my clothes. He gave it to me and congratulated me on my escape when I told him what caught the ball. My wound was a terrible bruise and disabled me for many years in my right shoulder.

I should like to hear from some one who was in that terrible infantry battle. There must be some of those men still living to give testimony to the truth of what I say in reference to what the artillery did in the Wilderness, and I hope some one of those men may be found to testify to the facts.

General Hill had made no junction with any one, not even his entire command. Anderson never fired a gun in that battle. I have written all this for a true record.

LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.

BY O. G. THOMPSON, LAURENS, S. C.

A review of the article by W. H. Thompson in the June number of the VETERAN prompts me to make this defense of my old commander. I give Mr. Thompson due credit for his laudatory description of Longstreet as a loyal, stubborn fighter. This commendation is in happy contrast to the mass of embittered literature in which Longstreet's critics have dealt with the subject, "Who Lost Gettysburg?" There is, however, a vein running through the article that is suggestive of "damning with faint praise."

Now, as to Gettysburg, I shall mention several facts which ought to convince not only those who had experience at the front, but the younger generation also, that their existence would have been utterly inconsistent with the theory of Longstreet's being responsible, or in any manner at fault, for the failure at Gettysburg.

First, Longstreet was second in command of the grand Army of Northern Virginia, leading the first great corps. If for any cause Lee had been disabled, Longstreet would have been in command of the army; certainly temporarily. What becomes of our exalted estimate of the peerless Lee and of the Confederate authorities who would retain in command an officer of high rank after such a blunder or insubordination (some say treason) as Longstreet is charged with at Gettysburg?

Secondly, if Longstreet had been guilty, as his critics charge, why was there not some criticism at the time, some court of inquiry, suspension from command, or court-martial?

Thirdly, does not every survivor who had experience at the front know that had Longstreet been guilty of the half that has been charged the rank and file would have heard and known of it? Was there ever during the war an officer of rank guilty of a great blunder or defection in any of our battles but every private knew of it? Who of the 1st Corps or any other corps ever heard of these baseless charges until after General Lee's death?

Fourthly, let's see now what followed this alleged blunder or defection. Just sixty days from Gettysburg Longstreet, the "old war horse" of Lee, was leading as fine a body of troops as was ever organized for battle—the division of Hood and McLaws—to Chickamauga's bloody field, there to command the left wing of the army in the only great victory won in the West. Following Chickamauga, he was tendered the command of the Army of Tennessee, which, for well-known reasons, he declined. Mr. Thompson says he was slow at Chickamauga and Knoxville. I was with my command at both. Who of the old corps ever heard of his being slow at either place? He also says Longstreet was ordered to reach the field at daylight on the second day at the Wilderness; that he "came down the turnpike at nine o'clock, Field's Texans leading." If his orders were to reach the field at daylight, he was very nearly on time. Leaving our bivouac at 2 A.M. on that eventful 6th of May, Longstreet swept down the plank road, with Kershaw's South Carolinians leading, and into the tempest of fire at sunrise, fixing bayonets as we filed to the right of the road just in time to stem the tide of Hancock's onset.

To revert to Gettysburg, much has been written about a famous sunrise order that Longstreet failed to carry out. General Longstreet has disproved this by Lee's staff officers. There is nothing to show that Lee expected him to move in the morning. Moreover, his troops were within a mile of Lee's headquarters. The evil effect of any delay on his part was also fully offset by Sickle's projection of the Federal left

in a salient angle toward Longstreet's line, so that an attack in the afternoon threatened the Federal left much more seriously than a morning attack would have done. Longstreet did not order Pickett's charge on July 3. Lee ordered it against Longstreet's protest.

In a hitherto unpublished collection of Lee's letters and dispatches, which belongs to Mr. Wymberly Jones DeRenne, of Wormsloe, Ga., much can be found throwing light on or "bringing into clearer light" Lee's intentions, plans, and opinions during the three years in which he led the Army of Northern Virginia. It has been said that the letter in the collection which possesses the greatest historical value is the one which Lee wrote to President Davis discussing the failure of the Gettysburg campaign. It was a private communication and preceded by nine days the formal letter made public at the time, in which Lee asked to be relieved as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the earlier confidential statement he might have been tempted to put on other shoulders the blame for defeat if he had felt that that blame could be justly shifted. Yet he stood nobly by his impulsive and honest declaration to Pickett on July 3, on the latter's return from his famous charge: "It was all my fault." Lee was not looking for scapegoats; he never looked for them. He wrote to Davis on July 31, 1863: "No blame should be attached to the army for its failure to accomplish what was projected by me, nor should it be censured for the unreasonable expectation of the public. I alone am to blame, perhaps, in expecting too much of its prowess and valor. It, however, in my opinion, achieved under the guidance of the Most High a genuine success, though it did not win a victory. I thought at the time that the latter was practicable. I still think that if all things had worked together it would have been accomplished. But with the knowledge I then had and in the circumstances I was then placed I do not know what better course I could have pursued. With my present knowledge, and could I have foreseen that the attack on the third day would have failed to drive the enemy from his position, I should certainly have tried some other course. What the ultimate result would have been is not so clear to me."

Stuart has been blamed because his cavalry was out of touch with Lee's army for six days, from June 27 to July 2; Ewell has been assailed because he did not attack Cemetery Hill and Culp's Hill late in the afternoon of July 1; but Lee was right in holding that the Army of Northern Virginia was not to blame and that his subordinate commanders were not to blame for the defeat. He expected too much of the "prowess and valor" of his troops. He was defeated, not because his plans were wrong in conception or went wrong in execution, but because he was fighting against an army well handled and possessed of a new spirit since it realized that it had at last found a dependable leader.



IN THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.

BY T. W. METHVIN, SENOIA, GA.

In 1864 the 10th Georgia Battalion was on detached service at Franklin, Va., on the Black River and the Roanoke and Seaboard Railroad, supporting Griffin's Battery. I was detailed river scout, to go up and down the river on the lookout for Federal attempts to cross the river and surround us. I was in Eylenwhite County, on the east side of the river; Franklin is on the west. About the middle of April our battalion was ordered up above Richmond, where he joined the 3d Georgia Brigade. The 10th and 2d Georgia Battalions made a regiment. On the 4th of May we went up on the Rapidan River and bivouacked for the night, and we pickets were on the south side of the river. Next day a courier came out to the picket line and ordered us to stack our tents and overtake the brigade. We obeyed orders, starting at twelve o'clock and marching all the afternoon and until nine o'clock that night before overtaking the command, which had camped for the night. About ten o'clock the ambulance wagons began to pass by with two or three wounded soldiers in each wagon. The boys said: "You will find plenty of the Yankees there." We had hardly stretched out for a little sleep when the orderly sergeant came around and told us to be ready to march at four the next morning. When the tattoo sounded, all we could hear was "Fall in! Fall in!" We were within twelve miles of the Wilderness on a forced march, and we marched for all it was worth. At the break of day we could hear the roar of musketry in the distance. When we were within half a mile of the battle line, we met wounded men coming out, and a little nearer we began to see the dead lying beside the road. These men had been wounded and had come as far out as they could before giving up. When we got up to where John B. Gordon's brigade was fighting on our right, the stray balls were flying thick. Some of our boys were killed while standing in the road.

General Lee and his staff were sitting on their horses on the turnpike road. General Wright saluted, and General Lee said to him: "I am glad to see you. Form your brigade on the right. Those people are advancing; turn them back." This we did. It was awful to see them fall like stalks of grain. Gordon's men were fighting for all they were worth, and we all fought until late in the evening. Grant began to move to the south, General Lee fronting him all the way. Our brigade was detailed to act as rear guard of Lee's army. We had a good deal of skirmishing all along our march, and when we got to South Anna River we had a little artillery duel, with a few killed and wounded. Grant moved on south, Lee fronting him. When we reached Spottsylvania Courthouse, Grant's men had crossed Poor River, west of Spottsylvania, right in the bend of the river, and had thrown up breastworks. General Lee's men were there to front him. We fought seven hours and thirty-five minutes, and when one side was not charging with bayonets the other was. I never saw men lying dead on both sides of the breastworks as I did there. They seemed to be from three to five feet deep for hundreds of yards, a sad-looking sight. This was all done with small arms.

About four o'clock that evening Grant moved some of his army around east of the town and crossed the river on pontoons. General Lee found it out and ordered our brigade to fall in line and double-quick on the east side of the town. As we went up through the town the Yankees were shelling it, the shells falling thick and fast. As we were going up we met five hundred or more women and children, some of the

women with two little babies in their arms, other children holding to their mothers' dresses, crying and screaming for their lives, the shells flying. There was a large gully on the south side of the road, and some of the boys told the women to get in the gully. They did so, and I never saw them any more. I suppose some of them got hurt. We went on about three-quarters of a mile and ran into a line of pickets. They gave us a volley of lead, which we returned, raised a yell, and charged. They fell back, but we left many a man dead behind. It was right at a large house with a fine orchard and flower yard, which were covered with dead of both sides.

About dark our brigade fell back to some breastworks and bivouacked for the night. The next day we were ordered back to the same place. The Yankees had crossed the river. We looked to the left and right, and on both sides the Yankees were hurrying to surround us. All were ordered to about face and get away from there. Four of our boys were killed. The next day Grant moved to the south, Lee still fronting him.

Our next hard fight was at Cold Harbor. We occupied in 1864 the ground that Stonewall Jackson did in 1862 when he got in the rear of McClellan. We fought there two days and nights. Our major was killed on the 12th of May while getting his battalion in line. This was Maj. J. E. Rylander, of Americus, Ga., and James D. Frederick was promoted to major. We left Cold Harbor after two days of hard fighting and crossed the Chickahominy River on our way to Petersburg and the battle field where Stonewall Jackson had fought two years before, which was covered with skeletons. It was a gruesome sight. We had a little skirmish after crossing the river. Grant had moved toward Petersburg and captured the Poplar Lawn Hospital. General Beauregard was there, and he formed his line in a deep ravine, in a hollow square. recapturing the hospital, along with a few Yankees, a few Indians, and some negroes, whom they took to Bell Island, at Richmond. Our brigade was treated with all the kindness possible. As we marched through town we found women and girls on the streets with plenty of coffee and good water. We got into Petersburg about two o'clock, too late to fight any, and camped that night out south of the town.

We stayed around Petersburg until the 22d of June, which day will be long remembered by all the boys of the 3d Georgia Brigade. General Wright ordered his brigade to fall in, and he formed his line in a deep ravine in a hollow square. He said it was reported to General Lee that the Yankees were establishing a hospital in a piece of woods south of Petersburg and that we would see if the report was true; that Mahone's Brigade would be our support in case we needed them. When we were getting in line alongside the woods I saw Mahone's men forming about four hundred yards in our rear, and that was the last I ever saw of them.

While General Wright was getting his men properly placed in line, all at once a Yankee out in front of us called to some of his men to shoot that "long-haired man"; he wanted his hat. General Wright heard him, turned his horse, and ordered: "Forward, 3d Georgia Brigade!" We moved forward instantly. We had not gone fifty steps before we captured some Yankees. We just kept going forward and ran into the Yankees behind their breastworks. We charged, and they fell back. We kept going until we reached the third line of their breastworks, where their cannons were planted, and they shelled us in a hurry. It seemed that we would all be killed, but we rallied and charged and captured the works and a four-gun battery. A. S. Cutts, of Americus, Ga., was watching us, and as soon as he could get his horses there the cannons were limbered up and taken out. I heard General Wright say: "Boys, you have done well. Just hold the breastworks until the dead and wounded can be cared for."

We held them until eight o'clock that night, but just after the sun went down we got orders for four men from each company to go in front and locate the enemy. We had not gone very far when I heard some one say: "Halt, there!" I had not seen any one; but just in front of me, within thirty or forty feet, there lay two lines of soldiers. They ordered me to "come in," or they would shoot me in. Seeing that two of them threw up their guns to shoot a young man on my right, Jesse Clements, I raised my gun, aimed about their middle, and fired, then turned and ran for dear life, going head foremost through the embrasure where we had just captured the four-gun battery. The Yankees followed closely, and when within twenty steps of us they were ordered to fix bayonets. I never heard such a rattle of bayonets before. Our officer's command was: "Hold your fire! Hold your fire!" When they got within ten or fifteen feet, the order "Fire!" was given. I never saw such slaughter. Our line was a blaze of fire as far as I could see. About that time the batteries behind signaled us to lie down, and we obeyed. Our battery then threw shells in our front and set the woods on fire. It seemed to me that the blaze was twenty feet high. The scene was heart-rending, and cries for help to get the wounded out of the fire were heard. All the firing was stopped except a shell occasionally from the batteries. About eight or nine o'clock we fell back in a big ravine for the night.

The next morning our brigade went down the Welden Railroad seven miles. The Yankees had captured the road; and as that road brought our rations, its capture cut off our supplies. After we routed them out, we halted and formed line in a large field, the enemy being east of us in a large orchard. Company D, of our battalion, sent thirty-six out as skirmishers in front; thirty-one of them were shot down. The line of battle was ordered forward and fought until dark. The ground was covered with the dead. General Mahone came up to General Wright and ordered him to form his brigade and charge. It was then nearly dark, and General Wright told General Mahone that he was going to try to get his brigade together and get away from there, which he did.

It was ten o'clock before we got back to Petersburg that night. After that we stayed on a line south of Petersburg, near Battery 45, doing picket duty until the 30th of July, when we had the big blow-up at the Crater north of Fort Mahone. I had been four hours on vedette duty; and as it was getting a little late, I went back to the picket line, which I reached just as the officer ordered all of us to get our accouterments ready, as it was reported that there would be a general charge all around on our lines. We didn't believe it, but in ten minutes it seemed as if all lines from Fort Mahone north were blown out of existence. I never saw so many mortar shells flying and exploding in all my life. Our brigade at double-quick was trying to get the small arms away from the mortar shells. We pickets had to hold our positions. There was a continuous fire of small arms until after one o'clock that afternoon. A great many of our brigade were killed. After everything was quiet, our brigade moved on the south side of the turnpike, going into winter quarters and doing heavy picket duty. While there General Finegan had a brigade of Florida boys to help on picket duty. We had a few little fights. Every time it rained or snowed we had to go to Gaines's Mill to drive the Yankees back. Many men were killed during the winter.

On the 1st of March, 1863, at night, our brigade was ordered to go in between Appomattox and the James River and relieve General Pickett's division, which had been there since the 18th of June, 1864, with no fighting to do. General Lee sent our brigade there to recuperate, for we had been fighting and on picket duty all the winter and needed rest. On the morning that we relieved Pickett's men an officer remarked to one of our boys: "I reckon you Georgia boys feel mighty proud to have the honor of relieving the flower of the Army of Virginia." P. F. Randolph, of the Spaulding Grays, replied: "If you run as often as we Georgians have, you will get some of the flowers knocked off." When we started to evacuate Petersburg, there were only seventy-three left of the "flowers of Virginia."

On the 1st of April I was on picket, as usual, and while in front of our line on vedette duty, in the night, I could see something moving up on my left. I watched for a while. then slipped back to the picket line and called for Captain Christian to come to post number 8. He came at once and wanted to know what was the matter. Slipping back as close as we could, I told him to look and see for himself. He quickly noted the line of soldiers moving up to our left and also saw the ambulance car moving. Directing me to keep a sharp lookout, he slipped back and notified the line, also the main line. About daylight, just as I got back to the picket line, the pickets opened fire; the Yankees made a charge. The fighting lasted about an hour, but our boys were used to it and soon drove them back.

All was quiet on the morning of April 2. Over at Petersburg we could hear the roar of cannons and small arms. The Yankees had most of their force on Battery 45, south of Petersburg, and captured the line. Gen. A. P. Hill was killed there. Everything began to look blue; so late that evening the picket line was ordered to build good fires in the picket holes and were told that as soon as it was dark enough for us to slip out to the main line; that General Lee was going to evacuate Petersburg and Richmond. Obeying orders, we fell to marching, I knew not where. Looking back to Petersburg and Richmond, I could hear the magazines blowing up and see the flames from burning homes and commissaries. We kept moving on westward and got to Amelia Courthouse next morning about sunrise. We drew a pint cup of meal and a little piece of meat, the last rations I ever drew on our march. That was the morning of April 3.

We had skirmishing all along to Farmersville, where we had another skirmish, but we gained our front. I picked up a book there on the first settlers of Virginia, which I have yet. We marched all night and the next day and night, and on Sunday morning, the 9th, we stopped in a field at a creek to get our canteens filled. In a short while we were ordered to fall in, and in a piece of oak woods we formed our line east and west. The skirmishers advanced down a long slope toward a creek, on the other side of which was the enemy. Some of our boys shot at them, but they did not return the fire. We heard them call to our boys: "Stop that shooting, Johnnie. We have got you in the pen." The firing stopped, and we could see our boys and the Yankees walk close together and stand and talk—something we had never seen before—and some of our boys started back to investigate. Our adjutant's brother came by, and we asked him what the trouble was. He said: "Lee has surrendered." Some of the boys did not believe it, but in a few minutes we heard the galloping of horses, and three Yankee officers and two of Lee's officers went down on our left to stop some fighting that was going on. We fell into line and marched back to the place we had just left and waited to hear our doom. Late that afternoon General Mahone and some of his aids rode up, formed us in a hollow square, and told us the terms of the surrender.

On Tuesday morning, the 11th, our paroles came, and as quickly as they were signed up we started for home. Some went one way, some another, and quite a number of us went back the way we came. The squad I was with marched all day and all night back to Farmersville, where we had fought on the 7th, the last fight. Early Wednesday morning we drew three and one-half crackers apiece and left there for Burkville Junction, which we reached on the afternoon of the 13th, and left at four o'clock the next morning for City Point, on James River, at Grant's bakery. We stayed there all night. They gave us all the rations we wanted. That was on April 14. The next morning we got on a boat, started down the James River, and at old Fort Powhatan, now called Jamestown, we met a boat coming up the river, the flag on it at half mast, which reported the assassination of Lincoln on the night of the 14th. We landed at Fortress Monroe that evening at six o'clock, got a boat, and went over to Yorktown and boarded a blockade boat with six days' rations. We landed on native soil at Savannah, Ga., and the next morning started home afoot. After walking to Waynesboro, one hundred miles, we took the train to Augusta, thence by freight car to Atlanta, where we spent the night, and next morning we scattered for our homes.

THE BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY J. M. HOOD, ATLANTA, GA.

On the morning of April 27, 1863, the boom of cannon awoke me from my pleasant slumbers and dreams of peace. I was a member of Company B, 1st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, and was with a detail guarding a man's premises to keep the soldiers from trespassing on the fowl house and pig pens. We had been there several weeks, faring sumptuously, being well fed by the owner of the plantation. Not long after the first shot I saw a courier dashing down the road toward the farmhouse. He handed me an order which read: "Sergeant Hood will report with his men at once to his company, which is under marching orders."

When we reached the camp the command was marching toward Deep Bottom, on the Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg. General Hooker had sent a part of his army across at this point as a feint, the main army having crossed at United States Ford and other fords above and formed a line of battle at Chancellorsville.

On the early morning of the 1st of May, 1863, Gen. Stonewall Jackson's corps was ordered to march up the plank road toward Orange Courthouse. This corps marched all day and late in the evening, when we formed a line of battle and advanced to the works of the enemy, which we battered until dark. Early the next morning General Jackson left a mere skirmish line and marched the rest of the corps toward Richmond, as we thought. We were on a forced march all day, until nearly night, when we crossed the plank road about two or three miles from where we had left it that morning. My brigade, under command of Brigadier General McGowan, marched down the plank road right after the Yankees, who, finding themselves flanked, broke ranks and fled. All we had to do was to load, shoot, raise the Rebel yell, and charge them.

After this little skirmish, General Jackson ordered us out to the right of the road. By this time it was quite dark; in fact, because of the dense undergrowth it soon became so dark that I could not see my hand before me. I remember lying flat on the ground while the shells from the Yankee battery were cutting off the tops and limbs of trees, which were falling all about us. I did not know what moment the limb of a tree might fall upon me.

As soon as their battery became silent General Jackson marched us out to the right of a little old blind road and placed us in line of battle. After ordering us to lie with our guns in our hands, he placed videttes on the road with instructions to fire immediately on any one coming down that way. With his aids General Jackson went to reconnoiter. In the darkness they lost their way and came down this protected road themselves. The videttes fired at once, wounding General Jackson and some of his staff. I heard the guns that may be said to have cut off the "right arm of General Lee." We did not know of the sad affair until the next day. General Jackson died ten days later, and the army of the Confederacy lost one of the greatest generals that the world has ever seen. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart was assigned to the command of our corps.

Sunday morning, the 3d of May, dawned bright and fair. Along the line came the order to advance. Slowly and cautiously the line of battle moved forward. The works of the enemy came into view. With a great Rebel yell we charged them, but, behold! when we captured them there were no Yankees there. Still yelling, we crossed the works and mounted the top of a hill, looking down into a ravine. There we found them massed just in our front, and they accommodated us with a considerable volley of small arms. The first one of our number killed on that Sabbath day was a boy of sixteen years, very much out of place in that terrible carnage. On the march up to Chancellorsville this boy, Jimmie Hunter by name, kept saying that he was going to a May ball. Noticing across the river a balloon sent up by the enemy to watch our movements, Jimmie laughingly said: "Mr. Hooker, you have looked at my hand, and I won't play." He played his last hand that day.

After considerable fighting the Yankees began to retreat. General Stuart came trotting along our line whistling "Old Joe Hooker, Git Out o' the Wilderness." The soldiers took it up and sang it lustily as they ran in pursuit of the enemy. We followed them past the Chancellorsville courthouse, crossed the plank road, and stacked arms. Just as we left the plank road we noticed that a battery of the enemy had been blown up, with the caissons loaded with shrapnel, killing a great many horses and men. Never had we seen a forest so badly torn up. Every tree was literally torn into shreds.

After resting until late in the afternoon, we moved farther to our left. As we marched along we noticed that a great many soldiers had been burned, the woods having caught fire from bursting shells. Near some of the soldiers there was evidence that they had made an effort to clear a space around them, where they lay with gaping wounds; but the fire was unmerciful. In line of battle we lay quiet until after dark, when the enemy sent a few volleys among us, which were returned with interest.

On the following day, Monday, we built breastworks and lay in them until Tuesday, when the Yankees crossed to the north bank of the Rapidan River. We then marched down the plank road to Hamilton's Crossing and went into camp, remaining there until late in June, when we started on the memorable trip to Gettysburg, Pa.

SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF FORT BLAKELY.

BY E. W. TARRANT, SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

The vivid description of the "Battles Opposite Mobile" by William Lochiel Cameron in the July issue of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN was very interesting to one who bore a humble part in the defense of Fort Blakely and induces me to give some incidents in connection with the siege of that fort which, I think, have not before appeared in print.

Fort Blakely proper was a fortification in crescent shape extending from the bluff overlooking Tensaw River on the extreme left of our line of battle, the right point of the crescent being about a hundred yards from the river, where it was connected with a single line of breastworks extending on to the right about three miles to a junction with Spanish Fort, situated on Mobile Bay. The garrison of Fort Blakely consisted of Tarrant's Alabama Battery, about seventy-five men, under the command of Capt. Ed Tarrant and 2d Lieut. E. W. Tarrant, who manned the ten guns (three-inch Parrotts and one twelve-pound James rifle). In addition to these, there were several mortar guns commanded by a lieutenant whose name I have forgotten. We were also supplied with Springfield muskets to use at close range and were supported by the remnant of Sears's Mississippi Brigade, not more than eight hundred men, the entire force defending the fort being scarcely nine hundred, rank and file. To the right of the fort behind the line of breastworks, to use the language of Gen. Dabney H. Maury, "was the noble brigade of Missourians, Elijah Gates commanding, the finest troops I have ever seen," deployed at intervals of ten paces in order to cover a distance of two miles, their number being reduced to four hundred. To the forces enumerated above add Thomas's regiment of boys, Alabama State troops, about eight hundred, and we find a total of 2,100 men opposing the army of General Canby, estimated at 22,000. These figures do not include the opposing forces at Spanish Fort. Records show that the entire force of Confederates, comprising infantry, artillery, and cavalry, defending the eastern shore of Mobile Bay did not exceed 4,500 men; while the Federal army commanded by General Canby numbered 45,000.

The advance of the enemy in force in front of Fort Blakely, commencing on April 2, became bolder and more persistent day after day, repeated charges being made at different points along the line and as often repulsed by the combined fire of our infantry and artillery. The division of negroes immediately in front of the fort charged time and again, only to be driven back with great loss; but late in the afternoon of Sunday, April 9 (the date of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox), a brigade of Minnesota troops succeeded in breaking through the ranks of Thomas's boy regiment, and, swinging around in the rear of the fort, nothing was left for us except to run up a white flag, a pocket handkerchief so called. Then the negro troops rushed over our works, brandishing their guns in great rage, accusing us of having fired upon them after we had surrendered, shooting down Captain Lanier, inspector general of the Mississippi brigade, and clubbing "Long" Smith, of Tarrant's Battery. It looked as though we were to be butchered in cold blood, so I passed word along our line that if another man was shot I would seize a musket, as would every man of us, and we would die fighting to the last. The officers of the negroes, however, succeeded in getting control of them, and there were no other outrages.

There were two torpedo lines in our front, their location unknown except to those who were employed in planting the

torpedoes. As the negroes were rushed over these lines, many were killed and wounded by the explosions. A Federal captain told me that in their last charge the explosion of one torpedo placed thirteen men of his company *hors de combat.*

Many of the Missourians and Mississippians and the boy regiment succeeded in escaping by running to the rear and taking passage to Mobile on the transports that were lying off shore, but nearly every one who was in the fort was marched off as prisoner and sent to Ship Island.

LAST ORDER IN TRANS-MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT.

A correspondent furnishes a copy of the last order issued by Brig. Gen. Henry E. McCulloch, who at the close of the war was commanding all of the North Subdistrict of Texas. This order shows the character of the man. General McCulloch held some important State offices after the war.

"WACO, TEX., June 4, 1865.

"1. Learning that the Army of the Trans-Mississippi is certainly disbanded, all officers of the line and staff who were at their post and in the faithful discharge of their official duties or legally absent on the 26th day of last month are permanently relieved from duty as officers of the Confederate army, and all furloughs given under Paragraph I., General Order No. 11, will be regarded as a permanent discharge from the same.

"2. All officers having charge of any public property will turn it over to the county court in which it is at present, to be held subject to the order of the Governor of Texas, and as far as possible all private property in the employment of the government will be promptly returned to its proper owners.

"3. All armed resistance to the Federal government having ceased, all soldiers and officers of the Confederate army are advised to go to and remain at their homes, resorting at once to their usual vocations, determined to remain good, quiet, orderly citizens of the country and fully resolved to aid the civil authorities in the regular enforcement of the civil laws and in suppressing all lawlessness of every kind.

"[Signed] HENRY E. MCCULLOCH,
Brigadier General Commanding North Subdistrict of Texas."

A statement by H. G. Askew, commanding the Second Texas Brigade, U. C. V., appropriately follows:

"AUSTIN, TEX., January 22, 1915.

"Brig. Gen. Henry E. McCulloch was at the end of May, 1865, and had been, I think, for nearly two years previously, Commander of the C. S. A. Military North Subdistrict of Texas, and at the time mentioned he had his headquarters in the courthouse at Bonham, Tex. From about January 1, 1865, to the latter days of May, 1865, when those headquarters were permanently abandoned and General McCulloch left there to return to his home because it was evident that the war was over, at least as far as the forces under his command were concerned, I was attached to his staff, and my service was principally in the adjutant general's department, which had charge of all the headquarters letters, rolls from commands, and other records, reports, etc., usually falling within the province of an adjutant general's office.

"There was at the time of the break-up a large accumulation at headquarters of order books, letters received, copies of letters sent, reports of various kinds from staff officers and heads of commands, not only at and near Bonham, but from many other places in the said subdistrict, including muster rolls and subsequent rolls from regiments, battalions, companies, etc. General McCulloch decided that in the situation of the country at that time, nearly in a state of anarchy, it would not be practicable to convey those records to any place where they would be certain of preservation. There was no Federal commander near at hand to accept a surrender. Therefore he further decided to have them destroyed, which was done by taking them from their pigeonholes, etc., and burning them in the open fireplaces of the Bonham courthouse, mostly, if not altogether, in the fireplaces of the rooms used by General McCulloch and the adjutant general's department.

"The affiant well remembers that General McCulloch and himself participated in this destruction of records (probably all the members of his staff and other attaches of the subdistrict headquarters present at the time likewise participated), and the destruction seemed thorough and complete. And after a lapse of nearly fifty years I have never known of any written document's being found which was in those headquarters when the burning commenced.

H. G. ASKEW,
Brigadier General Commanding Second Texas Brigade, U. C. V."

"STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF TRAVIS.

"Sworn and subscribed to before me this 22d day of January, A.D. 1915.

"[Seal] A. L. SKELLEY,
Notary Public Travis County, Tex."

SOUTH CAROLINA COMMAND IN VIRGINIA.

BY F. S. DIBBLE, ORANGEBURG, S. C.

In the early part of May, 1864, Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, with an army of ten thousand men, threatened Petersburg, Va., which at that time was in a most defenseless condition, there being few, if any, Confederate troops stationed there. Hagood's South Carolina Brigade, composed of the 7th Battalion, the 11th, 21st, 25th (Eutaw), and 27th Regiments of South Georgia Volunteers, was ordered from James Island, S. C., to the defense of that place, and it proceeded at once with all speed to its relief and protection. On Friday, May 6, 1864, the 21st Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, under the command of Col. R. F. Graham, three companies of the 25th Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers—Company G (Edisto Rifles), Company H, and Company I—under the command of Maj. John W. Glover, reached the city of Petersburg, Va., about midday and were immediately marched out to Port Walthall Junction, where they met and opposed the advance of Butler, skirmishing with his force during the afternoon of that day. The skirmish line was commanded by Capt. James F. Izlar, of the Edisto Rifles. In this skirmish Private Samuel R. Hall, of the Edisto Rifles, was severely wounded, but no other casualties were known.

The next day, Saturday, May 7, 1864, the remainder of Hagood's Brigade, having arrived at Petersburg and united with the forces at Walthall Junction, and being reënforced by the brigade of Gen. Bushrod Johnson and by some of the convalescent sick from the hospitals at Petersburg, making in all a force not exceeding four thousand men, under the

command of Brigadier General Hagood, engaged Butler's ten thousand men in battle; and after a severe contest, which lasted several hours, succeeded in driving the Yankee force back, thereby saving Petersburg and protecting Lee's line of supply. In this engagement were the two companies from Orangeburg district, the St. Matthews Rifles, Capt. M. H. Sellers, and the Edisto Rifles, Capt. James F. Izlar, in which companies were the following casualties:

St. Matthews Rifles: Killed, J. W. Myers, J. W. Prickett, J. H. Prickett, and Russell D. Zimmerman. Wounded, Corporals D. A. Way and T. W. Ulmer and Privates H. F. Dantzler, Charles Stroman, and A. J. Strock.

Edisto Rifles: Killed, Sergt. Jacob E. Rast and Private L. W. Jenkins. Wounded, Privates J. M. O. Holman, E. E. Inabnit, and Elias Ott.

In this battle the regiment was commanded by Lieut. Col. John G. Pressley, who was also severely wounded in the right arm, necessitating the resection of the bone near the shoulder, which deprived the Confederacy for the remainder of the war of the services of as brave and gallant an officer as there was in the entire army. Capt. William E. Stoney, assistant inspector general on the brigade staff, was also severely wounded, being shot through the right lung. He recovered from this wound and did service with his brigade toward the close of the war, and after the war he served his State as its comptroller general. About twelve o'clock that night the Confederates fell back to Swift Creek, near Petersburg.

At Swift Creek a Yankee spy who had entered our lines was killed as he was attempting to return to his lines, near the bridge over Swift Creek. The men who stopped him were members of the St. Matthews Rifles—Privates G. S. Shuler, E. V. Shuler, Richard Evans, J. C. Heaner, and one other. A few days after the arrival of the brigade at Swift Creek, May 10, 1864, a reconnoitering force, in which were several companies of the 25th Regiment, was sent out to ascertain Butler's position. They met Butler's whole force of five brigades, about ten thousand men, and had a warm reception. The Butler forces were in a column of brigades, and as our men advanced the first brigade would fire and lie down, then the second would also fire and lie down, and so on until the fifth brigade had fired, when the first would rise and take up the firing again and lie down, until the other four brigades had done the same. This made it a very hot place for a while, and our men were glad enough to get out of it. There were no casualties among the Orangeburg companies that can be called to mind now; but some of the companies lost heavily, among them the Yeadon Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C. Their captain, Samuel LeRoy Hammond, was shot, and when falling his brother, Lieut. Fred G. Hammond, ran to catch him, when he too was shot, and both dropped dead together. Lieut. E. M. Seabrook, of the same company, was also killed. Private Peter Gowan, of the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, S. C., who at the time was a resident of Orangeburg, S. C., was also slightly wounded.

After this Butler moved toward the James River, and the Confederates at Swift Creek were ordered to unite with the forces of General Beauregard at Drewry's Bluff. Here the Yankees under Butler attacked us and on Sunday, May 15, 1864, charged and broke our lines. General Hagood called for volunteers to restore the lines. To this call two companies responded—Capt. J. H. Brooks's company, from Edgefield, and the Edisto Rifles, of Orangeburg—and these two companies went forward and accomplished the task they were called on to do, though they were subjected to a heavy fire in their attempt. On the following day, Monday, May 16, 1864, Beauregard attacked the forces under Butler. The battle was opened by the St. Matthews Rifles, and the engagement lasted the whole day. During the fight the St. Matthews Rifles captured a battery of artillery, and the guns were turned on the Yankees and did good service in hastening their precipitous retreat. Butler was driven back to Bermuda Hundreds and was taught a lesson that day that he did not care to try again. The losses on both sides were heavy, and the Orangeburg companies lost several killed and wounded.

St. Matthews Rifles: Killed, Lieut. F. E. Shuler, Privates Bruner A. McIver and Lou Shultnight. Wounded, Privates O. S. Strock, Sam Ott, J. C. Heaner, and Ed Spigener.

Edisto Rifles: Killed, Lieut. George H. Elliott, Corp. J. R. Kennerly, Privates Morgan L. Austin, G. W. B. Fairey, and Frank S. Inabnit (all these were killed by one shell). Wounded, Sergts. Benjamin P. Izlar and J. Hillaird Hook, Corp. Theodore Kohn, Privates John Ashe, James H. Arant, Elliott H. Irick, Andrew J. Smoak, Obadiah J. Syphrett, Benjamin H. Sanders, Murray Robinson, and Henry Brown.

During the fight Private Lewis F. Rush, of the Edisto Rifles, captured and brought into our lines about one dozen prisoners, which he had disarmed and made to march ahead of him, he following with their guns. The Yankees in this battle had their artillery protected with wire stretched in front of their batteries from tree to tree and stump to stump. Notwithstanding these obstructions, our men charged upon them and captured their batteries. The Confederates followed Butler to Bermuda Hundreds, at which place Private John Rucker, of the St. Matthews Rifles, was wounded.

In the engagements here mentioned, as well as in all others in which the St. Matthews Rifles and Edisto Rifles were participants, they bravely met and, with all the earnestness of their Southern natures and spirit, fought the enemy, shunning no danger and shirking no duty, and in the end won the encomium of their brave and gallant Lieutenant Colonel Pressley, who wrote of them, saying that "the Edisto and St. Matthews Rifles were two companies of heroes whom the people of Orangeburg district could not sufficiently honor."

THE RECORD BROKEN.

BY THOMAS J. GIBSON, MEXIA, TEX.

It is to snatch from oblivion and place under the eye of the future historian the name and heroic deeds of a Federal captain and his little band of patriots that I write.

It was my fortune to serve in the 12th Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, Jackson's Corps, A. N. V., and I participated in the Valley Campaign in 1862. In the summer of 1861 our regiment was sent to Northwest Virginia, and we penetrated as far as Greenbrier River, the Federals occupying Cheat Mountain Pass. Edward Johnson, afterwards a major general in the Confederate army, was our first colonel. He was a graduate of West Point, had served in the Mexican War, and he soon brought the regiment up to a high standard of discipline.

The winter of 1861 was spent on the Allegheny Mountains. About the 1st of May, 1862, we fell back toward Staunton, and at the town of McDowell we met Stonewall Jackson, became a part of his command, and served under him until he received his fatal wounds at Chancellorsville. I refer to these matters because, until I read the incidents hereinafter stated, I was under the impression that "Stonewall Jackson's

Foot Cavalry," as his troops in the valley were called, had not only done some good and effective fighting, but had made a record for "celerity of movement" and staying qualities at least equal to the best; but we were all mistaken.

It will be remembered that on the day that Edward Johnson, then a brigadier general, united his forces with those of Jackson, May 8, 1862, and near the town of McDowell, the Federals under Milroy and Schenck attacked the Confederates and met with a bloody repulse. Jackson pursued, but could not bring the enemy to a stand. He returned, passed down the Shenandoah Valley, and reunited his forces with those of Ewell. He marched against Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, known as our "Commissary Banks," then intrenched with his main army at Strasburg, his left resting on Front Royal. Jackson left Ewell in front of Banks, crossed to the south of the Shenandoah River, attacked and defeated the Federals, and turned Banks's flank. During the night Banks commenced a precipitate retreat toward Winchester. The next morning Jackson recrossed the river, marched north, and at Middleton struck Banks's army in full retreat. Jackson attacked and pierced the Federal column. The main part having passed, it continued to retreat toward Winchester; while the rear of the column returned to Strasburg and finally took to the mountains and escaped across the Potomac into Maryland. It was just here that the incidents I started out to relate occurred. I will now let our "hero" tell how it happened (see the so-called "War of the Rebellion Records," Series I., Volume XII., Part I., No 13, page 572):

"Maj. Gen. N. P. Banks—General: Arriving at Middletown, I discovered that I was effectually cut off from the main body by what I believe to have been the reserve of the enemy—a brigade of four regiments of infantry, a few companies of cavalry, and four pieces of artillery—all formed in or near the town. He observed our approach and made preparations for an attack upon us. I threw my men quickly behind a stone wall on the east side of the road running along the south side of the town and within one hundred and fifty paces of the enemy's position. Our first reception was a whole volley of musketry from right to left; but, thanks to our little breastworks, I had but one man (Charles Fedalen) injured, and he but slightly. The fire was three times returned by my brave men, whose cool aim, short range, and grand position must have had terrible effect. It at all events held him in check for some ten minutes, when he charged along the whole line at double-quick, intending to outflank me. Perceiving this movement, I deemed it advisable to fall back, which was done in wonderfully good order. To the credit of my men be it said that this movement was as orderly as though executed upon the drill ground.

"Still determined to rejoin you and finding the direct road impracticable, I took the western (dirt) road, which brought me out on the pike within three miles of Winchester. * * * But about midnight we again found ourselves cut off by the enemy's pickets. Retracing our steps, we took the Romney Pike and, traveling twenty-seven additional miles, approached Winchester on Sunday morning in time to see you evacuate the town, while the enemy took possession. A third time cut off, with nothing but misfortune staring us in the face, though we had spared no human efforts to come to your aid, I was at last compelled to provide for our own personal safety. So, placing in the wagons twenty-three men too fatigued to walk, I left the road and took to the woods and, having providentially found a pocket compass and a map, succeeded in reaching Hancock on Monday, the 26th inst., at 2 P.M. and on the following day had the gratification of reporting to you in person. * * * The twenty-three men who remained with the wagons, I am informed, bravely defended them along the whole route and rejoined me at Hancock. We lost all our personal baggage, knapsacks, blankets, etc.

"Incredible, General, as it may appear, my men marched one hundred and forty-one miles in forty-seven hours, as measured by Captain Abert.

"Reassuring you of my desire always to serve you and the cause to the extent of my poor capacity, and congratulating you upon the success of your unparalleled retreat, I have the honor to be very respectfully your obedient servant,

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS,
Captain Commanding Zouaves d'Afrique, Bodyguard."

For a single company of zouaves, composed of troops of African descent, to stand off four regiments of Confederate infantry, four pieces of artillery, and several companies of cavalry, and when outflanked to retire in as good order as if on the parade grounds, is not at all incredible when read in connection with the reports of many of the Federal generals of more important engagements. The graceful and well-deserved compliment paid the commanding general by Captain Collis on the "success" of that "unparalleled retreat" is highly commendable, but one hundred and forty-one miles (as measured by Captain Abert, of the United States army) in forty-seven hours takes the cake and breaks the record.

Now let "Stonewall Jackson's Foot Cavalry" retire to the extreme rear end of the hall and sit down. They are no longer in it.

A MOST DARING EXPLOIT.

BY CHARLES W. KYLE, LA CROSSE, KANS.

About ten days before the surrender at Appomattox a steamboat was anchored in the middle of the Mississippi River a short distance below St. Louis, on which was a Federal paymaster with sixty thousand dollars in sheet money which he was taking to St. Louis to pay off the soldiers. Capt. John Jacobs, of General Marmaduke's staff, and six of his most trusted lieutenants made their way to this boat in broad daylight, unnoticed by anybody, and with drawn revolvers overpowered the paymaster and his assistants, the officers and employees of the boat, taking all of them prisoners. When they boarded the vessel, they found all hands carrying on high carnival, gambling and imbibing very freely of that article which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Among other persons on the boat was a gentleman who had been playing Confederate with these same boys only a short time before and was immediately recognized by them. He was either a Confederate deserter or a Federal spy, they could not determine which; but they proceeded at once to act on the advice of Gen. John A. Dix when he expressed himself about a man who tore down the American flag. They shot him on the spot. They then took possession of the sixty thousand dollars, placed it in gunny sacks, put the paymaster and boat crew into skiffs, burned the boat, then rowed to a sandbar in the river, where they dumped paymaster and boat crew, went ashore, where their horses were hitched, and made good their escape. They were paroled about ten days later at Shreveport, La. Three of the six men, with Captain Jacobs, are now living in Shelby County, Mo.—James Tuggle, Robert Magruder, and William Priest.

If any one knows of a bolder, braver, more dare-devil exploit, better planned or executed, let him tell of it.

ONE WOMAN IN THE GREAT WAR.

BY MRS. S. J. GRANT.

My first memory of the war is the passing through Petersburg of troops from the Southern States on to Richmond and Northern Virginia. Sometimes the ladies were called on to prepare provisions for trainloads of soldiers. This was child's play to all that followed, for war raged, and they grew busy making lint and bandages for the wounded. I helped with these things. We had not yet come to the hardships; but as the army approached nearer to us, the hardships commenced, and the sick and wounded were brought to our very doors.

During the siege we were actually under fire. The night of the blowing up of the mine under our works we had to leave the house and go into the basement of an outhouse in the yard and sit on the ground with our backs to the wall. For hours shot and shells were flying over us, and such a roar of cannon was never heard before. When the battle was over and we came out of our hiding place, the ground was covered with shot and shells. One shell had gone through the house, leaving broken bricks, plaster, and furniture in its wake. The street was lined with ambulances carrying wounded soldiers to the extreme end of the city. Many soldiers were sitting on the ground, tired, thirsty, and hungry.

Things became so hot and the soldiers so numerous, and there was so much distress and sickness in the city, that I went to the home of a cousin in the country to rest until I could go to my father's home in South Carolina. Northern soldiers were raiding the country, destroying crops, houses, and everything they could lay hands on. When we at last made the start to South Carolina, we went to the railroad station where we found what had been a nice little village of depot, stores, dwelling houses, all destroyed by fire. The only thing that remained was an old box car, in which horses had been carried. As it was raining, and trains were uncertain as to their time of running, we put some of our baggage in the car to serve as seats and scrambled up on steps made of trunks to protect us from rain until a train should come.

There we stayed from early afternoon until the middle of the next day, when we heard a train coming. Upon signaling to stop it the conducter told us that it was General Beauregard's special train going to Charleston, and we would have to obtain permission from him to ride on it. The General graciously gave us permission to get on board, and we rode as far as Florence, S. C., from which place we succeeded in reaching my father's home.

After the depredations of Sherman's raiding parties became so alarming, I decided it would be about as safe for me in my own home in Petersburg, and to that city I returned. Our house was near one of the main roads leading into the city, where we could see the soldiers as they went in and out of the camp. The South Carolina hospital was at the next corner of the street; so we saw many of the sick and wounded carried by our door. It was a sad sight. Through the kindness of one of the blockade runners, a relative of ours, we were allowed the privilege of giving the soldiers good, nourishing food. We had sugar and coffee sent by the barrel and refreshed many with a good cup of coffee, edibles, and clothing. I visited the hospital and selected some patients to send things to regularly, and we seldom sat down to a meal without soldier guests. Some we never saw before and have not seen since. We once took in for a night a poor old couple from Alabama on their way to Richmond to see a sick son. When we gave them our good coffee they said they had not expected to see coffee again. Poor old people! We never heard anything more of them.

We kept open house for the soldiers until we had to leave on account of the shelling. When I went back two months before the city was evacuated, things were comparatively quiet, with less cannonading; but we knew Lee was withdrawing his troops, and we were kept in suspense, not knowing what the Yankees would do when they took possession. We did not learn until afterwards that Grant had given orders that citizens in their own homes were not to be molested.

On a Sunday night our troops began the march out of the city. No one went to bed, and all night we could hear the steady tramp, tramp of passing feet. All else was quiet, save for the picket-firing along the lines. With the dawn on Monday the city was filled with bluecoats, and all day long the stream of soldiers, wagons, and carriages passed up the main road just by our house. It was said that Lincoln and his family came into town that day. Certain it was that there came a fine carriage and ladies and gentlemen on horseback.

Some three or four Yankee soldiers came into our house and asked for whisky. On being told that we had none, they went out quietly; but some of them went into our kitchen, where the maid, who had been reared with me, gave them some of our breakfast and was so long in bringing ours that we had to speak to her. Whereupon she flew into a rage, and the soldiers helped her to move out. She left us, thinking the Yankees would support her; but when next we heard of her she was cooking, washing, and ironing for a large family. Freedom did not mean no work.

Before the main army got around Petersburg a company of Federal cavalry almost succeeded in entering. They were raiding the country, destroying everything. The few regular troops who were in the city called upon the citizens to help, and every man who had a gun went to the front. Two companies of mounted artillery were in the city, and they went galloping by my house and met the Yankees just as they came in sight of the city reservoir, which they mistook for a fort. As the cannon opened on them there they turned and met the men on foot, and there the battle was fought within hearing of my home. They were driven back after a sharp fight, but carried off some of our men as prisoners and killed two outright, wounding others. The two who were killed were old men, over sixty, good citizens and Christians. I sat on my front doorsteps, with all my keys by me, so that if they did arrive they need not break all the locks in the house.

During the siege the church bells could not be rung, for the Yankees would commence firing cannon balls at the church steeples. Later preaching in the churches had to be stopped altogether, as the cannonading would commence just at the hour for services. Funerals had to be conducted in the homes, and burials were made in the farthest churchyards, as the cemetery was too near the lines. The cemetery was badly used, many monuments being broken and graves trampled upon. Many little children died from heat and exposure during the siege. One child, a little boy of six years, who was walking along the street with his mother, was killed by a shell. One negro woman was killed by a shell.

A sad spectacle of the war was that of people coming into the city on wagons loaded with their household goods, driving their cattle ahead of them, not knowing where they would find shelter. They were fleeing from the Yankee army, as it was marching on to Petersburg. These people never saw their homes again. Everything was destroyed before them as they marched against Lee's army. I rode out around the city with

some friends after the war was over to see the crater and other sights. Numbers of fine homes that I had seen on former drives were gone, not even a shade tree being left. An old Scotch florist, whom he knew well, had a beautiful home, with large greenhouses and all kinds of beautiful flowers and shrubbery, totally destroyed. It was the same ruin and desolation everywhere. The only building seen on that ride was an Episcopal church, built out of unbarked, short-leafed pine logs, some as large as a man's leg, and the smallest were just little twigs. The walls, the ceiling, the steeple, the pews, the pulpit, the altar railing, the windows were all of unbarked logs—the steps, doors, and everything complete. It was a monument of Yankee ingenuity, built while the Yankees were camped there during the siege. I suppose it is all gone now.

During the siege of Petersburg raiding parties were sent around the country for miles. One party went to the farm of my cousin, Joseph Mayes, where his brother, Brown Mayes, and family were residing at that time, both brothers being too old for service. A party of raiders came one day when Cousin Brown was away and emptied the corncrib, turned hogs and cattle loose, emptied the smokehouse, and scattered the meat. They met Cousin Brown on the road, and, taking his horse from him, one of the officers mounted it and compelled Cousin Brown to follow him on foot all day. He did not get home until late in the night. When dark came, the officer said to him: "Here, old man, take your horse and go home if you can." He was exhausted when he reached home and found his family in great distress about him.

During Sherman's raid through Georgia and South Carolina my father's plantation was visited by a negro regiment and white officers. They burned trestles, bridges, and depots on the railroads. As my father's house was near the road, they emptied his barns, his smokehouse and dwelling house, scattered the corn and meat over the place, and carried off all the clothing and bed clothing they could take with them. They burned a large store, the first one built in Mayesville, because some Confederate supplies were stored there.

This is only a chapter of the wild destruction of those raiding parties.

THE CONFEDERATE HOME OF KENTUCKY.

[From Mrs. T. H. Baker, of South Pittsburg, Tenn., but now a temporary resident of Louisville, Ky., comes this interesting account of a visit to the Kentucky Confederate Home, which she made on July 11 in company with Mrs. Lily F. Worthington, Mississippi Director of the Arlington Monument Association, and Mrs. Andrew Sea, of the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter, of Louisville. The Home is located at Pewee Valley, Ky., five miles by trolley from Louisville. Mrs. Baker is Regent of the Tennessee Room in the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., and a member of the South Pittsburg Chapter, U. D. C.]

As we entered the spacious grounds we were almost startled by the impression that we were approaching a delightful summer resort. The immense central building, with its circular porticoes, arched windows, and spacious verandas freshly painted and glistening in beauty and newness, the broad seats under the arching locust trees, the flower borders and beds gay with hollyhocks, nasturtiums, and other summer annuals, the velvet lawns, the porch and window boxes trailing with vines and bright with blooming plants, gave the scene a festive air not altogether in accord with the preconceived idea that we were entering a retreat for the old, the helpless, and the invalid. And we found our impression a reality. The veterans living within the portals are old, but they were not infirm; they are not vigorous, but they are alert and active. They make no appeal to your sympathy or pity, for with them abide comfort and content. They are guests for whose well-being every consideration is given. We felt complimented as they rose gallantly in greeting to us and the other guests. Luncheon hour was interesting as well as delightful. Col. Henry George, Commandant of the Home, and Mrs. George were hosts as if to a large but welcome company; the menu and service that of a well-cared-for and well-ordered home. in which happiness and perfect comfort are provided.

The main building contains one hundred rooms, so neatly furnished and kept that they assure comfort for the occupants, and connected with it is a perfectly equipped laundry plant. It is lighted throughout by acetylene gas and is pro-



KENTUCKY CONFEDERATE HOME AT PEWEE VALLEY.

vided with water and sewerage connections. The water is brought to the Home a distance of two and one-half miles and forced through an eighty-foot standpipe to a tank that gives ample supply and fire protection. The sewerage system is the most modern and unique in existence and h proved a wonderful success. The building, because of its size, has had the safety of its inmates further assured by a fire escape of modern construction.

Located on the grounds are three hospitals, the main hospital for the treatment and care of usual forms of illness and for infirm patients, one for tubercular troubles, and one for the care and treatment of cancer and skin diseases. Each is provided with all medical and surgical means for alleviating suffering. The entrance hall to the main hospital is a large semicircular room the full width of the building, glass-inclosed in winter for a sun parlor, screened in summer for an outdoor sitting room. The long verandas were shaded with awnings and beautiful with boxes of flowers and ferns. Rows of daintily furnished wards bordered both sides of the wide corridors on the upper and lower floors. Unusual features of both the main building and the hospital are attractively furnished guest rooms, in which may be entertained a visitor to the Home or a relative or friend of a resident veteran. In the main hospital, on the second floor immediately above the sun parlor, is the luxuriously fitted and furnished Wooster Library, a memorial to one of the best-known daughters of the South. Filled bookcases line all sides of the room. Wonderful pictures adorn the walls, and the other furnishings are in harmonious keeping. On the first floor, at the west entrance to the hospital, the Soldiers' Home Chapter, U. D. C., of Pewee Valley, has fitted up an artistic reception room.

Raising the Flag.

We finished our tour of the different buildings just in time for the exercises attending the raising of a United States flag over this Home for Confederate Veterans, which was the basis for an interesting celebration on that July 11, and the presentation and acceptance were so inspiring and patriotic in character that the event was almost dramatically impressive. As we reached the front entrance of the main building the veterans of the Home were already seated on the lawn, and the speakers and guests and choir filled the big circular veranda. The invocation was given by the Rev. John T. Thomas, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Louisville, who, by the way, is a Tennesseean, the son of a Confederate veteran from Bristol, Tenn. Capt. Andrew Sea, who as trustee has been identified with the Kentucky Confederate Home since its inception, presented the flag and briefly explained that the gift had been made by Col. Andrew Cowan, who was Chief of Artillery of the 6th Corps, U. S. V., is President of the Army of the Potomac, U. S. A., and, by virtue of the esteem and affection in which he is held by the Confederates of Kentucky, an honorary member of the Kentucky Orphan Brigade, C. S. A. Colonel Cowan was influenced to give this handsome flag by the expressed wish of Col. Henry George, Commandant of the Home, for a United States flag to be used on the Fourth of July and other patriotic occasions. Colonel George made the speech of acceptance, and, holding aloft an old Confederate battle flag, he reiterated his own love and that of every Confederate veteran for the Stars and Bars, but pledged for himself and them loyalty and fealty to their country's flag. Over a hundred Confederate veterans stood with bared heads as their aged comrade, John Gobin, slowly drew the handsome twelve-foot flag to its position at the top of the lofty flagpole, and a gentle Southern breeze spread its folds above their heads and over an audience composed almost entirely of veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy. After a moment of tense suspense, the whole company united in singing "America." Other addresses were made by Col. E. Polk Johnson, Maj. John B. Pirtle, Capt. George C. Norton, Capt. John W. Green, with the benediction by Rev. Peyton Hoge, of the Pewee Valley Presbyterian Church. To a Tennessee Daughter this event put a final seal on the patriotic hope and belief that we are a reunited people, whose glory is "one country, one flag."

EFFORTS TO OPEN THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY J. W. COOK, HELENA, ARK.

Many desperate attempts were made by the Federals to open and get control of the Mississippi River. Early in May, 1862, the large fleet of gunboats built at St. Louis, Cairo, and other points up the Ohio went down and overpowered the little Confederate vessels at Memphis and, taking possession of that city, began slowly to force their way down the river. There was little to impede their progress except now and then a rifleman along the bank, and sometimes a small piece of field artillery fired a shot or two and then retreated to the heavy timber.

In the meantime Farragut had forced his way up through Pass La Outre, at the mouth of the river, by Forts Jackson and St. Phillips, taking possession of New Orleans, as there was no adequate force to defend it. Their great plan for opening the Mississippi River was only begun, as they discovered later. In November, 1862, Grant conceived the idea of taking Vicksburg, the one stronghold of the Confederates, by forcing his way down the Mississippi Central Railroad and attacking it in the rear. A small force under Price and Van Dorn was all there was in his way. Shortly after Grant's expedition had gotten under way and had advanced nearly to Grenada, Miss., Van Dorn by a quick, strategic movement captured and burned his base of supples at Holly Springs, thereby forcing Grant to retire to Memphis.

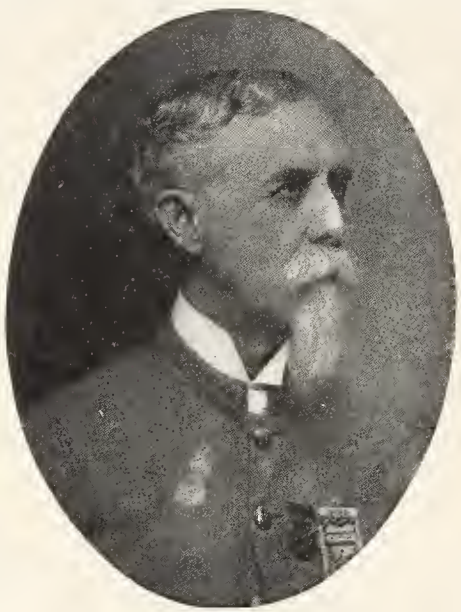
Again and again the gunboats tried the batteries on the bluffs at Vicksburg, but always found them alive and too strong for them, especially one gun they called "Whistling Dick" because of the peculiar whistle of its projectiles. It was a long gun. I saw it often, but don't remember its caliber. Grant concentrated a large army of men and gunboats at Milliken's Bend, just above Vicksburg, and sent Sherman with a strong force of men and gunboats up the Yazoo River. The Confederates had a strong battery at Snider's Bluff and a strong raft of logs across the Yazoo held by strong cables which held the gunboats back while the battery pounded them. Foiled by this, Sherman landed a large force and tried to force the Confederate right, but S. D. Lee met him at Chickasaw Bayou and simply paralyzed him. Sherman beat a hasty retreat, leaving hundreds of dead and wounded on the field. Defeated again, Grant then began, in February, 1863, to dig a canal across the bend, hoping the spring floods would make a new channel, thus deflecting the river and leaving Vicksburg high and dry and out of their way in navigating the river. In after years this change was made, and it cost the government many millions to restore the harbor. Grant's next move was to march an immense army down the river on the Louisiana side and work his way across at Bruinsburg, making that a base for marching to the rear of Vicksburg and against General Pemberton, who had a comparatively small force, and he succeeded in taking the place only after much desperate fighting.

THE LAST ROLL

Tipton D. Jennings.

Tipton Davis Jennings, Inspector General of the Grand Camp of Confederate Veterans of Virginia, died at Lynchburg, Va., May 17, 1915, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

At the outbreak of the War between the States, in 1861, Mr. Jennings, then a mere lad, joined the Lynchburg Home Guard, later Company G, of the famous 11th Virginia Regiment of Infantry. He left Lynchburg with this company and served with it in the 11th Virginia throughout the four bitter years of the war. He was twice wounded, first at Second Manassas, but continued in the field and went with the army into the Maryland campaign. At Boonsboro he received a second wound, which sent him home for several months. He served the company as orderly sergeant and the regiment as sergeant major and acting adjutant. Except for the short time when incapacitated by wounds, he was an active participant in the stirring campaigns of what Horace Greeley called "that incomparable infantry" of the Army of Northern Virginia.



T. D. JENNINGS.

Tipton D. Jennings was born in Lynchburg, Va., a city founded by his ancestors in 1786, and, with the exception of a short time immediately following the war, he spent his entire life there. For seventeen consecutive years he represented his city in the legislature of Virginia, filling in that body positions of distinction and trust. He was appointed postmaster of the city of Lynchburg by President Cleveland and served in that capacity four years. Mr. Jennings was interested in the formation of the first Confederate Veteran organization in Lynchburg, Camp Samuel Garland, now Garland-Rodes Camp, C. V., and continued to the last week of his life actively interested and working to promote the objects of the veteran organizations of the South. Garland-Rodes Camp, C. V., of Lynchburg, elected him its Commander for several terms, in addition to which he acted as Adjutant for twelve terms. At his death he was Inspector General of the Grand Camp, C. V., of Virginia, which office he had filled with distinction for several terms.

During the war the Daily Republican, of Lynchburg, under date of Thursday, June 2, 1864, carried this story: "In the recent fight at Drewry's Bluff (Va.) a young gentleman of this city was conspicuous for gallantry and daring. In the charge upon the fortifications of the enemy Sergt. Tipton D. Jennings, Company G, 11th Virginia Infantry, rushed ahead of his comrades and amidst a shower of bullets won the high distinction of being the first to reach the enemy's works. Arriving there, he vaulted upon the breastworks and commanded a surrender. Two Yankee colonels surrendered to him in person and delivered to him their swords. These trophies of his valor the hero bore off in triumph." In the turmoil and confusion of war these swords, which were given to members of his family, were lost; but a pistol captured at the same time and place from a Yankee captain named Skinner, which name is engraved upon the butt, is in the possession of the family and has been donated to the Confederate Museum at Richmond.

General Lee in the closing days of the war, while holding the lines around Richmond and Petersburg, being exceedingly desirous of ascertaining the plans of the enemy, offered a furlough to any man who would capture a Yankee and bring him to headquarters. In an adventure, which is a story by itself, Mr. Jennings captured his Yankee and later was furloughed home just in time to be nursed through a severe spell of fever, from which he rallied at the time of the surrender. Hearing of this dire event, he, with several companions, made his way into North Carolina with the intention of joining Johnston; but Johnston surrendered before the little expedition reached him, and Mr. Jennings was later paroled at Greensboro, N. C.

At his death the leading paper of his home city said editorially: "Mr. Jennings typed the old régime—the Virginia gentleman of the olden, golden time in the history of our people. Gentle courtesy marked him for her own. Retiring, quiet, unassuming, he was yet brave in all concerns where courage was challenged to expression; at all times proudly crested with the dignity of self-respect, at all times chivalrous and true."

Rev. W. D. Mayfield.

Rev. W. D. Mayfield, known throughout the South as teacher, soldier, merchant, publisher, minister, financier, and poet, died at his home, in Waco, Tex., on the 2d of April, 1915, at the age of seventy-seven years. He was born at Greenville, S. C., in 1837 and was left an orphan at the age of thirteen, with three small brothers and a sister to support. He began teaching at the age of seventeen and entered the Baptist ministry on reaching manhood. Early in the sixties, at the first call of the South, he entered the Confederate army as captain of Company C, 3d South Carolina Regiment of Infantry, and took part in all the battles of his command until he laid down his sword at Appomattox. He preached and baptized as he went and as he fought. Returning to South Carolina in 1865, he entered the ministry and also edited a paper. He removed to Helena, Ark., in 1872, serving as pastor of the First Baptist Church there and also engaged in the mercantile business. He then served as pastor of the First Baptist Church of Little Rock and engaged in the drug business. Later he went to Waco, Tex., where he organized the Texas Savings Loan Association, the Texas Life Insurance Company, and the City National Bank, of Waco, and was President of these institutions at his death. He was the publisher of various periodicals, the Baptist and Reflector, of Nashville, Tenn., and Mayfield's Happy Home, of Memphis, wrote largely for the press, and was a brilliant orator and publicist, popular with all classes. He was a

man of large fortune, charitable without ostentation. No Confederate soldier ever left him empty-handed, and he sought them out everywhere. He is survived by six children. A son, W. G. Mayfield, is President of the Metropolitan Press Association, of New York City.

Commander H. L. Taylor.

Capt. Hilary L. Taylor, Commander of Yazoo Camp, No. 176, U. C. V., died at his home, in Yazoo City, Miss., on the 10th of March, 1915. He was born in Gainesville, Ala., October 15, 1843, a son of Dr. M. D. K. Taylor, and when but a child his parents removed to Texas. At the age of seventeen years he enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company E, 3d Texas Regiment, Ross's Brigade, and rose from the ranks to a lieutenancy by his merit and gallantry. As a member of this brigade he bore a conspicuous part in campaigns in the Indian Territory, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and in Hood's Tennessee campaign. For a time he was chief of Ross's Scouts in Yazoo County, Miss. The brilliant record of this brigade in its four years' service shed luster on its every member, and in its achievements H. L. Taylor was easily among the first. After being paroled he settled in Yazoo County, Miss., identified himself thoroughly with its people, and became prominent in political, business, and social matters. He was always interested in public affairs, and the prominence he gained in his opposition to the radical régime caused him to be nominated for sheriff. With his election to that office in 1875 the negro and radical rule passed from that county. He was reëlected to that office and later represented his people in the State legislature, retaining their confidence and approval throughout his career. In late years he was a trustee of the State Insane Asylum and a member of the Board of Control of the Beauvoir Confederate Home, discharging his duties with efficiency and fidelity. He was for a long time Captain Commander of Yazoo Camp, U. C. V., and was greatly interested in all things concerning his veteran comrades.



H. L. TAYLOR.

In 1870 Captain Taylor was married to Miss Mary Grace Calvitt, who died in 1879, leaving four children. His second wife was Mrs. Anna Moseley Harris, who died three years later, leaving two sons. Of the children, there are two sons and two daughters surviving him.

Captain Taylor was a man of strong character, charitable without ostentation, public-spirited, and liberal in his dealings with his fellow men. He was a member of the Episcopal Church and a devoted husband and father. The resolutions passed by his comrades of Yazoo Camp testify to their high estimation of him as a comrade and fellow citizen. These resolutions state in part:

"That in the death of our beloved Captain Commander Yazoo Camp, No. 176, U. C. V., has lost a loved and valued comrade and commanding officer who was devoted to the interests of the Camp and who in his brilliant record in war had illustrated all those qualities that marked the gallant, self-sacrificing, and patriotic soldiers of Dixie; that the State has lost a highly honored, useful citizen who in times of peace exemplified in his conduct all of the civic virtues; that society has lost a member who always stood for the right and readily responded to all demands that the maintenance of law and order made upon him."

[Committee: W. D. Gibbs, Chairman; E. Schaefer, R. E. Sandridge.]

Alfred Nicholson Akin.

Honored and universally esteemed, Alfred N. Akin, for twenty-six years Chancery Court Clerk of Maury County, passed away at his home, in Columbia, Tenn., on July 30, 1915, in his seventy-fifth year. He was born near Spring Hill, Tenn., on February 25, 1841, and spent most of his early life on the farm. Immediately following the opening of the War between the States he was appointed by Gen. Marcus J. Wright as a member of his staff, and he served as a scout throughout the war. His record is one of the most remarkable and creditable in this branch of the service.

Surrendering with General Wright in Mississippi just after the surrender of General Lee, Mr. Akin returned at once to Columbia and went into the dry goods business, in which he was still engaged in 1874 when elected County Court Clerk of Maury County, which office he held until 1889. He resigned that office to accept the appointment of Clerk and Master of the Chancery Court, to which he had been successively appointed at the expiration of each six-year term. These honors came to him in recognition of his ability and integrity, without his seeking them, and his long career in office was a tribute to his devotion to duty and keen business judgment. He was one of the most companionable and capable officials ever identified with the public life of his county. He was of a social disposition and made and held many friends through his sincerity and modesty. He was closely identified with Church work, having been for many years a member and an officer of the Presbyterian Church. He was also a Mason, a Knight of Pythias, and a member of the DeMolay Commandery, Knights Templar. His splendid manhood, high sense of honor, genial nature, and strong personality made their impress everywhere.

Two years after the war Mr. Akin was married to Miss Sarah Jones, who survives him with one son.

Judge T. M. Lard.

Hon. Thomas M. Lard, justice of the peace of his district and one of the county's oldest citizens, peacefully passed away at his home, in Magnolia, Miss., on July 21 in his eighty-second year.

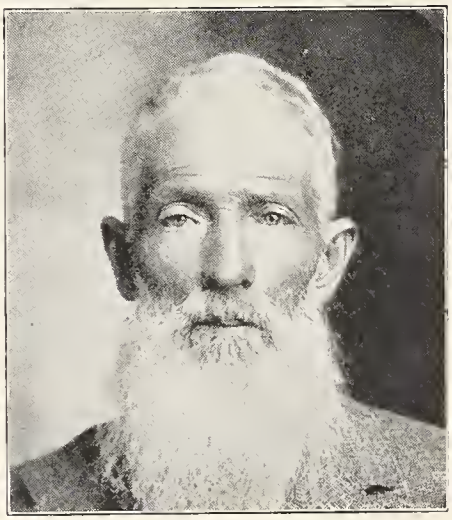
Judge Lard had been a citizen of Magnolia for twenty-five years. He was born in Amite County, and in his young manhood he responded to the call of his country, enlisting as a soldier in Johns's company, 7th Mississippi Regiment. He served actively as a private in the ranks until the battle of Shiloh, when he was so severely wounded that he was honorably discharged.

Judge Lard is survived by his aged wife, a son, and a daughter.

CAPT. W. W. TOWNSEND.

Capt. W. W. Townsend died at his home, in Alpine, Tex., on May 29, 1915. The burial was by the Masonic fraternity, of which order he had been a loved and honored member since attaining his majority, in 1854. He was a noble man, true and generous to his friends and fair to his foes. Broad-minded and big-hearted, he did not strive for personal gain, and all honors that came his way were unsolicited.

Captain Townsend was born in Madison County, Fla., January 16, 1833. Left an orphan at an early age, he was reared by his Grandmother Ewing, a member of the old Conway, Manor, and Stafford families, of South Carolina. He spent his boyhood days on the Indian frontier of Florida and experienced all the hardships of those trying times. In 1857 he was elected first lieutenant of a company of United States volunteers and fought the Seminole Indians of that State. In 1859 he went to Texas, settling in Colorado County, and was one of the leaders of civilization in its westward march across the State. He was a true type of the American empire builders, caring for nothing more than a competency for himself and family. A man of peace, but quick to uphold law and order and right against wrong, he frequently came into active and strenuous opposition to the lawless hordes that for so long dominated the frontiers of Texas. Opposed to secession, but true to the South, he was among the first to go to the front. He enlisted and was made sergeant in a troop of cavalry raised by Capt. J. W. Whitfield. They left Hallettsville, Tex., in August, 1861, went to Missouri, and participated in most of the campaigning and fighting in that State and in Arkansas, including one expedition into the Indian Territory, where they whipped a large band of Indians at Testenala on Christmas Day, 1861. He was within a few yards of Gen. Ben McCulloch when the latter was killed in the battle of Elkhorn.



CAPT. W. W. TOWNSEND.

Captain Whitfield was authorized to raise a larger command, which he did by recruiting from Texas. This was known as Whitfield's Legion and included the original troop of cavalry which constituted one of the regiments of Gen. Sul Ross's brigade. The command was ordered to the east side of the Mississippi River and participated actively in the siege and battles around Corinth and Iuka, besides many minor fights, including one at Farmington, where a large store of supplies was captured by Ross's Brigade. While at Corinth Comrade Townsend was elected second lieutenant, shortly afterwards promoted to first lieutenant, and on the 6th of September, 1862, for gallant conduct he was promoted to the captaincy of his company. On October 7 he was badly wounded at the Fish Trap, on Hatchie River, near Davis's Bridge, while in command of volunteers whom General Price had ordered him to collect for the purpose of preventing the enemy from crossing at the ford. From this wound he never entirely recovered. During nearly all of his service in Missouri, Arkansas, and Mississippi he was suffering from frequent and severe hemorrhages of the lungs, but he never wavered nor shirked a duty.

In December Captain Townsend was granted a leave of absence and returned to Texas to recuperate. After sufficient recovery he was ordered on duty in the Trans-Mississippi Department to collect and forward absentees from the department east of the Mississippi River to their respective commands. He made four ineffectual attempts to rejoin his old command in the east, three times being turned back by orders of superior officers and once, when in sight of the Mississippi, by a superior force of the enemy. For several months in the fall of 1863 he was in command of the post at Shreveport, La., and later was drillmaster of cavalry at Sabine Pass. When the war ended he was at Millican, Tex., with about three hundred men, preparing for another attempt to rejoin his old command on the east side of the Mississippi.

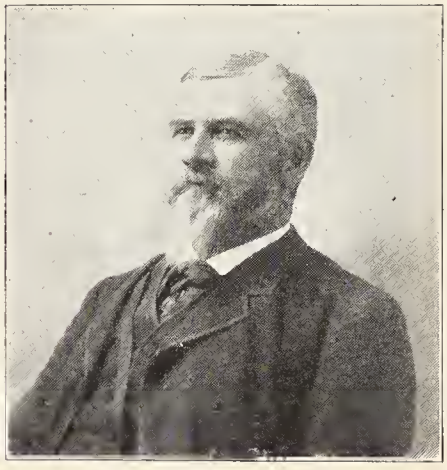
In January, 1864, he married Miss Addie Woolsey, of Colorado County, and when the war closed they went to Tuxpan, Mexico. She died there in 1867, leaving an infant son, whose father brought him back to Texas, riding horseback almost the entire distance of one thousand miles with the baby in the saddle in front of him. Captain Townsend's second wife was Mrs. Margaret J. Phillips, to whom he was married in November, 1870. She survives him with five children, all of whom are well known in Western Texas.

GEORGE C. NASH.

George Charles Nash, son of J. S. and Eliza Nash, was born at Crittenden, in Grant County, Ky., in 1841, and died at his home, in Kidder, Mo., on March 14, 1915, after a lingering illness. He served as a Confederate soldier first in General Marshall's brigade and then joined Gen. John H. Morgan's command and was captured in Ohio on the famous raid into that State and kept in prison until the close of the war. In 1866 George Nash was united in marriage to Miss Delia Holbrook, who survives him with one son, the only child of this union. He had been a faithful member of the Baptist Church from his sixteenth year.

DR. NELSON G. WEST.

Dr. Nelson Gray West, one of the most prominent physicians of Northern Virginia, died at his home, in Leesburg, May 11, 1915. His death was due to the infirmities of old age, he being just passed his eighty-third birthday.



DR. N. G. WEST.

He was born in Frederick County, Md., and was a Virginian by adoption. He attended the University of Virginia and was graduated in medicine from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1854. He served as surgeon in the Confederate army throughout the war, first in Gen. Turner Ashby's command and later in General Longstreet's corps.

Dr. West was an honorary member of the Medical Society of Virginia and a member and President of the Loudoun County (Va.) Medical Society.

Dr. John H. Cameron.

Dr. John H. Cameron died at his home, in Goshen, Va., on July 16, 1915, in the eightieth year of his age. Although in failing health for many years, mentally he was alert and vigorous to the last. His courtly manners and kindly interest in the welfare of all had endeared him greatly.

Dr. Cameron was born at Fassifern, the old Cameron homestead near Hot Springs, Va., on March 21, 1836, the eldest son of Col. Andrew Warwick Cameron and Ellen Hyde. He was a grandson of Col. Charles Edward Cameron, a Revolutionary officer who served under the Marquis de Lafayette; and his great-grandfather was Lieut. John Cameron, of Fassifern, Scotland, who came to Virginia after the battle of Culloden in 1746, later serving under Braddock in the French and Indian war. At the time of his death Dr. Cameron was doubtless the oldest living graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, having graduated in the class of 1857. He then studied medicine at the University of Virginia, later was at the Jefferson School of Medicine, in Philadelphia, Pa., and in 1860 he graduated from the Virginia College of Medicine, in Richmond.



DR. J. H. CAMERON.

In June, 1861, Dr. Cameron was elected second lieutenant of the Rockbridge Rangers, and on July 4 the Rangers started to Charleston, Va., to join General Wise. They remained in Western Virginia for some months, fighting against Gen. George B. McClellan. In the latter part of February, 1862, Dr. Cameron, with about half of the Rockbridge Rangers, joined Company C, 1st Virginia Cavalry, and was in the Peninsular campaign, taking part in the battles of Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, and Cold Harbor. After the Seven Days' Battles Dr. Cameron was sent to Richmond in charge of the prisoners; but when he found that his regiment, under Jackson, was moving toward Pennsylvania, he took French leave of his hospital work and started toward the Potomac. On the 3d of November, in a cavalry fight near Orleans, in Fauquier County, Dr. Cameron's horse was shot from under him, and he was captured by the 5th New York Cavalry. He was taken to the Old Capitol Prison, in Washington; and, upon being exchanged, he went home for a short rest. He there found two commissions awaiting him, one as adjutant of the 16th Cavalry, of Imboden's Brigade, and the other as lieutenant colonel of a regiment of the State line under General Floyd in Southwest Virginia. Accepting the former, he joined the brigade early in December, 1862. In March, 1863, the 18th Cavalry went on a raid into West Virginia, went on through Maryland, and took part in the battle of Gettysburg. From there Dr. Cameron's brigade acted as rear guard to General Lee's wagon train on its way to Williamsport. Dr. Cameron was in the Valley campaign of 1864, in the battles of Newmarket, Winchester, etc.; and early in 1865 his brigade crossed the mountain and reached Gordonsville just in time to support McCausland. This was his last active service. His brigade was sent to the mountain counties of West Virginia to forage on the Union men of that section, and it was there when General Lee surrendered.

In October, 1865, Dr. Cameron was married to Miss Mattie Davis Jordan, daughter of Samuel Francis Jordan, of Lexington, and he then located in Lewisburg, W. Va. When the Cameron estate was settled, Fassifern fell to his share, and he moved back to Hot Springs; and for thirty-five years he was actively practicing in Bath and Augusta Counties, ministering faithfully to the sick and suffering, giving a helping hand and a kindly word to all. In his declining years his home was at Goshen, where his beloved wife died on June 3, and only a few weeks later he was laid by her side in the old cemetery at Lexington.

Camp Fred A. Ashford, U. C. V.

Commander Chesley Davis reports two deaths in the membership of Camp Ashford at Town Creek, Ala., as follows:

John A. Gilchrist was born in Lawrence County, Ala., July 6, 1834, and died at his home, at Courtland, Ala., on March 22, 1915. He enlisted in the Confederate army in 1862 as a member of Captain Roddy's company, 4th Alabama Regiment of Cavalry. After serving in the ranks, he was detailed to get up supplies for the command and served until the surrender.

Capt. Manooh Bostic Hampton was born in Colbert County, Ala., near Leighton, April 16, 1835, and died on March 2, 1915, at the place where he was born. He joined the Confederate army in 1862 and was elected first lieutenant of Pickett's company (C), 35th Alabama Regiment of Infantry. He was afterwards commissioned and raised a company of cavalry, which became Company B, of the 11th Alabama, Jeff Forrest's Regiment. He was badly wounded in the battle of Corinth, but recovered and rejoined his command, remaining to the end.

G. H. Baker.

G. H. Baker was born near Edgefield, Tenn., May 30, 1834, and died at Greenwood Springs, Miss., May 2, 1915. He went to Mississippi with his parents when about a year old and lived there the remainder of his life.

When the war came on, he was one of the first to respond to the call for volunteers, enlisting in April, 1861, in Company I, 14th Mississippi Regiment, under Capt. Samuel Gholson and later under Capt. H. J. B. Lann. He was captured at Fort Donelson in February, 1862, and taken to Chicago, where he was kept in prison for eight months, being exchanged at Vicksburg, Miss. Then, joining General Johnston's army, he took part in the battle of Jackson and went with Johnston to Georgia. After fighting through the Georgia campaign, he went with Hood to Tennessee; and after the battles of Franklin and Nashville he retreated with the remnant of the army to Tupelo, Miss. The regiment was then sent to Johnston in North Carolina.

After receiving an honorable discharge, Mr. Baker set out for his home in Mississippi, a distance of four hundred miles, traveling most of the way on foot, and settled down to a quiet life as a farmer. He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Bettie Wood, two daughters, and three sons.

James Arnold.

Comrade James Arnold departed this life at his home, in Wartrace, Tenn., July 29, 1915, and was laid to rest in Hollywood Cemetery beside his dearly loved wife and two noble sons, who had preceded him to the spirit land.

James Arnold was born near Shelbyville, Tenn., October 25, 1843. When he was eleven years old his parents moved to Belton, Tex., where they both died. Soon afterwards the War between the States came on, and James Arnold, though not eighteen years of age, enlisted in the 6th Texas Cavalry, Ross's Texas Brigade, which was subsequently a part of Forrest's Cavalry. Comrade Arnold made a splendid record as a soldier, taking part in many of the engagements of his command, and was noted for his activity and bravery. In recognition of his valued services he was attached to Forrest's staff. He was captured near the close of the war and placed in prison at Camp Chase, but was shortly taken to Point Lookout, where he remained until the war was over. He then returned to Tennessee and made his home in Shelbyville. In 1870 he was married to Miss Nannie Francis, of Winchester, and to them were born two sons and two daughters, of whom the daughters survive him. He is also survived by his brother, J. O. Arnold, with whom he was associated in the merchandise business for over thirty years.



JAMES ARNOLD.

Having accumulated quite a large fortune, Comrade Arnold retired from business several years ago. He was a member of the Baptist Church and served faithfully as deacon, Sunday school superintendent, and clerk. He was a relative by marriage of the late editor and founder of the Veteran, and they were close personal friends.

Joseph V. Bogy.

Joseph Vitol Bogy was born in Pine Bluff, Ark., October 29, 1841, and died in Bridgeport, Tex., July 29, 1914. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and a daughter. Comrade Bogy enlisted in Pine Bluff with Captain McNally's battery in 1861 and surrendered at Gainesville, Ala., in April, 1865, under General Forrest, in the 2d Missouri Battery, commanded by Captain King. He was captured at Vicksburg, Miss., was paroled, and went into camp at Demopolis, Ala., until exchanged. While there he met the young lady, Miss Ruth Smith, who became his wife in November, 1865; and their home was at Pine Bluff until 1874, when they went to Hillsboro, Tex., and then to Willow Point, where he engaged in farming and stock-raising, as well as merchandizing. He was also postmaster there for nine years, when his health failed, and he removed to Bridgeport to be with his sons. After going through the war with only two slight wounds, he had the misfortune of injuring his knee with a drawing knife, which crippled him for life.

The ancestors of Joseph Bogy were French, who came from Gascony long before the Revolution and settled in Canada, where they prospered until the British took possession of that country. They were of those four thousand unfortunate families whose sad wanderings are immortalized in Longfellow's "Evangeline." His mother died when he was two years old, and his education was limited to country schools and one term in college, when he answered the call to fight for the South. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and lived a consistent Christian life.

M. D. Monserratte.

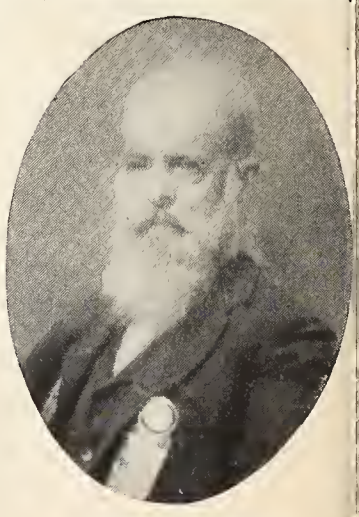
William R. Scurry Camp, No. 516, Victoria, Tex., announces the death of a beloved comrade, M. D. Monserratte, on July 30, 1915, in San Diego, Cal., whither, accompanied by his faithful wife, he had gone in search of health. He was born August 4, 1838, on the island of Minorca, of Spanish parents. His father was a naturalized citizen of the United States and was in the employment of the United States navy. His boyhood was spent in the city of New Orleans, La. While yet in his teens he enlisted as a private (color bearer) in the 3d Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division, and participated in twenty-four battles, not including skirmishes, which were as follows: Little Washington, Bermuda Hundreds, Second Cold Harbor, Turkey Ridges, Chester Station, Dinwiddie Court house, Five Forks, Norfolk Navy Yard, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Ellison's Mills, Gaines's Mill, Savage Station, Frayser's Farm, Thoroughfare Gap, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and Plymouth. At the latter he was captured by Sheridan's army and taken to Point Lookout, Md., where he remained a prisoner till the close of the war.

Such is his record as a soldier. In every walk of life he was an efficient, dignified, courteous gentleman. He married Miss Mary Tynan, of Old Point Comfort, Va., whose brother was first assistant engineer on the Merrimac at the time of its engagement with the Monitor. She survives to mourn her loss. He was a devout Catholic and died in the consolations of the faith. The burial was in San Antonio, where he lived many years, loved and revered by all. As was said of the knightly Sir Arthur, "the like of him we nevermore will see on earth again."

[G. O. Stoner and Mrs. J. M. Brownson, for Camp and Chapter.]

James F. Smith.

James Franklin Smith, who died on the 8th of August, 1915, at his home, in Morgan, Tex., was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1842. He removed to Missouri and enlisted in the Confederate army at the early age of seventeen, under Gen. Sterling Price, and served to the end of the war. He was a prisoner once at Johnson's Island, and after being exchanged he went back to his command and was wounded in the foot in his first engagement afterwards. By courage and good judgment and the help of a canoe he escaped and was nursed back to health by two Virginia heroines. He was ever true to the principles for which he had fought, a patriotic citizen, and a zealous member of the Baptist Church, which he helped to organize in his community thirty years ago.



JAMES F. SMITH.

Mrs. Bertha R. Crozier.

Mrs. Bertha Roane Crozier passed away at her home, in Dallas, Tex., August 23, 1915, following a stroke of paralysis. She was laid to rest on August 25 by the side of her husband in Oakland Cemetery, Dallas.



MRS. BERTHA R. CROZIER.

Mrs. Crozier was born April 19, 1862, at Magnolia, Miss., and was the daughter of Rev. William H. and Mary (McFeat) Rone. In January, 1887, she was united in marriage to Granville H. Crozier at Graham, Tex. Five children were born to this union, four of whom survive her.

Although Mrs. Crozier was born during the second year of the war and could therefore render no assistance to the men who took part in that great struggle, she was well represented, as she was a cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee and was also related to Gen. Wade Hampton, and her husband was with Hood's Texas Brigade. At home her mother rendered much assistance to the Southern soldiers, many times cooking late into the night for the hungry Confederates.

Thomas L. Bulow.

The death of Thomas Leonel Bulow at Cedar Tree Plantation, near Ridgeway, S. C., on July 3, 1915, took another stanch soldier of the Confederacy into the silent land.

Thomas Bulow was born in Charleston, S. C., September 6, 1845, the son of Thomas Lehre Bulow, a descendant of one of the original families of the State, the first Bulow having come from Germany in charge of a colony which settled in Newberry County in 1745. His mother was Miss Caroline Ball, a noted beauty of the old English Ball family, whose lineage is interwoven with all South Carolina history.

Thomas Bulow spent his childhood in Charleston and at his father's country seat, Drayton Rock, and finished his education at the Military Academy of Athens, Ga. When South Carolina called her sons to war, Leonel Bulow answered at the age of seventeen. He had received a gunshot wound in his right hand when a child, but so anxious was he to serve that he hid this defect from the examining officer and was made courier on the staff of Col. Alfred Rhett, being stationed first on Sullivan's Island and then in North Carolina. After the capture of Colonel Rhett on March 15, 1865, he was transferred to General Hardee's command, and it was at Bentonville, N. C., on March 19, that he saw his most arduous service. While receiving instructions from General Hardee his horse was shot under him, and he was forced to continue his duties on foot.

In 1866 Mr. Bulow was married to Miss Fannie J. Carrington, of Charleston, and shortly after he established his plantation home, Cedar Tree, in Fairfield County, S. C. For the past thirty years he was an authority on all agricultural subjects, holding office for several years in the Agricultural and Mechanical Society of the State, and he was known as the best-informed man in South Carolina on the care and management of live stock. However, he always considered that his best service to his country had been rendered during those fearful days of reconstruction as a member of the Hampton Legion, or "Red Shirt" Brigade.

John R. Woodward.

After a lingering illness, John Robinson Woodward died at his home, in Frankford, W. Va., on June 2, 1915, in his seventieth year. He was a native of Greenbrier County and spent his life among her people, by whom he was highly respected as an honorable man and excellent citizen, faithful to every duty. When he became of military age, he enlisted as a Confederate soldier in Company K (McClung's), 14th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., and served until wounded at Middlebrook, in the valley of Virginia, in the summer of 1864, when Hunter was moving on Lynchburg. Some years after the war Mr. Woodward was married to Miss Phœbe C. Kincaid, daughter of Dr. A. C. Kincaid, of Frankford, who survives him. The funeral services were held at the Presbyterian church at Frankford, of which he had long been a deacon, and he was laid to rest in the Frankford Cemetery.

His brother, William Lewis Woodward, died on the 2d of May at the Soldiers' Home at Higginsville, Mo., in his seventy-fifth year. He was a Confederate soldier in Captain Taylor's company, of the 60th Virginia Infantry, and reached the rank of lieutenant.

Benjamin F. Foley.

Benjamin Franklin Foley, late postmaster at Berryville, Va., was born September 12, 1843, and died June 16, 1915. He had attended the Confederate Reunion in Richmond, was taken sick, and died in St. Luke's Hospital.

Benjamin Foley joined the Confederate service at Centerville, Va., in March, 1862, serving with Company K, 6th Virginia Cavalry, and took part in the battles of Front Royal, Winchester, Brandy Station, Port Republic, Cross Keys, Second Manassas, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Mountain. He was taken prisoner twice, and the first time he was exchanged after three weeks in prison. On the second capture he spent nine months in prison, having been held in the Capitol Prison, at Washington, D. C., as a hostage for Dahlgren's men. He lost one brother, James Oswald Foley, at Kelly Island, W. Va., the third man killed in the war.

Richard M. Latham.

Richard Marley Latham, a popular and prominent citizen of Alexandria, Va., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Mary Esther Lash, in that city, July 22, 1915, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was a Confederate soldier, having served in Company H, 17th Virginia Infantry, Corse's Brigade, Pickett's Division, Longstreet's Corps.

He was President of St. Vincent de Paul Society, a member of the Knights of Columbus, of the Elks, and of the Relief Hook and Ladder Company, of which he was captain for forty-five consecutive years, and was one of the oldest firemen in the State of Virginia. He was also an officer in R. E. Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Alexandria.

PATRIOTIC AND FRATERNAL.

At the late U. C. V., Reunion in Richmond, Va., a staff officer of the Commander in Chief G. A. R. was in attendance as an invited guest and was seated on the platform during the proceedings of the convention with the acting Commander in Chief U. C. V., Commanders of Divisions U. C. V., and all the Governors and speakers.

Col. James Sample, a four years' veteran of the War between the States, was the guest. The Colonel has been for a number of years connected with the Sunday Journal and Tribune, of Knoxville, Tenn., conducting the veterans' page, in which he devotes considerable space to matters pertaining to the Confederate veterans. He is a very forceful writer on military matters. Gen. C. Irvine Walker, U. C. V., says of him: "Colonel Sample is a man possessed of broadness of mind and largeness of heart, capable of defending those who were once his enemies.



COL. JAMES SAMPLE.

In the course of his labors as a journalist Colonel Sample has refuted a number of slanderous statements made against prominent men of the Confederacy. In a lengthy article, quoting from "Official Records," he proved conclusively that President Davis was not taken in woman's apparel, as has been stated, that the whole matter was an afterthought and not a word of truth in it, and that he knows this of his own personal knowledge of the whole affair, as he was in Macon with a part of the command in search of Mr. Davis. In another article he proves that Gen. Robert E. Lee and all the other officers from the regular army who went into the Confederacy never drew one cent of pay from the United States government after their resignations, as had been charged on the floor of the United States Senate.

All this and other interesting matters not mentioned, reprints of his articles, photographic copies of the original "official" documents, letters, etc., are embodied in an album or scrapbook made by Colonel Sample and at the Richmond convention presented by him to the Daughters of the Confederacy present, and it has been deposited in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. For this a special letter of thanks was sent to him by the President General U. D. C.

It has been a subject of remarks by the friends of Colonel Sample, both of the blue and the gray, that he can be so nonpartisan in his writings, to which he replied: "Like Diogenes, I am searching for the truth—nothing but the truth—of events and persons who were a part of the American conflict of 1861-65, which was a part of the evolution of the establishment of our great American republic—no North, no South, but one people."

The album is prefaced by a handsome photograph of the Colonel as he appeared at the Richmond Reunion, in full uniform and decorations, as he has been highly honored by the national government, the G. A. R., the U. C. V., the U. V. L., and the U. S. W. V. There is a dedication in patriotic sentiment, "With true love to my country, knowing no North, no South, no East, no West, and but one flag," which introduces the poem on "Our Flag," and also an expression of his high esteem of the Daughters of the Confederacy, which is as follows: "With these feelings of my heart I dedicate this album to the United Daughters of the Confederacy, who are fulfilling a patriotic and holy mission in perpetuating the deeds of their illustrious fathers, brothers, and kindred; and I consider it a great privilege that in the matter herein contained, of which I am the author, I have been able to throw the light of truth on some disputed matters reflecting on the character of two great American citizens, Jefferson Davis and Robert E Lee."

WHO IS HE?

H. D. Allen, of Boston, Mass., is assembling a collection of Confederate money to present to a public library and wishes very much a reference to any publication or the location of any photograph or engraving showing the original picture of the man whose likeness appears on the $10 bill of September 2, 1861, on which also appear a load of cotton and a boy farmer carrying a shock of corn.

One authority says the picture is that of Mr. Oldham, Postmaster-General C. S. A., while another says it is a likeness of the Oldham who was Governor of Alabama during war times; still others give it as the picture of J. Oldham, of Texas, a delegate to the Montgomery Convention, and of W. S. Oldham, of Texas, a Senator in the first permanent Confederate Congress; while still others say it is the likeness of Edward C. Elmore, of Alabama, who was Treasurer of the Confederacy and whose signature appears on the $50, $100, $500, and $1,000 bills issued at Montgomery.

Mr. Allen would like to get incontrovertible evidence as to whose picture this is and especially definite information as to where the original is of the picture from which the engraving on the bill was made. This will settle a matter that has been in dispute for years. Some one must have the facts, and he will be very grateful for them. Address him at 21 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

This inquiry should arouse the interest of our people and induce some of them to make a collection of this money and to secure full and complete information of everything pertaining to it.

"The Bonnie Blue Flag."—R. B. Carl Lee writes from England, Ark.: "'The Bonnie Blue Flag' was sung in Arkansas before the secession of that State, when only six States had gone out, and before the Confederate flag had been adopted. Sometime in April my sister, Mrs. Lottie S. May, got a description of the Confederate flag and made one and had a tall pole erected on the bank of White River, on Carl Lee's bluff, about half a mile from the steamboat landing, below where the town of De Vall's Bluff now stands. I went to Little Rock on May 6 and joined Company H, 1st Arkansas Infantry. Captain Crenshaw was captain of Company C, from Camden. Harry McCarthy was with that company and accompanied us to Virginia. As the other States had seceded, he included them in the song. For a time we stopped in Lynchburg, and on June 3 we passed through Richmond to Brook's Station, near Fredericksburg. From there we were sent to Evansport. After the battle of Manassas we were returned to Evansport. The 3d Arkansas Infantry (General Rust's regiment), the only other Arkansas troops in Virginia, was with Stonewall Jackson, and we were at Evansport. The Third was with Jackson on September 1; so you see that it

was impossible for Arkansas troops to be in Richmond on September 1. I do not think McCarthy was a member of Captain Crenshaw's company. He just stayed with it. I do not know what became of him. He was good company."

THE OLDEST CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Broughton, of Virginia, is doubtless the oldest living mother of a living ex-Confederate. She was born in the city of Baltimore March 28, 1817, so she is now in her ninety-ninth year. With her husband and three children, she went to Virginia in 1852. She is a remarkable personage in many respects, being active mentally and physically. She is a constant reader of the daily press and keeps well informed of current events of the world at large. She is never idle, is either reading, writing, knitting, sewing, or otherwise employed, and all without glasses. She is a great



MRS. ELIZA ANN BROUGHTON.

talker and relates occurrences of the long ago very interestingly. She remembers well the visit of General Lafayette to Baltimore in 1826, when her father, Thomas Green, acted as one of his coach attendants, and the coach was one he had helped to make. All of her eight children are living, the oldest seventy-four and the youngest fifty-four years old. Her mother and three brothers lived to be over eighty-odd years each. Her oldest son, J. W. Broughton, of Hallwood, Accomack County, Va., now aged seventy-one, entered the Confederate service when seventeen years of age and served in the 24th Virginia Cavalry, Company C. to the surrender at Appomattox.

Mrs. Mariah M. Pitts, living near Water Valley, Miss., is another Confederate mother and will celebrate her ninetieth birthday on October 13, 1915. She is the mother of J. M. Pitts, of Redlands, Cal., who served as a private in Company I, 1st Mississippi Cavalry, Armstrong's Brigade.

Mrs. Julia A. Pickens, aged ninety-two, living near Honey Grove, Tex., is the mother of J. D. Pickens, Adjutant of Sul Ross Camp, at Henriettta, Tex., who served in the 3d Arkansas Infantry, Hood's old brigade, A. N. V., H. H. Pickens, of Purcell, Okla., and L. C. Pickens, of Honey Grove, Tex., who served in the 20th Arkansas Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department.

Mrs. Carolina Dyer, of Henrietta, Tex., is the mother of J. C. Dyer, who served in Company K, 10th Missouri Infantry, Trans-Mississippi Department. She is ninety-one years of age. J. C. Dyer is a member of Sul Ross Camp, No. 172, of Henrietta, Tex.

MISSIONARY WORK OF THE VETERAN.

[From the Evening Sentinel of South Norwalk, Conn.]

Two years and more ago a few copies of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN were sent to the Rev. William H. Thomas, of Norwalk, because its editor was interested in making it possible for veterans of the Confederate army to be received and cared for in soldiers' homes. Dr. Thomas is one of the few living who were associated with the early history of the national soldiers' homes.

Dr. Thomas became interested in one pathetic department in the magazine in which inquiries are made about husbands and brothers who never came back from the war, and it occurred to him to use this magazine to find the owner of a book which he had brought home from the war with him. The book had been picked up by a soldier when the Federal army had come to occupy a position abandoned by the Confederates. The soldier had kept the book until he got tired of carrying it and offered it, because it was a book of sermons, to Dr. Thomas, his chaplain.

The sermons were good, too good to be missed, and there was little time for reading; so the book came home with Dr. Thomas and has lived in his library ever since. An affectionate inscription in which a "loving husband" presented it to "his dear wife" gave it a personality of its own. There was a third name, too, boldly written across the top of a page midway through the sermons, as if some one else besides the "loving Henry" and his "dear Martha" had found the sermons good.

Fifty years the book has lain on these Northern shelves. The green binding has faded, and the sermons have a quaint pompousness that is quite out of fashion. The little flourishes that bore graceful witness to the affections of a past generation are brown and pale. Flight and disorganization and defeat seemed to have left this patient witness.

The other day a letter came. In one corner it bore the insignia of a Southern State embossed in royal blue. Beneath was the private signature of the Speaker of the Assembly of that State. There was nothing to suggest flight or disorganization or defeat, but instead dignity and success and the swift and efficient mastery of the machinery of legislative construction. The Speaker wrote of his father, the "loving Henry" of the book, and of his mother, the "dear wife," and of the brother for whom he had been named, who had borne witness to the reading of the sermons. The book has gone home after its long exile.

WHEN RATS WERE "EAT."

BY AN EX-CONFEDERATE PRISONER.

Without any desire to reopen a controversy or to say an unkind thing about the past, I am induced to send this communication, with the accompanying parody, that it may be published and thus recorded while men who were suffering witnesses of the conditions it describes are living. Alas! there are but few of those witnesses now alive.

Prior to August, 1864, a very large number of the Confederate officers confined in the United States military prison at Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, had relatives and friends in the North who constantly supplied them with boxes of provisions and delicacies; but during the month of August, 1864, a notice was posted on the bulletin board of the prison inclosure which reads somewhat as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS COMMISSARY GENERAL OF PRISONERS,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

"In retaliation for the treatment of United States prisoners by the Rebels, it is hereby ordered that the rations to prisoners shall be limited as follows and that no boxes of provisions or delicacies shall hereafter be delivered to prisoners, sent by their friends or relatives outside, except in cases of extreme illness and then only under the authority of the surgeon in charge."

This was signed by the commissary general of prisoners, and the rations were reduced to a point far below that requisite for men in good health, which was attested to by a number of Confederate surgeons who were prisoners and published in the New York News of about that date.

Shortly after the enforcement of this edict men began to suffer very much from hunger, and in a little while it was whispered around the prison that the men were catching rats and eating them, which the survivors of that prison know was true, and that the rats were caught and eaten so long as there were any rats to be caught. It cannot be said that the rats were in a very healthy condition either, because the soil in that prison inclosure was not over two and a half or three feet deep; and as it had been inhabited for over three years by a large body of prisoners, one can readily understand that the rats did not live under the best sanitary conditions.

I went one morning over to Block 1 or 3 to call on Col. Behring H. Jones, the gallant colonel of the 60th Virginia, Confederate States Infantry, who had been captured on June 5, 1864, in the battle of Piedmont, between General Hunter, with ten thousand Federal soldiers, and Gen. William E. Jones (killed), who had from twenty-five hundred to three thousand Confederates. I noticed on Colonel Jones's tin plate, with bacon and flour gravy, what appeared to be gray squirrels, but which he told me were rats that he had caught the night before in the hall of his block with a deadfall. After that it became a very common thing to find prisoners watching for rats and catching them with deadfalls or spearing them with forks stuck into broom handles or any other weapons, and this was continued until the rats were practically exhausted.

Several days after my visit to Colonel Jones he wrote and allowed me to copy this parody, which very vividly presents the existing conditions at Johnson's Island at that time and until the end of the rat provender. Of course this rat-hunting had to be done very secretly, because after "retreat" was sounded prisoners were not allowed out of their quarters under penalty of being shot.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FIRST BREAKFAST ON RATS.

"In prison, when the sun was up,
Each Reb licked clean his plate and cup,
And nary scrap left for our pup,
The little 'Rebel' terrier.

But Rebden saw another sight
When Yanks lit up each sentry light,
Scattering far the shades of night
In Alabama's bastillery.

Then quick at certain signal made
Starved Rebels, bent upon a raid,
With stick instead of battle blade,
Assaulted fierce the rattery.

Then were their secret dens upriven,
Then squeaked the rats in terror driven;
No quarter then by Rebels given.
It was a bloody massacre.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Resolved rat rations now to have!
Strike, Rebels, strike with stick and stave;
Go in, ye little terrier!

Fiercer and fiercer grows the row,
Sharper and sharper Rebs bowwow;
We've had enough of Yankee cow,
Unless it would some fatter be.

'Tis taps now, and to-morrow's sun
Will show our work has been well done.
A full day's 'rash' of grub have we,
To us a bloodless victory.

Few rats shall part where many meet;
Starved Rebs will pick their bones so neat.
'Twere better far of rats to eat
Than die of hunger bodily."

THE SPIRIT OF OUR FATHERS.

A. C. Terhune, the son of a Confederate veteran, writes from Danville, Ky.:

"I am happy to have been reared so that on Confederate days and the anniversaries of our victories the national flag of the Confederacy proudly ripples from a staff in front of our home. It will live forever. The sufferings and privations which it beheld we of the second generation hold as a rich legacy. The younger South answers to the old: 'In spirit we're the same.'

"Perhaps the VETERAN's readers will be interested in my Confederate relics. The history of all is authentic, with one exception. The one which I place at the head of my list is a hand-made Confederate saber. The hilt was originally a cadet hilt, but was cut out to admit the large cavalry blade, the marks of the cutting being very distinct. The sheath shows plainly the marks of the hammer as it was welded together. This was made at Athens, Ga., after our ports were closed, and it is a beautiful piece of workmanship. I have also a saber that was taken from a captured Confederate at Shiloh; a gun made at Harper's Ferry in 1851

and said to have been used in the capture of John Brown (this, I fear, is doubtful); a Springfield marked 'U. S., 1842,' which was taken from a dead Confederate soldier the morning after the battle of Perryville, Ky., by a man who was assisting in the burial of the dead; a pistol which was stuck in the stone wall where the Confederates were concealed; a bomb which fell in the yard of a gentleman in Richmond, Va. (it weighs forty-seven and a quarter pounds empty). I have also a haversack, belt plate marked 'C. S. A.,' buttons marked 'C. S. A.' on the front and 'Superior Quality' on the back, paper shells (the kind you had to bite the end off), cannon fuses, etc., all of which I know to be authentic. The fuses were in the pocket of a cannoneer at the surrender at Appomattox."

HER LITTLE FLAG.

BY HENRY EWELL HORD, HERMITAGE, TENN.

The 3d Kentucky Infantry, Loring's Division, Buford's Brigade, was in Mississippi after the battle of Shiloh, having been at Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Jackson, Champion Hill, Baker's Creek, and many other places in Louisiana, when General Loring received orders to join the army under Bragg in Georgia. It was rumored that when we reached Bragg we would be transferred to our beloved Breckinridge's command and go up into Kentucky to try to recruit our regiments, the 3d and 8th, which had become very much depleted. We were all wild with joy at the prospect and ripe for any kind of mischief.

When we reached Mobile, Ala., General Buckner, who commanded the department, with his headquarters at Mobile, met us at the depot. He had been our commander at Bowling Green, Ky., early in the war, but we had not seen him for a long time. He was very glad to see us, seemed to know every one, and shook hands with everybody. We found that it would be necessary to stay over several hours to get a boat to cross Mobile Bay and make connection with the Montgomery Railroad. Soon after greeting General Buckner we got orders to prepare for inspection. We marched through the principal street of Mobile, with our band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me," to General Buckner's headquarters, where we went through the manual of arms just to compliment him. We were at that time one of the finest-drilled regiments in the Confederate army. The late Gen. W. H. Jackson, of Belle Meade, had acted as judge of a drill between our regiment and the 15th Mississippi awhile before that. He and General Buford were at West Point together. After the drill we stacked arms and stood "at ease," while General Buckner came out on a balcony and made us a speech, telling us what fine fellows we were and how nobly we had held up the fame of old Kentucky on many battle fields. We had heard so much talk of the kind that we were rather inclined to think it true. After his speech all the commissioned officers were invited in to "take tea." We knew that it was something else. While they were in there some fellow suggested that we go down to the saloon on the next corner and have our drinks charged to Simon Bolivar Buckner. A lot of us skipped out on that suggestion, intending to come right back. We got the drinks all right, and some went back and told the regiment; then the whole crowd came running, except a very few.

Mobile at that time had not suffered a great deal by the war. All the stores had goods for sale, and there was a fine market. We could see big, fat quarters of beef, fish, oysters, and game of all kinds for sale, which to us, who had been living on old blue Texas beef for so long, was perfectly maddening. One barkeeper raised a row, or tried to, but they threw him out in the street and ran the place themselves. He went after the police. A company of Alabama cadets was acting as police, and they came marching down the street, looking mighty nice in their bright new uniforms. We had left our guns up in front of General Buckner's quarters. We lay in ambush for them and rushed out and captured the whole outfit before they could fire a shot. Then we marched them down to the pier, which ran a long way out in the bay. Four stout fellows took each by the arms and legs, another gave the command, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" and away they would go as far out in the bay as the boys could send them. A gunboat anchored near put out boats and picked them up. We rushed back up town and took possession of the market house and confiscated all the meat and eatables of all kinds, then sent out foraging parties to bring in everything to eat they could find, made fires all over the market house floor, which was of oyster shells, and all night we feasted on the very best of everything. Neither the police nor any one else bothered us any more. No one was terrorized or insulted in any way, not a shot was fired, and there was very little drinking. Eating was the main chance.

It was late the next day before we finally got enough to eat and concluded to return to our command. One by one we straggled back. On my way I happened to think of two messmates who never were known to be out of camp except when on duty. Thinks I: "Those poor fellows are missing all this." I was passing a big oyster house at the time. Picking up a soap box full of oysters in shells, I took it to camp, threw it down in front of them, and told them to "fill up." They surely did. At roll call that evening everybody was present and accounted for.

We marched down to the levee to take the boat and found General Buckner there to bid us good-by. He was mounted on a fine thoroughbred horse which Uncle Charlie Meriwether, father of the late Mrs. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett, had presented to him while at Bowling Green, Ky. He gave General Breckinridge another at the same time. Mrs. Buckner and her little girl Lily were there to see us off. General Buckner was a lieutenant general and very popular with the Kentucky soldiers, but he had to play second fiddle at that reception. Everybody went crazy over that little girl. She was such a sweet little thing, not a bit afraid of soldiers. She stood up on the seat of an open carriage, waved a little Confederate flag, and hurrahed for Jeff Davis. She could not talk plainly then. There was a crowd around the carriage, and when it came my turn I shook hands with Mrs. Buckner, then, turning to the little girl, I held out my hand and said: "Come to me, you little dear, and give me a kiss." "No," she says; "do 'way. You ain't got any mustache." The boys all laughed at me. A big fellow crowded me out of the way, saying, "Come to me, little lady; I have got a mustache," stroking it back to show her how long it was (it was the longest one I had ever seen). The little girl let him take her in his arms and kiss her, and she gave him the little Confederate flag. He put her back on the seat, and, turning to Mrs. Buckner, with the flag in his hand, he made her a bow. "Madam," he said, "I will plant this flag on our native soil, or I will die with my face toward Kentucky." The boys in the crowd commenced to moan and sob, "O, my old Kentucky home, good night," and Mrs. Buckner put up her handkerchief to hide her smiles.

We got away at last and some time that night reached Montgomery, where we received a telegraphic order to "come back to Mobile." A force had come out from Memphis under General Grierson and was raiding all over Mississippi, burning and plundering. There were very few of our troops in Mississippi at that time, so we were to go after them. Back we rushed. No straggling now; we were going toward fight, we thought. A train was ready for us when we reached Mobile, and for ten days we rushed up and down the roads of Mississippi, ordered around by telegraph, and saw the Yankees but once. We reached Enterprise just as they were coming into the town, fired one round at them, and they skedaddled. General Grierson finally reached New Orleans.

That raid convinced the authorities at Richmond that they needed more cavalry in that department; so orders were issued to mount us, the 3d, 7th, and 8th Kentucky, all old soldiers. General Forrest had us sent to his command. General Buford gave up a fine brigade to come with us. Forrest gave him a division—Lyon's Brigade, 4th Kentucky Regiment, and Bell's Brigade of Tennessee, with Captain Morton's battery. He kept us with him all the time. We were the first to cross the Tennessee River in front of General Hood and the last to cross on the retreat.

In the battle of Harrisburg, Miss., the worst fight we were ever in, though our regiment and the 7th were in the charge that broke the "Hornets' Nest" at Shiloh, I was knocked down by the concussion of a shell five hundred yards from the Yankee lines. I went on in the charge, but my hearing was ruined. We lost more men in our regiment there than Pickett did in any one regiment that was in his famous charge at Gettysburg. I was on the detail to bury the dead after the Yankees started back to Memphis. It was a very disagreeable job. The poor fellows had been lying out in the hot sun for forty-eight hours. We had no stretchers and had to pack them all by hand to the trench, working in pairs. We picked up one big fellow and carried him to the trench, laid him down on the edge, and I hurried off, leaving my partner to do the rest. He threw a clod at me to attract my attention, and I went back. He pointed to the dead man's breast, and there on the inside lining of his jacket, right over the heart, was a little Confederate flag. I then looked at the body carefully and recognized my long-mustached friend who had been given the flag by General Buckner's little girl at Mobile. We lowered him tenderly to an unknown and unmarked grave.

MISSOURI WAR HISTORY.

Referring to a late inquiry in the Veteran for something on the "Warfare of the Border," O. P. Ray, of Keytesville, Mo., gives the following information of these books and their authors:

"So far as the inquiry applies to Missouri, there are two such books, one of which is 'Noted Guerrillas; or, The Warfare of the Border,' written by the late Maj. John N. Edwards, sometime editor of the Kansas City Times and one of the greatest writers the West has ever seen. He also wrote 'Shelby and His Men,' which is in commemoration of the famous Shelby Brigade.

"No library on Missouri history is complete without 'Shelby's Expedition to Mexico,' an account of the Confederates who went there after the surrender of the Confederacy and which is one of the most interesting pieces of literature that I have ever read. It has been said of Major Edwards by one of his contemporaries that he was a 'born poet.' This last work was published by his wife after his death and contains a biographical sketch and the best of his compositions that had been published in newspapers, together with a reproduction of press notices of his death. He served with the rank of major under General Shelby, and in the three productions you will not find where he referred to himself, unless it was in official orders. The first two were published shortly after the War between the States and the latter in the year of his death, 1889.

"There is another book, published by William E. Connelley, of Topeka, Kans., in 1909, on 'Quantrill and the Border Warfare.' Mr. Connelley is a good writer, and I think his efforts have added materially to Missouri history. His account has been given from an anti-Quantrill viewpoint, while that of Major Edwards is from the pro-Quantrill side of the question. I suspect that the only line of difference between the two accounts is on the question as to whether Quantrill had a real grievance for his stormy career, as outlined by Major Edwards, or whether he was merely selected as a leader by those who did have grievances, those who had been roused to desperation by the ruthless vandals who swept in hordes into this State and destroyed every vestige of property that they could not carry away. It may be that, inflamed by these outrages, they found in Quantrill a leader who was willing to direct them, and under his guidance there were found the most desperate men that have yet been assembled upon this continent.

"This county now contains two men, regarded as of our very best citizenship, who served with Quantrill, one of whom was with him on that eventful day in August, 1863, when they raided the town of Lawrence, Kans. I was told by a survivor of this expedition, a man who spent twenty-five years of his life in a Northern prison, that Quantrill was the nerviest man he had ever seen in all his experiences with men."

HIGH COMMENDATION OF THE VETERAN.

This highly appreciated letter comes from M. W. Camper, of the Florence (Ala.) Times:

"Please let me extend to you my congratulations and my gratitude as an ex-Confederate soldier for the able manner in which you have sustained the Confederate Veteran since the lamented death of its beloved founder. The Confederate Veteran occupies an absolutely necessary field in Southern literature. At present it is the only recognized bulwark against the great volume of misrepresentation, not to say slander, with which nearly all the so-called histories of the country are full to running over.

"The late Hon. J. L. M. Curry, one of the ablest statesmen the South has ever produced, wrote that if history as now written is allowed to stand, it would 'consign the South to infamy.' This pregnant statement has been called to my mind by an able article in the August Confederate Veteran under the caption, 'National vs. Sectional Interpretation of United States History,' in which the writer justly exposes the falsity of the story, so universally prevalent, that the War between the States was fought solely in the interest of slavery. The hundreds of so-called histories that burden the shelves of the libraries of the country have taken this superficial view of the great war, almost completely ignoring the fundamental causes which had their genesis in sectional conditions almost coexistent with the life of the country; and as a result even Southern teachers have absorbed that erroneous idea and are

placing the younger generation of Southern people under the necessity of apologizing for what they are thus forced to believe was a mistaken view of their patriotic duty held by our Southern heroes. It may be truthfully stated that not one in fifty of even the Southern people of the present generation entertain other than the false views expressed by these partisan histories, which, as Dr. Curry has only too truly said, would 'consign the South to infamy.' It is to correct such falsehoods, by proof as strong as Holy Writ, by iteration and reiteration, that gives a sacred mission to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

"In the same issue of the VETERAN is an article from the pen of Howard Meriwether Lovett on the subject of Southern ideals, which should have wide circulation and make a profound impression on our people. It is a fit complement to the article referred to above, and both together constitute substantial value worth more than the subscription price of the VETERAN for the entire year.

"The VETERAN has a broad field of usefulness before it. The passing away of the old heroes of the sixties should in no wise abate the devotion of the Southern people to it. In history and literature we hope to see it broaden and grow until it shall be recognized as one of the leading magazines of our country."

OTHER GOOD WORDS FOR THE VETERAN.

In renewing his subscription, with which he sent a contribution to the Cunningham Memorial, John Scruggs, of Altamont, Tenn., writes:

"I desire to say that I would be entirely lost if the presence of the VETERAN failed to greet my home every month, for next to the Bible it is my favorite literature. I was one of the first, or among the first, to subscribe for the VETERAN at its inception, more than twenty years ago, and now have all my copies and would not part with a single copy under any consideration. So please consider me a life subscriber to this grand old journal.

"I am seventy-one years of age. My services were tendered to the Confederate States September 6, 1861, as a member of Col. Ben Hill's 5th Tennessee Provisional Army, subsequently the 35th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, Cleburne's Brigade, and afterwards in his division until his death on the bloody field of Franklin. I was in Polk's Brigade, then Granbury's Texas Brigade, and participated in every important engagement from Shiloh to Bentonville with the Army of Tennessee, surrendering under that grand old hero Joseph E. Johnston near Greensboro, N. C., April 26, 1865. After receiving my parole I returned to my home, in this county, in rags, but, thank God, not in dishonor; and I have on many occasions been signally honored with civic trusts by my people. I am loyal to this great country of ours, but also enthusiastically loyal to the traditions of the past. I am now a member of Troop A, Forrest's Veteran Cavalry, Nashville, Tenn. (Capt. Frank Anderson). I would not exchange the heritage that I leave my children of being a loyal Confederate for any other on this old earth. God bless the dear old heroes who are living! I would be pleased to hear from any of them at any time. May Heaven's richest blessings be with the dear old VETERAN and its managers through all time, and may its luster never dim! And at last may we all cross over the river and rest under the trees on the other side and be welcomed by the Lord of hosts and the dear ones who have preceded us! May God in his great mercy bless and preserve the remnant of the grandest army that, in my opinion, was ever marshaled in defense of constitutional liberty!"

D. H. Chapman writes from Point Richmond, Cal.: "Dollars, like my remaining years or days, are few and, like the thin ranks of the old vets, drawing to the end, with no recruits. But I like to keep in touch with the boys, now sure enough 'in gray,' with the hope that 'when the roll is called up yonder we'll be there.' The CONFEDERATE VETERAN is now about the only speaking tie that binds, and I wish all veterans now living would take it and now and then say a word, that, perchance, I might hear of some old comrade of Company B, 1st Regiment of Louisiana Volunteer Infantry, A. N. V."

J. S. Downs, Chickasha, Okla.: "I do not know how a Southern man can do without it. I have been taking it for a long time. I take other papers, but it is one of the most welcome visitors at my house of all the other papers, and I expect to read it as long as I live and am able to pay for it. Long life for the VETERAN and the Johnnies!"

T. Y. Neff, of Connersville, Ind., says: "I got in touch with the VETERAN through a Johnny's letter that I saw in the National Tribune. It does me good to shake the hand of a man who would give his life for what he believes to be right. * * * A pleasant end for all the old boys who wore the gray is my wish."

Mrs. Alexander Smith, Concord, Cal.: "There is nothing in all the world in the way of literature that appeals to my love and fealty like the VETERAN. It is history, romance, biography in one; therefore a most interesting and valuable magazine, a worthy reminder of its noble founder, S. A. Cunningham."

J. C. Warlicks, of Lincolnton, N. C., writes: "I have long been a reader of the VETERAN and could not think of getting along without it. The old veterans who don't subscribe and read it don't realize what they are missing. Now, if you will send me some sample copies, I shall try to get some subscribers."

E. H. Alexander, Llano, Tex.: "I have been a subscriber nearly ever since it was started and expect to continue as long as I live or can raise the price. I wish every veteran would take it. It has always been a true defender of our cause."

A friend in New Orleans is having the VETERAN sent to Miss Egan at Rathgar House, Rathgar, County Dublin, Ireland, whose three brothers served as Confederate soldiers, two of them giving their lives for the Southern cause.

Mrs. O. C. Smith, Martinsville, Va.: "The VETERAN has for many years been the periodical of all others which has given me the most pleasure, and I would not miss it a month for any consideration."

John W. Bratcher, Mena, Ark.: "May the true and tried VETERAN live long and be a constant visitor to our reunions! We admire it for its patriotic work in establishing true Southern history."

Mrs. John L. Gill, Monrovia, Cal.: "Your dear and valued journal should find a warm welcome in all Southern homes."

R. S. Matthews, Gadsden, Tenn.: "I want to read the VETERAN as long as I live."

Mrs. M. S. Clegett wrote from Kansas City: "All Southern people mourn the death of Mr. Cunningham. His paper, more than any other agency, has given every one an opportunity to make a contribution to history."

W. H. Harriess, Commandant Minnesota Soldiers' Home, Minneapolis, wrote: "The VETERAN is appreciated here, and my heart's desire is that the bonds of fraternity may be thoroughly welded together."

Miss Eleanor A. Drury, Superintendent County Schools, Annapolis, Md., writes: "I appreciate the great work that the VETERAN is doing and expect to take it as long as I can."

F. S. Peck, of Burlington, Vt., renews his subscription to the VETERAN with assurances of "interest and pleasure in the reading of your magazine."

CANNONEERS AS CAVALRYMEN.—By an unfortunate typographical error the authorship of the article on "Cannoneers as Cavalrymen" in the VETERAN for June, page 259, is given to James W. Brunson instead of Joseph W. Brunson, of Florence, S. C.

"THE CREED OF THE OLD SOUTH."

This is the title of a little book by Prof. Basil L. Gildersleeve, one of the foremost classical scholars of the United States and professor of Greek in the University of Virginia and in Johns Hopkins University. It consists of two articles published in the Atlantic Monthly in 1892 and 1897. The first, "The Creed of the Old South," is a vindication of the high and patriotic motives of the South and its people in the War between the States. It is a scholarly presentation of the devotion of the great body of our people to the doctrine of the sovereignty of the States and their passionate conviction that they were fighting for liberty and right. The second article is entitled "Two Wars" and is a parallel between our war of 1861-65 and the Peloponnesian war between the northern section of Greece, led by Athens, and the southern section, led by Sparta. Both articles seek in the spirit of fairness to give a philosophical view of the causes of the wars and are illustrated by a wealth of classical learning that seems sometimes to cloud the real issues of the conflicts.

Professor Gildersleeve was a faithful and efficient staff officer who saw hard and dangerous service for the Confederacy, and his booklet is full of interesting incidents as well as philosophical statements. It is published by the Johns Hopkins Press, of Baltimore. Price, $1, postpaid.

JAMES H. MCNEILLY.

"LIFE OF GEN. STAND WATIE."

Mrs. Mabel W. Anderson, of Pryor, Okla., has written a "Life of Gen. Stand Watie," the only Indian brigadier general in the Confedcrate army. General Watie was a Cherokee. This book contains his early life and much contemporary Cherokee history hitherto unpublished; his military career, all the important battles in which he and his men engaged in Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Missouri; his past military career and the Reconstruction period in the Indian Territory; his picture and a number of other illustrations; his address to the Grand Council from Indian Territory November 1, 1862; tributes from living veterans; sketches of veterans, etc.

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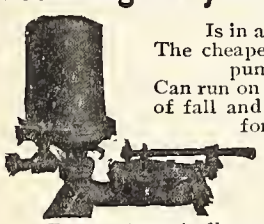
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That July afternoon,
The third day of the fight,
Platoon upon platoon
Fell in upon our right;
The sun-bronzed boys in gray,
From many a battle field,
With banter grave and gay,
Into their places wheeled.

And when the cannoneers
Boomed forth the signal notes,
There burst a storm of cheers
From fourteen thousand throats;
Brave Pickett at our head,
Lee watching statue-still,
As like an avalanche we sped
Down Seminary Hill.

From every height there broke
A roar that rent the air;
Volcanic fire and smoke;
The cannon's fateful glare
Plowed through the shot and shell.
But what should bid us stay?
That fiery crest of hell
We vowed to win that day.

We heeded not the fall
Of men mowed down like corn;
For bomb and cannon ball
We felt a reckless scorn;
We slackened not our pace,
Though death upon us rained;
We ran that bloody race,
That murderous slope we gained.

From every flame-capped height
Still broke with deafening jar,
Front, rear, and left, and right,
The withering storm of war.
Two hundred cannons pealed
With such earth-shaking roar
As ne'er on stricken field
Was ever heard before.

Down went brave Garnett first,
His gallant soul, God speed!
A shell o'er Kemper burst
And he was left to bleed;
Fry fell, and Armistead—
Was never braver man—
Within their lines fell dead,
Leading our shattered van.

Then hand to hand we fought
Against intrenchèd foes,
'Gainst hopeless odds we wrought
Nor shrank their deadly blows;
Rank after rank went down,
Whole files were swept away;
But ne'er shall pass the high renown
Our heroes won that day.

O where, then, shall we turn
For deeds that Song hath sung?
For hearts as true and stern,
With like high valor strung,
As those within the breasts
Of those brave men in gray
Who stormed the fiery crests
Of Gettysburg that day?

Well done, Thermopylæ!
Your fame shall never die,
And ne'er forgot shall be
Helvetia's battle cry.
What time with Sempach's deed
Of utter chivalry
Arnold of Winkelried
Made way for liberty;

Brave squares that met war's shocks
On bloody Waterloo,
But stood like rooted rocks
For England, stanch and true.
O "thin red line, steel-tipped"
Of Scots who would not yield,
But steadfast stood, stern-lipped,
On Balaklava's field,

And met the Russian host
That poured like winter's flood,
Nor ever quit your post
But rolled them back in blood!
Brave Frenchmen, falling fast
On Lodi's bloody bridge,
Your valor, all, it was surpassed
On Cemetery Ridge.

Joseph O. Turner, Masonic Home, Arlington, Tex., is trying to get a pension and would like to hear from some comrade who can help him make proof of his service. He served in Company B, 1st Kentucky Cavalry, under Lieut. Bill Elliott, Capt. J. W. Caldwell, and Col. B. H. Helm.

Loid Rainwater, of Morrilton, Ark., wants to get in touch with some comrade of his father, Capt. J. A. Rainwater, who went from Oakland, Miss., and enlisted in the Grenada (Miss.) regiment. He was wounded at Lookout Mountain, also at Murfreesboro. Any information of his service would be gladly received.

Wanted—Information of Norris Lavesque Massesgale, who enlisted in Obion County, Tenn., at the age of eighteen in the year 1862. He was discharged on account of ill health at one time, but was taken back before the war closed. At the time of enlistment he lived with his uncle, Josiah Jewel, of Reelfoot, Tenn. Any one who can testify to his service will please write to Mrs. S. L. Coleman, 3123 West Twelfth Street, Little Rock, Ark.

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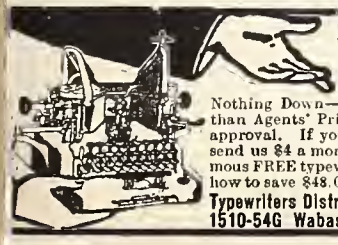
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Mrs. T. E. Wallace, of Woodford, Okla., wishing to secure a pension for the widow of William R. Wallace, would like to hear from some of his comrades of Company C, 10th Missouri Infantry, Parson's Brigade.

Mrs. J. S. Burnett, 417 Twelfth Street, Oak Cliff, Tex., is trying to establish the war record of her husband, J. S. Burnett, so she may obtain a pension. He enlisted from Bonham, Tex., in Duff's Regiment, sometime in 1864.

Mrs. M. C. Hills, of Grand Rapids, Mich., care Mrs. D. E. Waters, is trying to establish the war service of William Smith Hills, of Rome, Ga. It is thought that he was a member of one of the companies of Forrest's Brigade, as he was with Forrest at the time of the surrender. Any information of his record will be appreciated.

Miss Eva G. Vaughn, of Muscogee, Fla., is trying to get some information of Benjamin Franklin Price, of Johnson City, Tenn., who is thought to have been with Forrest or Johnston. He was detailed for railroad and bridge work and was near Macon, Ga., when the war closed. He was associated in the war with A. L. Maxwell, E. M. Grant, and Tom Wheeler. His wife is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. Lena C. Blood, 147 Rosemont Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal., wants to find the owner of a New Testament which was in the possession of William F. Holtzman, of Baltimore, Md. This has written in it: "J. L. Rice, Company K, 3d Georgia Regiment. Should I be killed in action, if possible have my body sent to my parents, Mrs. A. E. Rice, Augusta, Ga." It also has, "Charles F. Dallam, Chesapeake Battery, 4th Maryland Vol., March 1, 1865," and "Captured April 2, 1865."

The widow of Joseph W. Shoemaker, a Kentuckian, who enlisted in the early part of the war at Hopkinsville, is anxious to get proof of her husband's service, that she may secure a much-needed pension. She knows nothing of her husband's record but that he was a member of Forrest's command at the close of the war and that he was honorably discharged in Mississippi. Surviving comrades will do a favor by writing what they know of his record to Capt. John H. Leathers, Louisville, Ky.

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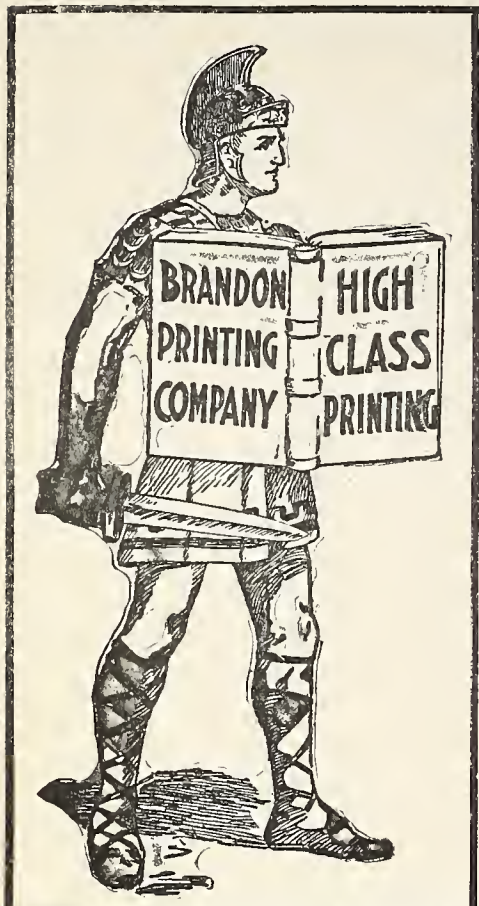
ACTION

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal."

Then, up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the seraph who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of joy when the conflict is won!

—*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

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D. R. Klinger, of Jackson, Ala., is anxious to communicate with some of his comrades of the war or with any one who remembers that he enlisted at Clayburn, Ala., and was mustered in at Mobile. His captain was named Sengsack. After the fall of Vicksburg Mr. Klinger was taken sick at Raymond, Miss., and never caught up with his company afterwards.

THE GRAY BOYS.

BY R. A. S. WADE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

I send you a greeting to-day, boys,
And a shake, wherever you are;
I hope you are jolly and gay, boys,
And under a lucky star.

And here's to the dear old days, boys,
The days of the long ago;
The season of sleds and sleighs, boys,
And speeding through tossing snow.

And here's to you when you are gray, boys,
And your steps are getting slow;
When you've fought through the thick of the fray, boys,
And your heads are bending low.

But many we loved in the years, boys,
For whom we tenderly yearn,
Who joined in our joys and tears, boys,
Are gone and can never return.

And oft in the silence I sigh, boys,
For those that have gone before;
And oft there's a tear in the eye, boys,
For those we shall meet no more.

The world has its bitter and sweet, boys,
A smile or a kick for all,
A place for our weary feet, boys,
Or an answer as bitter as gall.

But it's pretty much what we make it, boys;
It's tender and crabbed too;
It leaves you when you forsake it, boys,
And clings to you when you are true.

And sometimes it's beauty and bloom, boys,
With flowers along the way;
And there's its drizzle and gloom, boys,
And skies that are sodden and gray.

I've sometimes been pretty blue, boys,
While toiling along the way,
And wished I could be with you, boys,
And hear what you had to say.

And oft when I suffer wrong, boys,
And patience is put to the test,
The way seems weary and long, boys,
And I dream of the end and rest.

It'll soon be the crack o' doom, boys,
And rest and a dreamless sleep;
And they'll lay us away in the tomb, boys,
And others will toil and weep.

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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION

Though men deserve, they may not win, success;
The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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NEWLY ELECTED OFFICERS, U. D. C.

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A report of the convention in San Francisco will appear in the VETERAN for December.

OLD SONGS OF THE SOUTH.

The publication of the old song "Lorena" in the VETERAN for May occasioned some pleasant comment from a number of patrons, and request has been made for others. There are many old songs which should be revived; and the VETERAN plans to publish a number of these favorites of the long ago, not only those so popular for drawing-room circles, but those rollicking songs of the camp and the march, such as "Goober Peas," which appeared in the VETERAN for September. Many of these latter have never been published, but they linger in memory and should be preserved as a part of that soldier life which has no parallel in history.



MILDRED BUTLER,
Little granddaughter of Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas.

Some years ago that inimitable entertainer, Polk Miller, of Virginia, wrote of his plan to gather into book form the songs which the soldiers of the South used to sing in war times, and he asked readers of the VETERAN to send him copies of such songs as they could remember. The VETERAN now makes a similar request and will present them through its pages from time to time.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Mrs. Julia W. Fletcher, of Tacoma, Washington, writes of her interest in the article relating to the Shenandoah, "as a number of our Virginia boys who, at the beginning of the war, were at the Naval Academy at Annapolis were among her officers." Mrs. Fletcher inclosed some clippings received from her brother, who is now a resident of British Columbia, which gave notes referring to the arrival at Victoria fifty years ago of some United States cruisers in pursuit of the Shenandoah, which was then cruising around in search of lawful prey, not knowing that the war was over. These notes are from the Colonist, Victoria, B. C.:

August 19, 1865: "Arrival of the Saranac.—The United States steamer Saranac arrived in this port yesterday in pursuit of the cruiser Shenandoah. She possesses a heavy armament of thirteen guns, there being eight broadside eight-inch Dahlgrens, one eleven-inch pivot gun, two eighty-pound Parrott guns, and two twenty-four pound howitzers. She is a side-wheel steamer of one thousand four hundred and eighty-four tons register and should be a good match for the Shenandoah. Captain, G. H. Scott; Lieutenant Commander, Byron Wilson."

August 24, 1865: "Suwanee Arrives.—The United States ship Suwanee, Commander Paul Shirley, arrived yesterday at Esquimalt, having made the port after a remarkably smart voyage of three days and twelve hours from San Francisco. The vessel, which is a double-ender, capable of sailing either way, possessing twelve heavy guns, is in pursuit of the Shenandoah."

SEMIANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE VETERAN.

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN, incorporated as a company under title of Trustees of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, is the property of the Confederate organizations of the South—the United Confederate Veterans, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederated Southern Memorial Association, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans. It is published monthly at Nashville, Tenn. No bonds nor mortgages are issued by the company.

THE G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT IN WASHINGTON.

A great feature of the forty-ninth Annual Encampment, G. A. R., which convened in Washington, D. C., on September 30, was the grand parade of twenty thousand veterans of the blue down Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the White House, following the line of march of that victorious army which passed in review before President Andrew Johnson, two hundred thousand strong, fifty years ago. That army was two days in passing; while but a short four hours was necessary for these veterans of the present to pass the reviewing stand before President Wilson, the first man of Southern birth to fill that high office since the war. With him was the G. A. R. Commander in Chief, David J. Palmer, and a guard of honor composed of soldiers and marines. Above them floated a large American flag, with the flags of the army and navy, whose Secretaries had boxes on each side of the President, while other prominent officials were seated near by, including the ambassadors of England and France.

In pathetic contrast to the vigorous manhood which marched there a half century ago was this veteran throng of scarcely one-tenth, some hobbling along with the help of cane or crutch, others leaning on the arms of stronger comrades; but there were many, too, who trod the way with buoyant steps to the airs of old-time war songs and inspired by the cheering throng of spectators.

THE PRESIDENT'S WELCOME TO THE G. A. R.

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies and Gentlemen: I bid you a very cordial welcome to the capital of the nation; and yet I feel that it is not necessary to bid you welcome here, because you know that the welcome is always warm and always waiting for you.

One could not stand in this presence without many moving thoughts. It is a singular thing that men of a single generation should have witnessed what you have witnessed in the crowded fifty years which you celebrate to-night. You took part when you were young men in a struggle the meaning of which, I dare say, you thought would not be revealed during your lifetime, and yet more has happened in the making of this nation in your lifetime than has ever happened in the making of any other nation in the lifetime of a dozen generations.

The nation in which you now live is not the nation for whose union you fought. You have seen many things which have made this nation one of the representative nations of the world with regard to the modern spirit of that world, and you have the satisfaction which, I dare say, few soldiers have ever had of looking back upon a war absolutely unique in this—that, instead of destroying, it healed; instead of making a permanent division, it made a permanent union.

You have seen something more interesting than that, because there is a sense in which the things of the heart are more interesting than the things of the mind. This nation was from the beginning a spiritual enterprise, and you have seen the spirits of the two once divided sections of this country absolutely united. A war which seemed as if it had the seed of every kind of bitterness in it has seen a single generation put bitterness absolutely out of its heart; and you feel, as I am sure the men who fought against you feel, that you were comrades even then, though you did not know it, and that now you know that you are comrades in a common love for a country which you are equally eager to serve.

This is a miracle of the spirit, so far as national history is concerned. This is one of the very few wars in which in one sense everybody engaged may take pride. Some wars are to be regretted, some wars mar the annals of history; but some wars in contrast make those annals distinguished, show that the spirit of man sometimes springs to great enterprises that are even greater than his own mind had conceived.

So it seems to me that, standing in a presence like this, no man, whether he be in the public service or in the ranks of private citizens merely, can fail to feel the challenge to his own heart, can fail to feel the challenge to a new consecration to the things that we all believe in. The thing that sinks deepest in my heart as I try to realize the memories that must be crowding upon you is this: You set the nation free for that great career of development, of unhampered development, which the world has witnessed since the Civil War.

But for my part I would not be proud of the extraordinary physical development of this country, of its extraordinary development in material wealth and financial power, did I not believe that the people of the United States wished all of this power devoted to ideal ends.

There have been other nations as rich as we; there have been other nations as powerful; there have been other nations as spirited; but I hope we shall never forget that we created this nation, not to serve ourselves, but to serve mankind.

I love this country because it is my home; but every man loves his home. It does not suffice that I should be attached to it because it contains the places and the persons whom I love, because it contains the threads of my own life. That does not suffice for patriotic love. I should also love it, and I hope I do love it, as a great instrument for the uplift of mankind; and what you gentlemen have to remind us of as you look back through a lifetime to the great war in which you took part is that you fought that what this instrument meant for the service of mankind should not be impaired, either in its material or in its spiritual power.

I hope I may say without even an implication of criticism upon any other great people in the world that it has always seemed to me that the people of the United States wished to be regarded as devoted to the promotion of particular principles of human right.

The United States was founded, not to provide free homes, but to assert human rights. This flag meant a great enterprise of the human spirit. Nobody, no large bodies of men, in the time that flag was first set up believed with a very firm belief in the efficiency of democracy.

Do you realize that only so long ago as the time of the American Revolution democracy was regarded as an experiment in the world and we were regarded as rash experimenters? But we not only believed in it; we believed that our belief was well founded and that a nation as powerful as any in the world could be erected upon the will of the people; that, indeed, there was a power in such a nation that dwelt in no other nation unless also in that other nation the spirit of the people prevailed.

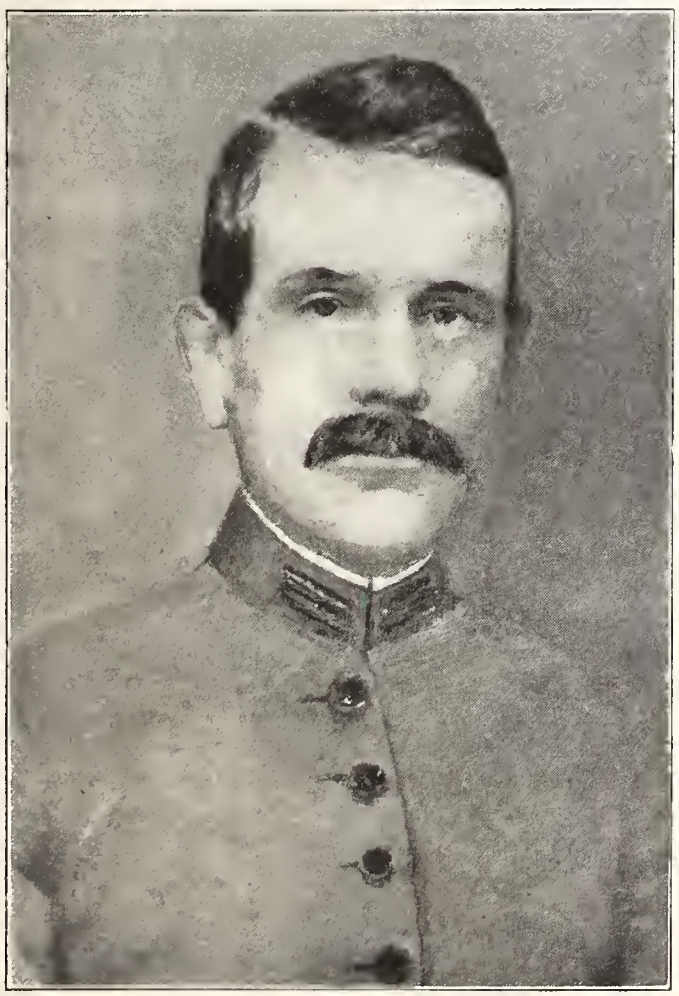
Democracy is the most difficult form of government, because it is the form under which you have to persuade the largest number of persons to do anything in particular. But I think we were pleased to undertake it because it is difficult. Anybody can do what is easy. We have shown that we could do what was hard, and the pride that ought to dwell in your hearts to-night is that you saw to it that that experiment was brought to the day of its triumphant demonstration.

We now know, and the world knows, that the thing that we then undertook, rash as it seemed, has been practicable and that we have set up in the world a government maintained and prompted by the general conscience and the general conviction.

So I stand here, not to welcome you to the nation's capital as if I were your host, but merely to welcome you to your own capital, because I am, and am proud to be, your servant. I hope I shall catch, as I hope we shall all catch, from the spirit of this occasion a new consecration to the high duties of American citizenship.

OF THE "IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED."

Capt. John N. Chisholm was born at Nashville, Tenn., in 1835. He graduated in law at Lebanon Law School, in the class of '58, and was engaged in the practice of his profession when the war began. In March, 1861, he joined Capt. E. A. O'Neal's company, which was raised in and about Florence, Ala., and was Company I, 9th Alabama Infantry, attached to Wilcox's Brigade in Virginia.



CAPT. JOHN N. CHISHOLM.

Upon the promotion of Captain O'Neal and the death at Williamsburg of Captain Gillis, Lieutenant Chisholm was made captain of the company and took part in the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia up to the battle of Gettysburg, where he was wounded on the heights and captured. He was carried first to Johnson's Island, then to Fort Delaware. His name was drawn with the "Six Hundred" who were sent to Charleston to be put under fire of the Confederate batteries. After enduring the pain of his wounds, the exposure to the fire of his comrades in arms, the hardships and starvation of that prison camp near Charleston, he was sent back to Fort Delaware, where he died on the day that General Lee surrendered. Captain Chisholm had four brothers, three of whom were Confederate soldiers. Only one of them is now living, Joe H. Chisholm, of Rockwell, Tex., who was not old enough for service in the Confederate army.

THE CUNNINGHAM MEMORIAL.

That greater interest is being shown in the Cunningham Memorial is evidenced by the increased list of contributors for October, the largest that has been reported for many months past. When the local committees begin active work for this memorial hall, the people of Nashville will be expected to coöperate largely in the accomplishment of this great work.

From Mr. J. Horton Fall, formerly of Nashville, but now a resident of New York City, comes a nice contribution to the memorial, with a letter expressing his interest in the undertaking. He writes under date of October 7 to Capt. P. M. Griffin, of Nashville, one of the active workers for the memorial:

"*My Dear Friend:* Your letter of the 3d, with inclosures as stated, is received, and I thank you for it. I am heartily in sympathy with the movement as outlined in your circular letter —that is, the erection of a permanent building to the memory of S. A. Cunningham, and I take pleasure in inclosing you herewith my check for $25."

A contribution comes from the Loyal Carolinians Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Greenwood, S. C., through Miss Frances Pemberon, Chairman for the State, who writes: "I met Mr. Cunningham and heard him speak at the U. D. C. conventions, and, as a subscriber to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, I realize, in part at least, the great work he did for the South. I am glad the memorial is to be a building instead of a monument."

ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

Previously reported	$2,852 95
U. D. C. Chapter, Covington, Ga.	2 00
Pickett-Buchanan Camp, C. V., Norfolk, Va.	5 00
Capt. E. S. Rugeley Chapter, U. D. C., Bay City, Tex.	2 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Washington, D. C.	5 00
Mrs. A. W. Ollar, Tacoma, Wash.	1 00
Frank and Walterson Griffin, Tacoma, Wash.	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. L. Griffin, Tacoma, Wash.	50
Stover Camp Chapter, U. D. C., Strasburg, Va.	5 00
Joseph E. Johnston Camp, U. C. V., No. 259, Childress, Tex.	5 00
Jeff Rogers Chapter, U. D. C., Cameron, Tex.	1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Murfreesboro, Tenn.	5 00
J. Horton Fall, New York City.	25 00
Camp Joseph E. Finegan, No. 1514, U. C. V., Live Oak, Fla.	5 00
Loyal Carolinians Chapter, C. of C., Greenwood, S. C.	2 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Conway, Ark.	1 00
Mary Frances Hughes Chapter, U. D. C., Nashville, Tenn.	5 00
S. D. Barron Chapter, U. D. C., Rock Hill, S. C.	1 00
U. D. C. Chapter, Tacoma, Wash.	5 00
Robert E. Lee Chapter, U. D. C, Denver, Colo.	2 00
William Watts Camp, C. V., Roanoke, Va.	5 00
Through R. E. Lee Chapter, Portland, Oregon: D. E. Johnston, Commander, $5; Charles E. Morgan, Adjutant, $1.50; J. H. Hickman, $1; J. D. Pine, 50 cents; Joseph Osment, 50 cents; W. H. Carvell, 50 cents; L. C. Garrigus, $1	10 00
Agnes Lee Chapter, U. D. C., Decatur, Ga.	2 00
G. G. Gill, Homer, La.	1 00
J. E. B. Stuart Chapter, U. D. C., Staunton, Va.	1 00
Mrs. S. T. Satterwhite, Nashville, Tenn.	1 00
Francis Marion Bamberg Chapter, U. D. C., Bamberg, S. C.	5 00
Total	$2,956 45

FIRST INLAND BATTLE OF THE WAR.

BY J. HOP WOODS, PHILIPPI, W. VA.

[Written for the souvenir booklet of the first "home-coming week" held in Barbour County and commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Philippi.]

The first battle of the War between the States was fought at Philippi, in the State of Virginia, now West Virginia, on the 3d of June, 1861. The State of West Virginia is now one of the richest States in the American Union. At the time of its formation, on the 20th of June, 1863, it was a neglected portion of the proud old commonwealth of Virginia, the State that had been known and had become famous as the home of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison and called the "Mother of Presidents." It was said by some one, using a hyperbolical form of speech, that nature at the formation of creation, when the work was finished, poured the residue of her treasures into a heap, and this heap is West Virginia. This figure illustrates the wealth and importance of West Virginia from a financial standpoint. West Virginians are very proud of this State. Her coal or oil or timber or gas would make her rich beyond measure; but in 1861 she was a wilderness in the eyes of old Virginia and hardly worth the little political care which was given to it. The descendants of the first families of Virginia at the beginning of the war probably regarded their Trans-Allegheny relatives as frontiersmen or people living in the most primitive fashion, lacking in every essential sense either wealth, social acquirements, education, or the means to either. They probably supposed that huntsmen like Daniel Boone or David Crockett were people of the first importance. It was a great mistake, however, and illustrates the truth of the poet Cowper's lines when speaking of the English Channel, which separated the English and the French. He said:

"Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nature, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one."

West Virginia was essentially a product, and a political product, of the Civil War. She was born out of the womb of caste and carnage, and when the first gun on the 3d of June, 1861, at Philippi thundered from Talbot's Hill it was truly and more truly than in 1776.

"The shot heard round the world."

It told not only of the destruction across the river in the little valley below, but of the beginning of the fiercest war and the bravest foes that ever met

"In the furious close of civil butchery."

Gen. Benjamin F. Kelley, commanding the 1st Virginia Regiment of Infantry, an officer who had had some previous military experience and had the confidence of the government, moved via Wheeling and Grafton, in the northern part of the State, over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in two separate columns and at daylight surprised the Confederate forces under Col. George A. Porterfield at Philippi. The attack was sudden and the plan superb. Napoleon never planned a better battle; and if Kelley had been a Stonewall Jackson on that fateful morning in the leafy month of June, 1861, his tomb at death, instead of being covered with roses, would have been a bed of immortelles. The capture of the Confederate forces and their immediate and necessary surrender were within his grasp. Perhaps if the event had happened at the close instead of at the beginning of the war, experience might have shown a way to guard against mischance. As it was, the mistake of an ignorant guide misled the Federal forces, and they came into Philippi behind instead of in front of Porterfield's forces, who marched gallantly out as the former rushed madly in, to find the town vacated. It is another instance of the truth of Burns's lines that

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley."

It is interesting to study this little affair at Philippi. Porterfield, who had had experience as an officer in the Mexican War in 1846, was for that reason and perhaps because he was a graduate of that famous West Point of the South, the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, and which afterwards furnished so many and such able and distinguished officers to the Confederate service, placed in command of the Confederate forces west of the Allegheny Mountains mustering into the Southern army. Many companies, most of them volunteers, had been recruited in the northern counties of the State and were assembled at Philippi. These forces amounted probably to a thousand men. Perhaps they looked like a formidable military body from the standpoint of the capital at Washington, and perhaps from the same standpoint it appeared necessary that they should be dislodged. It so appeared, perhaps, in 1861. At the close of the war, in 1865, nobody could tell why any necessity existed for wasting time or ammunition upon them. At this day it requires the fiction of history, aided by survivors, to tell the necessity for a battle in the State of Virginia in 1861 west of the Allegheny Mountains, when we view the sanguinary battle fields from 1861 to 1865 on the east of the Alleghenies, in the State of Virginia.

Nevertheless, a battle was fought at Philippi, and it cannot be disputed that it was the first inland battle of the war. The casualties were not many, but it was an actual fight. General Kelley himself was supposed to have been mortally wounded, having been shot through the body while advancing upon the retreat of the Confederates. Many years after the close of the war, when on a visit to Philippi after he had become quite conspicuous as a Federal officer and had met with the amusing incident of being taken out of bed with General Crook, captured at Cumberland, Md., and taken within the Confederate lines by McNeil's daring Virginia raiders and about which he always talked good-naturedly, he undertook to show the writer the spot at Philippi upon which he fell. This, however, was almost impossible because of the growth of the town and the changes incident to its growth. Major Hanger, of Staunton, Va., lost a limb by the first shot, as is claimed, that was fired from Talbot's Hill. He afterwards became an inventor and manufacturer of artificial limbs and resides in the city of Washington. Other casualties of less serious character are reported and well authenticated. Where the battery stood that fired the first shot is now located Broadus Institute, a handsome denominational structure of the Baptist Church in the State of West Virginia, so that what was once called "Battle Hill" is now proudly called "College Hill." Surely "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Philippi lies on the east side of the Tygart's Valley River. It is the county seat of the county of Barbour. The Tygart's Valley River unites with the West Fork River about thirty miles north of Fairmont, in the county of Marion, and forms the Monongahela River. This river unites with the Allegheny River about one hundred miles north and forms the Ohio River at Pittsburgh. High hills, of which Battle Hill

was one, parallel the river at Philippi on the west, and other hills parallel the river on the east. Philippi nestles in a little valley between the foothills of the eastern ridges and the river. The Beverly and Fairmont Turnpike circuits Battle Hill and crosses the river at a wooden bridge built in 1853 and continues as the main street of the town through the same on to Beverly, in Randolph County, thirty miles distant. There is no outlet north or south except by this pike. One column of Kelley's forces prevented egress at the north by reason of the battery upon Talbot's Hill. The other column, which Kelley had planned to have enter Philippi from the south end of this pike and for which the battery in plain view was eagerly waiting at daylight on the day of the battle, came into Philippi, through the blunder of a guide, not at the south end of the town, as planned, but immediately over one of the high eastern ridges immediately behind the town; and before they could reach the town, and while the battery from Talbot's Hill played upon them, the Confederates, as before stated, marched out in good order and retreated to Beverly.

If the blundering guide had brought this second column in, as Kelley had planned, at the south end of the town before the break of day and before the outposts of Colonel Porterfield could have warned his camp, General Kelley would have captured, as by corking up in a bottle, the whole of Porterfield's forces. At that stage of the game of the war and that early in its history, with all the sentimental vanity then pervading the country, Kelley's title to military fame would have been fixed. The next step would have been when his wounds had healed—his transfer to the head of the Army of the Potomac. As the sun of McClellan set, the sun of Kelley might have risen. Such is the fate and fortune of arms.

Porterfield requested a court of inquiry from General Lee, of the Confederate army, that his surprise at Philippi might be investigated. The court of inquiry acquitted Porterfield, and it is unquestioned that his command was poorly equipped, illy supported, and wantonly neglected by the Richmond authorities in its western isolation. He gives his own account of this affair in a letter which is copied into a "History of Barbour County," written in 1899 by Mr. Hu Maxwell. It is as follows:

"Charlestown, W. Va., August 12, 1899.

"*Hu Maxwell, Esq.—Dear Sir:* Having been requested by J. Hop Woods to send you an account of the surprise of my command at Philippi on the morning of the 3d of June, 1861, I submit the following report:

"I received information on the 3d of June that a strong United States force had reached Grafton and that my position would probably soon be attacked. The roads leading toward Grafton had been scouted during the day and no enemy seen. After a council held in the evening, there was a general understanding that we would retreat, but no time was fixed at which it should begin. Infantry pickets were posted, as usual, on the roads leading toward Grafton, and the cavalry officers were ordered to scout the same throughout the night. A drenching rain began near midnight and continued for several hours. The guards, being without cartridge boxes and carrying their ammunition in their pockets, which by exposure to the rain would become wet and unserviceable, left their posts and came in without being relieved. No report was made to me during the night. The roads being thus left unguarded, the approach of the enemy was not made known; and one force, composed of more than two infantry regiments and two pieces of artillery, advanced by the road entering the town from the northwest. Another of about the same number came by the road from the northeast. Both reached the north side of the town about the same time, about 4 A.M. Their artillery was put in position on a hill to the northwest of the town and began to fire upon our cavalry camp in the valley below, just north of the town. This fire gave the alarm and caused the cavalry to stampede through the town. The infantry retreated in better order. There was no pursuit.

"While on the main street I observed a company in blue uniforms—a Union company—standing in line at the north end of the street, which I mistook for one of my own companies, having a similar uniform, and I rode down sufficiently near to it to discover my mistake, when I turned and rode slowly away to avoid being recognized. Upon my return I was joined by Robert Johnson, Esq., of Clarksburg, acting adjutant, formerly auditor of Virginia, and we were not discovered and fired upon until near the southern end of the street. We were the last of the command to leave the town.

"Colonel Kelley, of the Union side, was wounded as he was about to enter the town. Two or three of our cavalrymen were severely wounded by the artillery fire. We lost our baggage, a few boxes of old rusty flintlock rifles and muskets, two kegs of powder, and some lead, all the ordnance stores we had. We had neither medical, commissary's, nor quartermaster's stores, except the tents of our cavalry company, the only company with the command which had tents. Our subsistence was procured from the surrounding country as needed, and our transportation was by hired or impressed teams.

"Yours very respectfully, George A. Porterfield."

Thus began in June, 1861, at Philippi, in West Virginia, what was substantially ended at Appomattox in April, 1865, the most sanguinary and fratricidal war of modern times. It will not do to say that it was causeless, but at this period of time it seems useless and senseless. But it is over, and the wounds are healed; the sword has been displaced by the plowshare and the pruning hook. The flowers once "bruised with the armed hoofs of hostile paces" are now gathered and strewn alike over the graves of the dead, and

"No more shall the war cry sever
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead."

Not Their First Lickin'.—A member of the 52d Pennsylvania Volunteers, now a resident of Colorado, replies to the article on the "Attack on Fort Johnson," appearing in the Veteran for September, page 413, in which he says: "The writer states that we, the Yanks, were commanded by Carl Hoyd, of the 52d Pennsylvania Regulars, and that he said it was the first time he had ever failed to 'get there.' This Hoyd was Col. Harry M. Hoyt, commanding the 52d Pennsylvania Volunteers, later the Governor of my State. If he said it was the first time he had made a failure, there's a mistake somewhere, because in the first day's battle of Seven Pines, May 31, 1862, we were awfully licked, and the way Longstreet lambasted us that afternoon was fairly scandalous. . . . But it was different the next day."

Confederate Veteran.

S. A. CUNNINGHAM, Founder.
Office: Methodist Publishing House Building, Nashville, Tenn.

All who approve the principles of this publication and realize its benefits as an organ for Associations throughout the South are requested to commend its patronage and to coöperate in extending its circulation. Let each one be constantly diligent.

CONCERNING THE CONFEDERATE VETERAN.

The Board of Trustees for the VETERAN met in Nashville on October 16, with Col. V. Y. Cook (Chairman), Gen. K. M. VanZandt, Gen. B. H. Young, and Miss E. D. Pope (Secretary), present, other members being represented by proxy. Thorough consideration was given the present condition of affairs with the VETERAN; and, in view of the continued depletion by death in its subscription patronage, it was decided to make a special appeal in behalf of building up its subscription list to a safe basis. This appeal should not fail to have the earnest coöperation of all who are interested in the work which is securing a true record of the part taken by the South in the struggle for constitutional rights.

TO ALL WHO LOVE AND SYMPATHIZE WITH THE SOUTHERN CAUSE.

S. A. Cunningham devoted his life to the upbuilding of the CONFEDERATE VETERAN. He made it, of its kind, the greatest of publications. He did more than any other single man to correct Southern history, to defend the principles and purposes of the Confederate government, and to aid in properly placing before the world the true story of Southern courage, sacrifice, and heroism. He vigorously assailed all who would detract from the glory of Confederate records or who would misrepresent the achievements of the Southern armies.

These things became to him a life duty, and they filled his mind and heart with a burning loyalty to the Confederacy which ended only with his death. When he died he gave to the South the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and he consecrated his worldly possessions to maintain and sustain the VETERAN indefinitely. It is but just that all who love the South, its history and its traditions, should do all in their power to give to this publication a long life and a wide field of usefulness.

The death rate among Confederate veterans is increasing at an alarming ratio. Fourteen per cent of all surviving Confederate soldiers die each year. Those who love the VETERAN and who aided its publication grow less not only every month, but every day.

It is nearly two years since Mr. Cunningham died, and the VETERAN has managed to maintain its efficiency and high ideals; but the time has come when its friends must rally to its support if they would lengthen its years and strengthen its power for good.

This work must be done largely through the Camps of Veterans and Sons of Veterans and Chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy and kindred organizations. These are the only constituency to which we, as trustees under Mr. Cunningham's will, can appeal for aid. Every Camp of Veterans and Sons of Veterans and every Chapter of the Daughters ought to send at least two new subscriptions, and we appeal to all. These men and women of the South cannot afford to let the VETERAN die.

We desire to say to the business men of the South that patriotism and a reverence and love for their fathers ought to induce them to advertise liberally in the VETERAN. It will be a mingling of sentiment and trade that will be a splendid tribute to the greatness of their forbears.

Every man whose father wore the gray can boast of an ancestry that reflects renown upon all who can trace their blood lines to such a rich fountain of valor.

We need five thousand new subscribers. These will assure the future of the VETERAN and place it upon a foundation that will guarantee its income for many years. It can live only through subscriptions and advertisements.

The people of the South should furnish these cheerfully and liberally, and we appeal to you as representing the whole South to aid us in this noble work. We trust that every Commander of a Camp of Veterans or Sons and every President of a Chapter of the Daughters will read this paper at their next meeting. Act promptly and liberally, and let each Confederate sympathizer do his part to aid this laudable enterprise.

Do not throw this appeal aside. The VETERAN stands for the things and the history that make the Southland illustrious and immortal, and all should help to see that nothing that is heroic on the part of any Confederate shall pass unwritten and unknown.

Respectfully,

V. Y. COOK, *Chairman;*
BENNETT H. YOUNG,
K. M. VANZANDT.

IN DAYS OF PEACE.—Sometime ago Dr. John A. Wyeth, of New York City, wrote of a visit to him by Capt. (now Judge) George N. Bliss, "who (as his saber cuts and shot wounds attest) served actively in the Army of the Potomac, in the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, during the war. After his return home, he wrote a letter which tells the story of the Union restored better than any language of which I am capable. A strong, brave man who really suffered, a Yankee of the Yankees who tried to kill us and whom we tried to kill and did hack with sabers and shoot with guns, now in the sunset years of his life, dedicates his book in part to the 'men who wore the gray.' Judge Bliss says in his letter: 'I am hoping soon to write about my experience in what they call the Civil War, and, to begin with, I dedicate this book to the brave men who wore the blue and gray, 1861-65, and have known the stern joy which warriors feel in foemen worthy of their steel.'"

The increased interest in the VETERAN that is being manifested by Sons of Veterans is very gratifying. The following from L. H. Quirollo, of Washington, D. C., is expressive of a sentiment that should be general. He says: "I enjoyed the comments in the last number as to the good work the VETERAN is doing. I do wish you would publish a few lines urging the Sons of Veterans to read the VETERAN. You have no idea what a pleasure it is to me to read of the daring deeds of our fathers."

ERRORS CORRECTED.—In the article on "South Carolina Command in Virginia," by R. S. Dibble, which appeared in the VETERAN for October, page 458, there is a mistake in the seventh line, where mention is made of the "South Georgia Volunteers" instead of the "South Carolina Volunteers." On page 459, fifth line in second column, it should have been stated that the "Edisto Rifles" captured a battery of artillery instead of the "St. Matthews Rifles." These corrections are made for the truth of history.

MY SUIT OF CONFEDERATE GRAY.

I never was one of the careful kind
For saving and hoarding away.
If it were not so, I'd never have been
As poor as I am to-day.

I had none of the cares of the thrifty and keen
When the wages of toil I could claim;
But ever to me the best of it all
Was the pleasure of spending the same.

But there's just one thing I should like to keep
As carefully hoarded away
As the gold of the miser, and that one thing
Is my suit of Confederate gray.

It was made in a Southern loom of wool
From sheep that were Southern-bred;
It was fashioned and sewed by the dearest hands
That ever used needle and thread.

It was handsome and bright when I put it on,
And proud as a prince was I
Of my wife, my suit, and the cause in which
I was pledged to conquer or die.

I dreamed not of failure, thought not of defeat
As I turned to the conflict away—
Away from wife, mother, and children and home—
In my suit of Confederate gray.

I marched and paraded, I rested and drilled,
I ate and I slept night and day;
I skirmished and fought, advanced and fell back
In my suit of Confederate gray.

It was slashed and riddled by saber and ball;
It was soiled by the dust of the road;
It was mottled all over with ghastly stains
Of my own and a comrade's blood.

But it's fairer than satin and silk to me;
It is dearer than gold this day.
The treasure and pride of my heart and my life
Is my suit of Confederate gray.

For after one battle came General Lee
And reined in his horse where I lay
In a puddle of blood, between comrades slain,
In my suit of Confederate gray.

"I'm sorry, my friend. Would God had I been
In your stead on this terrible day!"
Were his words, and a tear from his eye fell down
On my suit of Confederate gray.

The fields of our battles are covered with grain;
Where we fought is now smiling and gay;
But nothing can brighten and freshen again
My suit of Confederate gray.

It can nevermore be as I saw it at first
At the hands of its fashioner fair.
Like the Southern heart, the rents and the scars
And the gashes and stains are still there.

O, it carries me back! I'm a soldier once more,
Light-hearted and daring and gay;
I'm a Southern Rebel whenever I look
On my suit of Confederate gray.

Put it on when my form is all breathless and cold;
In the dust of the grave let me lay,
For I want to rest till the great Captain calls
In my suit of Confederate gray.

[Contributed by R. B. Coleman, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., who writes that the author's name was not given with the poem as published in a magazine from which he clipped it.]

"HISTORY AS SHE IS WRIT."

BY E. GUTHRIE, GLENSIDE, PA.

Sometime ago an evening paper of Philadelphia contained an account of the conferring of the Confederate cross of honor by the Philadelphia Chapter, U. D. C., on a veteran they had found there. His record, on which I judge he got the cross, is that "on the 17th day of April, 1864, he enlisted in the Confederate navy at Richmond; was placed on a receiving ship and later was transferred to the Virginia (Merrimac), then lying at Richmond; that the Virginia went up the river to capture City Point, but there ran into the Monitor; that he was still with the Virginia at the evacuation of Richmond, when she was destroyed."

Isn't that rich when it is considered that the Merrimac was never nearer to Richmond than when she attacked the Federal fleet off Newport News, sinking the Cumberland, burning the Congress, and driving another vessel aground, and that it was to complete the destruction of the grounded vessel that she put out the next morning (not to "capture City Point")? Why, the Merrimac was burned at the evacuation of Norfolk, May 11, 1862, after every effort to lighten her, so she could be taken up the James, had failed (her draft was twenty-two feet). The Monitor, as is well known, after going up the river to Fort Darling and engaging a Confederate battery there, was sent to Washington, repaired and refitted, and after her return to Fortress Monroe was dispatched southward in tow to aid the Federal fleet at Hilton Head, or Charleston, on the 29th of December, 1862. On the 30th of December she ran into a storm off Cape Hatteras and that night foundered and went to the bottom, with some fifteen officers and men of her crew.

So both vessels had long been out of the fight when the veteran enlisted in 1864. I am charitable enough to concede that the old man's memory as to dates and localities had gone back upon him, but the reporter should have been able to straighten him out.

The same paper later in its "Answers to Queries" column stated that Jefferson Davis was captured on the 10th of May, 1867. General Grant makes the date the 11th of May, 1865.

United Daughters of the Confederacy.

Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, *President General.*

Mrs. B. B. Ross, *First Vice President General.*
Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. I. W. Faison, *Third Vice President General.*
Mrs. F. M. Williams, *Recording Secretary General.*
Mrs. W. F. Baker, *Corresponding Secretary General.*
Mrs. C. B. Tate, *Treasurer General.*
Mrs. Orlando Halliburton, *Registrar General.*
Miss Mildred Rutherford, *Historian General.*
Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. F. A. Walke, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"*Love Makes Memory Eternal.*"

GENERAL CONVENTIONS, U. D. C.

Organized at Nashville, Tenn., September 10, 1894, Mrs. C. M. Goodlett presiding.

First convention, Nashville, Tenn., March 30, 1895; Mrs. C. M. Goodlett, President.

Second convention, Atlanta, Ga., November 8, 1895; Mrs. C. M. Goodlett, President.

Third convention, Nashville, Tenn., November 11, 1896; Mrs. John C. Brown, President (resigned and succeeded by Mrs. L. H. Raines, First Vice President.)

Fourth convention, Baltimore, Md., November 10-12, 1897; Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, President.

Fifth convention, Hot Springs, Ark., November 9-12, 1898; Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, President.

Sixth convention, Richmond, Va., November 8-11, 1899; Mrs. Katie Cabell Currie, President.

Seventh convention, Montgomery, Ala., November 14-17, 1900; Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, President.

Eighth convention, Wilmington, N. C., November 13-16, 1901; Mrs. Edwin G. Weed, President.

Ninth convention, New Orleans, La., November 12-15, 1902; Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, President.

Tenth convention, Charleston, S. C., November 11-14, 1903; Mrs. James A. Rounsaville, President.

Eleventh convention, St. Louis, Mo., October 4-8, 1904; Mrs. Augustine T. Smythe, President.

Twelfth convention, San Francisco, Cal., October 3-7, 1905; Mrs. Augusta T. Smythe, President.

Thirteenth convention, Gulfport, Miss., November 14-17, 1906; Mrs. Lizzie G. Henderson, President.

Fourteenth convention, Norfolk, Va., November 13-16, 1907; Mrs. Lizzie G. Henderson, President.

Fifteenth convention, Atlanta, Ga., November 11-14, 1908; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President.

Sixteenth convention, Houston, Tex., October 19-22, 1909; Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, President.

Seventeenth convention, Little Rock, Ark., November 8-12, 1910; Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, President.

Eighteenth convention, Richmond, Va., November 7-11, 1911; Mrs. Virginia Faulkner McSherry, President.

Nineteenth convention, Washington, D. C., November 13-16, 1912; Mrs. Alexander B. White, President.

Twentieth convention, New Orleans, La., November 12-15, 1913; Mrs. Alexander B. White, President.

Twenty-first convention, Savannah, Ga., November 11-16, 1914; Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President.

Twenty-second convention, San Francisco, Cal., October 20-23, 1915; Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, President.

STONE MOUNTAIN.



"Whose name and fame shall front the ages with
Thine awful grace, imperial monolith?
With fire as central as the crater's own,
And soul as steadfast as the granite stone?"

MAMMOTH MEMORIAL TO THE CONFEDERACY.

BY MRS. LILIAN C. PERKINS, OFFICIAL EDITOR.

There gathered in Atlanta, Ga., on September 20 a representative audience of men and women to hear the report of the great American sculptor, Gutzon Borglum, regarding the proposed Confederate memorial at Stone Mountain, Ga. This vast body of people who listened to the carefully prepared document was composed of Veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy and prominent citizens of Atlanta. The meeting was called by the President of the Stone Mountain Memorial Association, Mrs. C. Helen Plane, and was held in the assembly room of the Woman's Club.

Much has been said and written of this most unique and magnificent project; and if the work is completed as set forth by Mr. Borglum, the eyes of the universe will be turned toward Georgia, for this monument will be the eighth wonder of the world. Not only will it rank as this, but as a monument it will offer the greatest, grandest, and most colossal shrine the world may claim.

Quoting the sculptor at this meeting: "Stone Mountain, in its vast proportions, offers to the people of the Southern States opportunity for honoring their great men unsurpassed in the history of the world." This vast pile of natural granite, situated about sixteen or eighteen miles from the beautiful city of Atlanta and accessible by interurban railway, is two miles in length and six thousand feet in height. Mr. Borglum has visited the mountain many times and spent hours alone observing it as a whole and in detail, and after much deliberation and intense study of the entirety of its mammoth and far-reaching proportions he said in his report that he pro-

posed to use not only a portion of it for the work, but the whole, for from an artistic standpoint it must be considered thus, just as a painter would use the whole vast scope of a great canvas. "For," he added, "just the figure of a soldier, as at one time suggested, would be out of scale, would lose character, and the onlooker would not have a sympathetic interest."

The Sculptor's Idea.

Mr. Borglum created enthusiasm and much interest on this occasion when he outlined his idea of just what this memorial should be: "Have you Georgians, have the people of America, ever thought what the Egyptians or the Greeks would have done in their time had they possessed this most wonderful mountain of granite?" He then drew a pen picture of the different styles of sculpture loved by these people, creating in the minds of his audience a vast pyramid on the arid deserts of Egypt and again a temple of the gods in Greece. He proposes to use the north side of the mountain, chiseling in the natural and living granite two wings of the Southern army, colossal in size, the men in gray marching mounted and on foot. In arrangement this will embody everything pertaining to the army life of that day. Familiar faces of noted men will be easily discerned. In the central group will be Lee, Jackson, Johnston, and other noted leaders, and among them the beloved President of the Southern Confederacy. These principal figures will be from thirty-five to fifty feet in height and will be easily recognized at a distance of three-quarters of a mile. This great drama of the past in bold bas-relief will not only be startlingly magnificent to the eye, but will prove so significantly dear to the Southern heart and mind that to the South it will prove a precious shrine and to people of other climes and countries be the greatest piece of sculpture as to magnitude and artistic conception and command their most ardent admiration.

At the base of the mountain Mr. Borglum proposes to excavate and create a relic room or a place of meeting, this room to be fully sixty feet in length, the outer walls to be of thirteen columns representing the Confederate States, and the spaces between will be mullioned windows of stained glass. Granite steps will lead up to this hall. The approach will be a beautifully wooded park laid off in suitable walks and flower beds that will prove pleasing and most inspirational.

History of This Memorial.

A prominent Georgian, Mr. W. H. Terrell, of Greensboro, a brother of the late Governor Terrell, first proposed the gigantic idea of converting Stone Mountain into a monument to the Confederate cause. Following publication of his idea, Mrs. C. Helen Plane, founder of Atlanta Chapter, U. D. C., obtained from Mr. Samuel Venable, owner of the property, consent to make the idea of the monument a reality. The matter was presented by Mrs. Plane to the Atlanta Chapter, which then brought the matter before Mrs. W. D. Lamar, State President, U. D. C., and the matter was presented to the General Convention, U. D. C., assembled at Savannah in November, 1914. The project was enthusiastically received by the convention.

Early Future Steps toward the Work.

Mrs. W. D. Lamar was commissioned by the Executive Board of the Stone Mountain Association at a short session held by this body on September 22 to introduce Mr. Borglum at the convention held in San Francisco in October and to secure for him ample time to submit his most able report to the Daughters assembled, asking this body to instruct at once that this work be done. Mr. Borglum asks for no money prior to assuming this great work for the Daughters, but will await time for this; and he is so enthused with the proposed plan that he will help to devise schemes to raise the necessary funds. His estimate of just what this memorial will cost is startling; but when one thinks of the greatness and magnificence of it, it does not seem much.

Will Cost Two Millions.

The nearest estimate to the cost of the memorial will be two million of dollars, and the time which the sculptor thinks necessary to complete the work will be eight years. He stated that it would take three years to complete the main center group. In talking the matter over with prominent men and financiers of New York, Mr. Borglum stated that one man wanted to donate nine thousand dollars and that he could easily get nine other men to do the same. If this was consented to, the monument might be considered nationally. The Daughters of the Confederacy have it already instilled within them that to make this peculiarly their own and a monument representing the Confederacy the bulk of the money should come out of the South.

The Sculptor.

Mr. Borglum's art has won international note, his best-known specimens in this country being in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and in the public squares and buildings of Washington. Among the latter may be mentioned the colossal head in marble of Abraham Lincoln, presented to the people of America by Eugene Meyer, of New York, and now in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, another figure of Abraham Lincoln in the public park of Newark, N. J., and the statue of General Sheridan now on Massachusetts Avenue, Washington.

In a criticism of Borglum's genius and art George Luke, the well-known art critic, recently wrote: "There is nothing impassive in his creations; they teem with emotion, feeling, and life. He seeks the relation of things and welds his links together in masterly style. He employs no Fabian tactics, but marches boldly to the front, relinquishing no conquered territory without a bitter struggle. America, the land of his birth, he makes home. He is kindly and keenly alive to the treasures that lie hidden in every page of his country's history. He does not believe in accident, but thinks genius is born of work and thus comes achievement. He is thoroughly human and wants nothing he does not earn. He works for the world; and if he succeeds in making it see what he sees and feel what he feels, then he is happy."

The United Daughters of the Confederacy of the State of Georgia have a natural right to be most enthusiastic over this proposed monument that is within their bounds, but, with their loyalty to the South and its people, they are very ready to share this great gift with others. With the initiatory steps taken by women of the Atlanta Chapter, who have formed themselves into a monument association, they will ask that this same thing be done in all other States where the U. D. C. exists, so that by perfecting and mobilizing all forces of this great sisterhood the wonderful work will be done.

CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MRS. GLASSELL FITZHUGH, CHARLOTTESVILLE.

The twentieth annual convention of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, was held in the beautiful city of Danville, the last capital of the Confederacy, on September 21-24, with over three hundred delegates in attendance. In that city hospitality abides in native grace and elegance, and the delegates were entertained most delightfully in different homes. The business sessions were held in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church and the evening programs in the main auditorium. Interspersing these programs were the musical numbers rendered by Danville's finest musicians. Welcome Evening was inspiring in its beauty and hospitality.

After these exercises, the Daughters were tendered a reception at Memorial Mansion, the old Southerland home, where President Davis and his cabinet last met. This historic home has been purchased by the city and Confederate organizations and used as a meeting place. Another reception was given at the Tuscarora Club.

The program of business for this convention was well carried out, no session overlapping until the last day, the retiring President, Mrs. Riddick, thus proving again her splendid ability and tact as a presiding officer. The matter of greatest historical and educational interest reported was that of Danville Chapter's procuring copyrights and financing the publication of "The War between the States," by Albert Taylor Bledsoe, of President Davis's Cabinet. The volume, formerly known as "Is Davis a Traitor, or Was Secession a Constitutional Right Prior to 1861?" written by Professor Bledsoe, of the University of Virginia, was out of print and very rare. Mrs. Herrick, sister of the author, revised and abridged the work as far as could be done without reducing its real value. Then a special committee procured its adoption by the Virginia State Board of Education for use as parallel and supplemental reading in the high schools of the State. It is earnestly hoped that other Southern States will likewise adopt this important book. It can be ordered from J. P. Bell Company, Publishers, Lynchburg, Va., at sixty-five cents net per volume.

The Virginia Division has lost heavily by death in the past year, among them such beloved members as Mrs. Thomas S. Bocock, Mrs. Philip Yeatman, both Honorary Presidents, Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, and Mrs. Thomas Rosser.

In her report as retiring President Mrs. Riddick recommended that a special committee be appointed to take up the project of the coast-to-coast highway through the Southern States, to be known as the Jefferson Davis Highway. The Gen. Dabney H. Maury Chapter, organized north of Mason and Dixon's line, gave a most interesting report. All committee, district, and Chapter reports showed marked advancement during the year. On Historical Evening, one of the most charming features of the convention, several brilliant papers were read. Miss Preston had already submitted her report as Historian, and so she contented herself with announcing the result of the prize competition among Chapters and individuals in two contests for historical work. The Rawley-Martin Chapter again won the honors in the Chapter competition, and Mrs. W. C. N. Merchant, of Chatham, won the individual prize. After the election of officers and new business, the newly elected President, Miss Nellie C. Preston, of Seven Mile Ford, very gracefully moved that the Division present a gold cross, as nearly like the bronze crosses bestowed on veterans as practicable, to the veteran Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. James E. Alexander, on Lee's birthday, next January. After singing "Blest Be the Tie," the year's work for the cause so dear to our hearts ended—the cause for which the Southland gave her all.

[The Virginia Division is now in possession of an unbroken file of its minutes from the first convention, held in Alexandria October 21, 1895, to the present year. At the first convention four Chapters were represented, Lucy Mina Otey, Appomattox, Black Horse, and Mary Custis Lee, the parent Chapter.]

THE NEW YORK DIVISION.

BY MRS. ROBINS A. LAU.

In the busy, active life of New York City, with its vast number of clubs and patriotic societies, has been started a new Chapter under the most favorable auspices, and the James Henry Parker Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, will go forth to do its full share in the Southern work.

With the many Southern women in New York and the ever-increasing numbers in the New York Chapter, U. D. C., Mrs. James Henry Parker, for many years President of the Parent Chapter, called a meeting to form a new Chapter, and in re-



MRS. L. H. MANSON, PRESIDENT ELECT OF ILLINOIS DIVISION, U. D. C.

Mrs. Manson, a native of Kentucky, now a resident of Chicago and an active U. D. C. worker, has been President of the Chicago Chapter for the past five years, and has just been elected to the Presidency of Illinois Division, U. D .C.

sponse to this call many of the members who had been in the New York Chapter for years—in fact, almost since the beginning—became incorporated in the new Chapter, which of itself would make it a success.

For some time a New York Division has been considered, many thinking better work could be done in this way; and to this new Chapter belongs the honor of making the Division possible, as it is the third Chapter in New York. The name was taken of one much loved and because it calls to the memory of all a gallant, loyal gentleman, true to his country and to himself; hence the motto, "Loyal and True." James Henry Parker when but a boy went into the Confederate army, and when still little more than a boy he was an officer, doing good work. He was Past Commander in the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York and was a loyal supporter of the Daughters of the Confederacy in every way.

This Chapter had many good fairies to give it gifts. The gavel is historic, made of wood from a tree near the window of a room used by President Davis in the White House in Montgomery, Ala. It was given by Mrs. J. D. Beale. Mr. Baldwin, a friend of Dr. Parker, gave the die for the stationery; while Mrs. H. Skinner gave the insignia, which is the flag in colors. Mrs. James Henry Parker, Honorary Life President, started a bank account for the Chapter by a big check. The Chapter is planning most active work for the winter.

The officers are: President, Mrs. Charles B. Goldsborough; Honorary Life President, Mrs. James Henry Parker; First Vice President, Mrs. Richard H. Clarke; Second Vice President, Mrs. Robins A. Lau; Secretary, Miss Mary C. Young; Treasurer, Mrs. J. Theodore Odell; Registrar, Mrs. Edwin N. Whitfield; Historian, Miss Mary Herbert.

THE KENTUCKY DIVISION.

BY MRS. J. H. CLELAND.

The Kentucky Division Convention, U. D. C., is now history. A most successful and harmonious meeting was held in Fulton, Ky., September 22 and 23. The guests of Col. Ed Crossland Chapter were the recipients of many attentions, a number of elegant social functions being given in their honor. The business sessions were well attended, and great interest was taken in all reports presented. The President, Mrs. Mary Dowling Bond, noted for her beauty and graciousness, also proved herself most efficient and capable.

Mrs. John Lawrence, the Recording Secretary, made her report, showing the organization of two new Chapters, Morganfield and Russellville, during the year and the dropping of one Chapter. There are forty-five Chapters now, with a membership of 1,593. There were one hundred and thirty-six new members received during the year.

The Treasurer, Mrs. James B. Camp, made an interesting report, showing that $1,063 had been contributed to the Confederate Home during the year. The total receipts were $1,763.48. Balance on hand September 6, $193.72, and $5.80 received since.

Col. W. B. Haldeman, of Louisville, Commander of Kentucky Confederate Veterans, and Hon. A. O. Stanley made interesting addresses.

The next meeting will be held in Lexington. The officers elected for the ensuing year were: Mrs. Polk Prince, Guthrie, President; Mrs. Horace Luten, Fulton, First Vice President; Mrs. George L. Danforth, Louisville, Second Vice President; Mrs. Lucien Goggin Maltby, Maysville, Third Vice President; Mrs. James L. Stuntson, Mayfield, Recording Secretary; Mrs. E. A. Gruby, Guthrie, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. James B. Camp, Louisville, Treasurer; Mrs. John Cleland, Winchester, Registrar; Mrs. Eliza Overton, Frankfort, Chaplain; Mrs. Frank Atkins, Lexington, Vice Chaplain; Mrs. L. C. Randle, Hickman, Historian; Mrs. George L. Spillman, Danville, Custodian Southern Cross of Honor.

ANNUAL REPORT OF CAMP BEAUREGARD COMMITTEE.

BY MRS. GEORGE T. FULLER, CHAIRMAN, MAYFIELD, KY.

Cash in bank October 8, 1914, $408.07.

Arkansas, $1; Kentucky, $38; Louisiana, $15.50; Missouri, $1; Tennessee, $6. Total collections since October 8, 1914, $61.50.

Interest, $20.

Expenditures, $4.

Cash in bank September 22, 1915, $485.57.

Pledges: Tennessee Division, $5; Lee-Custis Chapter, C. of C., Kansas City, Mo., $1; Miss Anna Benning, Columbus, Ga., $5; Gen. H. A. Tyler (deceased), Hickman, Ky., $250. Total pledges, $261.

Mr. Robert Tyler, son of Captain Tyler, writes: "I shall carry out my father's promise as to the Camp Beauregard monument. Let me know when the amount, other than my father's contribution, is raised, and I will send check."

The monument is to cost $2,500, and Captain Tyler promised a contribution of $250 when all but that amount had been raised.

The three Chapters winning the pictures for having contributed the largest amounts through the Camp Beauregard monument fund card plan were James M. Craig Chapter, Amite City, La., Mrs. E. T. Denson, President; J. N. Williams Chapter, Murray, Ky., Mrs. Charles L. Smith, President; St. Louis Chapter, St. Louis, Mo., Mrs. J. C. Roberts, President.

C. S. M. A. IN FLORIDA.

BY MRS. HORACE LEE SIMPSON, STATE VICE PRESIDENT.

Florida's Memorial Day, April 26, was made a legal holiday many years ago. The day is observed throughout the State by decorating the graves of our "boys in gray" with wreathes of Spanish gray moss and Confederate flags. The services on this occasion are always very beautiful; and where it is not possible to hold them at the graves, then at some monument erected in their memory, which has been decorated with palms, flowers, and Confederate flags. During the past year a letter was written to each Congressman from Florida asking his support of the cotton tax bill, and a letter was also sent to the Quartermaster General, U. S. A., asking permission to place (on Memorial Day), with the wreaths and flowers, a small Confederate flag on each Confederate soldier's grave in the National Cemetery at Fort Barrancas, Fla., ten miles from Pensacola. Permission was given to use the wreath of Spanish gray moss and flowers, but not the flags, "as the use of individual Confederate flags for that purpose is not deemed advisable." There are seventy-two Confederates buried in that cemetery, each grave marked by a headstone of white marble. For many years it has been the sacred duty of the L. C. M. A. of Pensacola to see that those graves are decorated.

HISTORIAN GENERAL'S PAGE.

BY MISS MILDRED RUTHERFORD, ATHENS, GA.

It is suggested that the veterans be invited to the Chapter meeting and give their memories of Christmas in the Old South.

U. D. C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1915.

WRONGS OF HISTORY RIGHTED.

1. Describe a sugar cane grinding on the old plantation.
2. Describe a corn-shucking on the plantation.
3. Describe a log-rolling and a possum hunt.
4. Describe hog-killing time and roasting of pigtails.
5. Describe Christmas times and what "Christmas gif'" meant.
6. Contrast the Christmas now and the Christmas of long ago.

MUSICAL AND LITERARY SUGGESTIONS FOR PROGRAM.

1. Reading, "Mars Chan and Meh Lady," Thomas Nelson Page ("In Ole Virginia").
2. Recitation, "Christmas in the Quarters," Irwin Russell.
3. Recitation, "Major Jones's Christmas Present," Thompson.
4. "The Song of the Chattahoochee."
5. Recitation, "A Health," Pinckney.
6. Reading, "The Negroes," Z. Vance.
7. Reading, "Master and Slave."
8. Recitation, "Benny's Christmas," Ketchum.
9. Reading, "How Ruby Played," Bagby.
10. "The Tar Baby," Uncle Remus.
11. "Christmas in War Times."

C. OF C. PROGRAM FOR DECEMBER, 1915.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SOUTH.

Responsive reading: Luke ii. 8-20.

1. "Christmas on the Old Plantation."
2. "Christmas in the Quarters," Irwin Russell.
3. "Benny's Christmas," Ketchum.
4. "The Last Christmas of the War," Mrs. Felton.
5. "Christmas in War Times."
6. "Christmas Day of 1864 in Confederate Trenches."
7. "Dreaming in the Trenches," McCabe.

THE LAST CHRISTMAS OF THE WAR.

The summer and autumn of 1864 had been both eventful and disastrous periods in Confederate history. General Sherman in Atlanta played havoc with the property of its citizens; but he made a wide sweep of destruction and devastation on his march through Georgia to Savannah, for wherever he went he left lone chimneys and the ashes of the houses of our people.

When we skedaddled from Bartow County in May, 1864, after Gen. Joe Johnston failed to make a stand at Cassville, we exchanged our corn for a promise to pay in kind on our demand signed by the Confederate commissary authorities. We could get, therefore, some corn by going twenty miles and blessed our good fortunes that it could be had in that way. With the dressed hog, or what was left of it, in the smokehouse and some corn meal to make into hoecakes, we looked the Christmas holidays squarely in the face. There was, besides, nothing in the house to eat but a little sugar at eight dollars a pound to sweeten what coffee we had and a little South Georgia cane sirup as thin as water to boil into candy to commemorate the occasion and make show of holiday festivities. And we were in better condition even then than hundreds, because we had shelter, with fuel to burn, were out of a sick bed, and alive to enjoy these comforts.

With mean liquor all about, no protection from lawlessness, and an immense negro population around our refuge house near Macon, taken together with the passing of Sherman's army, with incendiary counsels and sectional hatred rampant all through its ranks, the wonder will always be that we came through such dangers with life and reason left in mind or body. And yet we slept peacefully, talked hopefully, worked faithfully, and were not more unhappy than we could bear at any time. Nevertheless, there was deep, torturing anxiety for those in the field and as to what the future yet had in store for us. We enjoyed the bacon gravy and hot corn pone with hearty, healthy appetites and congratulated ourselves that we were so well provided for. We read mostly by the light of fat pine knots; but they were plentiful, and the blaze made the shadows fly from the ceiling and corners of the room. When any of my readers begin to feel dissatisfied with present opportunities, remember this eventful Christmas of the last year of the war—*Mrs. W. H. Felton, in Atlanta Journal.*

EXTRACT FROM "CHRISTMAS IN WAR TIMES."

We hung up our stockings, as usual. Old mammy said Santa Claus couldn't get through the Yankee lines; but someway we thought he could with his wonderful reindeer, so we went to sleep with great faith in our hearts. How marvelous is the faith of childhood!

When we opened our eyes, we saw the stockings full, as usual. Instead of a China or alabaster doll, there were the loveliest rag doll and a black mammy doll dressed in homespun with a little rag baby in her arms. Instead of square kisses of candy with verses wrapped up in them, we had plaited molasses candy made out of sorghum sirup and wonderful ginger-cake men and women cut with a cake "jigger"; instead of "nigger toes" and English walnuts, we had a little bag of parched ground peas and a bag of boiled chestnuts; instead of store-bought paper dolls we had lovely hand-painted ones with homemade dresses; but we were happy all the same. I remember that when the hammer could not be found Christmas Eve I nailed the stockings to the mantel with a biscuit taken from my father's knapsack, for I had heard him say that the biscuits they ate in camp were hard enough to drive a nail with. It seemed in those days that nothing could daunt us.

CHRISTMAS DAY OF 1864 IN CONFEDERATE TRENCHES.

As Christmas is at hand, it will perhaps be interesting to know something about the Christmas of the soldiers in 1864. My command, the 56th Georgia Regiment, Cumming's Brigade, was attached to the Western army. During the campaign from Dalton Gen. J. E. Johnston was relieved from command at Atlanta and General Hood placed in command. After the fall of Atlanta, we fought the battle of Jonesboro, then commenced the march to Nashville, Tenn.

We occupied the trenches and fought on December 14, 1864, the first battle and on the 16th the third battle, having been driven from our position. Just before the first day of the fight we were standing around a large pile of logs, with which we had made a fire. The rain was steadily falling and froze as it fell; and while we were facing the fire, icicles of about two or three inches were hanging to our coattails, as the weather was cold and disagreeable. We were again driven from our

fortifications on the 16th and about one-half of our command captured. We then thought it best to come back to Georgia and commenced our retreat.

When we had arrived at the river, there being no bridges, we built a pontoon bridge. On Christmas Day we came to Shoal Creek just before we reached the river and were ordered to wade the creek. The creek was as clear as crystal, and the large bowlders of rock looked as if they were almost at the surface; but when we stepped for one we found it four or five feet deep, and the next one we struck with our knees, so we were soon thoroughly wet from head to feet. We had marched about fifty yards from the creek and could hear the ice break in our stiffly frozen clothes. After we had neared the river, we stopped and began to build fires. We were told not to do so, as we were to move in a few minutes. The river was high and swift; but as we were to be put across to protect the pontoon bridge, we went in pontoon boats and rowed across.

We landed in a low place where the water was over the tops of our shoes. We commenced again to build fires and were ordered not to do so, as we would be there only for a short time. About night, however, the order came for us to stay there for the night.

We picked up rails, wood, and bark and built bunks as best we could, so as to keep us out of the water, and went to our peaceful couches and slept sweetly, thus spending our Christmas, cold and hungry and without any bedding, having left most of our baggage at Nashville. Though we had marched during the day and slept that night with our clothes, such as we had, frozen stiff and no fire, we passed quite a comfortable night.—*A. A. Manning, Company F, 56th Georgia.*

U. D. C. LIBRARY.

The Transylvania Chapter, U. D. C., at Brevard, N. C., has accomplished a notable work in the establishment of its library. This Chapter was organized in 1911, and in 1912 its library was started; by 1914 the building was paid for. The library owns one thousand books, and last year two thousand were circulated. It now has a paid librarian. The meetings of the Chapter are held in the library, and each member feels a special interest in its growth.



LIBRARY BUILDING AT BREVARD, N. C.

SHORT SKETCHES OF WAR IN VIRGINIA.

BY MRS. S. M. SHOCKEY, WOODSTOCK, VA.

It was in those days when the Valley of Virginia was, we may say, a veritable tramping ground for both Federal and Confederate forces. How well I remember the first battle fought near our home, the charge of the cavalry, the roar of the shells that passed immediately over the house! My mother and children were in the cellar, and I, a girl ten years of age, crawled along the cellar wall to where I could see outside. Just then a bit of flying material from outside struck me on the cheek. Mother helped me down and drew it out. Years after, when a young lady, I was sometimes complimented on a very "mischievous dimple" that appeared on my cheek whenever I smiled. I always kept its origin strictly a secret.

But it is of war that I would speak. Our forces were to the south of us, and the Yankees were advancing from the north, all expecting a regular engagement to occur right there and then. Much fence was torn down and made into breastworks, behind which our infantry laid in wait. Shells passing over or bursting on the way killed and wounded men and horses. A large iron-gray horse fell and died against a post of the front porch. His wounded master, who was an officer, was sent to the rear and conveyed to a hospital in Staunton.

Our cavalry finally succeeded in driving back the Federal forces, but they left in their train many dead and wounded of both armies. My grandfather's house and barn, a mile to the north of us, was filled with wounded of both sides, and all were kindly cared for. The old gentleman remained a Union man throughout the war; so there was no discriminating between those who were prisoners and those who were not, and the result was that the majority of them had sufficiently recovered to be removed when military orders were issued for departure.

Sometime afterwards another raid was made by the enemy, and they made their headquarters at that grand old home. Being a fine location, they threw shells into a gap in the Blue Ridge Mountain, trying to find Gen. T. J. Jackson and our boys, but he wasn't waiting for them there. Finally they did meet each other some five miles beyond our home at a little village known as Piedmont, and a hard-fought battle ensued. Our artillery was stationed at the edge of a large body of woods. A heavy charge of shot and shell was poured upon them, but they stood bravely until, pressed by overwhelming numbers, they were forced to retreat. For years after many war relics were found in the woods, and unto this day some of the older and larger trees bear testimony to the fact that "peace and quiet" did not always "reign supreme" there.

THE JEFFERSON DAVIS HIGHWAY.—One of the most important matters brought up for discussion at the convention in San Francisco was the Jefferson Davis Highway, which is planned to be built through many Southern States to Los Angeles as the western terminus. No greater monument to the President of the Southern Confederacy could be built, nor one that would be of more benefit to the South generally. This undertaking has also been brought before the Sons of Veterans recently, and with the united strength of all the Confederate organizations it should not fail to be carried through successfully.

INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MO.

BY W. H. MANSUR, CHILLICOTHE, MO.

Some things occurred in the battle of Lexington, Mo., that were the subject of considerable controversy; and as in those days they were likely to become acrimonious, I have waited until the present time to make a statement in reference to the killing of Jim Walker, Fayette Quarles, and —— Coldwell, whose name I cannot call to memory. They surrendered with me in the Anderson House, at that time occupied as a hospital for General Mulligan's troops and which was situated outside of the lines of General Mulligan's position to the north and between it and the Missouri River. When our troops were investing the place and marching along the river front, we were fired on from this hospital; and Colonel Reeves, who was colonel of the regiment, ordered Lieutenant Bransford, acting captain of Colonel Reeves's company, organized at Richmond, Mo., to take his men and capture the house.

In the passage at arms at the house there were dead men on both sides. The Anderson House was so situated that we could enfilade the enemy's ditches, and in that sense it was rather a thorn in the side of those in command of the fortifications. A company of Federal troops, known as the Montgomery Guards, charged and recaptured the house, which resulted in six men being cut off on the upper floor. One of them, Captain Barger, who had organized the second company at Richmond and who had recently become a citizen of the State of Kentucky, made himself known to a Federal soldier as a Mason, and he had Captain Barger to get in bed with him; and he was thus protected and lived through the battle. Henry Queener, Colonel Reeves's cook, hid himself somewhere about the house and thus escaped danger; but the other three soldiers and I surrendered to the Federals.

By a fortunate circumstance I was in the rear as we were marched downstairs. As we approached the bottom a file of men was ready, and Walker was killed at the foot of the stairs; Quarles was killed at the second volley. The soldier at my right had a pistol at Coldwell's head; and although I had made appeals to the firing squad not to kill them, that they were prisoners of war, I found my efforts futile. I turned and ran back to the upper floor. A Federal soldier came at me with his bayonet fixed. He evidently did not want to kill me. I grabbed the bayonet, but he jerked the gun away and threatened to bayonet me, then marched me down the stairs. When near the bottom and the firing squad was ready, I turned suddenly, struck his bayonet with my left hand, grabbing him at the same time, and plunged over the dead into the lower hall, then ran down the hall and into a side room on the east. One of the soldiers in this room recognized me as a Confederate, put his gun up, and was in the act of firing when a little Irishman by the name of Brown or Bowen ran in and knocked up his bayonet; then, calling in one of his comrades, he said: "We will take you out." The firing squad was still in the hall, but we got by them. As we passed out of the house the captain of the Montgomery Guards was waving his sword, and I felt that my time had come. As we were passing from the ell of the house another soldier ran out. He had to be kept off of me until we were inside the Federal ditches, as he said I was either a captain or a lieutenant and that he had shot at me himself, for we had not surrendered on the first charge, but had fought them from the window in the south and from a doorway that led into the hall, while they occupied the hall below, where we could almost reach one another with our guns. Rather a ticklish business.

I had the honor of commanding Colonel Reeves's company later on in the war and in two noted campaigns, the siege at Vicksburg and the Tennessee Campaign, which included the sanguinary engagement at Franklin, Tenn. At that time the 1st Missouri Brigade had been greatly depleted.

This may not be a correct statement as to statistics, and I suppose the roll may show more men; but it has been said that we had six hundred and fifty muskets in that battle and only one hundred and sixty men for duty the next day. But the killing of these men in the hospital is the crux of the matter, and I want to add this: General Price paroled the Federal troops and allowed the officers their horses and sidearms; and after the surrender, while walking along the street at Lexington, the captain of the Montgomery Guards, with a group of Federal officers on horseback, suddenly reined his horse out of the group, rode to me on the sidewalk, and extended his hand. I do not know his name; think I never heard it. I was a private at that time, and I never saw him except at the Anderson House. This appeared to my mind significant, and after the battle was over my friends and I searched for the little soldier whose name was Brown or Bowen, as I desired to make some acknowledgment of gratitude; but all of our efforts were futile.

For many years I have intended to make a statement, feeling, from a sense of duty, that the facts should be known as to who was the aggressor in this matter. Mrs. McCausland, of Lexington, Mo., wrote an article for the VETERAN in reference to this incident, and she had asked me to write about it.

As an incident in the character of our greatly beloved Gen. Sterling Price, whom his soldiers called "Pap Price," I might state that, having been separated from my shotgun, I thought I would find it with the arms surrendered by General Mulligan, which were stored in the courthouse, and I asked the General for permission to search for it. He told me he would not allow anybody to go in where the guns were, but he said: "I will go with you." I failed to find it there, but afterwards found a Confederate soldier with it.

SENTINEL SONGS.

When falls the cause of right,
  The poet grasps his pen,
And in gleaming letters of living light
  Transmits the truth to men.

Go, songs, he says who sings;
  Go, tell the world this tale;
Bear it afar on your tireless wings:
  The right will yet prevail.

Songs, sound like the thunder's breath!
  Boom o'er the world and say:
Brave men may die; Right has no death!
  Truth never shall pass away!

Go, sing through a nation's sighs!
  Go, sob through a people's tears!
Sweep the horizon of all the skies
  And throb through a thousand years!

—*Father Ryan.*

MANIFEST DESTINY—THE AMERICAN EPIC.

[From the annual report of Judge C. C. Cummings, Historian Texas Division, U. C. V., to convention at Hillsboro, Tex., October, 1915.]

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
—*George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland.*

The above stanza is a flash-light forecast by this Celtic seer to the effect that the English colonies, then a mere strip on the Atlantic Coast, surrounded on all sides by the Latin races —Canada on the north and Spain on the south and west— would develop as the fifth power to arise after the passing in succession of the four kingdoms and should stand forever. Those four kingdoms which the king of Babylon saw in his dream, as interpreted by Daniel, were in the shape of a great image with its head of gold, Babylon; breast and arms of silver, Medo-Persian; its body of brass, Grecian; legs of iron and feet and toes of iron mixed with clay, the Roman or iron kingdom. That after the passing of these there should arise a stone out of a mountain without hands, which should strike the feet of this image, and it should suddenly fall; that the remnants of these four world powers should be ground in pieces by this stone; and that it should stand forever. The Spirit admonishes Daniel: "But go thy way till the end be, and thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of days."

Certain periods all through the story here told are met with exemplifying it, such as Sunday as a day of rest at the end of eras, April as the opening or closing of these, the number thirteen denoting a change with a new series, and the Fourth of July marking the natal day of this fifth power.

On the 26th of April, 1898, Dewey, at the head of the American fleet in the Orient, received orders to attack the Spanish fleet at Manila, which he did on Sunday, May 1, and destroyed it. On the 13th of August following he, with the American land forces, captured the city of Manila, and thus fell the eastern leg of the iron kingdom, Spain being its last representative. On the 3d of July, 1898, the American army and fleet at Santiago de Cuba struck the western foot of this image, and it also as suddenly fell; and on the next day, Sunday, July 4, this fifth power rested from its labors. Rome was founded on the 21st of April; and on the 21st of April, 1836, the last vestige of the Roman power under Mexican rule on this side of the Rio Grande disappeared at San Jacinto, meting out retributive justice to the Alamo defenders, who perished on Sunday, March 6, and Fannin and his three hundred and forty-five Texans, massacred at Goliad on Palm Sunday, March 27.

It was at the port of Santiago de Cuba that the Spaniards first landed African slaves to take the place of the native Cubans, who were wholly destroyed in a single generation by the hard usage of the Spaniards in working them in the gold mines. When Columbus first sailed westward, Spain then held a third of the world in its iron grasp. It was then that the Duke of Alva was harrying the Netherlands with his council of blood, dooming whole cities in these lowlands to destruction, vainly endeavoring to force them to conform. In the last charge up San Juan Hill Theodore Roosevelt, a descendant of these Dutch, led a company of rough riders recruited at San Antonio, many of them descendants of the Alamo martyrs. Roosevelt was supported by a regiment of United States negro cavalry of the race of those first imported there. This was the pivotal charge and resulted in placing this scion of the valiant Dutch as President of the United States and as first administrator of all the outlying isles of Spain lost in this struggle. Theodore is the Greek for "gift of God," and Roosevelt is Dutch for "a rose blooming in the field," after four hundred years.

"Though the mills of the gods grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small."

And the grinding of these remnants of the four world powers is still (1915) going on across the waters and will continue till they shall have a United States of Europe on the plan of the American Declaration of Independence.

The American Epic.

It is called the American epic for the reason that this hint of the Celtic seer as embodied in the stanza is the first to suggest in this union of the colonies their manifest destiny over all. Berkeley spent some time in the New England colonies, a deep student of prophecy, and it was

"The sunset of life gave him mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

All nations of the Old World have had their epics. Thus far America has had none. Hoary age is required so to mellow events as to ripen an epic. Greece had her Homer and Italy her Vergil, who sang of arms and heroes, each of the Trojan War. Dante, in his "Divine Rhapsody," has painted in startling colors the medieval conception of heaven and hell. Tasso has embalmed the fiery Crusaders in a song of Jerusalem delivered. The French are yet enraptured in the heavenly voices of the Pucelle, Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc, voices by which she delivered France from abject misery and crowned her king over exultant subjects. The songs of the Cid preserve the memories of Spain's heroes in her seven hundred years of wars with the infidel Moors. Germany's old-time chivalry in her war lyrics of the "Nibelungenlied" is now nerving her children to stand fast against the allied world. Milton immortalized Puritan England in his "Paradise Lost and Regained." And is it not meet that "Time's noblest offspring is the last" should be sung as the first American epic?

History in Three Grand Eras.

Manifest destiny is so wide in scope that it embraces all, from its regular beginning in Exodus to the last syllable of recorded time, and it is divided into three grand eras, Ancient History, Middle Age, and Modern. Ancient history began with twelfth Exodus and the Passover symbol of the Lamb "slain from the foundation of the world." In this new departure from Egypt Moses changed the calendar of the ages by fixing the beginning of his journey through the wilderness at 14 Abib (April) as "the beginning of months." This renders July the fourth month by the Mosaic calendar and the fourth day as a red-letter day and the natal day of this fifth power.

The Pythagoreans worshiped numbers, which they borrowed from the Egyptians; and Moses uses these mysterious symbols in his Pentateuch, and he was a graduate in all the learning of the Egyptians. On the 14th of April was celebrated the first Passover, when the symbol was eaten whole, without breaking a bone; and it was on the 14th of April, and Passover week, that the type of this symbol suffered without a bone being broken, and the inner garment was found without seam as a token of the ultimate unity of mankind in the faith of Christian spirit. The march of the twelve was around the tabernacle in the wilderness, three tribes on each

side, making a perfect square; and when they reached the promised land they took Levi for the priesthood and adopted Joseph's two sons, Ephraim and Manasseh, to fill out the complement of the twelve, which was the end of an era. With thirteen began the change in the philosophy of the plan of salvation by a new series. With every change come new events to disturb the old, and till custom adapts itself to the change there is trouble; hence the dread of thirteen.

There were thirteen at the last supper, which changed paganism to Christianity. Ancient history reached its acme with Roman rule, and Rome reached its summit in the crucifixion. Rome was five hundred years in death agony over this sublimest tragedy of the ages. Rome was overwhelmed and its civilization destroyed by the influx of the northern tribes of Europe, A.D. 500, dying of the dry-rot of paganism. And now from this same region, the Rhine and the Vistula, Northern Europe is again destroying pseudo-Christianity to let in a new heaven and a new earth which John saw on the lone isle when "he was in the spirit on the Lord's day." After this came the second era, medieval history, which lasted a thousand years, till the end of the fifteenth century, when Columbus sailed. For a thousand years of medieval darkness paganism struggled with Christian light till, with Julian, the apostate, it cried: "O Nazarene, thou hast conquered!"

Modern history began with the 19th of April, 1492, when Columbus signed the contract with the Spanish sovereigns and sailed the following August. On the 19th of April, 1775, the American Revolution opened at Lexington and Concord. Columbus Latinized his name from Colon to Christopher Columbus, "Christ bearing the dove of peace." For fourteen years, till his death, in 1500, Columbus lingered about the Isthmus, seeking a passage to India, and died without knowing that it was not India and the Indians he had found. Columbus had been dead seven years before land was touched on the North American Continent. Ponce de Leon, of the province of Leon, in Spain, was in failing health from conquering the fierce Caribs of Porto Rico, of which he was made governor; and the natives told him of the land of Bimini, in the Far West, where there was a fountain of health. This the citizens of Hot Springs, Ark., now say meant their place.

On Sunday, April 8, 1513, Passover week, Ponce de Leon passed over to the land that was to stand for the redemption of the world on the American plan of universal freedom. There were flowers everywhere, and, the Lenten feast being due, his priests named it Pascua de Florida, feast of flowers. A beautiful name in a beautiful land! What a pity Ponce should have lost his health and his life from the poisoned arrows of the gallant Seminole Indians! For one hundred and forty-three years all now embraced in the seven Gulf States—South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas—was called Florida till La Salle landed at Corpus Christi. The Stars and Bars, the first banner of the Southern Confederacy, was adorned with these seven stars.

Gizeh (or Giza), said to be one of the finest and most remarkable pyramids of Egypt, is located by astronomers in the exact center of the stellar universe and is so arranged in its interior that through an aperture one may view the seven stars, "the sweet influences of the Pleiades." It is said that this heavenly galaxy leads the procession of the solar universe. And now that the Panama Canal is open, we are soon to see these seven Gulf States leading the commerce of the world.

The Anglo-Israelite Theory.

This theory holds that the English and their branches are descendants of the Israelites who were carried into captivity by Sargon the Assyrian 721 B.C. and were first mingled with the Medes and Persians, where they were identified with the Scythians. Swarming westward into Northern Europe, they became the progenitors of the Saxons, whom Charlemagne found the hardest to conquer of all the northern tribes and from whom sprang Martin Luther, the regenerator of corrupt Rome. Then followed the Anglo-Saxon, mixed with the Celts of Western Europe. Much importance is attached to Jacob's stone set in the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey. Like the tribe of Joseph, Pennsylvania and Delaware were one until the time of the Revolution. We get the eagle mounted on our coat of arms from Dan's standard, with the eagle perched on it, on the march through the wilderness. A part of the tribe Dan dwelt by the Mediterranean; the prow of his ships was adorned with the cagle, and Rome borrowed Dan's eagles and flew them the world over.

Ninety-five per cent of the soldiers of the Southern Confederacy were of this English combination and have made a name for strict adherence for home rule and constitutional government and old-time religion that will descend through the ages. But a small per cent owned slaves and fought not for slavery, but to maintain the government as our fathers fashioned it. The thirteen tribes appear again in the thirteen States. Many of the battles of the War between the States bore the names of Israel's land, such as Big Bethel, Manassas, Shiloh, and the battles in the Wilderness. On April 13, 1861, the war opened by firing on Fort Sumter. Then the Union flag went down, and the next day, the 14th, the flag of the Confederacy went up and stayed there till April 14, 1865, just four years to a day, when the Union flag was restored; and on that night Lincoln was assassinated, April 14, 1865, Good Friday, Passover week. On Sunday, April 9, 1865, Appomattox came, and the Southern Confederacy rested from its labors of war, in which Lincoln's name was wholly absorbed in the line of Ham. Hamlin was his running mate in 1860. See the combination, Abra-hamlin-coln.

The New Constellation.



BETSY ROSS SHOWING THE FLAG TO WASHINGTON.

The above picture of our first American flag is reproduced from the October (1914) number of the Veteran. Washing-

ton designed it, and Betsy Ross made the first pattern at Philadelphia while the Continental Congress was in session, and its first battle was at Brandywine. It was adopted by this body June 14, 1777, using the following language: "The flag of the thirteen States of this Union shall be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with thirteen stars on a blue field, representing a new constellation." Thirteen brings a change by this new constellation. The stars were in a circle. The act did not mention their arrangement; hence the change to parallel lines in 1818, when the stars grew to twenty after waving through the War of the Revolution and of 1812. The treaty of peace with Britain was in 1783. In 1785 Washington began negotiating with Maryland as to navigating Chesapeake Bay, and then in 1786 followed the assembly of five of the States at Annapolis, Md., for commercial treaties, as great Britain recognized the sovereign independence of each State named separately in this treaty; and it was necessary that they should get together and arrange among themselves navigation and commercial laws. So from this Annapolis convention grew the constitutional convention of 1787 "to form a more perfect union," which held four months, from May till September, and their labors were ratified by the States next year. During the debates of 1787 the form of the stars in a circle was more than once alluded to as exemplifying the "new constellation" in the fact that this new constellation resembled the solar system, that of the stars in a circle, with no mark of a central controlling figure, and were revolving in space, being regulated as to each other by the two forces, centripetal and centrifugal, and by their mutuality of action produced an equilibrium by balancing the influence of one over the other.

When the fathers had ceased their labors, they found that from regulating commerce and navigation they had advanced a complete change of their commission in this "more perfect union." So they all agreed that the secrecy which accompanied their debates should continue till the last member was dead, and this allowed each State to construe the instrument as thought best for individual interests. In ratifying this, three States—New York, Rhode Island, and Virginia—reserved the right to withdraw from the compact whenever their interests demanded it. These debates were not published till some time in 1843, when all were dead. In 1798 the first interpretation was promulgated by the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions as drawn by Jefferson and Madison, respectively. These had their birth in the centralizing actions of the administration of the elder Adams, who succeeded Washington, and were drawn to define the independent powers of the States to the effect that, as the Constitution nominated no common judge, it left the States the power, as they first had, to judge when the general government transcended its power. This action was followed by all the States at one time or another, even down to the action of Lincoln on the Dred Scot decision by the Supreme Court in 1857 as to the right of the several States to occupy the territories with slaves as any other property. In 1858, in Lincoln's debate with Douglas, he refused to be bound by this decision any farther than that particular case, the correlative of which was that the States were superior to the Supreme Court, and this action of State's rights by Lincoln brought on the revolution of the sixties in the effort of the Southern States to preserve the Union and the laws.

On the 1st of February, 1861, when Texas passed her ordinance of secession, she enumerated thirteen Northern States that had defied the Constitution and laws of Congress in refusing to return slave property escaping over the line, pronouncing it a violation of the compact of government, as on the 7th of March, 1851, from his place in the Senate Daniel Webster declared the Union a compact, and the violation of it by one or more States absolved the rest. He was speaking of this nullifying action of the Northern States. After four years of bloody strife the "more perfect union" was effected by laws abolishing the right of a State to nullify the laws of the Union, and the crucifixion of the South on the Southern Cross to sustain the Union stands for all time that our suffering was for the salvation of the Union.

Story of a Star.

"I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Scepter shall rise out of Israel. * * * Out of Jacob shall come he that shall have dominion." (Num. xxiv. 17-19.)

On the 14th of April, when the Israelites reached Jericho and were celebrating the Passover preparatory to crossing the Jordan, the Assyrian General Balak employed the pagan prophet to curse Israel, as about to poach on his preserves; but after seven vain efforts to curse, Balaam could only bless, as shown by this prophecy, which is yet marching on to fulfillment. We have seen that this star landed with Ponce de Leon on Sunday, April 8, 1513, Passover week, and that he named the land Florida, in which were embraced the seven Gulf States—South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas—which are to have dominion over the commerce of the world.

On the 8th of January, 1836, the Georgia battalion landed on the Texas coast, seeking to reënforce Fannin at Goliad, and they bore a banner with a white star on a blue field made and presented by a Georgia maiden, Miss Joanna Troutman, before leaving home. This star sank with Fannin and his men on Palm Sunday, March 27, 1836, but it rose again with Houston and his men at San Jacinto. On the 13th of January, 1839, the Congress of the Texas Republic adopted this star on a blue field with two stripes, white and red, as the flag which yet waves for Texas. On the 9th of January, 1861, the day Mississippi seceded, a bevy of Southern ladies bore a banner with a white star on a blue field down the convention hall at Jackson, Miss., and the convention rose and greeted it with wild enthusiasm. From this demonstration Harry McCarthy was inspired to write "The Bonnie Blue Flag That Bears a Single Star," and he and his wife continued to sing it in camp and hall in the South till it grew to seven on the Stars and Bars, the first flag of the Southern Confederacy. On Sunday, July 21, at Manassas, the Stars and Bars was so confused with the Union flag that the St. Andrew's Cross, with the thirteen stars of the Southern Confederacy, was adopted as the Southern battle flag, which sank on Sunday, April 9, 1865, at Appomattox, crucified and buried, but rose again with healing in its wings as an emblem of a "more perfect union."

The Symbol of the Type.

T—The Roman Cross on the ground floor of the Alamo Church, where Texans died Sunday, March 6, that Texas might live.

E—Emmanuel, God with us always unto the end.

X—St. Andrew's Cross Confederate soldiers wear over their hearts.

A—Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end.

S—Sign of the Spirit—it in us and we in it.

THE BATTLES OF FREDERICKSBURG.

BY J. C. LLOYD.

I have read with interest the article in the September number of the VETERAN by Judge Cummings on the battles around Fredericksburg, as well as a previous article from him on the same subject. I am glad that Comrade Cummings was promoted to a civic title in private life instead of the usual "colonel" or "general," but am sorry to note that he is seemingly mixed up in his military data. I was front-rank private in the 13th Mississippi Regiment, Barksdale's Brigade, and, of course, was properly "on the job" at both of those battles. Barksdale, you know, was head and front in both. On picket duty on the river both times at that noted bombardment, we were in and around the city all the time.

The 17th Mississippi was in rifle pits on the river, picking off the bridge builders every time they appeared. Judge Cummings locates this regiment below the city, but he must be mistaken, as the 13th Regiment was just two blocks behind them, protecting ourselves in cellars, behind houses, sidewalks, and every way we could. We were camped three miles in the rear and were aroused about 3 A.M. on the morning of the 11th and rushed into the city to their support. We had just enough light on arrival to be seen by our friends over the river. I saw a cannon ball knock off both legs of one of our men while crossing a street. To further sustain me, when the enemy had crossed in boats, Colonel Fiser came through the block and met our colonel, to whom he remarked that he had done all he could. Colonel Carter complimented him heartily and said: "Fall back, colonel, and reform. We will take your place." This was one of the most gallant regiments and brave, stubborn defenses of the war, and we want the 17th Mississippi to have her glory.

The 13th Regiment fought on the streets until dark, and about 9 P.M. it was taken out three miles in the rear. We were in reserve and free lances during the main battle and thus had the opportunity to witness a battle, the first and only one we ever saw without being in it.

Another mistake is made by Judge Cummings in dates as to his having seen General Jackson. If he was in or near Fredericksburg on May 2, as he states, he could not possibly have seen General Jackson, who was in front of Hooker in the Wilderness on the 13th of April, and on the 1st of May he advanced to develop the position of the enemy. At night Jackson met General Lee and discouraged any attack in their front, the enemy's position being too strong. After full information through General Stuart, a left and rear attack was decided upon, and a great victory resulted.

Now as to the second battle at Fredericksburg, occurring along with the battle of Chancellorsville, it has never had the notice to which it was entitled, the greater battle and victory overshadowing it. It is only made an incident to the great battle, when it was the vital part to General Lee, planned by him as a counter to the plans of General Hooker after these latter had been developed. I have always thought Hooker planned well. This force in our front crossed the river first and ran us out of the city to our trenches at the hills, a feint to amuse General Lee until Hooker could cross above and get solidly in position in that wilderness around Chancellorsville. He effected the latter part of his plan—*i. e.*, fixed himself to fight in General Lee's direction—but his feint did not amuse Lee long enough. Besides, when Lee and Jackson got ready to fight, they would not fight where Hooker prepared for them. Lee took his main army to meet Hooker's main army and left Barksdale and Gordon to amuse Hooker's feint.

General Lee knew his men. He selected two of his best brigadiers to keep this force quiet, knowing that they would hold their positions as long as possible. And they held them to the last minute, even to the danger of capture. Had the force in our front made a determined advance all along, Barksdale's Brigade would have been thoroughly routed, if not worse. Had our lines been broken even as late as the morning of the 2d of May, General Lee could not have allowed the flank attack by Jackson in the evening. That force of eighteen thousand would have been on his flank by noon or soon after. As it happened, we held them off until about noon on the 3d. Jackson, Stuart, and Lee had just put Hooker out of business and were able to turn two divisions to meet this force and, with Gordon's Brigade, drive them back to the river, which they crossed as quickly as possible.

The first we knew of the victory above was through our brigade chaplain. The moment he saw our defeat he mounted his horse and rushed to General Lee, fifteen miles away. About sundown he returned, waving his hat, and gave us the news, adding that he had killed his horse. Many of the old veterans of Barksdale's Brigade will remember Brother Owen, an enthusiastic Christian, "on his job" at all times and under all circumstances.

Judge Cummings's reference to the part taken in this battle by Gordon calls to mind an incident that occurred next morning. A splendid officer rode up in our front and told General Barksdale that orders were for us to retake the positions lost the day before; that he (Gordon) was to take the front and Barksdale support him, to which Barksdale objected, claiming the front, as he had lost the positions the day before. They had quite a scrap over it, Gordon reminding Barksdale that he (Gordon) was ranking officer, and he would have to obey. I think it was finally compromised, as we advanced and saw nothing of Gordon. There was no resistance. We occupied our old positions and entered the city and our old quarters. In abandoning them we had left half a barrel of shad with a neighbor, and in a short while after our reoccupation a large dish of fried fish and bread was sent in to us, and we had a feast after a two days' fast.

Years ago I wrote an account of both of these battles in some reminiscences of the "Lucky 13th Mississippi Regiment" which may be of interest in this connection:

THIRTEENTH MISSISSIPPI AT SECOND FREDERICKSBURG.

About the last day of April Jackie hallooed, "Johnnie, look out!" and we knew trouble was coming. The head of General Burnside went to the block, and General Hooker ("Fighting Joe") was placed in command. His reputation to preserve, he at once began operations by throwing a corps of eighteen thousand men under General Sedgewick across the river below the city in front of General Jackson, and our brigade retired from the city and took a position at the foot of the hills. This move of Hooker's was soon found to be a feint, his main army crossing the river near or opposite Chancellorsville, where General Jackson moved his corps to that point and in his front. General Lee soon followed with the balance of his army, leaving Barksdale's Brigade in position, with part of a division as new support. The 21st Regiment was placed above the stone fence, the 18th behind it, and the 13th and 17th below, all in hastily constructed rifle pits, and our men, four to six feet apart, making a thin line possibly a mile in length.

This was the position of the opposing armies about the 30th of April: Barksdale's Brigade to hold the hills at Fredericksburg and resist any advance by Sedgewick's Corps; while General Lee, with the rest of the army, was in front of Hooker's main army, near Chancellorsville, about fifteen miles away.

Our responsible and hazardous position is readily seen—a force say of 3,000 or 4,000 to resist 18,000. The real fact was that we were placed there and expected to catch a thrashing, but also expected to keep from it to the last minute, and Barksdale was relied on to do this. Against orders he had held the city at the first battle, and now with orders he might do even more.

On the 1st of May Sedgewick began his advance and attack on us, using principally artillery, and early on the 2d of May he began regular assaults, directed more particularly against the 18th behind the stone fence, but with artillery along our whole line, and continued all day, but failed to dislodge the 18th and with our other regiments still in the same positions at dark. By reliefs we slept a little in our rifle pits.

In the meantime Jackson had made his famous right and rear attack on Hooker. We could hear plainly the cannon and knew by intuition what it meant. He was always expected to do something like this. History gives a full account of it. We came back.

Early on the morning of the 3d, as the fog lifted, the whole force in our front was seen in line of battle and marching to the assault, seemingly along our whole lines. A grander panorama I never beheld, and a more nervous, anxious five or six hours I never spent. To look at that large body of men, with colors flying, guns glistening, cannons booming, to hear the "Forward, march!" then look at our thin lines and feel that we had to receive and resist that mass, was enough to pale the faces of the bravest of soldiers.

We were to await orders for firing, and they were not to be given until the enemy were in close range, so that every shot would tell, as on the 1st and 2d their main assaults were directed against the 18th at the stone fence, while our immediate part of the lines were kept in suspense. With thin lines marching forth and back, but never coming near enough to draw our fire, with repeated assaults until near noon, they had failed to take the stone fence. It is said that a subterfuge flag of truce was then used and our weakness there discovered, when they formed column and marched up the main road to the left of the 18th and advanced on top of the hill in the rear, and thus forced a retreat by the 18th in disorder and a "get out the best you can," about half of the regiment being killed and captured.

In that defense by the 18th was some of the most desperate fighting of the war, men being actually killed and wounded by bayonets and the butts of guns. From our position we could see it all and reasonably concluded that the 18th was about annihilated. When this occurred, the force directly in our front obliqued to their right to advance by that opening,



TYPICAL CAMP SCENE IN CONFEDERATE LINES.

leaving us without our firing a gun. We knew, of course, that our retreat was in order or at least a change of positions.

General Barksdale was near the 18th and came near being captured, and we were without orders. Our colonel (Carter), seeing a section of artillery to our left on a hill between our position and that of the 18th and still playing on the enemy, resolved to support it, which would also lend aid to the 18th in their retreat. He put the right half of the regiment, under Lieutenant Colonel McElroy, to form on the wire road, say two hundred yards in the rear, and then took the left half of the regiment with the colors and double-quicked down one hill and up the other just in the rear of the artillery, to find on arrival the Federals all around it. Without reforming, he rang out the order: "Face the enemy and fire! Charge bayonets!" This quick action dispersed the enemy. The artillery unlimbered and retired behind the other part of the regiment. The enemy quickly rallied and came back at us, and we began a tired retreat, fighting, to the other part of the regiment, when they advanced and opened fire for our relief.

Here was my tightest place in the war, between two fires and too tired to do other than walk, with the Yankees crying: "Halt! Halt!" These quick movements checked any further advance, and the enemy soon left us to begin a double-quick up the old plank road to the right and rear of Lee's position.

This was an anxious time for us. We could see also that that was their objective point, but we did not know of Lee's complete victory over Hooker. We had taken our thrashing and naturally feared that the whole army was going to catch it too.

Gallantly we had kept from it until Hooker's defeat and General Lee was able to throw a good force in front of Sedgewick and check him. Our engagement was on the 3d—*i. e.*, our regiment. Jackson's rear attack was made on the 2d, and Hooker's defeat was concluded before noon of the 3d, only a few hours before we were run over. The last four or five hours of our defense, it may be said, saved Lee and caused the defeat of Hooker.

Early on the morning of the 4th, in conjunction with Gordon's Brigade, we marched back over our battle ground with little opposition and formed behind the same stone fence, when soon our scouts reported no enemy in Fredericksburg. Sedgewick was cooped up above the city, and rain stopped operations for the day. During the night Sedgewick recrossed the river.

The loss of the left half of the 13th was heavy. Our company alone lost, I think, seven men killed and as many or more wounded. Our captain (Woods) was among them. The other half of the regiment suffered very little.

Though only a small thing, we claim to have used some strategy in this little fight, and in the general result with Hooker our brigade should have had more notice in accounts of the battle than has ever been given it.

Dixie Book of Days.—As a deputation from New England was one day leaving the White House a delegate turned around and said: "Mr. President, I should like much to know what you reckon to be the number of Rebels against us." Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Lincoln replied: "Sir, I have the best possible reason for knowing the number to be one million of men; for whenever one of our generals engages a Rebel army, he reports that he has encountered a force twice his strength. I know we have half a million soldiers, so I am bound to believe that the Rebels have twice that number."—*Lieut. Col. G. F. R. Henderson.*

MILITARISM UNDER FEDERAL COMMANDERS.

[The William and Mary College Quarterly, a historical publication of that old institution at Williamsburg, Va., gives some pertinent comments on the subject, "Did Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan Teach Militarism to Germany?" founded on a letter from John Bigelow in the New York Times. The quotations from war orders and other official records are strong proof that the government at Washington had determined to resort to the extremest measures to crush the South, without regard to their effect on the helpless noncombatants, and that it found in these commanders willing instruments to carry out such orders should not place the blame entirely upon the subordinates. A government that would countenance the turning loose of millions of negroes in a section wholly unprotected needs to be careful in its criticism of war measures as practiced overseas. By request, the article is reproduced in this number of the Veteran through the courtesy of the college publication.]

Events fifty years old have ceased to stir the blood of people in the United States, who are interested in the titanic European conflict. They can be referred to without stirring up strife and are valuable only as they teach lessons to us in the present. One lesson is that American condemnation of Germany is subject to some embarrassments in view of the conduct of the Federal armies in the Civil War. This is shown in the annexed letter of John Bigelow, of New York, military historian and author, which was published in the New York Times of June 13, 1915.

In replying to Major Putnam's statement that Sherman's men perpetrated their atrocities for the most part without orders, Mr. Bigelow might have made his point more forcible by saying that, in view of the known wishes and feelings of both Halleck and Sherman, no orders were necessary. But the banishment of all the inhabitants from Atlanta and the burning of the city were certainly done by order, and Mr. C. F. Adams quotes General Sherman as using the following language: "And I resolved to stop the game of guarding their cities and to destroy their cities; to make every man, woman, and child in the South feel * * * that they must die or submit." And that this policy of destruction had the approval of Lincoln is shown not only by his letters of congratulation to Sherman and by those of Halleck, his military adviser, but by some remarks attributed to Lincoln at the time of Sherman's capture of Atlanta: "No human power can subdue this rebellion without the use of the emancipation policy and every other policy calculated to weaken the moral and physical forces of the rebellion." And on December 6, 1864, in response to a serenade, Lincoln proposed "three cheers for Sherman and his army," expressing no regret at Sherman's methods.

Mr. Bigelow confines his criticism to the actions of Sherman, but how about the action of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley under General Grant's orders? In an order dated September 26, 1864, Grant said: "If the war is to last another year, we want the Shenandoah Valley to remain a barren waste." But it would be unjust to hold only Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan responsible for spoliations which really could be justified only on the assumption that the United States could not supply its own armies. Depredation and spoliation, especially in the latter part of the war, were the general policy of Lincoln's government; and, as a matter of fact, Eastern Virginia and other parts of the South were swept cleaner than the Shenandoah Valley of everything useful to man or beast.

LETTER FROM JOHN BIGELOW TO THE NEW YORK TIMES, WRITTEN FROM HIGHLAND FALLS, N. Y., JUNE 8, 1915.

In the Times of June 4 Maj. George Haven Putnam takes Prof. Yandell Henderson to task for seeing in the devastation caused during our Civil War by our armies in the South "a parallel to the actions of the Germans in Belgium, France, and England," and ends by reproving the Professor for permitting himself, "in speaking of the devastation of the Civil War as comparable with the deeds in Belgium, to traduce the reputation of the American volunteer armies." It may be admitted that Sherman's troops were not as severe upon the people of Georgia as the German troops have been on the people of Belgium and on some of the people of France and England. I do not understand Professor Henderson to allege that they were. But were Sherman's men so correct in their deportment that to compare their actions with those of the Germans in the enemy's country is "to traduce the reputation of the American volunteer armies"?

Here is what one of the finest representatives of those volunteer armies has said about the march through Georgia: "The rules and limitations of civilized warfare, so far as noncombatants were concerned, were no longer observed, and Sherman's advancing army was enveloped and followed by a cloud of irresponsible stragglers known as 'bummers,' who were simply for the time being desperadoes bent on pillage and destruction, subject to no discipline, amenable to no law. They were looked upon then by the North, weary of the war, with a half-humorous leniency; but in reality a band of Goths, their existence was a disgrace to the cause they professed to serve. * * * Our own methods during the final stages of the conflict were sufficiently described by General Sheridan when, during the Franco-Prussian War, as the guest of Bismarck, he declared against humanity in warfare, contending that the correct policy was to treat a hostile population with the utmost rigor, leaving them, as he expressed it, 'nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war.'" ("Studies, Military and Diplomatic," by C. F. Adams, page 266.)

A few extracts from the correspondence, reports, etc., of General Sherman and other officers will assist your readers in judging for themselves what injustice, if any, Charles Francis Adams was guilty of in making the foregoing strictures on our methods of war. They are taken, where not otherwise indicated, from the "Official Records" of the Civil War. The Confederate officers are distinguished by a C in parentheses after their names.

Sherman to Grant, March 9, 1864: "Until we can repopulate Georgia, it is useless for us to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people will cripple their military resources. By attempting to hold the roads we will lose a thousand men each month and will gain no result. I can make this march and make Georgia howl." ("Memoirs," II., 152.)

Sherman to Hood (C), September 7, 1864: "I have deemed it to the interest of the United States that the citizens now residing in Atlanta should remove, those who prefer it to go South and the rest North."

Hood (C) to Sherman, September 9, 1864: "The unprecedented measure you propose transcends in studied and ingenious cruelty all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war. In the name of God and humanity I protest." * * *

Sherman to Hood (C), September 10, 1864: "If we must be enemies, let us be men and fight it out as we propose to do and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time." * * *

Hood (C) to Sherman, September 12, 1864: "Your original order was stripped of all pretenses. You announced the edict for the sole reason that it was 'to the interest of the United States.' This alone you offered to us and the civilized world as an all-sufficient reason, disregarding the laws of God and man."

Messrs. Calhoun (C), Rawson (C), and Wells (C), Mayor and Councilmen of Atlanta, to Sherman, September 11, 1864: "Many poor women are in an advanced state of pregnancy; others now have young children and whose husbands, for the greater part, are either in the army, prisoners, or dead. Some say: 'I have such a one sick at my house. Who will wait on them when I am gone?' Others say: 'What are we to do? We have no house to go to and no means to buy, build, or rent any; no parents, relatives, or friends to go to.' * * * As you advanced, the people north of this fell back, and before your arrival here a large portion of the people had retired south, so that the country south of this is already crowded and without houses enough to accommodate the people. * * * You know that the woe, the horrors, and the suffering cannot be described by words; imagination can only conceive of it, and we ask you to take these things into consideration."

Sherman to Messrs, Calhoun (C), Rawson (C), and Wells (C), September 12, 1864: "My military plans make it necessary for the inhabitants to go away, and I can only renew my offer of services to make their exodus in any direction as easy and comfortable as possible. * * * War is cruelty, and you cannot refine it. * * * You might as well appeal against the thunderstorm as against these terrible hardships of war. * * * I want peace and believe it can be reached only through union and war, and I will ever conduct war purely with a view to perfect and early success."

Halleck to Sherman, September 28, 1864: "I would destroy every mill and factory within reach which I did not want for my own use."

Sherman to Beckwith, acting chief quartermaster, October 19, 1864: "I propose to abandon Atlanta and the railroad back to Chattanooga, to sally forth to ruin Georgia." ("Memoirs," II., 159.)

Order from General Howard, November 19, 1864: "More care must be taken in the selection of foragers. Many have been drunk and disorderly."

Adjutant general 17th Army Corps to colonel 1st Alabama Cavalry (Federal), November 20, 1864: "The outrages committed by your command during the march are becoming so common and are of such an aggravated nature that they call for some severe and instant mode of correction. Unless the pillaging of houses and wanton destruction of property by your regiment ceases at once, he (the corps commander) will place every officer in it under arrest and recommend them to the department commander for dishonorable dismissal from the service."

Howard to Sherman, November 23, 1864: "I regret to say that quite a number of private dwellings which the inhabitants have left have been destroyed by fire, but without official sanction; also many instances of the most inexcusable and wanton acts, such as the breaking open of trunks, taking of silver plate, etc. I have taken measures to prevent it, and I believe they will be effectual. The inhabitants are generally terrified and believe us a thousand times worse than we are."

Sherman to Grant, December 18, 1864: "We can punish South Carolina as she deserves and as thousands of people

hoped we would do. I do sincerely believe that the whole United States, North and South, would rejoice to have this army turned loose on South Carolina to devastate that State in the manner that we have done in Georgia, and it would have a direct and immediate bearing on your compaign in Virginia."

Halleck to Sherman, December 18, 1864: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed; and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it might prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession."

Sherman to Halleck, December 24, 1864: "We are fighting not only hostile armies, but a hostile people, and must make old and young, rich and poor feel the hard hand of war as well as their organized armies. * * * I think that before we are done South Carolina will not be quite so tempestuous. I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and I don't think salt will be necessary."

Halleck to Foster, December 31, 1864: "The Secretary of War directs that the families of all Rebel officers in Savannah be placed outside our lines, so that they may enjoy the society and share the fortunes of their husbands and fathers."

Sherman to Grant, January 1, 1865: "I estimate the damage done to the State of Georgia and its military resources at $100,000,000, at least $20,000,000 of which has inured to our advantage, and the remainder is simply waste and destruction. This may seem a hard species of warfare, but it brings the sad realities of war home to those who have been directly or indirectly instrumental in involving us in its attendant calamities. * * * A little loose in foraging, they (the rank and file) 'did some things they ought not to have done'; yet, on the whole, they have supplied the wants of the army with as little violence as could be expected."

Sherman to ———, April 9, 1865: "To-morrow we move. * * * Poor North Carolina will have a hard time, for we sweep the country like a swarm of locusts. Thousands of people may perish, but they now realize that war means something else than vainglory and boasting. If peace ever falls to their lot, they will never again invite war." ("Home Letters.")

From the foregoing documents it appears that the operation called "Sherman's march to the sea" had three distinct objects:

1. Saving Sherman's army from the alternative of famine or retreat by making a change of base from Atlanta to a port on the Atlantic.

2. Destroying the railroads and, by appropriation or destruction, depriving the Confederate armies of the resources of a large portion of the South.

3. Carrying the war home to the people of that section with a view to discouraging them in the support and prosecution of the war.

The last of these objects was with Sherman as important as any of the others. However it may differ from the policy which Major Putnam ascribes to Germany "of impressing and dismaying its antagonists with the 'frightfulness' of its methods," it is in the same class with the latter as an offense against the formally recognized and approved usage of nations in the conduct of war.

Major Putnam seems to make much of the circumstances that the German "frightfulness" was practiced chiefly under orders.

The foregoing record supports his implication that Sherman's was practiced chiefly without orders. They indicate, in fact, that the most stringent orders issued and reiterated were inadequate to prevent or stop it. I imagine that the hapless planter or other proprietor who saw his horses run off, his wagons burned, his crops taken or ruined, felt very much the same whether his troubles came upon him by order or without order. Nor is it clear that an army which waits to act "frightfully" until it is ordered to do so is more to be criticized than one which resorts to such action without orders and persists in it when ordered to desist.

As Major Putnam says, the American government had no such policy as that of waging war against noncombatants "with no possible military result, slaying women and children." No. General Sherman had a military result in view. He hoped by means of the hardships of war, made greater than was otherwise necessary, to bring pressure to bear through the people upon the government of the Confederacy. How else account for his supplying his army by forced contributions? Was not the United States able to pay for its supplies? Was it not easier to buy them than to impress them? Would it not have been better for the discipline, the morale, the general efficiency of his army to have done as our commanders generally do in an enemy's country, to pay for the supplies taken or received from the people? But let this pass. There is respectable authority for making forced contributions for the support of an invading army and even for destroying military supplies which it cannot use, but which may be used by the army of the enemy. But what is not authorized is the destruction of supplies which neither the invading army nor the army of the enemy can turn to account, supplies, in other words, of the civil population as such, the destruction of which cannot, unless it be in the indirect manner already indicated, serve any military purpose.

If Sherman was not wanton in his harshness because he had a military object in it, may not the Germans be similarly justified? According to Major Putnam, their warfare against noncombatants had "no possible military result." While I cannot accept this apparently offhand statement as correct, I am willing to admit it for the sake of argument. So far as I know, it has never been proved—certainly Major Putnam does not prove—that Sherman's harassment of Southern people had, or could possibly have, any military result. It is interesting to learn that Major Putnam "never knew of an officer being called upon to protect a woman against mistreatment by our soldiers." How many officers are there in the German army who are similarly uninformed? Major Putnam reflects on Professor Henderson's capacity "for historical research" and with delightful ingenuousness refers him for the truth about Germany's acts to a British report. And why wander off to the Palatinate for a parallel to alleged German atrocities, seeing that we have a closer one at hand in the deeds of our American Indians as allies or instruments of Great Britain in our own country? So-called international law has been pretty well made over for the present war. Is history to be rewritten for it also?

Dixie Book of Days.—Many of the disadvantages of the South are traceable to the compromises of the Constitution. They were such as to give the North a steady increase in power of population and ready capital, notwithstanding its natural impediments. Compelled to resort to devices to overcome these, the North was aided by an increase of its representation in Congress, which made it more and more impossible for the South to interrupt its plans for expansion involving the direct aid of the general government.—*Edward Ingle.*

FORGERY OF A SUBLIME SENTIMENT.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch of October 3 publishes a summary of a recent publication of Prof. Charles A. Graves, of the University of Virginia, by which it is shown that the letter on "Duty" so often attributed to General Lee was not written by him, but is a palpable forgery. Careful investigation has brought to light evidence which destroys any foundation for the claim that it was written by General Lee, even though the sentiment expressed is so truly an index to his character. It is indeed a pity to have this result, for, as the editor of the Times-Dispatch says, "many persons will feel that they have lost rather than gained by the conviction that General Lee did not write the celebrated sentence, 'Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language.' But the sense of loss will be the less if they will remember that, if not with his pen, with thousands of actions which spoke more eloquently still, he inscribed the sentence on every page of the history of the war, wrote it in the minds of an observant world, and graved it deep in the hearts of a people who cherish his memory more reverently for his character than even for his genius."

From Pamphlet Written by Prof. C. A. Graves, of the University of Virginia.

For more than fifty years there has been frequent quotation of the sentence, "Duty is the sublimest word in our language," and frequent reference of its origin to a letter supposed to have been written in 1852 by Gen. Robert E. Lee to his son, Gen. G. W. Custis Lee, the former being at the time a colonel of the "old army" and the latter a West Point cadet.

The original publication of this letter occurred in the New York Sun of November 26, 1864, with the headlines, etc.: "Private Letter from General Lee. The original of the following private letter from General Lee to his son was found at Arlington House and is interesting as illustrating a phase in his character." The letter follows as below:

"Arlington House, April 5, 1852.

"*My Dear Son:* I am just in the act of leaving home for New Mexico. My fine old regiment has been ordered to that distant region, and I must hasten to see that they are properly taken care of. I have but little to add in reply to your letters of March 26, 27, and 28. Your letters breathe a true spirit of frankness. They have given myself and your mother great pleasure. You must study to be frank with the world; frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say what you mean to do on every occasion, and take it for granted you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot. You will wrong him and yourself by equivocation of any kind. Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the one who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at such a sacrifice.

"Deal kindly but firmly with your classmates. You will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not. If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain. There is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor. In regard to duty, let me, in concluding this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the Dark Day, a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day, the day of judgment, had come. Some one in the consternation of the hour moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the House could proceed with its duty. There was quietness in that man's soul, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty.

"Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more. You should never wish to do less. Never let me or your mother wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part. Your affectionate father, R. E. Lee.

"To G. W. Custis Lee."

The Sun did not profess to print from the original letter. This has never been produced, nor has its absence been accounted for. The correspondent sent in an alleged "copy," and the paper used that, and no one now connected with the Sun has any information as to the source whence this copy came.

On December 2, 1864, the "Duty Letter" appeared in the Richmond Whig exactly as above, but without credit to the Sun or to any other paper. On December 16 it appeared again in the (semiweekly) Sentinel, of Richmond, Va., with erroneous credit to the Philadelphia Inquirer. The Sentinel in its next issue, December 20, published a repudiation of the whole matter, which, had it been generally known, would have forestalled any sort of credit to the authenticity of the "Duty Letter," and the whole matter might well by this time have been forgotten. But the issue of the Sentinel was unnoted until 1913, when Louis K. Gould, Esq., called the attention of Professor Graves to this most important piece of evidence which, in the phrase of discussion, is known as the "Repudiation Letter." The Sentinel denounces the original publication as a "Yankee forgery" and, withholding the name of the writer of the "repudiation," declares that it comes "from a source entitled to know." This letter is as follows: "I have read the published letter said to have been written by Gen. R. E. Lee. There is nothing about it that can be recognized as genuine by any one familiar with his style. He never dated any of his letters Arlington House. In April, 1852, he never had belonged to any regiment and could not, therefore, have been about to search for it in New Mexico. He was transferred to the cavalry in 1855 and had previously been in the engineer corps. In the spring of 1852 he was engaged in the construction of the fort at Soller's Point Flats, near Baltimore, and was preparing to go to West Point as superintendent of the military academy there. He has never been to New Mexico. This plain statement of facts is made to furnish another example of the mendacity of our enemies and how they publish things that are utterly false. There seems to have been no object in this publication but to amuse the people. So far it is a harmless deception, yet the cause of truth needs this refutation."

Evidence, both internal and external, makes it quite certain that the repudiation letter was either written by General Lee

or with his consent and after consultation with him by some one very near to him. He was at the time of its appearance in the neighborhood of Richmond, as shown by the following, written just two days before the appearance of the "duty letter": "Everything at this time is quiet in the departments of Virginia and North Carolina." And so he had opportunity to examine the papers. Mrs. Lee and her three daughters were living in Richmond; Gen. Custis Lee was stationed there; other Lees were in the vicinity, officers in the Confederate army; and all investigation has failed to show a flaw in the complicated statement of facts contained in the repudiation letter. If it be conceded that it was the work of General Lee, the investigation stops short, and the duty letter is a palpable forgery. It is virtually impossible to avoid the belief that General Lee was cognizant of the appearance of both publications and that—if he did not inspire the repudiation letter—there would have been some pronouncement from him on the subject.

The letter from Gen. Custis Lee to Professor Graves, in reply to a note of inquiry, points strongly in the same direction as the repudiation. This letter is of date October 23, 1910, and is as follows:

"General Lee was a member of the Corps of Engineers, United States army, until the spring or summer of 1855, when he was appointed lieutenant colonel of the 2d Cavalry. The 1st and 2d Regiments of Cavalry were authorized by act of Congress, passed during the winter of 1854-55, and had no previous existence. The first part of the letter inclosed was not, therefore, written by General Lee.

"As to the rest of the letter as a whole, I have no recollection of it, although the sentiments expressed may have been contained in one or more letters received by me before April, 1852. I was then in my twentieth year of age and had a respectable standing at the United States Military Academy. It is probable that the letter in question was compiled from several letters from my father, with such additions and variations as suited the compiler's fancy. The general tenor of the letter is very much in my father's style and is probably taken in part from some of his letters. G. W. C. Lee."

Thus closes the direct testimony. It leaves the candid mind convinced that the "duty letter" as a whole is spurious, because it contains statements which are absolutely false and which General Lee could not have made. Further, the weight of probability is strongly to the effect that General Lee repudiated the authorship in so many words.

The effort to "save" the situation has developed several suppositions by critics who persuade themselves that, with certain emendations, the letter may be taken as genuine. Of these suppositions, that which might be named "the wrong date theory" is the feeblest. Its supporters insist that the date given was some years too early and that the letter was written after General Lee was appointed to the cavalry command. There is no date which can possibly save the situation. Whatever date is chosen, there must be concurrent with it two events: (1) General Lee must have been at home and in the act of leaving for New Mexico, and (2) his fine old regiment must have recently been ordered to New Mexico. The facts are that General Lee was never in New Mexico, and the 2d Cavalry was never there. The adherents of the "wrong date theory" at this point desire leave to amend and write "Texas" for New Mexico, seeing that the department records and numerous other proofs show that Colonel Lee joined his regiment in Texas. This leave to amend may be granted with safety, since the facts are as follows. The records of the adjutant general's office and General Lee's memorandum book, covering the period from the organization of the 2d Regiment until early in 1861, both demonstrate that General Lee left home to join his regiment in Texas once in February, 1856, and again in February, 1860; hence one of these years must be assumed as the year of the letter and Texas as the location of the 2d Regiment. But the officially recorded movements of General Lee during both these years effectively negative the possibility that the date may be fixed in either, and Custis Lee graduated from West Point in 1854. * * *

Some effort to save the "duty" sentence has been made by the suggestion that the "duty letter" is constructed of sentences taken from various letters of General Lee and strung together in an appearance of a harmonious whole. It is quite possible that the letters of General Lee may contain all the words in the "duty" sentence, much as the dictionaries current in his time did so, and it may be possible that some unknown letter of his contained the contested sentence as a whole. But no such letter has been found. Until its discovery, the assumption is too feeble to notice, and on its discovery the pretensions of the "duty letter" will necessarily vanish.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

BY DON SINGLETARY, M.D., CLINTON, KY.

Thursday, November 7, 1861, was a lovely, sunshiny day, its south wind and balmy air laden with the pungent odor of seared leaves of the forest, the mellow pawpaw, and the belated roses of summer left along the banks of the Mississippi River and sylvan plains of Belmont, Mo. That day passed into history, and Belmont became famous as a great battle field, where brother met brother and friend met friend in dreadful carnage.

This place is twenty miles south of Cairo, Ill., and just across the river from Columbus, Ky. For miles back of Belmont the country was heavily wooded with large trees and had fine cornfields not close together. The trees for a third of a mile back had been felled and formed an excellent abatis over which it was difficult to pass.

Gen. U. S. Grant, with his Northern army from Cairo, Ill., had invaded our Southland. It became proper and right that every patriot of every State in the Southland should meet and resist even unto death any army of invaders on our soil. And so we did. There was a large army of Federals at Cairo, and Brigadier General Grant was in command. His gunboats had full sway of the river above Belmont, and with transports he could easily come down near us without discovery at night. Gen. Leonidas Polk was in command of about ten thousand Confederate soldiers in and near Columbus, Ky. He had placed Col. J. C. Tappan, with his 13th Arkansas Regiment and two Mississippi cavalry companies and Beltzhoover's Battery of four cannons, in camp just below Belmont, Mo., as a camp of observation and scouting. General Grant, with about thirty-five hundred or more men, landed on the Missouri side of the river about five miles above Belmont and advanced to capture Colonel Tappan's command. They drove Tappan's scouts back slowly to near his camp, which they reached about 11:30 P.M. in good shape for a battle.

General Grant's army consisted of two brigades, one commanded by Gen. J. A. McClernand and the other by Col. Henry Daugherty; also one battery under Capt. Ezra Tay-

lor and two cavalry companies commanded by Capts. J. K. Catlin and J. J. Dillins. There were also two gunboats with their complement of surgeons, ambulances, etc., for prompt assistance to the wounded.

General Polk was not expecting a battle at Belmont that day. In fact, General Pillow, with his brigade, was just starting to join Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Bowling Green, Ky., as we thought. Our tents were loaded into wagons, and we had moved our column up about one-half mile into Columbus, where we were halted about 9:30 A.M. and held a good while, until we were tired of the waiting. Finally, one steamboat being available, we were rushed across the river to Belmont in good order, and we had barely gotten into battle line when the firing began in earnest. It was well directed and effective, as the casualties showed. Our army (Pillow's Brigade) was composed of the 11th Louisiana, 12th and 22d Tennessee, aided by the 13th Arkansas and two companies of scouts and one battery, about twenty-seven hundred men. We had muzzle-loading guns and had been on picket duty so often that we were all nearly out of ammunition, and in our rush and haste no ammunition was given us or brought over the river. I had only seven cartridges, Polk Dillon had but one, and others were as poorly supplied; therefore in a very short time after the battle came on our soldiers by scores ceased firing for lack of cartridges. Our officer seemed surprised and ordered a double-quick retreat, which we made at once. On reaching the river bank it sheltered us from the Yanks, and the abatis was also a shield. Had General Grant rushed onto us at this time, he might have won a complete victory. But he failed to do so and instead flanked south down the river nearly a mile to Colonel Tappan's tents, which were empty except for a few guards and some of the sick. These he captured and, after pillage, burned the tents.

General Grant's "Personal Memoirs" is mighty fine reading at this point. Please read it. He and his men were overjoyed at their great victory (?) of empty tents and wasted about two hours. (See "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Volume I., page 35.) Grant here says he lost control of his officers and men; that they had been in battle "four hours." Yet the real fight was only about thirty minutes up to this point.

During this interval General Polk came over from Columbus with General Cheatham and his brigade of over two thoumen men and also brought us ammunition in abundance. We were now ready for battle and had perhaps nearly five thousand men in array. We filed north, going up the river bank and in between Grant's army and his fleet. Grant was now several miles southeast of us, and his boats were northwest; while we were in the main road and had Grant and his army at our mercy, as I think. We ought to have captured his army; but our generals went into ambush and awaited Grant's retreat, which was not long in coming, for he had learned something of our movements. Our command was crouched along the main road from fifty to a hundred yards to one side and fairly well concealed. Grant's army soon came in sight in double-quick time, four abreast and regular step as fine as could be expected in good drill. We were ordered not to fire until the enemy was man for man along our whole command. Their first regiment passed, then the second, the third, and so on, until all had passed our regiment. Not a gun had been fired. But then the crash came, and the real battle was on. It was a running fight. The forenoon battle was a small affair, but it was awful. The dead and wounded were many. Scores and scores fell; hundreds were left for our care. We ran them to their boats. Grant having lost all control, one regiment flanked south and made its escape. Their stampede was complete. The result was that we recaptured our battery, lost in the forenoon, captured their battery, two hundred and seventy-five prisoners, one thousand small arms, canteens, knapsacks, etc. About four hundred of their dead were found. They captured one hundred and seventy-five of our men and killed one hundred and five. We buried two hundred and ninety-five of their dead, and they came with a flag of truce and buried many more. We also exchanged prisoners man for man and then had one hundred of theirs left on our hands.

Grant was awfully whipped, and he barely escaped with his life. (See aforementioned history, pages 350 and 351.) Their reports concealed many facts of this battle, and General Grant reported an absolute falsehood, as recorded in Series I., Volume LIII., page 506, of "War of the Rebellion, Official Records." He said that night in a dispatch to his superior: "We met the Rebels near Belmont and drove them, step by step, into their camps and across the river. The Rebels recrossed the river and followed in our rear to a place of embarkation. Losses heavy on both sides."

No part of our army was driven across the river. I have collected over forty names and addresses of persons who witnessed that battle who certify that Grant's dispatch is false. He must have been excited badly from his losses in battle or from "booze" or perhaps both. I shall send the certificate and names to be filed in the Battle Abbey at Richmond, Va. It is to be regretted that General Grant, who showed so much kindness to us soldiers at the close of the war and since, should have sent an untruth down through history.

LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.

BY JOHN C. STILES.

In the VETERAN for October Mr. O. G. Thompson, of Laurens, S. C., opens up the old controversy as to who was responsible for our defeat at Gettysburg, and in endeavoring to whitewash Longstreet he places the entire blame on General Lee, who was, as Mr. Thompson says, noble enough to take the entire burden upon his own shoulders. I don't believe that just because General Lee was noble enough to do this it is right to "let it go at that"; and I think that, as it has been over fifty years since this event, and both principals have passed long ago, it is time that General Lee's burden be partly lifted. While Longstreet's remark to Lee at Appomattox, when the latter was starting to meet Grant—that "if he did not get the best of terms to come back and they would fight to a finish"—must endear him to every Southern heart, still it is only fair to Lee's reputation as a great captain to show that he alone was not responsible for the loss of the battle.

There is an old saying that "where there is much smoke there must be some fire," and I shall quote some extracts from most competent authority as to Longstreet at Gettysburg.

General Longstreet in his book, "From Manassas to Appomattox," says: "That Lee was excited and off his balance was evident on the afternoon of the 1st, and he labored under that opinion until enough blood had been shed to appease him."

This puts, as Walter H. Taylor says, General Lee in a new light as an insatiate, cruel, and bloodthirsty monster.

The Journal of the Royal United Service Institution of October, 1897, says: "In the third place, General Longstreet himself in a letter he wrote some years ago to the Philadelphia

Times cited evidence which shows that he took it upon himself to resist the express wishes of the commander in chief, and not one of these points is touched on in his book. He was aware that Lee was anxious to attack as early as possible; he was aware that an early attack was essential to success; he was aware how the commander in chief desired that his divisions should be placed; and yet, until he received definite orders to advance, he did absolutely nothing. He made no attempt to reconnoiter his line of advance, to bring his troops into position, or to initiate the attack in accord with the express wishes of his superior."

General Hood, in a letter to Longstreet on June 28, 1875, says: "General Lee was seemingly anxious for you to attack that morning. He remarked to me: 'The enemy is here, and if we do not whip him he will whip us.' You thought it better to await the arrival of Pickett's Division and said to me: 'The General is a little nervous this morning. He wishes me to attack. I do not wish to do so without Pickett.'"

General Sorrell, Longstreet's chief of staff, says: "The story has been in part told by Longstreet. We can discover that he did not want to fight on the ground or plan adopted by the general in chief. As Longstreet was not to be made willing, and Lee refused to or could not change his plans, the former failed to conceal some anger. There was an apparent apathy in his movements. They lacked the fire and point of his usual bearing on the battle field."

General Alexander says: "Soon after sunrise, while Longstreet awaited the arrival of Pickett's Division, Lee joined him and proposed an assault upon the enemy's left center by Longstreet's Division. Longstreet demurred, and some time was spent in discussion."

General Oates says: "When Lee did give Longstreet positive orders to advance and how to attack, the latter obeyed reluctantly, as indicated by his stubborn refusal to modify or change, notwithstanding the circumstances then unknown to Lee."

Steele, in "American Campaigns," says: "Longstreet did not approve Lee's plans, and a careful study of the battle from all available sides leads to the suspicion that this had much to do with Lee's failure."

Gen. Dick Taylor says: "A recent article in the public press, signed by General Longstreet, ascribes the failure at Gettysburg to Lee's mistakes, which he (Longstreet) in vain pointed out and remonstrated against. That any subject involving the possession and exercise of intellect should be clear to Longstreet and concealed from Lee is a startling proposition to those having knowledge of the two men. We have the Biblical authority for the story that the angel in the path was visible to the ass, though unseen by his master; but suppose, instead of smiting the honest, stupid animal, Balaam had caressed him and then been kicked by him."

Now, this is General Longstreet's record in the battle of Gettysburg, and yet General Lee is allowed to assume all the blame.

STRENGTH OF THE CONFEDERACY.

The most important work, from a historical standpoint, which should now be undertaken in the Southern States is that of compiling rosters of their Confederate troops. This has been so long delayed in some States that it will require extra effort to secure the lists of State troops, because of the loss of so many important papers and the passing of so many who might have given living testimony. However, "better late than never," and those who are interested in securing a true record of the Confederate armies should at once bestir themselves in securing a State appropriation for this work. This was done by North Carolina some years ago, and in five handsome volumes is presented the history of those regiments of Confederate troops which won glory for the Old North State. In four other volumes is given the roster of these troops. Tennessee has only an incomplete record in the volume prepared by Dr. Lindsley on the military annals of Tennessee (Confederate) and yet lacks a roster of her troops.

Dr. Dunbar Rowland, Director of the Mississippi Department of Archives and History, has lately finished a compilation of the State troops furnished by Mississippi to the Confederacy, which, he says, is taken from authentic records and is accurate in every particular, and the next legislature will be expected to make an appropriation for its publication. In this work the Confederate veterans of the State have aided materially. The following notice recently appeared in the Birmingham (Ala.) Age-Herald:

"Missisippi's Bureau of Archives and History now has a complete roster of that State's soldiers that served in the Confederate army, and Director Dunbar Rowland, who has compiled this valuable work, says that the total number of Mississippi soldiers in that war was about one-fourth greater than had previously been estimated. It is his opinion that the number of soldiers that served the Confederacy will prove to have been nearer 1,000,000 than the usually credited estimate of 600,000.

"The State of Mississippi was credited with 78,000 soldiers on the Confederate side, while Mr. Rowland has found record of the enlistment of more than 100,000; and he is of the opinion that the other Southern States will find similar discrepancies between the estimated and the actual enrollment for service in the Civil War when they complete their respective rosters.

"In 1912 Mr. Rowland completed Mississippi's roster of soldiers and officers in the War of 1812, which, of course, included Alabama, as this State was a part of Mississippi at that time. He has also completed and published a history of all of the State's regiments that participated in the Civil War.

"'Mississippi and Alabama have worked along practically the same lines in developing the historical work of the States,' said the Director. 'Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Director of the Alabama Bureau of Archives and History, undoubtedly was the first to establish systematic and State-supported historical work, and the value of the material he has collected and compiled is incalculable and will increase.'"

Commenting upon the above, the National Tribune says:

"What the National Tribune has been asserting for years is now coming to pass. We have said that when the Southerners began compiling histories of their several States they would dissipate like a mist the absurd claim that the Confederacy had only 600,000 men. This is now happening. * * *

"Dr. Rowland's estimate that the number of men that the Confederacy had in the field will soon be shown to be 1,000,000 is entirely within the truth. It will not be long until a careful record of the contribution of the various States to the rebellion will be found to aggregate more nearly 1,500,000 than 1,000,000. This the National Tribune asserted many years ago, and it has unflinchingly adhered to that belief. This is the figure that is justified by known facts. The census of 1860 showed that the eleven seceding States had 1,060,000 men of military age. Counting in those that the Confederates obtained from the border States, from the youths who arrived at military age in the five years from 1860 to 1865, with the

men under and over age that were forced to do duty, the conclusion cannot be escaped that more than 1,500,000 men lined up for duty in the armies of the late so-called Southern Confederacy."

Whatever may have been the number of men in the Confederate service, there were few battles which show as many engaged on the Confederate side, and at the end there were woefully few to oppose the full ranks of the Federal army—and they hadn't killed more of us than we did of them. Where were the Confederacy's million and more?

GEN. JOHN FLOYD KING.

BY MAJ. WILLIAM A. GORDON, ENGINEER CORPS, A. N. V.

John Floyd King was born at Retreat, his father's home, on the beautiful island of St. Simon, in the State of Georgia, in the year 1841, and died in the city of Washington on the morning of May 8, 1915, after an illness of but two days. His father, Thomas Butler King, a distinguished citizen of Georgia, served in Congress for a number of years, occupied many official positions, and during the war acted as commissioner for the State in Europe, where he initiated important negotiations for the aid and recognition of the Confederacy. He was an active advocate of States' rights, which political doctrine was inherited by his son.

On the secession of his State, John Floyd King immediately left the University of Virginia, where he was a student, and entered service as a lieutenant in the Georgia Regulars. Transferred to the artillery, he served under Generals Heth and Loring in West Virginia, Buckner and Jones in East Tennessee, and Breckinridge in the Valley of Virginia. He was promoted from rank to rank to that of colonel of artillery. About the time of the retreat from Richmond he was appointed brigadier general, the certificate being signed by General Breckinridge, Secretary of War. He was in command of the artillery under General Early in the campaign against Washington and in the Valley, and he was highly commended for its brilliant and skillful management. General Early, in his report of the operations during September and October, said: "The artillery throughout, both first and last, in this, as well as all the actions I had, behaved nobly, both officers and men. I attributed this good conduct on their part to the vast superiority of the officers." In an account of the battle of Monocacy a recent writer said: "In taking stock of the officers who rendered conspicuous service in that battle Gen. J. Floyd King is entitled to high consideration. I witnessed the timely and skillful disposition of his batteries and their effective fire at the crisis of the fighting. The three officers who stood upon the summit of that bloody tide and were controlling factors in wresting victory from General Wallace were Generals McCauseland, Evans, and King." That superb soldier, Gen. John B. Gordon, in recommending General King to the President for the position of brigadier general during the Spanish War, said: "Of his high character as a man, his unblemished reputation in every respect as a public official or as a private citizen, you need no assurance. His record as a soldier in our Civil War is now of greater interest. General King served under my command, and I therefore speak from personal knowledge of his qualification for command. He greatly distinguished himself as commander of artillery and was sought after by different general officers because of his skill, courage, and efficiency. His high reputation placed him at times in chief command of artillery when portions of the army with which he served were separated from the main army. His experience also in other arms of the service added to his efficiency and reputation. He possesses a true martial spirit and is a soldier by nature as well as from experience." As a soldier his courage was supreme, so much so that General Lee characterized him as being one of the bravest men in the army, where all were brave.

After the war he removed to Louisiana, successfully planted cotton, and engaged in many enterprises for the advancement of the material interests of the State. During the days of Reconstruction he was an active leader in the movement which resulted in ridding the State of carpet-bag rule, engaging in many desperate encounters and constantly exposing his life. In this connection it was written: "General King was a most conspicuous figure in the history of Louisiana during the Reconstruction times, when the South needed men of stamina and those who were willing to put their lives as forfeits for the welfare of that section." His services in redeeming the State, and the position of general of its troops, which he received from the Governor in recognition, together with the many enterprises in which he was engaged, gave him an unusually extended acquaintance; and as a result he was elected to the Fifty-Sixth, Fifty-Seventh, Fifty-Eighth, and Fifty-Ninth Congresses. He was on many important committees. As Chairman of the Committee on the Overflow of the Mississippi River he succeeded in having a permanent committee appointed for its improvement and advanced a national quarantine for yellow fever and epidemic diseases, urging upon Congress a law for its enforcement. A relentless opponent of the "Louisiana Lottery," he never ceased his fight against it until that blot upon the honor of the State was wiped out.

After his Congressional services, he was actively engaged in the promotion of large ventures, in many projects having in view the development of the natural wealth of the Southern States, and in advocating public improvement. The establishment of national roadways through the country was urged by him with great ability. Under the present administration he was appointed Assistant Register of the Treasury, which position he held at the time of his death.

General King had a fine and highly cultivated mind and was a close student of political and social history. Ardent in temperament and eloquent in speech, he advocated with force and ability every matter which he felt convinced would be for the benefit and welfare of his country. Many projects of great importance were developed through his activity and zeal, the rewards of which went to others. Pure in mind and clean in speech, no unseemly allusions ever escaped his lips. A deep sense of individual and public responsibility controlled his every action, often to his personal detriment. The duty of preserving the white race pure and unadulterated was ever in mind and urged by him in eloquent and burning speech. A distinguishing characteristic possessed by General King was a lofty and chevalier estimate of women, more like that cherished by the knights of the Round Table than by men of the present day.

To his friends General King was ever loving and true. His love of the South and devotion to the Confederate cause grew stronger and stronger as the years rolled on. Handsome in person, courteous in manner, pleasing in voice, and with a smile it is pleasant to remember, he was a social favorite, loved by many and most of all by those who knew him best.

The last part of his life was clouded by sorrow, his loved sister and brothers having passed away before him; and as age advanced the burden became greater and harder to bear. He bore all this bravely with resignation and without complaining and died, leaving only grateful memories in the minds of those who knew him well and loved him.

THE LAST ROLL

ASLEEP.

BY MARY HUNT AFFLECK.

Only a weary soldier
  Gone to the city of rest,
With coat of gray around him
  And Dagmar's cross on his breast.

Only one of the faithful
  Who followed the Stars and Bars
Over the hills of glory
  Into the valley of wars.

Only an aged pilgrim
  From life's dark western slope,
Deaf to the silver bugle
  Blown by the lips of hope,

Dumb to calls of the future,
  Blind to the scenes of to-day,
Lying so still in the valley,
  Wearing his jacket of gray.

O, peace to the weary soldier
  Asleep upon glory's breast,
With shroud of gray around him
  And honor's cross on his breast!

Joe Johnston Camp, No. 94, U. C. V.

Adjt. H. W. Williams, of Joe Johnston Camp of Mexia, Tex., reports the death of the following comrades who have died between August, 1914, and August, 1915:

John H. Archer was born in Henry County, Ga., in 1830, and died in November, 1914, near Mount Calm, Tex. He was corporal in Company F, 36th Regiment of Mississippi Infantry, Sears's Brigade, French's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee.

William Henry Hayes was born in Ouachita County, Ark., in January, 1846, and died in April, 1915, near Wortham, Tex. He was a private in Company D, 33d Regiment of Arkansas Infantry, Tappan's Brigade, Churchill's Division, Kirby Smith's corps, Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department.

James H. Prince was born in Stuart County, Ga., in November, 1840, and died in July, 1915, at Coolidge, Tex. He was a private in Company C, 10th Regiment of Georgia Infantry, Sims's Brigade, McLaws's Division, Longstreet's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

John Wesley Thomas was born in Darlington District, S. C., in August, 1835, and died at Tehuacana, Tex., in May, 1915. He was corporal in Company H, 43d Regiment of North Carolina Infantry, Daniel's Brigade, Rhodes's Division, Ewell's Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

James N. Boyd.

James Nalle Boyd died at his home, in Richmond, Va., on September 1, 1915. Another honored name is thus added to the death roll of this year, which will mark the loss of so many of the most prominent, useful, and substantial men of the community of Richmond.

Mr. Boyd was born in Richmond on May 28, 1850. He was the son of John W. Boyd and Virginia Nalle and a grandson of the Rev. John H. Boyd, of Scotch ancestry. His early education was obtained in the school of the late Rev. Roger Martin, a famous educator of his day. At the age of fifteen Mr. Boyd enlisted in the Confederate army and surrendered with his command at Appomattox. There was no period of his life of which he was more justly proud than that in which he wore the Confederate gray, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than the recital of the experiences of "us boys," as he termed his old comrades, both during and after the close of the war. On the reorganization of some of the military after the war he joined the famous Company F, of the 1st Virginia Infantry, and was a member of that company and the Company F Association, which survived it, as long as either of these organizations continued in existence. It is needless to say that at all times and on all occasions he bore himself like the brave soldier and loyal and true man that he was. He took an active part in all the perils and events of the times, and especially the "municipal war" which grew out of the mayoralty contest between Ellyson and Cahoon in the Reconstruction times. Some of the recitals of that period were thrilling and most interesting.



JAMES N. BOYD.

The close of the so-called Civil War left Mr. Boyd to share the common lot of poverty which was the heritage of the Confederate soldier; but with his business ability, his indomitable energy, industry, and pluck, it was not long before he got a start in life, and from that time on his career was "onward and upward" and one of which any man might justly be proud. At the age of nineteen he was employed in the tobacco factory of Thomas & Oliver, where he learned the tobacco business thoroughly, and at twenty-five commenced business for himself. His career as a tobacconist and as a business man in the commercial, manufacturing, and financial world are so well known in this community and, indeed, throughout the South that there is no need of recording it here.

He was President of the Tobacco Exchange, President of the Planters' National Bank, President of the Virginia Trust Company, President of the James N. Boyd Company (incorporated), which he founded and chartered for the conduct of his own large business; and besides these he was a director in other banks and corporations, active and useful in the development and prosperity of the city.

But Mr. Boyd did not confine his energies and activities alone to the walks of commercial and financial life by any means. He literally "went about doing good" and was prominent both in the social, Christian, and benevolent life of the city. He was a member of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, a director both in the Police and Fire Department Benevolent Associations, a vestryman in All Saints' Episcopal Church, a member of the Westmoreland, the Commonwealth, the Country, and the Business Men's Clubs, the Chamber of Commerce, and other social, business, and charitable organizations. In a word, he was an active and potent factor in the business, social, and benevolent work of the city, and the vacancy in each and all of these occasioned by his death will be deeply felt and very difficult to fill.

It has been truly said that the "best portion of a good man's life are his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." How many of these Mr. Boyd scattered all along his pathway of life the world will never know.

Another and most striking characteristic of Mr. Boyd, one that should not be omitted from any notice of his life, was his loyalty and devotion to his family and friends. We never knew a more devoted husband and father, and his loyalty to his friends was of that type that never faltered or wavered either in prosperity or adversity. If he was your friend, neither the clamor of the multitude nor the dangers that might environ could shake his faith in you or cause his courage for you to waver.

In 1877 Mr. Boyd married Miss Mildred Coles Edmunds, a daughter of the late Hon. John R. Edmunds, of Redfield, Halifax County, Va., who survives him with the following children: Elizabeth E., James R. N., Richard E., John W., Mary E., Mrs. John G. Hayes, all of Richmond, and Mrs. Asa E. Phillips, of Washington, D. C. He is also survived by four grandchildren.

[Sketch by Judge George L. Christian, Richmond, Va.]

Henry W. Ridder.

Henry W. Ridder, a gallant Confederate soldier, died at his home, near Oakland, Md., on May 17, 1915. He was of good old German stock, a son of John and Sophia Ridder, who settled in the glades of Alleghany (now Garrett) County in the early part of the last century. He was born July 10, 1840, and died in the same locality in which he first saw the light and spent his more than threescore years and ten.

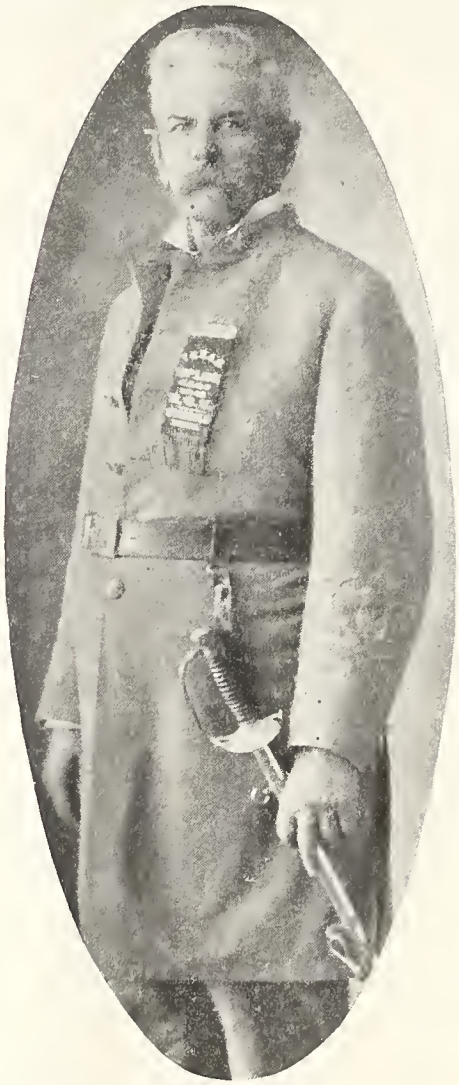
Espousing the cause of the South in his early manhood, he crossed the border into Virginia in 1862, enlisting in the Partisan Rangers of Capt. J. Hanson McNeil, C. S. A., then being organized, and served with that noted command until the close of the war. After giving his parole, he returned to his mountain home and resumed the occupation of farming. On June 6, 1874, he was married to Martha Ann Wilt, who, with four children (two sons and two daughters), survives to mourn her loss.

He was a good soldier and a favorite among all his comrades, having won their high regard by his attention to duty, his sturdy honesty, and sterling worth. Although quiet and unassuming in demeanor, he always had the courage of his convictions, and to them, as to his family, comrades, and friends, he remained during life ever faithful, constant, and true; and it is meet, now that he has passed "over the river" to join his comrades in the great beyond, that this simple but sincere and well-deserved tribute be paid to his memory.

[Sketch by J. B. Fay.]

Maj. A. G. Adams.

Maj. A. G. Adams was born in Pike County, Ga., July 4, 1833, and died at Marshall, Tex., September 3, 1915. In early youth his father, Dr. Jonathan Adams, moved to Texas, and in June, 1861, Comrade Adams enlisted in Company D, 7th Texas Infantry, as a private. He was promoted to lieutenant, and at the surrender was adjutant of Granbery's Brigade. At Fort Donelson he was taken prisoner with his regiment and exchanged at Vicksburg. He took part in the following engagements: Port Hudson, Raymond, Jackson, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold, Dalton, and was in the One Hundred Days' fighting under General Johnston to Atlanta; then Jonesboro, New Hope Church, Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin, and Nashville. At Bentonville, the last of General Johnston's battles, he was discharged and received one dollar and twenty-five cents in silver as his *pro rata* of the funds on hand.



MAJ. A. G. ADAMS.

The following tribute appeared in one of the local papers:

"One of the kindliest, bravest, truest men Marshall has ever known passed calmly to his reward when the watchers closed the eyes of Mr. Arch Adams. He died at the home where he had lived for many years. Nearly every citizen of this county knew A. G. Adams and honored him as few men were honored. An old army comrade said of him: 'I could wish nothing more than to know when I have answered the last call that the people will speak of me as they are speaking of Arch Adams.' It was a great compliment that one old veteran paid to his dead friend.

"The great storms of life, its great sorrows, its disappointments, its joys, its griefs, its successes, all through the more than fourscore years, passed by and over him; but they left him the same sweet, unembittered man, his faith in God and his fellow man steadfast, immovable. His heart was as brave as a lion's, as tender as a child's. No word of bitterness fell from his lips; his was always the word of kindness.

"His record as a Confederate soldier will always be an honor to his family, his country, and to that cause he loved so well and constantly."

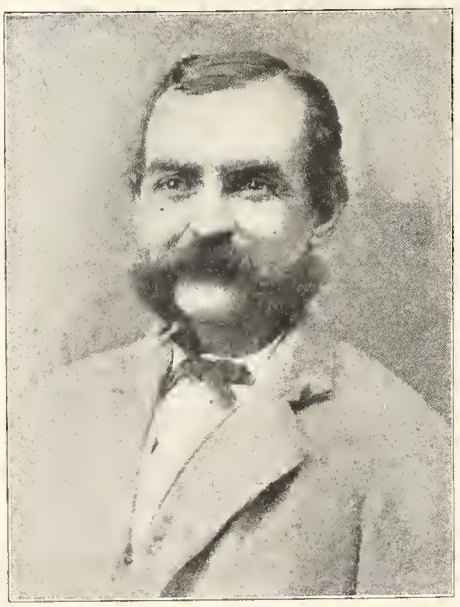
Major Adams was married March 18, 1868, to Miss Johnnie Smith. Besides his devoted wife, he leaves two children, Arch Adams, Jr., of Ada, Okla., and Mrs. R. L. Heard, of Shreveport.

Mrs. Lucy Frances Creel Clark.

Mrs. Lucy Frances Creel Clark, widow of Marcellus Clark, died in California on March 20, 1914. Funeral services were held in Parkersburg, W. Va., where she was laid to rest beside her husband. She is survived by two daughters and two grandchildren. Mrs. Clark was the daughter of Bushrod Creel, one of the pioneer settlers of West Virginia. She was born in Davisville, Wood County, October 16, 1835, and spent her life in Parkersburg, with the exception of the last two years, which she spent with her daughter, Mrs. M. B. Blood, in Los Angeles. A loyal and true Southern woman was Mrs. Clark. Early in the war her husband enlisted in Company A, 36th Virginia infantry, which figured prominently in numerous campaigns. He was made lieutenant and then captain of his company soon after his enlistment. Mrs. Clark accompanied him throughout the war and was always at the front, at times even on the firing line. She was tireless in her efforts to help and saved several fighting relatives from capture. Her courage and resourcefulness in the hard days after the war never failed, and she was always ready with her sympathy and support in any undertaking aiding the cause of the South. She was a devout Christian, and her beautiful life radiated kindness, gentleness, thoughtfulness of others, and was an inspiration to all who knew her.

Edward William Savage.

E. W. Savage died at his home, near Whitewright, Tex., on August 21, 1915. He was a son of Ben and Mary Savage, who were from Chester and Union Districts, S. C., and went to Choctaw County, Miss., just at the time when the Indians were being moved westward. In Choctaw County, at Cadaretta, where his father was postmaster, Edward William Savage was born November 22, 1840.



E. W. SAVAGE.

In May, 1861, he enlisted in the Choctaw Grays, a volunteer company, commanded by Capt. Tom Foard, which, upon entering the Confederate service, was placed in the 15th Mississippi Regiment as Company K. He was twice wounded, first in the battle of Mill Springs, Tenn., where General Zollicoffer was killed. After recovering from that wound, he returned to his command and was in all the battles of that regiment up to Franklin, Tenn., where he was severely wounded again and captured and placed in prison at Nashville, and there he had smallpox. He was kept in prison until the close of the war. Surviving the wounds and all hardships, he returned home without anything except the clothes on his back.

He married Martha J. Trussell and moved to Texas in 1871, settling on a farm near Whitewright, where he died. He was a kind and loving husband and father, leaving a large family to mourn their loss. Peace to his memory!

Westmoreland Camp, C. V.

B. B. Atwill, Commander Westmoreland Camp of Confederate Veterans, Kinsale, Va., reports the death of four valued members as follows:

W. Frank Courtney, one of five brothers who served in the Confederate army, enlisted in Company C, 9th Virginia Cavalry, and served bravely and constantly to the end. After the war was over, he returned to the vicinity of Kinsale and became a farmer, in which he was very successful. He married Miss Sallie Branson, daughter of John M. Branson, two of whose brothers had been his comrades in the army and members of the same company. This happy union was of short duration, as the young wife and mother died, leaving him an only son, who survives him. Comrade Courtney was made a superviser in his district and proved capable and efficient in the office. Afterwards he lived much in retirement. Death came suddenly in the early morning of March 15, 1915.

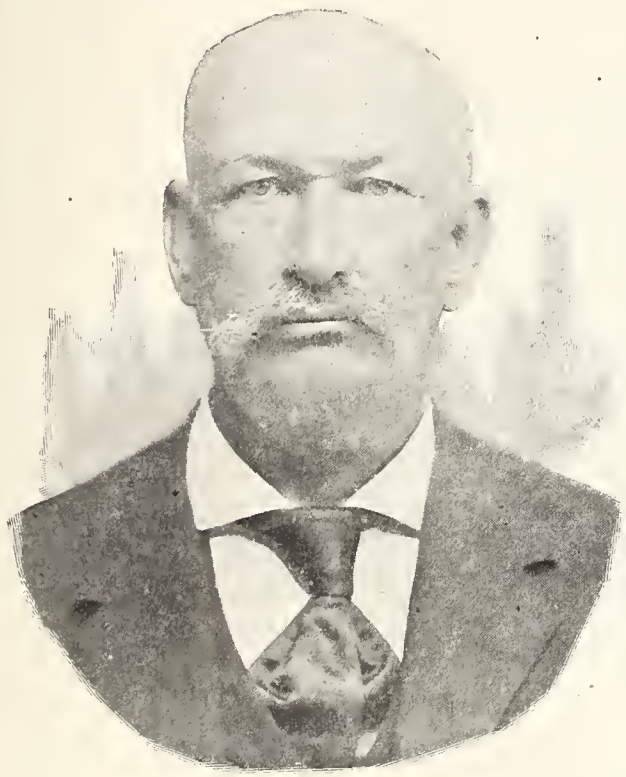
John Pomeroy was born in Westmoreland County, Va., on May 27, 1838, and died on the 8th of June, 1915. At the beginning of the war he entered the Confederate army by joining Company C, 55th Virginia Volunteers. He was in a great many hard-fought battles and always in his place on the firing line. He was three times wounded, twice very badly. At the close of the war he returned to his native county and took up farming as a livelihood, and by economy and close attention to every detail of operation he made it a success. He married Miss Thira A. True, and to them were born five sons and and one daughter, of whom four sons survive. For many years his family was affiliated with the Pope's Creek Baptist Church, and they were noted for readiness in every good word and work.

Marlborough Balderson was born in Richmond County, Va., in October, 1825, and died February 19, 1915, in his ninetieth year. He was married to Miss Susan Olliff in 1847, and from this union seven children were born. Comrade Balderson entered the army of the Confederate States in 1861, joining Company C, 15th Virginia Cavalry, and served faithfully until the end. He was a farmer, but for several years he was engaged in mercantile business. As a citizen he was quiet, law-abiding, prompt and fair in all his dealings, a true friend, and a kind, considerate, and obliging neighbor. Starting out in life with but little of "worldly goods," by industry and frugality he secured a moderate estate and spent his latter days in quiet comfort. He was a faithful member of the Pope's Creek Baptist Church. He is survived by a daughter and grandson.

William H. Omohundro passed away on August 15, 1915, at his home, near Stratford, Va. He was the son of John and Elizabeth Omohundro, born in Westmoreland about 1840. When the war began he enlisted in his native county as a soldier in Company E, 55th Virginia Infantry, under Capt. J. Bailey Jett. He was appointed orderly sergeant of this company and later was elected lieutenant, and so served until the close of the war. William Omohundro had an honorable record as an efficient officer, a brave soldier, a true and valued comrade, and when the war ended he settled on his farm, near Stratford. On December 23, 1869, he was married to Miss Bettie Sanford, daughter of Capt. Robert Sanford, who, with seven children, survives him. He was a man of religious convictions and was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Capt. Henry Bowen.

Capt. Henry Bowen was born in December, 1841, at the family homestead, Maiden Spring, Tazewell County, Va., where he died in April, 1915. He was educated at Emory and Henry College. Entering the Confederate army in 1861,



CAPT. HENRY BOWEN.

he served continuously, much of the time as captain in the 8th Virginia Cavalry, in Payne's and other brigades of the Army of Northern Virginia until captured at Lacy Spring in December, 1864. When released from Fort Delaware, in June, 1865, he returned to his home and engaged in farming and grazing. In 1869 he was elected to the Virginia Legisture and reëlected in 1871. During this service occurred his auspicious marriage to Louise Gillespie, of Richlands. Of this marriage were born the following children, all of whom survive him and their mother: Margaret E., James Walker, William Rees, Henry Albert, and Joseph Clinton Bowen. In 1882 Captain Bowen was elected to the Forty-Eighth Congress of the United States and again served his district in the Fiftieth Congress.

In every relation of life—as soldier, citizen, public official, husband, and father—he was true to every responsibility.

Col. Hampton G. Boon.

Col. H. G. Boon died at his home, in Cleveland, Ohio, on September 28, 1915. He was born in Jefferson City, Mo., May 19, 1845, and was the youngest son of Hampton L. Boon. He served in the Confederate army throughout the war. Colonel Boon went to Cleveland from Howard County, Mo., in the early eighties, and for thirty years he was identified with the iron and steel industry there. His wife and two daughters survive him.

Thus has another good man gone to his reward—a good husband, an indulgent father, a gentleman of the old school, refined, cultured, and beloved.

Benjamin Simms Herring.

After a long illness, Benjamin Simms Herring died at his home, in Tallahassee, Fla., September 7, 1915. He was born in Duplin County, N. C., March 4, 1837, being the second child of Penelope Simms and Bryan Whitfield Herring. After his studies at the University of Mississippi, he entered the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, and upon graduation he entered the engineering branch of the navy.

At the beginning of the War between the States he was on duty on the man-of-war Richmond, then cruising in the Mediterranean, but the vessel was ordered home at once. On reaching New York, and learning that war was a certainty, Mr. Herring realized that there was but one course for him, to resign his position in the United States navy and give his services to the Confederacy. Going South as soon as possible, he entered the Confederate navy. He was assistant engineer on the Confederate steamship Virginia (Merrimac) and received honorable mention in Admiral Buchanan's report of the battle between that vessel and the United States Monitor in Hampton Roads, March 8 and 9, 1862. He was doubtless the last survivor of the Virginia's heroic men. After his service on the Virginia, he was assigned to duty at Columbus, Ga., and later to the Confederate steamship Tennessee, of the Mobile Squadron. On May 10, 1865, he was paroled.

Several years after the war Mr. Herring married Miss Rosa Reynolds, of Alabama, and then made his home near Tallahassee, Fla., giving his attention to scientific agriculture and horticulture. His botanical knowledge, both wide and accurate, his keen observation, and his love of nature were such that the very mention of his name recalls thoughts of his beautiful gardens and orchards. Mr. Herring was a man of very strong personality. Highly educated and of wide experience, he added constantly to his large fund of knowledge. Those who knew him best think of him always as a man of integrity. Honest in every sense of the word, he was loyal to every obligation. With the modesty of real merit, he did not claim honors that he might justly have claimed and even refused rewards to which he was entitled. It was enough for him to have done his duty.

Joseph E. Johnston Camp, No. 267, U. C. V.

Dr. T. J. Milner, Adjutant of Joseph E. Johnston Camp, of Greenville, Tex., reports the following losses by death of members for the year 1914-15 to date:

W. H. Bradford, 18th Tennessee Infantry; J. T. Greer, 13th Texas Cavalry; J. S. Henry, 45th Georgia Infantry; R. D. Lakey, Company D, Waul's Texas Legion; J. J. Warren, Company A, 30th Tennessee Infantry; J. J. Mayes, Company F, 5th Louisiana Cavalry; Frank Northrop, Company C, 21st Alabama Infantry; J. W. Stephens, Company A, 26th Mississippi Infantry; R. M. Renfro, Company H, 5th Texas Cavalry.

Sul Ross Camp, No. 172, U. C. V.

Report by J. D. Pickens, Adjutant, of deaths in Sul Ross Camp, of Henrietta, Tex., during the past twelve months:

J. N. Ozee, Company C, 21st Texas Infantry.

J. A. Penn, captain Company E, 8th Georgia Battalion.

J. H. Bridges, Company H, 23d Arkansas Regiment, Trans-Mississippi Department.

J. B. Marshall, Company B, 10th Tennessee Infantry.

J. W. Capps, Hart's Battalion of Texas Troops.

W. H. Sims, 1st Tennessee Heavy Artillery.

Jacob Hendrix.

Jacob Hendrix, of Ward Camp, No. 10, U. C. V., of Pensacola, Fla., crossed over the river on July 14, 1915, at the age of eighty-three years. Comrade Hendrix was a true and faithful Confederate soldier, a good citizen, and a neighbor beloved and respected by all who knew him. During the War between the States he was orderly sergeant of Company F, 36th Alabama, Holtzclaws's Brigade, Army of Tennessee.

An incident that occurred on the night after the bloody battle of New Hope Church serves to show the true soldier that he was during those terrible years of 1861-65. On the night after that battle Sergeant Hendrix was in command of the grand rounds, and while on duty he heard a cowbell out in front of the Confederate lines. Thinking it strange that a cow should be at large on the grounds so soon after the severe battle of that day, he determined to investigate. With Private Luke Patrick, he crawled over the Confederate works and went in the direction indicated by the sound of the bell, which he found in the hands of a Federal major, who was taken prisoner and brought into the Confederate lines. This officer was very noncommunicative, and little or nothing could be obtained from him to explain his strange action. He was sent under guard to the rear. Soon after this a Federal private, having lost his bearings, walked right into the Confederate lines and was disarmed and sent under guard to the rear. As he was leaving he informed the Confederates that his rifle was a fine one and asked them to take care of it, which was readily promised.

[Contributed by J. M. Eubanks, Company F, 36th Alabama.]

David B. Elder.

David B. Elder was born in Oconee (then Clark) County, Ga., in 1827. He was one of a large family and received his education in the schools of the county. At the call of the South to arms in 1861 he was among the first to respond and don the suit of gray. Enlisting at Watkinsville, Ga., under the command of Dr. Sam Lumpkin, in the 44th Georgia Regiment, Doles's Brigade, Stonewall Jackson's corps, Army of Northern Virginia, Private Dave Elder received his baptism of fire at Petersburg and in the battles of Richmond and Seven Days. He was wounded severely at Chancellorsville and removed from active field duty. After his recovery he was assigned to light duty at Camp Winder, where he remained till the close of the war, rendering valuable assistance for the comfort of wounded soldiers. Conscious of having fully done his duty at the call of his country on fields of honor, he returned to his home, in Oconee County, to resume his agricultural pursuits.

Mr. Elder was twice married, his first wife being Miss McRae; his second marriage was to Miss Brightwell. Six children survive him. The last roll call was answered at the home of his daughter September 29, and his body was laid to rest in the old family cemetery.

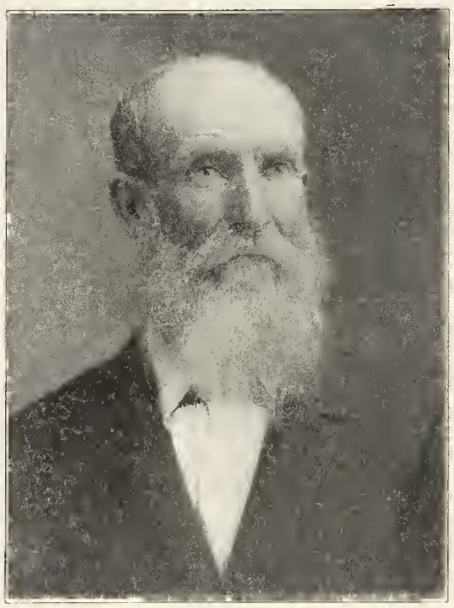
James H. Forhender.

James H. Forhender died at his home, in Drakesboro, Ky., on September 25, 1915. He was a member of Company C, 9th Kentucky Regiment, Orphan Brigade, going out from Muhlenberg County, Ky., in 1861. He was in nearly all the battles of his regiment to the close of the war; was a good soldier and an honorable citizen. He leaves one son and one daughter and a host of friends to mourn their loss.

[A comrade, L. T. Reid, Rockport, Ky.]

J. Brown Mooney.

J. B. Mooney, who died at his home, in Hernando, Miss., on November 24, 1914, was a member of De Soto Camp, No. 223, U. C. V., with a record as a Confederate soldier of which his family and friends are justly proud. He entered the 1st Mississippi Volunteer Cavalry Regiment as a member of Company I, enlisting April 5, 1861, and was surrendered April 13, 1865. He was born in Atlanta, Ga., November 8, 1839, and fought on his very birthplace on July 24, 1863. He was in a fight on each birthday — at Belmont, Mo., November 8, 1861; Hudsonville, Miss., November 8, 1862; Spring Hill, Tenn., November 8, 1863; Florence, Ala., November 8, 1864. He was slightly wounded during the bloody struggle at Franklin, Tenn., on November 30, 1864.



J. B. MOONEY.

From a condensed history of Comrade Mooney's war record we learn that he captured Grant's spy, "The Medicine Man," on November 27, 1862, and that he was detailed as a scout to capture Grant's pickets without firing a gun in Van Dorn's famous raid to destroy Grant's supplies at Holly Springs, Miss., December 20, 1862. He went into Thomas's camp on Duck River as a spy on the night of January 8, 1865, was on picket duty at Spring Hill, Tenn., when Van Dorn's slayer passed his post, and was with the boys at Kennesaw Mountain, the "Hornet's Nest," Denmark, Moscow, Meaden, and from Vicksburg to Meridian and Selma, Ala.

Capt. A. R. Elmore.

Albert Rhett Elmore was born in Charleston, S. C., October 23, 1843, and at an early age moved to Columbia, where most of his early life was spent. He was a student at the South Carolina College when the war broke out, and he immediately volunteered his services to the Confederacy, though but a boy of seventeen years, entering the service with Wade Hampton's battalion. He was commissioned by President Davis as a lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of the regular infantry and served as such to the close of the war. He then went to Charleston, Miss., and there married Miss Alexina J. Taylor, daughter of Gen. William J. Taylor, of Columbia. In 1880 he, with his family, settled near Gainesville and there spent the rest of his life, excepting a few years in Jacksonville.

The maternal grandfather of Captain Elmore was Governor of South Carolina and United States Senator. His father, Hon. Franklin H. Elmore, succeeded John C. Calhoun in the United States Senate and was also tendered by President Polk the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James, which was declined on account of ill health.

Captain Elmore died on March 11, 1915. He is survived by his wife, three sons, and two daughters. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Ann E. Davis.

Mrs. Ann Emaline Davis was born June 6, 1840. She was married to Dr. W. A. Davis on April 17, 1879, and died at Goodwater, Ala., August 5, 1915. Her parents were Daniel and Susan Brown Smith. She was a charter member and Assistant Historian of Forrest-Sansom Chapter, U. D. C., at Goodwater, and her death removes the last "woman of the sixties" from our ranks.

Besides her husband, four brothers did their part in the cause of the Confederacy. They were Thomas Scott Smith; Patrick H. Smith, who was sergeant in Company G, 25th Alabama Volunteers; James Cowper Smith, private in Company K, 10th Alabama; and Joseph Dwight Smith, Company K, 10th Alabama, and ordnance sergeant of his regiment.

At home with her younger sister and widowed mother she knew, as did other women of the South, the suspense and desolation of the war and the bitterness of reconstruction. Possessed of a bright intellect and ardent sympathies, she had a keen realization of the section's painful but steady progress back to prosperity and the present era of development.

Loyal to the memories and traditions of the past, she was also vitally interested in the promise of the future; and her devotion to the Daughters of the Confederacy was largely because of their urgent demand that the history of the great struggle be made fair and true, so that the South of the future may have a just appreciation of the causes that led to the war and of the men who bore hardships and privations for their honorable convictions under a flag that floated clean and was furled without dishonor.

Committee: Miss Kelly McLeod (Chairman), Mrs. S. H. Pope, Mrs. D. M. White.

Mrs. Mary W. Adams.

Mrs. Mary Weston Adams was born April 30, 1860, in the city of Georgetown, Tex., and when a small child was taken to Beeville, Tex., where she lived until 1877, when she moved to Brown County, Tex. She was married to H. L. Adams in 1879 and moved with him to his ranch, in Tom Green County (now Coke County), where she resided most of the time thereafter.

She was the daughter of a Confederate veteran and was to the day of her death an active worker in the U. D. C., being a member of A. V. Winkler Chapter, Robert Lee, Tex., of which she was President from October, 1912, to October, 1914. She organized the Robert E. Lee Children's Auxiliary and was its directress from the date of its organization to her death. During this time she enrolled forty-nine children in this auxiliary.

She died in Robert Lee, Tex., May 27, 1915, and the A. V. Winkler Chapter, U. D. C., passed resolutions of respect.



CHILDREN OF THE CONFEDERACY AT THE HOME OF MRS. ADAMS.

M. S. Ireson.

M. S. Ireson, who died at his home, in Tazewell County, Va., on the 18th of June, 1915, was born in Washington County, Va., near Abingdon, July 9, 1840. He volunteered in the Washington Mounted Rifles, a company of cavalry raised and organized by Capt. William E. Jones in April, 1861, which was afterwards known as Company L until the reorganization in April, 1862, when it was changed to Company D, 1st Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, whose first colonel was the renowned cavalry leader of the Army of Northern Virginia, J. E. B. Stuart. This regiment bore a conspicuous part in all the battles and skirmishes from First Manassas to Appomattox. Sometime in the latter part of 1861 Captain Jones was promoted to colonel of the 1st Regiment. Comrade Ireson was appointed bugler of the regiment, and then in 1862 he was appointed corporal, from which he rose to second sergeant. Later he was orderly sergeant until the end of the war. He was in command of the remnant of the old company at Appomattox as the senior officer present.

"Mike," as his comrades always called him, was a noble, whole-souled, generous, kind-hearted, courteous gentleman, and as brave and loyal to duty as any of the heroic band of troopers who followed the plume of "Jeb" Stuart. He was one among the few who passed through the four years of carnage without a wound; not even his clothing was pierced by a bullet.

In 1894 Comrade Ireson was happily married to Miss Eliza G. Whitten, of Tazewell County, Va., and she survives him with a son and daughter. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and a zealous worker; he was superintendent of the Sunday school for several years, until his health failed. He was also a Master Mason of some note and served his order long and well.

[From resolutions prepared by committee composed of J. W. McBroom, L. T. Cosby, Thomas W. Colley.]

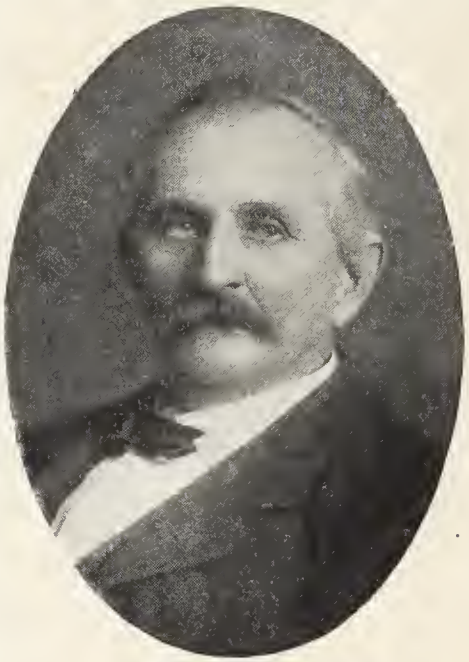
John W. Stith.

John W. Stith, who died near Bradley, Ark., on August 28, 1915, was born in Nottaway County, Va., eighty years ago and might have lived to a much riper age but for an assassin's bullet which struck him a glancing blow on the side of his head as he sat quietly by his fireside, causing him to be paralyzed. He lingered several months in that condition, though always perfectly rational until the end. Comrade Stith was in Texas when the war broke out and at once enlisted in one of the first regiments that left the State for the front, but later reënlisted in a Virginia regiment in order to be with his old schoolmates and friends of Company E, 3d Virginia Cavalry, Captain Carter, Col. W. H. Fields's regiment, Wickham's Brigade, Fitzhugh Lee's division, and was color bearer about six months, serving to the end of the war.

Mr. Stith went to Arkansas soon after the war and began farming. He married Miss Mamie Sevier, a granddaughter of Ex-Governor Conway, Arkansas's first Governor, who died a few years ago.

Maj. Thomas W. Lewis.

Maj. Thomas Wilson Lewis was born September 10, 1840, and departed this life June 27, 1915. He was one of eight children born to the marriage of Thomas W. Lewis, Sr., and Miss Sophronia Nolen Lewis. They came from Rockingham County, Va., and settled in Stewart County, Tenn., in the year 1802; and when the stirring events of the War of 1812 came, he went to New Orleans as the lieutenant of his company, and for courage and daring in that memorable battle General Jackson promoted him to the command of his company.



MAJ. THOMAS W. LEWIS.

Maj. T. W. Lewis, Jr., came from this splendid ancestry. His parents were of English and Irish descent. He was reared on a farm, but was given an academic education. When the War between the States came on, he joined Company B, 14th Tennessee Volunteer Infantry, as a private soldier. After three months he was promoted to second lieutenant of his company. In July, 1862, he resigned on account of his health and went home; but being of a restless spirit, he raised a company of cavalry and joined Col. T. G. Woodward's regiment, 2d Kentucky Cavalry, at Clarksville, Tenn. The regiment was afterwards assigned to Gen. Van Dorn, but when Van Dorn was killed it was placed under Gen. N. B. Forrest. In 1863 he was commissioned major of his regiment. The original number of his old company was sixty-five men, and of that number forty-three were either killed or wounded. After the battle of Chickamauga, the regiment was transferred, by order of General Bragg, to Gen. Cerro Gordo Williams, under whom he served until the surrender. Colonel Woodward being suspended from office in 1864, Major Lewis took charge of the regiment. He had many narrow escapes. In the second battle of Fort Donelson he had seven bullet holes shot in his clothes, and during his service he had three horses shot from under him. While the regiment was in South Carolina General Beauregard called Major Lewis to Charleston. He had him to select picked men to go with him to Lexington, Ky., for a secret purpose, but before he reached that place General Lee surrendered. Four of the men selected were Lieut. Frank Buckner, Capt. Since Bell, C. W. Tyler, and Emmett Gilbert. No more daring men ever lived.

Major Lewis was one of the most beloved men of his regiment. After the war he was a prominent farmer of his county. He served as a member of the State legislature one term and was the first man who made a plea for the pensioning of Confederate soldiers by the State of Tennessee. He was a Royal Arch Mason and a member of the Methodist Church for forty-six years. He leaves a wife, four daughters (Mrs. Will Lewis, Mrs. Robert McFall, Mrs. Ewing Richardson, and Miss Rena B. Lewis), one step-son (Mr. Will West), and one son (Joe Lewis), all of whom live near Cumberland City, Tenn. He was laid to rest at his home, near Cumberland City, funeral services being conducted by his pastor, Rev. S. C. Coke, of Indian Mound. The large concourse of friends and acquaintances which gathered to pay tribute to this great soldier evidenced the love, respect, and devotion in which he was held in his community.

[By P. P. Pullen, who was his comrade throughout the war.]

James Van Buren McDonald.

James Van Buren McDonald died at his home, in Pierce, Nebr., on September 30, 1915, in his eighty-second year. He was born in Smyth County, Va., in 1833. A descendant of Scotch-Irish ancestry, his people were among the earliest settlers of Southwestern Virginia. He was married to Emeline A. Gannaway in 1857, and they were the parents of a large family. In 1882 he went to Nebraska with his family and resided there until his death. His loyalty to his native State and the Confederacy was proved by his services in the War between the States. He was lieutenant in Company E, Derrick's Battalion, Floyd's Brigade, during his first year's service. Afterwards he was in Johnson's Cavalry Brigade until Lee's surrender. A beautiful mark of the esteem in which he was held by the community was shown in the pallbearers all being members of the G. A. R.

Thomas Ormond and Thomas Long.

William F. Fulton, of Goodwater, Ala., a surviving member of the North Sumter Rifles, reports the death of two beloved comrades, Thomas Ormond and Thomas Long, both of Sumter County, Ala. They left Gainesville, Ala., with this company in the vigor of youth and for four years were at the post of duty, never knowing what it was to shirk and never having a furlough. They followed Lee and Hill through victory and defeat, willing to die if need be for the cause. There may be none left to record their deeds, but they lie in honorable graves, and glory guards them.

J. W. Thomas.

J. W. Thomas, born in Darlington District, S. C., August 30, 1835, died at his home, near Tehuacana, Tex., on May 25, 1915. He enlisted in the Confederate army as a member of Company C, 43d North Carolina Regiment, in March, 1862. He was twice wounded—in the knee on April 27, 1864, and in August of the same year he received a wound which caused the loss of his right arm. He was made a prisoner of war during September, 1864, but returned home in November. Mr. Thomas was twice married, his first wife being Miss Flora Beeman, of Wadesboro, N. C., to whom he was married in January, 1861. She died in November, 1862. In November, 1865, he was married to Mrs. Mary Best, of Darlington County, S. C. They removed to Texas in 1869, where she died in March, 1914. Mr. Thomas had been a member of the Baptist Church since 1865.

Mrs. Anna McM. Sample.

Passed to a higher life, Mrs. Anna McMasters Sample, on September 26, 1915, at her home, in San Francisco, Cal. She was born in Natchez, Miss., November, 1844, and was married to Hiram Sample in Trinity, Catahoula Parish, La., in February, 1867. She is survived by her husband, a son, a daughter, and six grandchildren. Mrs. Sample was Past Matron of Adah Chapter of the Eastern Star and an honorary member of the Jefferson Davis Chapter, U. D. C., of San Francisco. She was a devout Christian, and combined in her character was all that is true and good in womanhood.

EXPENSES OF CONFEDERATE REUNIONS.

BY J. R. GIBBONS, COMMANDER ARKANSAS DIVISION, U. C. V.

I am informed by persons who are in position to know that the average Confederate Reunion costs the Confederate veterans and their friends from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000. Of course that means railroad fare, hotel bills, and other expenses incident to the trip from their homes to the Reunion city and back. This is quite a considerable sum when you consider the great poverty of most of the Confederate veterans. Notwithstanding, they seem willing to make any reasonable sacrifice to meet their old comrades, and their friends are anxious for them to have this pleasure.

I have been impressed for years by the feeling that our veterans have been used as a medium of merchandise in some ways at these Reunions. The city applying for the honor and pleasure of entertaining the Confederate veterans is not always influenced by the highest and most patriotic motives, but in many instances by the thought of the money that can be made out of the Reunion. The committee asking subscriptions to entertain us will represent that it must have from $50,000 to $75,000 for the purpose, and subscribers are assured that it will pay them handsomely; for if there are only fifty thousand visitors (which is frequently less than half in attendance), each one must spend at least ten dollars, thus leaving in the city from $500,000 to $750,000. This is all right, of course, and no objection is urged to the host city making money out of the occasion, provided there is no extortion; but we meet in few cities where such is not the case.

For instance, it is the custom of hotels in the Reunion city to require that rooms be taken for four days and paid for a month or two before the Reunion. The hotel furnishes a room with bath ordinarily for $3.50 a day for one person; but on Reunion occasions the manager exercises the privilege of putting two, three, or four persons in one room, and more if it is large enough to crowd cots and beds into it, and charges each occupant the regular price of $3.50 per day and requires each one to pay for the room in advance for four days. This is wrong, and we should not submit to it. To illustrate: A commanding general, in order to secure accommodations at a hotel for the ladies of his staff, must forward from $120 to $150 to the hotel keeper two months before the Reunion. If any of the persons are unable to attend and the room not be occupied, the hotel keeper does not refund the money received.

The horse question is even worse than that of the hotels. The chairman of the committee on mounts at the Reunion city will not engage horses unless five dollars is sent a month or two before the Reunion to pay for each horse to be ridden in the parade. We have, however, on two or three occasions been supplied with horses at three dollars per head, but one Reunion city asked us to pay ten dollars for each horse. Only about ten per cent of the horses furnished are fit to ride, and probably three per cent might be considered saddle horses. The others are any kind of plug, dray, or carriage horse that can be picked up, just anything that will get the five dollars. When the hour for the parade comes, the general and his staff go out to get their mounts and find these old plugs with any kind of saddle and bridle and must either take them or not ride in the parade. Then, should one get sick or from some cause not attend the Reunion, his five dollars is gone. I have been informed by one general that he sent the chairman of the committee on mounts of one Reunion city a check for $250 for horses for his Division; and as it rained, they never saw the horses at all, nor was their money refunded. This is a great imposition that we should not submit to. You may say that we shouldn't ride horseback anyway, but go in carriages or automobiles. Yes, but I will say that we will ride horseback, or we will not go to any city not willing to furnish us with horses at a reasonable price. We use these horses only two or three hours, and livery stables ordinarily charge not over $1 or $1.50 for such service, certainly not five dollars for a horse.

These things should all be remedied, as we have suffered this injustice long enough. If the hotel keepers and those who furnish horses haven't confidence enough in us to risk our paying for rooms and horses when we get them, we can doubtless find some other city that will be more accommodating or stay at home rather than be filched. Before agreeing to go to any city asking to entertaining us, these questions should be settled.

Another bad feature of our Reunions is that the host city makes up and publishes the program for the Reunion. This is a mistake. It is all right for the Reunion city to have its program for the entertainment of the veterans, but the program for the business session should be gotten out by the Adjutant General of the Commander in Chief and should be of regulation form that can be used at all Reunions.

The parade particularly should be managed by the Confederate Veterans' Association. There should be a regulation form adopted for the formation of all corps, divisions, and brigades, and this form should be followed in all parades; hence all officers before going to the Reunion city would know exactly where their positions in the line of march would be and would thus avoid confusion. The Adjutant General should publish at least a month before the Reunion a diagram of the streets upon which the organization will form and march (never failing to provide a countermarch for the column), thus eliminating all confusion and saving two or three hours in forming for the parade.

I think, however, on account of the great age of most of the veterans and the importance of inducting the Sons of Veterans into our work and plans, the Commander in Chief of the Sons should be *ex officio* marshal of the day at our Reunions, his staff acting as aids. Then, having the printed regulation formation for the parade, he would have studied the location of all organizations and the streets upon which they are to form and parade and could quickly get the column moving and prevent the confusion that invariably occurs. The most enjoyable part of the Reunion to the veterans is the parade, and in countermarching they have the opportunity of meeting one another; but because of the outrageously bungling manner in which our parades are usually handled, the pleasure of the Reunion is greatly marred.

In fact, I think the time has come for the Sons of Veterans to take charge of our entertainment on Reunion occasions. They should hold their general reunion at the same time and take part in the parade, the Commander in Chief and his aids having entire charge of the parade. We can have only a very few more Reunions, and let them be more of pleasure than of regrets.

James Hewes, of Baltimore, Md., who served in Company A, 1st Maryland Infantry, C. S. A., would like to hear from some of the survivors of John C. Vaughan's 3d Tennessee Regiment who fought and served with his command from Manassas to Malvern Hill, 1861-62. Perhaps they will remember the fiery liquid with which the Christmas of 1862 was celebrated.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1915–16.

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Ben Watts, Cave Spring, Ga.
Judge Advocate in Chief, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, Ray G. Stewart, Rome, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
P. J. Muilen, Rome, Ga.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMITTEES.

Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: W. McDonald Lee, Chairman, Irvington, Va.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile, Ala.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock, Ark.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles, Cal.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver, Colo.
District of Columbia, Charles H. Keel, Washington, D. C.
Eastern, Percy C. Magnus, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala, Fla.
Georgia, J. S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Kentucky, Logan N. Rock, Louisville, Ky.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe, La.
Maryland, ——
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson, Miss.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis, Mo.
North Carolina, Dr. J. M. Northington, Boardman, N. C.
Oklahoma, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa, Okla.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken, S. C.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, Rich. I. McClearen, Nashville, Tenn.
Texas, Howard W. Peak, Fort Worth, Tex.
Virginia, E. W. Speed, Roanoke, Va.
West Virginia, E. R. Garland, Huntington, W. Va.

[This department is conducted by N. B Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Memphis, Tenn., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

SPECIAL WORK FOR THE S. C. V.

Gen. J. R. Gibbons, former Commander of the Arkansas Division, U. C. V., has recently made some talks before the Sons of Confederate Veterans of that State in which he brought out the importance of their active participation in Confederate reunions, and especially in the management of parades. His ideas about this are given in his article on page 517 of this number. He also talked to them on the subject of the two great national monuments to the Confederate soldier which are now under consideration—that of Stone Mountain, already one of the greatest natural wonders of this country and perhaps destined to become the eighth wonder of the world; and the Jefferson Davis Highway, which is planned to extend from Washington, D. C., through many Southern and Western States, to the ocean port of Los Angeles. (See article on page 519.) Such an undertaking as this should be a stimulus to the latent energies of the Sons of Veterans and would doubtless add an impetus to the growth of the organization in every State. It is well worthy their coöperation.

THE WASHINGTON CAMP, S. C. V.

BY F. R. FRAVEL, BALLSTON, VA.

The present Commander of Washington (D. C.) Camp, No. 305, Sons of Confederate Veterans, is W. E. Brockman, who has been an active and enthusiastic worker for the organization. He was unanimously chosen Commander for the ensuing year, which is expected to be a very active year by his efforts and those of other members selected to the various offices of the Camp. These are as follows: Marx E. Kahn, First Lieutenant Commander; Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, Second Lieutenant Commander; George T. Rawlins, Adjutant; W. S. Stamper, Treasurer; Dr. J. H. Digges, Surgeon; George B. Ashby, Quartermaster; Rev. A. R. Bird, Chaplain; Allen L. Reese, Color Sergeant; W. A. Coombe, Historian.

The Commander has made the following appointments to standing committees for the year:

Charity: Rev. A. R. Bird, chairman; W. C. Black, E. A. Brand.

Auditing: P. J. Alticer, chairman; South Trimble, F. R. Fravel.

Investigating: George T. Rawlins, chairman; Sanford Covington, Wanner L. Wilkerson.

Dr. W. B. Hicks was appointed chairman of the Committee on Subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, with W. C. Black and George T. Rawlins as assistants.

By Lloyd T. Everett, acting chairman of the Historical Committee, a plan of historical work has been presented for two years, to be given in lectures at the home and in near-by towns.

While the Washington Camp cannot boast as to its size in comparison with a few large Camps of the order, it has been



COMMANDER W. E. BROCKMAN.

active since its organization and has never missed a year with its *per capita* tax to the general organization, showing its interest thereby in the general work. However, its greatest activity has necessarily been local, in coöperating with the veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy, particularly in decorating the Confederate graves at Arlington Cemetery every Memorial Day, in assisting the movement for the Confederate monument at Arlington, and in the purchase of headquarters for the combined Confederate organizations of the District of Columbia, etc. This Camp has had a very active history and expects to continue unceasing in its efforts as time goes on.

ERRONEOUS HISTORY.

BY J. R. PRICE, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT IN CHIEF S. C. V.

It is now difficult to find material to explode so many of the fictions which have encumbered Southern history. The word "history" is derived from a word meaning truth, and no book called "history" which does not tell the truth without prejudice or withholds it is worthy of the name or should be taught in our schools. The South is rich in historical facts, which are either ignored or are never mentioned in the histories taught in our schools; and in our histories the part played by the South in the establishment of this government and in the literature of America is not properly emphasized. The causes that led to the war of secession are not treated in a manner fair to the South, and there have been withheld from our histories many historical facts which would be elevating to the students in any land. As evidence of the misstatements of fact, inadequate consideration, and erroneous conclusions the "Dred Scott" decision is a fair example.

In the last few years progress has been made, but even now we are not thoroughly awake. Through various organizations much has been done in the way of the preservation of material of historic value; but, nevertheless, almost daily priceless documents and records are being lost, making more difficult the task of reconstructing true Southern history.

Although State and local patriotic and historical societies have been active in the preservation of historical material, a lack of appreciation of ancient letters and family documents has resulted in the loss of a great amount of material that would throw light on our State and national history as well as on the intimate and domestic life of the people of the earlier period.

Through the Sons and Daughters of the Confederacy, as well as other patriotic societies, there is coming about a gradual awakening and the creation of a wider interest in our history. The purpose of these societies is declared to be patriotic, historical, educational, and to perpetuate the memory of the men who, by their services or sacrifices during the war of secession, fought for the principles which they knew to be right, to unite and promote fellowship among their descendants, to inspire them and the community at large with a more profound reverence for the principles of the government founded by our forefathers, to encourage historical research, to acquire and preserve the war records as well as relics and documents, and to assist the veterans in making life's burdens easier.

Public interest should be aroused in order that the people instruct their representatives in the legislature to appoint a commissioner whose duty it shall be to ascertain facts in compiling for our schools a history of the United States which will be fair to all sections.

HIGHWAY FROM WASHINGTON TO THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY JOHN R. GIBBONS, BAUXITE, ARK.

The Lee and Jackson Highway is being constructed from Washington through Virginia and south toward Atlanta. The Dixie Highway is being built from the State of Illinois through Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida. These highways are proposed to follow the march of the two great armies that fought in the War between the States.

The Lincoln Highway is proposed to run from ocean to ocean, 3,400 miles, beginning at New York City. I note in the September American Forestry an article on "Tree-Planting along the Lincoln Highway." This road is to start from New York City through the "Sunrise Entrance," and the State of New York plans to plant white oak along this highway, "reminiscent of Lincoln's career." With the white oak will be combined Norway maples, hemlock, and white birch. The State of Pennsylvania will attempt to accentuate her native vegetation, and in Ohio "the wild garden effect" will be used, and "variety will be the aim" of Indiana. In fact, each State will endeavor to accentuate its own forestry and plant life along the highway across the whole continent. This is a very beautiful idea and would make a wonderfully attractive route.

The South should not be less patriotic or enterprising than the North and should give expression to its devotion and love of country and its heroes by building a highway also from ocean to ocean, starting with one branch of it at the splendid bridge that is to be built across the Potomac River near the upper end of the Mall and near where the monument to Lincoln is being erected in Washington City. This highway should go through Richmond, Va., and to some point south, say Atlanta, Ga., where it would be intersected by the other branch of this great Southern highway coming from Charleston, S. C., and then should extend west, passing through Memphis, Little Rock, Dallas, Fort Worth, El Paso, Tucson, Yuma, Los Angeles, and San Pedro, the ocean port of Los Angeles. This great highway should be known as the "Jefferson Davis Highway."

There should be an organization in each State through which this road passes; in fact, the entire South ought to assist in its building and beautifying. This highway when completed would be a most attractive route, the only one open to travel the year round, and would have the advantage of the more northern routes in that, from the Atlantic to Middle Texas, a great deal of the route would be lined with great trees of the natural forest still growing.

This road in building from the Potomac River opposite Washington would extend entirely through the States that joined the Confederacy and also the territories of New Mexico and Arizona, claimed by the Confederacy, the only one State entered by it not friendly to the Confederacy being California.

In this there is no intention or desire of disloyalty to our common country. Our chief aim is to inspire our Southern people to keep up with our brethren north of us in public enterprise and love of country.

SONS OF UNION VETERANS.—The Sons of Veterans are flourishing in Pennsylvania, with the largest membership of any State in the Union, and six thousand of their members are uniformed, armed, and equipped, and well drilled. They stand ready for active service whenever the government shall need them.—*National Tribune.*

INCIDENTS OF ARMY LIFE.

[Gleaned from the diary of Lewis Peach, of Fayetteville, Tenn.]

When I joined Company C, of the 8th Tennessee Regiment, in the summer of 1862, the clouds of inevitable defeat had not settled over the army of the South. Life was joyous, service was pleasant, and the boys were out on a picnic, with only an occasional battle to tell the grim truth about war. We felt differently about it later. War has been aptly defined in a word of one syllable. It is that and more. But a sense of humor is a blessed, a merciful gift, and the Beatitudes might have contained one more, reading: "Blessed are the fun makers, for they shall lift the darkest clouds of life and scatter sunshine in their stead; verily, they shall receive their reward."

While our regiment was encamped at Murfreesboro a man by the name of Hester made application to Colonel Moore for appointment as chaplain. Colonel Moore told him that he would not appoint him unless a majority of the regiment expressed a preference for him. He then began to canvass for votes. Mack Luna, a rollicking, jolly, good soldier of Company I, also announced for this office. He swore that he could preach as good a sermon as Lige Hester, and he appointed a time and place where the boys could have a sample of his sermons. He would mount a stump or woodpile, and the service would begin by his lining out a song, "Old Grimes," "Ryestraw," or some other doggerel familiar at that time. He would then announce as his text, "Whar de hen scratch, dar de bug also," or "Gnaw a file and flee to de wilderness, whar de lion roars and de whangdoodle moans." After his "sermon," he would say: "Now, if you don't believe I'm a better preacher than Lige Hester, vote for him, darn you." Needless to say, Mack was elected by a big majority; but when he applied to Colonel Moore for credentials, he was told to go back to his company and behave, or he would be sent to the guardhouse. That was the last we heard of a chaplain until Rev. M. B. DeWitt came to us. He was a devout Christian and was loved by all.

The battle of Murfreesboro, some skirmishes, marching, and camping kept us busy for a while. We were in camp on Missionary Ridge in the latter part of August. On the 30th our regiment was on picket duty below town on the river. We fared well here. We were posted in a big cornfield, and Company C found a patch of sweet potatoes and plenty of peas. A big sow that had the run of that corn and pea field died of obesity and, in the absence of the owner, Company C took charge of the corpse and attended the obsequies in due form.

Some days of marching, camping, drilling, and marching again brought us to Charleston, which place we left on September 24. Our baggage was on flat cars, and we were on top of that. The old wood-burning engine was heavily loaded and at many of the grades had to back and butt two or three times before getting over. At one of these steep grades I saw a washpot on the side of the railroad near a small spring. We always considered axes and cooking vessels contraband, and we needed that washpot. I jumped off and got the pot, and the boys pulled me and it on again. Arriving at the mouth of the Chickamauga, Gen. M. J. Wright, who had succeeded Brigadier General Donelson, met us and took command. With the 16th Tennessee in our rear, we went forward, route step, without any orders. I had my ax handle in the ear of my pot and swung over my shoulder. Others were bundled up with baggage and camp equipment of every kind.

As we went forward Colonel Anderson, as well as General Wright, was warned several times of the near presence of Federal troops until there was not a private in Company C who did not know we were going into battle. I regretfully unloaded my washpot and never saw it again. Moving on to a smooth stretch of road, we met a volley from the enemy, who were posted on the opposite side of the Chickamauga River and protected by an embankment or railroad fill.

A battery of four-pounder Parrott guns threw shells rapidly. At the first volley General Wright said to Colonel Anderson: "Get your men into line, Colonel. I shall go order up the artillery." Colonel Anderson gave what we thought was a much more sensible order, and that was for captains to throw skirmishers to the front to sharpshoot and for the rest of us to fall over the fence and lie down. We did not wait for a repetition of the order, and while we were lying there, with Minies and shells whizzing, how I did wish for my washpot! One man of Company C did not lie down. That was Lieut. Joe Greer McEwen. He was custodian of a turkey his mess had become the owner of, and throughout the firing he stood and held on to the legs of that gobbler. Probably the most serious event which happened to me was the loss of my knapsack and my glasses.

After strenuous travel we arrived in Montgomery one night at eleven o'clock. I fell asleep at once on the wharf, my head pillowed on my knapsack; and so soundly did I sleep that some one stole it from under my head, and I did not know a thing about it until morning. It contained my entire wardrobe of two pieces, as well as the captain's razor and tobacco and various other things, such as pictures, letters, and articles of clothing, that had been deposited with me for storage in my big Yankee knapsack by members of the company. It was during a big snow in March that while out getting wood I lost my glasses. With eyes very defective from birth, without my glasses I could see to read only the largest print in strong light. Being sidetracked in Atlanta about the 1st of May, I had nothing to do but stroll about the city. I stumbled accidentally upon a little shop whose stock in a conglomerate mass seemed to contain everything under the sun. In a showcase, amid a confused pile of buttons, tangled flax thread, and second-hand knives, I saw an old pair of brass-rimmed specs. I tried them on and, to my great joy, found that I could see to read the finest print. The price, the shopkeeper told me, was only twenty-five dollars. My feelings struck a partnership with sunset and went down, for I did not have a cent. However, I told him I'd go and see if I could raise it, thinking I might persuade Captain Pilcher to advance it or give me an order on the quartermaster. As I left he called to me to hurry up, as an old negro wanted them. I thought he was lying to spur me up. As I went back to the train I met John W. Lloyd, a friend of long standing. He was in a government printing office. After talking awhile, John asked me when I had drawn any money. I told him that was ancient history and that I hadn't a cent. He pulled out a big roll and, handing it to me, told me to take all I wanted. I then told him of the specs and that I would gladly accept a loan of twenty-five dollars. He ridiculed the idea of a loan; and so, not finding a five-dollar bill in the roll, I took thirty dollars and hurried back to the little shop. But it was too late, after all. The old negro had gotten the specs.

We bivouacked near Dalton about May 8, and the next day we moved to Rockyface Mountain. Before we left Rockyface, I was on picket duty on a bluff of rock at an exposed

place in our line. Bullets were spatting all around me when Major Buford came by on his rounds and asked me what I was doing there. I told him. He then asked me who put me on duty there. When I told him, the air was blue with "cuss" words. He went on, and in a short time relief came, and I was told to report to Colonel Anderson. The Colonel reminded me that he had detailed me for duty with the wagon train. He gave me an old kettledrum and told me to go to the train, and if anything happened to that drum he would raise me higher than a kite.

Sometimes after long days' marches we would fail to connect with our commissary. One evening, at the close of a tiresome march, we went into camp grubless near a fine plantation. A large two-story house, orchard, outhouses, and everything gave evidence of wealth and plenty. As soon as we stopped our forager, Jim Rives, went over to interview the owner. Jim asked for meal, bacon, sorghum, and butter. The curt answer to each of these was: "Nothing to sell." Near the house was a large sweet potato patch that was just ripening. Jim thought he was sure to get some of them. When he offered to buy a peck, he was told, "Nary a 'tater"; that the patch was the dependence for winter feed, and Jim came back as empty as he went. However, we made a big fire and waited. General Gist had headquarters at that house for the night, and guards were placed all about the premises; especially was the 'tater patch protected. Early in the night some of our boys wandered some distance from our fire and in the woods came upon a fat yearling calf that had met with a serious accident or had committed suicide. The part of the remains that we got was juicy and tender, and we had a feast. It would have required a fine-tooth comb to find 'taters in that patch at sunrise next morning.

Company C had the usual assortment of soldiers. We had our percentage, small though it was, of bullies and braggarts, who were the most arrant cowards when the real test came. And we had the grumblers, who never had things good enough for them, though often it was as good as, or better than, they had been accustomed to at home. One of these was grumbling a few days before the battle of Chickamauga, when I jokingly told him he would never see the "happy land of Canaan," meaning Middle Tennessee. He wished to know why I thought so. I told him that when the Israelites murmured at Moses in the wilderness they were kept marking time in the woods for forty years and never reached the promised land. Just a few days afterwards a bullet struck him in the forehead and killed him instantly.

Not only did we have all kinds of men, but all kinds of diseases and vermin found their way to Company C. Next to "graybacks," itch claimed the most attention from officers as well as privates. Joe McEwen cooked the biscuit for his mess one Sunday morning, and in the darkness he got hold of the itch grease (fried meat grease and sulphur) and shortened the biscuit with it. The howl that was raised and the witheringly sarcastic remarks that were made when the oven lids were raised and the sulphurous odor escaped would have embarrassed any one but Joe. John Greer was in doubt as to whether Joe intended them for internal or external application, but was certain they would cure the "each" if taken according to Dr. McEwen's directions. Jack Cummings and John Bradford also had suggestions as to how the medicine should be used.

And so many times the hardships of war, with resultant heaviness of heart, were lightened by laughter, until the ghastliness of the four years' conflict is even now like the cloud shadows which fall and lift before the cheerful blessedness of fresh breezes and wholesome sunshine—the fun and wholesouled joy found somewhere every day of the battling years.

REGIMENTAL LOSSES.

BY HON. PAT HENRY, BRANDON, MISS.

I have read with great pleasure in the VETERAN for September the very interesting and instructive article on "The Awful Cost of War," found on page 389. It shows considerable research and is of great historic value. I believe its author was striving after facts; and with a view to aiding in this laudable effort and to keep the records straight, I most respectfully call his attention to the official report of Brig. Gen. P. R. Cleburne, commanding the 2d Brigade of Hardee's Division in the battle of Shiloh, in which he will find these words: "Again and again the 6th Mississippi (Col. J. J. Thornton), unaided, charged the enemy's line, and it was only when the regiment had lost three hundred officers and men killed and wounded out of an aggregate of four hundred and twenty-five that it yielded and retreated in disorder over its own dead and dying. Colonel Thornton and Major Lowry, the field officers, were both wounded. It would be useless to enlarge on the courage and devotion of the 6th Mississippi. The facts as recorded speak louder than any words of mine." (See "War of the Rebellion, Series I., Part I., reports, Volume X., page 581.)

Praise from the intrepid Cleburne is praise indeed. The regiment retreated only when General Breckinridge marched his reserve corps over it; when, under orders of Capt. A. Y. Harper, the ranking officer, we retired a short distance to the rear, reformed, and counted off. My recollection is that there were ninety men in line and a very few officers, the fatality in officers being considerable. I was first lieutenant of Company B and, though wounded, participated in the count; hence I have always felt that the loss was somewhat greater than that stated by General Cleburne. I am borne out in this by the report of Major General Hardee, in the same volume, page 568, in which he says: "In this charge the 6th Mississippi lost more than three hundred killed and wounded out of an effective roll of four hundred and twenty-five."

If I remember aright, Lieutenant Colonel Fox, of the United States army, in his compilation of losses by regiments in a single engagement, puts the 6th Mississippi third in the list. I quote this from memory, but think I am correct. I believe our loss was between three hundred and ten and three hundred and twenty-five. I very much fear the exact data will never be ascertained, inasmuch as it seems that Colonel Thornton's report is not in the "Records," so far as I can find. Owing to the fact that the 6th Mississippi Regiment was the first of the brigade to get through the tanglewood and morass referred to by General Cleburne, it drew upon it the fire of the entire Federal force in its front and right, formed along the front of their encampment, thus enfilading our advancing line and depleting its ranks; hence our heavy loss. However, we had the gratification of seeing the Federal regiment in our front, and which we charged, break and leave the field.

I think the above showing entitles the 6th Mississippi to a place in "A Southern Investigator's" list of the fifty Confederate regiments referred to.

LARGE FAMILIES OF CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

Ten sons of Robert M. Cooper, of Tennessee, went into the War between the States and served with the following commands: Thomas S. Cooper was a member of the 48th Tennessee Regiment; Bruce Cooper was with the 3d Tennessee; Alfred Cooper served with Biffles's Cavalry; Theodore was captain of a company in the 3d Tennessee and was killed at Raymond, Miss.; Samuel G. Cooper, 3d Tennessee, was captured at Fort Donelson and died in Camp Douglas; A. D. Cooper was also a member of the 3d Tennessee and died of measles; William M. Cooper, 48th Tennessee, died at Tupelo, Miss.; H. A. Cooper was a member of a Texas regiment and was killed at West Point, Miss.; A. G. Cooper, lieutenant colonel of the 9th Tennessee Cavalry (Biffles, also called the 19th), had also served as a private in the Florida war and was a captain in the war with Mexico; James C. Cooper, 48th Tennessee, also served as a private in the Mexican War.



This picture presents the three survivors of the ten brothers, who had met at the home of the oldest brother, Thomas S., who was eighty-one years old on the day the picture was made. Standing behind him are Bruce Cooper (left), seventy-four years of age (he was wounded in the leg at Raymond, Miss., and still suffers from the old wound), and Alfred Cooper, who was shot in the thigh at Brentwood.

Col. A. G. Cooper had two sons in the Confederate service, one of whom was killed at Fort Donelson. Paris Cooper, the oldest son of Robert M. Cooper, was too old for service, but he had three sons in the army. Thus there were fifteen descendants of Robert M. Cooper in the army of the Confederacy.

NINE BEARDEN BROTHERS IN THE WAR.

The nine Bearden brothers, of Spartanburg, S. C., were gallant soldiers of the Confederacy, serving in different commands. Eliphas Bearden was a member of Company A, Palmetto Sharpshooters, S. C. V., and was in eighteen battles, but was never wounded; William Bearden, a lieutenant of Company K, 3d Regiment, S. C. V., was killed in the battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863; David T. Bearden, Company K, Palmetto Sharpshooters, was captured in the battle of Seven Pines, May 30, 1862, and taken to Fort Delaware, exchanged August 3, and was killed in the battle of Second Manassas, August 30, 1862; Edwin Bearden was on detailed service; Columbus C. Bearden, Company C, 13th Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, was captured on the retreat from Petersburg April 6, 1865, sent to Point Lookout, Md., and paroled in July, 1865; Alvin Bearden served with Company H, Engineer Corps, South Carolina Troops; Glenn Bearden, lieutenant Company H, 1st Regiment South Carolina Volunteers, was in many battles, but never wounded; Simeon S. Bearden, Company C, 27th Regiment South Carolina Infantry, was severely wounded, losing a leg in the battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 1, 1864; John L. Bearden enlisted at the age of sixteen in Company D, State Militia, and had volunteered to go to the Army of Northern Virginia on the day that General Lee surrendered. S. S. Bearden is the only survivor of the nine brothers.

THE GREER FAMILY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Jason M. Greer, of Union County, S. C., was the father of nine children, seven sons and two daughters. When the War between the States came on, two of his sons volunteered as minutemen for six months, and they were at the capture of Fort Sumter. The other sons volunteered as fast as companies were organized, until six of these brothers were in service. One of them died at Staunton, Va., in 1862 or 1863. J. M. Greer was the youngest son, but he entered service in 1864 at the age of sixteen. All of these brothers returned home after the war, with the one exception—one with a right arm gone, another with his right leg missing, but all with honorable scars except the youngest, who was never wounded. Only two of the brothers are now living, one of them being Capt. C. S. Greer, of Union, who survives the burial at Petersburg of the "blow-up." He was seven or eight feet under the débris, but dug out with his sword. J. M. Greer, the other survivor of these brothers, is a member of Camp John R. Giles, at Union, S. C. Their father was a "home guard," too old to enter the service.

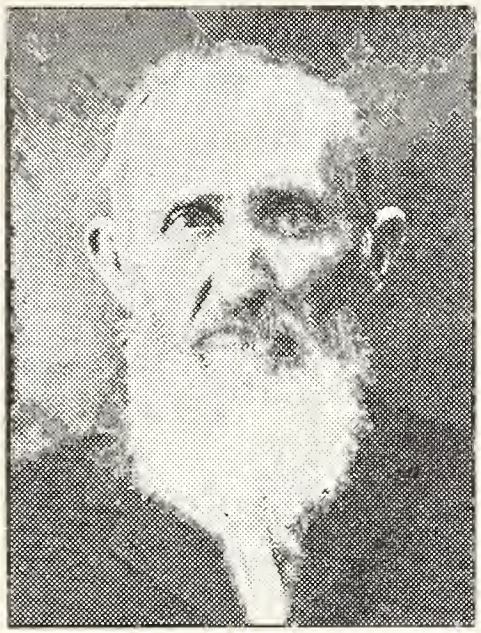
MOTHERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Mrs. H. V. McNeely, eighty-six years old, is the mother of W. R. McNeely, of Jackson Township, Union County, N. C. Mr. McNeely joined the Confederate army in 1864 when the sixteen-year-old boys of North Carolina went out. Mrs. McNeely is the nearest known relative of President Andrew Jackson. She is a daughter of David Ewings, whose mother, Miss Hutchinson, was a sister of President Jackson's mother.

AN APPRECIATED DONATION.—Through Mrs. Laura Massengale Pickett, of St. Louis, Mo., the Confederate Home of Missouri has received a great many volumes of the VETERAN. Her brother, Capt. J. E. Massengale, was for many years a friend of the late editor of the VETERAN.

HELPED TO BUILD UP THE SOUTH.

Henry F. Chase was a soldier of the Confederacy, serving four years in Company B, 22d Virginia Infantry. He was born at Ripley, Jackson County, Va. (now W. Va.), and was the son of John H. Chase, a native of New York, and Malinda Kay, of Pennsylvania. Before the war John H. Chase had been a member of the Virginia Legislature. This family were strictly Southern at all stages of conditions leading up to the war and never wavered in their devotion to the South. When Lee surrendered, Henry F. Chase was a prisoner of war at Point Lookout, Md., with his brothers, Lawrence and Jonathan. Another brother, Benjamin, Captain of Company B, 22d Virginia Infantry, was killed in action at Lewisburg, Va., in 1862. William Chase, the fourth brother in the army, was a prisoner at Camp Chase, as was also his father, John H. Chase, but was at Richmond, Va., during the last year of the war.



HENRY F. CHASE.

Henry F. Chase died at Ripley, W. Va., in 1905, from illness brought on by exposure during the war. For many years he was engaged in the flour-milling business, and through his strict integrity he was known far and wide as the "honest miller." His two sons, John J. and James S. Chase, are representative men of their native State, residing at Point Pleasant and Ripley, and, with the daughter, Mrs. Frank Roush, of Ripley, have a rich heritage in his good name.

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GEORGIA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The reunion of the Georgia Division, U. C. V., was held at Fitzgerald on August 17 and 18 and was a notable one, for the reason that the entertainment of the delegates and visitors was given by the local Camp of Confederate Veterans and the local Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. The wives and daughters of the survivors of both the gray and the blue aided in feeding and lodging the veterans.

The following were the principal features of the reunion: Adoption of a resolution making Macon permanent headquarters of the Division, with Bridges Smith, Mayor of Macon, the permanent Adjutant General and Chief of Staff (this was for the purpose of having a permanent place for the records of the Division); adoption of a resolution favoring pensions from the United States government for Confederate veterans.

The following were elected officers of the Division:

Commander, H. T. Davenport, Americus.

Commander Northern Division, John S. Prather, Atlanta.

Commander Southern Division, W. J. Horsley, Arlington.

Commander Eastern Division, James A. Thomas, Dublin.

Commander Western Division, L. W. Mobley, Vienna.

The place for the next reunion has not yet been selected.

REUNION OF OKLAHOMA DIVISION, U. C. V.

The annual meeting of the Oklahoma Division was held in the city of Ada on September 1, 2, and 3, and the meeting was one of the largest and most successful ever held in the State. So reports Gen. D. M. Hailey, who was reëlected Commander of the Division. The Daughters and Sons also met at the same time, and part of the time were in joint convention with the veterans.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Commander Oklahoma Division, U. C. V., Gen. D. M. Hailey, McAlester; Commander First Brigade, T. D. Turner, Oklahoma City; Second Brigade, T. B. Hogg, Shawnee; Third Brigade, W. P. Francis, Elk City; Choctaw Brigade, J. J. McAlester, McAlester; Creek and Seminole Brigade, T. F. Brewer, Wagoner; Chickasaw Brigade, H. H. Allen, Davis; Cherokee Brigade, Thomas D. Bard, Bushyhead.

President State Division, U. D. C., Mrs. Lutie Hailey Walcott.

Commander Sons of Confederate Veterans, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa.

HISTORY OF GETTYSBURG MEETING.

The last of the documents and relics of the celebration that marked the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg has been filed at the State Library by Col. Lewis E. Beitler, Executive Secretary of the State Commission which had charge of the exercises in 1913.

The collection, which includes flags, badges, medals, plans, maps, reports, and all other data and forms a complete history of the event, will be placed in an alcove in the State Museum. The papers trace the preparations for the celebration from 1908.

In the list of documents filed are autographed manuscripts of the thirty-one addresses delivered, including that of President Wilson; all the correspondence between the States; more than five hundred official photographs taken during the reunion week, including panoramic and group pictures; roster with six thousand autographs of veterans; seven volumes of newspaper articles; the autographic report of the commission in charge, and many other papers.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The Unknown Dead.—Col. Thomas G. Fulkerson, of Tazewell, Tenn., writes that in the Irish Cemetery at that place, near Cumberland Gap, there are about thirty graves of Confederate soldiers who died in the hospital there, with nothing to show who they were except that on one rough limestone headstone is cut "C. D. S." Close by is the grave of Lieutenant Vaughan, of the 11th Tennessee, who was killed while on police duty in that section. If the relatives or friends would like to put up markers or a monument, Camp J. W. Fulkerson, of Tazewell, will look after the matter for them.

Special Subscription Offer.—The Garden Magazine, published in New York City, is now offered in connection with the Veteran for the first time. The regular subscription to this magazine is $1.50, but old patrons of the Veteran renewing subscriptions during the month of November may have the two publications for $2. New subscribers in that month are given in addition two months' subscription free, copies of the Veteran for November and December being sent them complimentary. Don't fail to take advantage of this attractive offer.

Old Magazines.—Col. Ell. Torrance, Minneapolis, Minn., wants copies of "The Land We Love," published by Gen. D. H. Hill, of North Carolina, and of "Our Living and Our Dead," by Col. S. D. Pool. He is also anxious to get a copy of the first number of the Veteran, January, 1893, for which he will pay a good price.

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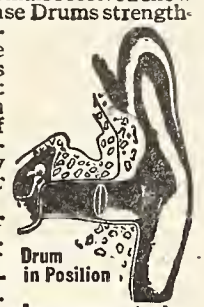
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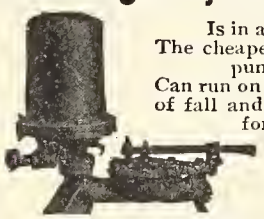


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INFORMATION Regarding GRAVES of CONFEDERATE PRISONERS OF WAR

who died in the hands of the Union forces is requested by the War Department in order that these graves shall receive national attention. Please write, giving name of the soldier or sailor and burial place, to

Dr. Samuel E. Lewis, Commissioner
Army Medical Library Building
Washington, D. C.

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J. H. Burnett, Box 35, Warren, Ark., wishes to correspond with any survivor of Company B, 4th Mississippi Infantry. This company went from Attalla County, Miss., under Capt. J. B. Moore, and was known as the Yellow Jacket Company.

Mrs. Ireaney Richey, of Odenville, Ala. (R. R. 2, Box 30), is the widow of Wesley Richey, who served in Company C, of the 30th Alabama Regiment. She wishes to hear from any surviving comrade who can testify to his record as a soldier.

J. N. Philpot, Selma, Ala. (2243 Alabama Avenue), would be glad to hear from any survivors of his old company (B) of the 1st Mississippi Cavalry. He has not communicated with any of them since he was left on the field at Selma, April 2, 1865.

W. S. Tomlinson, Tulia, Tex., wants to communicate with surviving comrades of Daniel E. Garrett, who enlisted in Sumner County, Tenn., and served under General Morgan. (It is thought that his regiment was commanded by Colonel Bennett.) This inquiry is for the benefit of Mrs. Garrett, who needs a pension.

Mrs. John C. Echard, of Staunton, Va. (803 W. Main Street), makes inquiry for comrades of her husband, John C. Echard, who served with the militia from Newport, Augusta County, Va., and asks that they will furnish information as to the company and regiment with which he served. She needs a pension.

Any survivor of Desha's Company (afterwards Cooper's), Duke's regiment, Morgan's command, who knows of Joe W. Hyde's service as a Confederate soldier, by writing to J. H. Murray, County Court Clerk, Glasgow, Ky., will confer a favor, as he is helping this destitute comrade to prove his claim for a pension.

"REBS."

BY BESSIE SAXON CAMP.

I love each valiant, loyal heart
That nobly, bravely bore its part
To shield our land from Northern dart—
Dear "Rebs."

I love the ragged suit of gray,
That tattered flag, once bright and gay,
Honored still, though furled to-day,
By "Rebs."

Though made for us a badge of shame,
I never hear a sweeter name,
In lowly hut or hall of fame,
Than "Rebs."

When strains of "Dixie" fill the air,
My heart forgets its weight of care,
And pride and love both nestle there
For "Rebs."

Any one who knew W. H. Brinkley as a Confederate soldier will please write to Mrs. E. C. Taylor, Asheville, N. C. (179 Merrimac Avenue), who is interested in securing a pension for his aged wife, who is in need. Mr. Brinkley lived near Greenville, Miss., and enlisted there in a cavalry regiment. Any information as to his company and regiment will be helpful.

William J. Wilson, of Chattanooga, Tenn., wants a pension, but has forgotten his command. He thinks it was Company A, 37th Georgia Regiment. His first captain was named Guest, who was succeeded by Captain Hallcourt, and he by Captain Pool. He claims to have enlisted at Atlanta, from Fulton County, Ga., served two years, and was surrendered at Richmond. Some members of his company were Tommy Burdick, John Grogan, Thomas Lowery, Polk Lord, Jim and John Smith, Billie Greer, Wash Wright, and Richard Wilson. If any of these comrades are living, they will confer a favor by communicating with Mrs. E. O. Wells, President of A. P. Stewart Chapter, Chattanooga, Tenn., as Mr. Wilson is very feeble and needs help.



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No soul so good, no will so strong,
But what is ruined by this great wrong.
Morphine, Whiskey, and Cocaine
Have their thousands yearly slain.

If you are addicted but want to be free,
Don't lose any time in coming to me.

Dr. J. A. D. Hite, 315 Cole Bldg. Nashville, Tenn.

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W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, Roanoke, Va.
W. B. BEVILL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Roanoke, Va.

R. McMillan, of Hope Mills, N. C., would like to know if there are any of the 1st, 4th, and 5th Texas Regiments, Hood's Brigade, still living who were in Winder Hospital, Richmond, Va., in 1863. He was ward master of Fifth Division, Ward 31.

Miss Nannie Ware, of Lincolnton, Ga., wants the address of any surviving member of the 12th Georgia Regiment. A Union soldier of Pennsylvania has the flag that was taken from that regiment and wishes to return it.

Mrs. E. Dunne, 1135 Magazine Street, New Orleans, La., makes inquiry for some surviving comrades of Michael Dunn (or Dunne), who fought two years in the Confederate army and two years in the navy, where he served as gunner on the ram Tennessee under command of Admiral Buchanan. He was taken prisoner and paroled after the surrender of General Lee.

C. A. Bowron, Plainview, Tex. (Box 97), is interested in securing a pension for the widow of Charles Sebastian and asks that any surviving comrades kindly furnish all information possible of his service. He was first sergeant of Company C, Continental Guards, attached to the 11th Louisiana Regiment, serving under Capt. John G. Fleming and Colonel S. M. Marks. He served all through the war and died in 1881.

John B. Stringer entered the Confederate service at Montgomery, Ala., September 7, 1861, as a member of Company B, 1st Alabama Battalion, which later was consolidated with the 1st Alabama Infantry. After being discharged, he reëntered service in the 15th Alabama Cavalry and served until the surrender. He is now trying to secure a pension and needs the testimony of some comrade to prove his record. Send information to Capt. P. A. Blakey, Mt. Vernon, Tex.

Dr. George B. Howard, of Mound City, Ill., writes in behalf of two worthy Confederate widows for whom he is trying to secure pensions and asks for the names and addresses of any surviving members of Company D, 3d Regiment Confederate Infantry (or Mounted Infantry), Kentucky Troops. These ladies are widows of A. J. Simmons, who served in Company D, of the 3d Kentucky Infantry, and Benjamin Alonzo Berry (Ben Berry), who was first in Company A, 1st Regiment Kentucky Confederate Cavalry, and afterwards in Companies E, F, and G, of the same command. Dr. Howard also wishes to learn the company and regiment to which one John Halley belonged. He was in Forrest's command and was captured at Fort Donelson and taken to Camp Butler, near Springfield, Ill., and died there in 1862. Was he from Memphis or anywhere else in Tennessee?

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SONS OF VETERANS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS,
CONFEDERATED SOUTHERN MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

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The brave will honor the brave, vanquished none the less.

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AN OPTIMISTIC OCTOGENARIAN.

"I still feel young at eighty-three.
If all this world were lost to me,
No life that is, no life to be,
Can ever take the past from me."

These lines express the sentiment of Maj. T. H. Blacknall, who sends them with his picture, taken on his eighty-third birthday, which shows that he is still young and vigorous. He is now a resident of Chicago, Ill., having gone there some twelve years ago from Atlanta, Ga., to even up, he says, for the losses sustained during the war. He was one of the largest cotton planters in the State of Arkansas before he became major of the 1st Arkansas Infantry, which he commanded during the War between the States. When he got back home, he found negroes gone, houses burned, and three hundred bales of cotton gone up in the smoke of his gin house, and cotton then at sixty cents per pound!



MAJ. T. H. BLACKNALL.

Major Blacknall also sends these lines on the home-coming of the soldiers in gray fifty years ago, those scenes so indelibly impressed upon his mind as never to be obliterated when the tattered and torn and unconquered gray marched through the grass-covered streets, with the fire-blackened, houseless chimneys bending as mourning sentinels over the charred remains of the once happy homes—desolation and despair everywhere:

THE HOMING OF THE GRAY.

"Through half a century I see more clear than yesterday
That lonely march, that fateful march, the homing of the gray.
Wrecks of former pride, we came to ruin, wastes, and tears;
Nor have we caught the world step through all the cruel years.
And we have paid the blood price. Shall the grave be all our gain?
You owe us, ah! you owe us; long and heavy is the score,
Vain all your gold to pay it, all your plaudits vain,
And your boasted song and story leave it as before.
Vain bronze and soaring marble, though it cleave the Southern blue:
But would you square the tally sheet and even reverse the score?
Stand for the rights we stood for, stand foursquare and true,
And rear your children's children to guard them evermore."

A CHALLENGE TO ALL CONFEDERATES.

Maj. W. T. Hardison, of Nashville, Tenn., sends the names of six Confederate veterans living in the vicinity of Hardison Mills, Maury County, Tenn., who have passed into the four-score class, of whom he says: "These men were born and reared in the same community and are still living and enjoying good health. I understand Mr. Clymore cultivated six acres of corn in 1914. I am proud to say that I was born in this neighborhood, but am not eligible to this list by about four years."

These veterans are: Capt. J. C. Cundiff, Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, aged eighty-eight; Capt. J. C. Montgomery, Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, aged eighty-six; Capt. Joel Clymore, Starnes's 4th Tennessee Cavalry, aged ninety; Lieut. R. W. Tindell, 24th Tennessee Infantry, aged eighty-two; Lieut. D. M. Hardison, 24th Tennessee Infantry, aged eighty-three; Jesse Cheek, 24th Tennessee Infantry, aged eighty-three.

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Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, *Second Vice President General.*
Mrs. Lula A. Lovell, *Third Vice President General.*
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Mrs. John W. Tench, *Custodian Cross of Honor.*
Mrs. W. K. Beard, *Custodian Flags and Pennants.*

"Love Makes Memory Eternal."

THE CONVENTION IN SAN FRANCISCO.

The twenty-second Annual Convention, United Daughters of the Confederacy, opened in the Civic Auditorium of San Francisco on Tuesday evening, October 19, with Mrs. C. C. Clay, President of the California Division, presiding. Addresses of welcome were made by Mr. Edgar T. Poixette for the mayor of the city, who was unable to be present; by Mrs. William B. Pritchard, daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, for the Daughters of the Confederacy; by Capt. James F. Tucker, a Confederate veteran; and by Mr. Walter Coleman Groves, President of the Southern Club of San Francisco. Response to these addresses was made by Mrs. B. B. Ross, of Alabama, First Vice President General. Beautiful flowers from the Mississippi Division were presented to the President General, Mrs. Daisy McLaurin Stevens, by Mrs. Virginia Slaughter Scales, and just before the close of the evening's exercises this Division, through its President, Mrs. Virginia Reddick Price, presented Mrs. Stevens with a magnificent U. D. C. pin.

On Wednesday morning the Convention proper began its sessions in the ballroom of the Bellevue Hotel. The credentials report showed the number of votes to which delegates were entitled to be 1,969, with 215 delegates actually present upon the floor. All general officers were in attendance, with the exception of Mrs. W. T. Culbertson, Second Vice President General.

The President General's report covered much ground and showed that the Daughters were taking great interest in every branch of their work. Among her decisions of the year, all of which were upheld by the Convention, two stand forth preëminently, "That a charter must be sent direct to a Chapter asking for it," and "That no standing rule that interferes with its constitution can be legally adopted by a Division." On her recommendation, it was also decided that an ex-President General should be allowed to wear a specially designed bar.

The regular election of officers took place on Thursday morning, October 21. Two candidates were nominated for the office of President General—Mrs. Livingston Rowe Schuyler, of New York, and Mrs. Frank G. Odenheimer, of Maryland, the latter being elected. Before the vote was announced, Mrs. Schuyler did a beautiful and gracious thing in stating to the Convention that she realized Mrs. Odenheimer had been elected and asked that it be made unanimous and that she be allowed to escort Mrs. Odenheimer to the platform.

The three offices of Vice Presidents General were filled by the election of Mrs. J. H. Stewart, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Mrs. L. M. Bashinsky, of Troy, Ala.; and Mrs. Lula A. Lovell, of Denver, Colo. The office of Second Vice President General, filled by Mrs. Bashinsky, also carries with it that of Custodian of U. D. C. Badges, and only from her can permits for these badges be obtained.

The other general officers were reëlected, with one exception. The term of the Custodian of Flags and Pennants had constitutionally expired, and Mrs. W. K. Beard, of Philadelphia, was chosen to fill that position. Death having robbed the U. D. C. of three Honorary Presidents during the past year, this honor was bestowed upon Mrs. Electra Semmes Colston, of Mobile, Ala.; Mrs. W. H. Parsley, of Wilmington, N. C.; and Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, Tenn.

The Recording Secretary General's report showed the addition of thirty-eight new Chapters during the year, one of these being in New York City. As there are now three Chapters in that city, a Division will shortly be organized there.

Mrs. John W. Tench, of Florida, Custodian of Crosses of Honor, announced that during the past year only 1,700 crosses of honor had been awarded; and of these, only four hundred went to veterans. The Convention went on record as highly disapproving of other than veterans wearing the cross and urged that every means be taken to enforce the law forbidding it.

Mr. Gatzum Borglum, the eminent sculptor, presented his idea of the possibilities of Stone Mountain as "the great Confederate memorial"; and while the audience was aroused to enthusiasm over the plans for such a magnificent undertaking, it was not considered feasible for the U. D. C. to take it up. No request was made for them to do so. This is a special project of the Georgia Division and was brought before the Convention through Mrs. W. D. Lamar, President of the Georgia Division, who secured a hearing for Mr. Borglum, and she assured the U. D. C. that Georgia asked nothing now "but a continuation of interest in the work, with the hope that when the way was clear and the project well crystallized all States would claim the privilege of helping through their U. D. C."



MRS. FANNIE RANSOM WILLIAMS,
Recording Secretary General.

Mrs. Alexander B. White, Director General, made a most able plea for the Shiloh monument and offered a handsome

bust of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston as a prize to the Chapter raising the most money for that monument during the coming year. Pledges of contributions to this monument were given to the amount of $1,844. It is necessary to raise $14,000 more for the monument so as to be ready to unveil it next year. (Mrs. White's appeal for Shiloh follows the Convention report.)

The report on the Arlington Monument showed that $2,000 had been paid to Sir Moses Ezekiel on that debt, leaving $6,420 yet due. Pledges on this were taken in the sum of $913.

Mrs. James B. Gantt, Treasurer, made a report on the Cunningham Memorial, for which additional pledges were made to the amount of $145.

Friday night was Historical Evening, when Miss Rutherford made another of her splendid addresses on "Historical Sins of Omission and Commission." The Raines Banner, given for the best historical work, was won by Virginia; while the Rose Loving Cup went to Arkansas for the best historical essay on a given subject.

An incident which aroused much enthusiasm in the Convention was the presentation of a very handsome United States flag to the organization by Mrs. Maude Howell Smith, President of the District of Columbia Division, U. D. C. This flag will be used hereafter with other decorations of the organization. The Convention received the flag standing.

Two of the most important acts of the Convention were the laws made that "hereafter every cent of any money collected for any purpose, excepting that for Arlington and Shiloh monument funds, shall be sent to the U. D. C. Treasurer General for distribution" and that "no Chapter formed in one State can belong to a Division in another State."

Invitations for the next Convention were extended by Dallas, Tex., and Asheville, N. C., the former being accepted, and the next Convention will be held at the regular time, the second Wednesday in November, 1916.

The memorial window that is to be placed by the women of the South in the Red Cross Building in Washington, D. C., dedicated to the women of the War between the States, was much discussed, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter at once, to ascertain how payments should be made, etc. The Savannah Convention voted to place this window, and now this work must have attention. Notice being called to the words "Civil War" on the front of the blue print of the building, a committee was appointed to try to have the words changed to "War between the States."

Entertainments.

An account of the 1915 Convention, however full, would not be complete without some mention of the wonderful hospitality of the Daughters of California and the West. Truly has the hospitality of the South been famed far and wide, yet the hospitality of the West exceeds it, if possible. But, after all, it is Southern hospitality, for the blood of Southern heroes and heroines flows in the veins of the men and women who extended it to the Daughters of the Confederacy this year.

Beginning with the trip westward, the U. D. C. were warmly greeted by their sisters in different cities *en route*. At Kansas City a delightful drive over the city was given and a delicious luncheon served. It was there that all traffic was stopped to allow the long line of automobiles filled with Southern women to pass. The members of the several Chapters at Denver were found waiting, and the day was filled most enjoyably by a drive, a luncheon, and a reception. Salt Lake City Daughters bade the U. D. C. welcome at supper, for the stop was brief. The magnificent entertainments at San Francisco, luncheons, teas, receptions, invitations to balls by both the Southern States Society of San Francisco and the G. A. R. followed one another in plentiful succession.

Monday, October 25, was U. D. C. Day at the Exposition. The delegates were first given a sight-seeing trip over the city as the guests of California Daughters, which ended in the Court of Attendance at the Panama Exposition. There they were received by the directors of the Exposition, and a plaque was presented to the organization by Mr. Philip T. Clay, Director of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, who is a son of Mrs. C. C. Clay, President of the California Division. This plaque was received by the new President General, Mrs. Odenheimer, who stated that it would be placed in the Solid South Room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., the depository of so many sacred relics of the Confederacy. An elegant luncheon was served in the Virginia Building, and a reception was tendered at the Massachusetts Building. The National Y. W. C. A. gave a delightful dinner to the general officers and some sixty guests.



MRS. CARROLL L. STEWART, LOS ANGELES.
Elected First Vice President General.

On the return trip the train was met at Santa Cruz by ladies and gentlemen with magnificent fruit and flowers, to remind us still of California kindness. The day at San Diego was full of enjoyment—a delightful sight-seeing drive, a visit to the beautiful San Diego Exposition, and such a lovely reception and entertainment in the Southern Counties Building! On the next day at Los Angeles more pleasure awaited us. As guests of the six Chapters there—the Los Angeles, Robert E. Lee, Wade Hampton, John Reagan, Joe Wheeler, and Southland Chapters—we visited the old San Gabriel Mission and took luncheon under the big grapevine planted in 1781 and now covering nine thousand square feet. We were served by Mexican waiters, while musicians of the same nationality made sweet music all the time. We were then guests at the wonderful Mission Play, and this, with a ball, closed the day. Delightful drives and entertainments continued through two whole days, and then with a feeling of sadness the U. D. C. bade farewell to their California friends, glad to have met and known them, sad to part from them after a season of unalloyed pleasure and happiness as their guests.

Memorial Hour.

Memorial Hour was held in the Mississippi Building on Wednesday afternoon, when tribute was paid "in sacred remembrance." Three Honorary Presidents have been lost to the organization during the past year—Mrs. L. H. Raines,

Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, and Mrs. Virginia Clay Clopton. Another valued member, Mrs. Isabelle Tucker Hardwicke, and an appreciated friend of the organization, Dr. James Henry Parker, were remembered in this memorial hour.

Prize Essay Contest.

In the Martin and Hoyt prize essay contest the winner of the first prize was Miss Ida C. Klein, of Louisiana, to whom was awarded the $100 cash prize from the U. D. C. The subject of the essay was, "The South's Place in American Literature." Miss Klein is quite young, being only twenty-one years of age, and this is indeed a triumph for her. She is a native of Mississippi, having been born on a plantation near Vicksburg, but Louisiana is the State of her adoption.

THE SHILOH MONUMENT.

To the United Daughters of the Confederacy: We are now on the last stretch of the Shiloh work. One year more, and the committee will be ready to close the book and write "finis" to the work and turn the completed and unveiled monument over to the U. D. C. To do that Shiloh must have the right of way. The time has come when Shiloh needs to be first and when you must make Shiloh first if the Daughters of the Confederacy are to sustain their reputation for keeping their contracts.

The contract with Mr. Hibbard, signed on your behalf by the President General, calls for the final payment for the monument when it is completed and turned over to the U. D. C. That final payment calls for $12,000, and that means cash. The expenses of the unveiling exercises and other obligations likewise call for cash on hand, and the Shiloh Committee has not all this cash. We have collected about $36,000. We have paid out of this the sum of $13,000. That leaves on hand $23,000. We need $14,000 more to make up the required $50,000, the amount to which you are pledged.

You see from the foregoing that Shiloh is for this year your most important, your most urgent work. We must have this money. Shiloh needs every dollar that can be spared from the U. D. C. treasury, every dollar a Chapter or individual can send to the fund. Let all other work and projects be put aside for this year and give all to Shiloh.

To further this work and to get a good likeness and profile of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston for the monument, Mr. Hibbard has made a handsome and almost life-sized bust of General Johnston. This bust he has given to me. In my home is a place in which this bust would fit beautifully. I should be so proud to have it there and to show it to all who cross my threshold. I want this bust myself, but what I want more is to present to the U. D. C. the completed Shiloh monument, completed and paid for with credit and honor to all. So I shall not selfishly keep this bust, but I herewith offer it as a prize to that Chapter which sends in the most money for Shiloh by October 1, 1916. It will be presented at the next General Convention. I make this offer with one proviso: The winning Chapter must send in at least $200. In other words, if no Chapter pays into the Shiloh treasury $200, then the bust will not be given, not having been won as a prize, but will remain my property. To let the bust go for less, go for a mere song, would show little appreciation of the beautiful bust and the work put on it. At a fair valuation the bust is worth $800; and if the Chapter winning it has to raise as much as $500 to win it, it would still get in return valuation nearly twice what it paid out; therefore $200 does not seem too much to ask the winner to contribute. The bust is a prize well worth striving for by any Chapter. But even if you do not try for the bust, send in every cent you can for Shiloh.

Faithfully yours, Mrs. Alexander B. White,
Director General Shiloh Monument Committee, U. D. C., Paris, Tenn.

TENNESSEE DIVISION, U. D. C.

BY MISS MARGARET BOYLES, EDITOR.

To the Tennessee Division especially is the Confederate Veteran dear, for Tennessee is its home, with all the tender associations of that sweetest of words. It is the earnest desire of the editor that this column may be not only a disseminator of Chapter news, but that it may also between its lines of cold type be heavily fraught with an inspirational spirit of love and loyalty which shall join in a magic circle the hearts of all Daughters of Tennessee into a stronger and more united service to our organization and its official organ, the Confederate Veteran.



MRS. J. NORMENT POWELL, JOHNSON CITY, TENN.,
President Tennessee Division, U. D. C.

Until recently the Musidora C. McCorry Chapter, of Jackson, had the unique distinction of having as its most honored member the mother of a Confederate veteran, Mrs. Emily Green Person. She passed away on October 3, aged nearly ninety-one years, survived by her soldier son, B. A. Person, a younger son, Rush Person, and three daughters, Mrs. Lula Person Tyson, Mrs. Anna Person Noell, and Mrs. Joseph B. Hicks, the homes of all being within a stone's throw of her own. Mrs. Person's parents, Alexander and Margaret Spratt Green, moved to Madison County, Tenn., from North Carolina in 1823, locating on a tract of land near Jackson, still owned by the family. They brought with them the first piano in Madison County and probably in West Tennessee. Mrs. Person received her preparatory education under Mrs. Maria Biglow, grandmother of Miss Cassie E. Mason, head of the famous school, The Castle, at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson.

She finished at the old Female Academy in Nashville and in 1844 married Benjamin Rush Person, one of the leading ante-bellum merchants of Jackson. Her soldier son enlisted at the age of sixteen in the 6th Tennessee Infantry, was discharged because of ill health, and later joined Forrest's Escort, with which he served until the end of the war. For a number of years Mrs. Person's birthdays had been delightfully celebrated. The last was on November 21, 1914, a never-to-be-forgotten event to those who were present, as she graced the board in the home which had been hers without intermission since she entered its doors a bride seventy-two years before.

The observance of Sam Davis's birthday by the Knoxville Chapter was different from that of most Chapters. It took the form of a luncheon to the Confederate veterans of the city. Sixty-four guests of the "vanishing gray" and one Federal veteran were present. Talks were made by J. C. Cowan, 1st Tennessee Cavalry; Capt. W. E. Yeatman, 2d Tennessee Infantry; E. H. McKinney, 21st North Carolina Infantry; Capt. C. P. Storrs, commander of Forrest's Escort; George W. Beecher, 92d New York Regiment, Army of the Potomac; and others. Knoxville Chapter finds its greatest pleasure in entertaining the veterans.

Kirby Smith Chapter, of Sewanee, is also active in its work for veterans, a special fund of $32 having been raised recently by means of an entertainment for the Soldiers' Home. This Chapter is distinguished in having as members Mrs. John R. Eggleston, one of the fifteen honorary Presidents General, and Mrs. Shoup, the widow of Brigadier General Shoup, who is Recording Secretary of the Chapter and who has collected and arranged a valuable reference library on the Confederacy at the University of the South.

THE ARKANSAS DIVISION.

REPORT BY MRS. G. H. TREVATHAN, RECORDING SECRETARY.

The annual convention of the Arkansas Division was held on October 6, 7, and 8, two weeks earlier than usual on account of the early date of the General Convention at San Francisco. The meeting was very well attended, but there was not a full representation. The work of the convention was not only important, but most interesting at this time, as it marked a period in the history of the Division. Twenty years ago the Arkansas Division, U. D. C., was organized at Hope under the direction of Mrs. C. A. Forney-Smith, of Little Rock. Mrs. Smith was also present at this convention and gave an interesting account of the beginning of the State U. D. C. work and brought out the manner in which it had prospered during the twenty years past.

The Division has now about sixty Chapters. At the last convention the constitution and by-laws were changed and revised, so now the Arkansas Division is capable of doing as good work as any Division in the organization. This Division is divided into four districts, and these districts work under the direction of district officers, who in turn report to the State Division at the annual State convention.

The Division is advancing in the cause of education. An effort to establish an endowment fund was launched at the convention, by which means the Division will be enabled to maintain a student in the State university each year, in addition to one scholarship already established in this institution. Three new standing committees were established: a highway committee, a peace committee, and a committee to coöperate with the sons of the Confederacy to organize S. C. V. Camps over the State. The convention also adopted an official medal to be known as the U. D. C. medal.

A resolution was adopted authorizing every Chapter in the State to subscribe for the VETERAN, and it is to be hoped that this resolution will be enforced and that the magazine will find its way into every Chapter library in the State.

The Arkansas Division has a membership of about three thousand, and everywhere the workers are enthused over the new methods being put forth by the Division.

The State officers are as follows:

President, Mrs. C. M. Roberts, Hot Springs.

Vice Presidents, Mrs. Joe T. Beal, Little Rock, and Mrs. Jess M. Martin, Russellville.

Recording Secretary, Mrs. George H. Trevathan, Batesville.

Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George S. Spraggins, Hope.

Treasurer, Mrs. R. N. Garrett, Eldorado.

Historian, Mrs. J. T. Sifford, Camden.

Registrar, Mrs. W. M. Cole, Wilson.

Recorder of Crosses, Mrs. Harris, Prairie Grove.

Custodian of Flags, Mrs. C. A. Forney-Smith, Little Rock.

MEMORIAL DAY IN LOUISIANA.

BY MRS. JAMES DINKINS, VICE PRESIDENT C. S. M. A.

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association succeeded a society known as the Mothers of the Confederacy, which had been formed by a few devoted women of Tennessee in 1862, and the society soon extended to other Southern States, even to sections within the enemy's lines.

It is claimed, and I think rightly so, that the women of Louisiana were the first to take up the work of the Mothers of the Confederacy. They erected the first Confederate monument, a beautiful effigy of a Confederate soldier surmounting a shaft on which the figures of some of our generals are carved. The monument stands in Greenwood Cemetery, New Orleans, near the New Basin Canal and opposite beautiful Metairie Cemetery. This first memorial to our Confederate soldiers was begun in 1866.

Besides the beautiful monument in Greenwood dedicated to Confederate soldiers and sailors, there is also a statue of President Davis, unveiled in 1913, which stands, facing Canal Street, on the neutral ground that extends through the limits of the Jefferson Davis Parkway. The New Orleans Memorial Association raised the money and paid for the work before it was unveiled. Under the leadership of their worthy President, Mrs. W. J. Behan, the ladies of the New Orleans Memorial Association petitioned and obtained the consent to change the name of the street on which the statue stands to the Jefferson Davis Parkway, which has been beautified with palms and flowers, and now the city has the responsibility of giving it protection and care in the future.

President Davis's birthday, June 3, has been made a legal holiday and is Memorial Day in Louisiana. Mrs. Behan and other ladies urged the legislature to honor the memory of Mr. Davis, which was done willingly and enthusiastically by that body. Memorial Day in Louisiana is observed with great earnestness, dignity, and solemnity by the people. The ceremonies include a march to the cemeteries by the Confederate soldiers, school children and their teachers, with bands of music, and in New Orleans the National Guard join in the parade.

There are several statues and monuments in New Orleans, besides those in Metairie and St. Louis Cemeteries, where ceremonies are held. Committees of ladies and Confederate

(Continued on page 569.)

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And in the hearts he leaves behind
Deep love and sorrow blend;
While memories by tears refined
Like incense pure ascend."

Some very encouraging responses have come to the letter recently sent out by the Cunningham Memorial Association not only in the form of contributions, but also in words of commendation for the worthy undertaking. In sending a contribution from members of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1537, U. C. V., Portland, Oregon, Adjutant Charles E. Morgan writes: "Our Camp has received the letter informing us of the much-merited object to erect a building in Nashville as a memorial to show our appreciation of the life work of our late comrade, S. A. Cunningham. This letter was read at the last meeting of our Camp, at which we had an attendance of seven old 'Johnny Rebs.' Each of us contributed to this memorial as much as he felt able to give, and inclosed is a list with the amounts contributed. The Camp voted very much in favor of this memorial and wish you every success in your efforts to complete it."

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THE RUINS OF APPOMATTOX.

When the Army of Northern Virginia was surrendered at the little village of Appomattox, Va., it was little realized that this event would bring the name of the quiet little town of the Old Dominion into the greatest publicity and eventually be its undoing. At least that seems to have been the case, for there is now little left of this historic old place as it appeared at the time General Lee led his weary army into its restful shades and by his surrender there of the grandest soldiery of any time exploited the place of surrender to the farthest confines of the earth. Some places thrive on notoriety, but that was not the fate of old Appomattox Courthouse, whose present condition is best explained by a letter from Mrs. C. W. Hunter, President of Appomattox Chapter, in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, replying to the published comments of some visitors to its historic ruins. Mrs. Hunter says:

"It is indeed a veritable Goldsmith's 'deserted village.' No one regrets this more than the people of Appomattox, and especially the local Chapter, U. D. C., and the Camp of Confederate Veterans. Both organizations are small, with little funds in their treasuries yearly to meet the demands of the Confederate veterans, their widows in their need, keep the Appomattox Soldiers' Cemetery in repair, care for the sick and send wreaths of flowers for the casket of each soldier who dies in our county, and for many other helps in U. D. C. work. The Appomattox Chapter is doing a noble work and is not unmindful of the great ruins at old Appomattox Courthouse, where hundreds of visitors from every section come every year to see the historic place, once a beautiful, aristocratic little town in the sixties. But after the surrender its desolation was about complete.

"This historic place is noted in both the New and Old Worlds. Wherever Appomattox is written or spoken interested attention is immediately given. Our Congressman years ago introduced a bill in the House to make a national park at Appomattox, and every loyal citizen of the United States should advocate the bill and have it brought before the House of Representatives until it is accomplished. The McLean house and most of the surrounding grounds are owned by private individuals, who ask many thousands of dollars for these places, too large for the local organizations ever to reach; yet $50,000 or $60,000 would be a small amount for the Federal government to pay for the whole place and then make a national park of it.



MARKING THE LAST STAND OF NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.

"As Mr. Peace, of Tennessee, and hundreds of others have said, both North and South should be interested in its preservation. Very few of the tourists who come here know that the old courthouse was burned down twenty-three years ago and that the McLean house was taken down to be rebuilt at the World's Fair in Chicago by a Northern capitalist. Yankeelike, another capitalist built a facsimile of it before the bricks could be numbered, with every other part, and shipped there and erected as it stood here, brick for brick. So he failed to erect the historic house in Chicago or to ship it from its historic spot. The writer is glad we have the old bricks and débris in Appomattox; for some day, if the Federal government does not purchase it and make a national park there, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere may unite to restore these neglected national historic places in the world-famous Appomattox Courthouse.

"Citizens of the United States, see that these places are restored to our nation."



THE OLD M'LEAN HOUSE AND ITS RUINS.

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the downtrodden just;
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past.
Yes, give me a land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
And after the night comes the sunrise of morn.

—*Father Ryan.*

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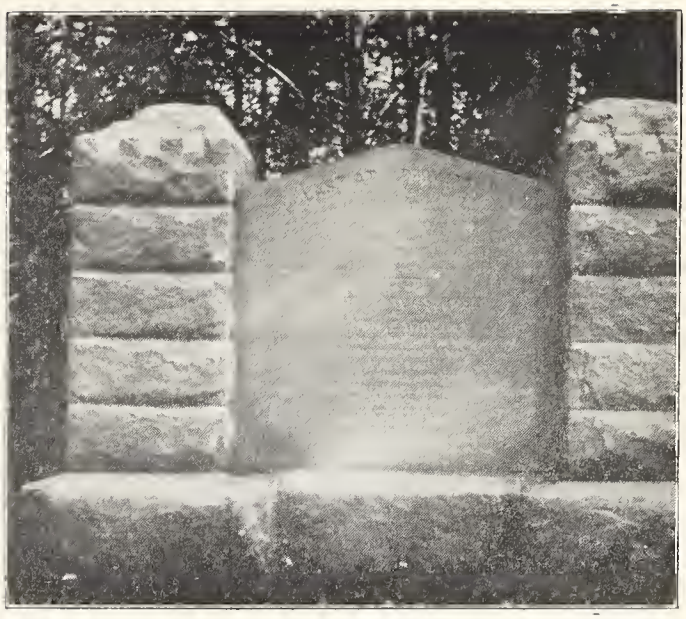
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THE RUINS OF APPOMATTOX.

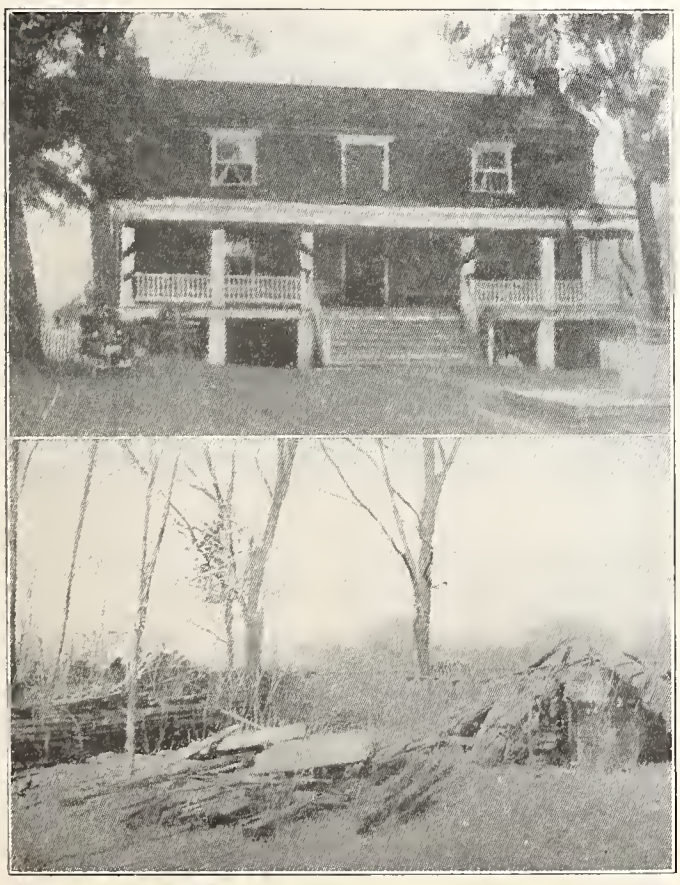
When the Army of Northern Virginia was surrendered at the little village of Appomattox, Va., it was little realized that this event would bring the name of the quiet little town of the Old Dominion into the greatest publicity and eventually be its undoing. At least that seems to have been the case, for there is now little left of this historic old place as it appeared at the time General Lee led his weary army into its restful shades and by his surrender there of the grandest soldiery of any time exploited the place of surrender to the farthest confines of the earth. Some places thrive on notoriety, but that was not the fate of old Appomattox Courthouse, whose present condition is best explained by a letter from Mrs. C. W. Hunter, President of Appomattox Chapter, in the Richmond Times-Dispatch, replying to the published comments of some visitors to its historic ruins. Mrs. Hunter says:

"It is indeed a veritable Goldsmith's 'deserted village.' No one regrets this more than the people of Appomattox, and especially the local Chapter, U. D. C., and the Camp of Confederate Veterans. Both organizations are small, with little funds in their treasuries yearly to meet the demands of the Confederate veterans, their widows in their need, keep the Appomattox Soldiers' Cemetery in repair, care for the sick and send wreaths of flowers for the casket of each soldier who dies in our county, and for many other helps in U. D. C. work. The Appomattox Chapter is doing a noble work and is not unmindful of the great ruins at old Appomattox Courthouse, where hundreds of visitors from every section come every year to see the historic place, once a beautiful, aristocratic little town in the sixties. But after the surrender its desolation was about complete.

"This historic place is noted in both the New and Old Worlds. Wherever Appomattox is written or spoken interested attention is immediately given. Our Congressman years ago introduced a bill in the House to make a national park at Appomattox, and every loyal citizen of the United States should advocate the bill and have it brought before the House of Representatives until it is accomplished. The McLean house and most of the surrounding grounds are owned by private individuals, who ask many thousands of dollars for these places, too large for the local organizations ever to reach; yet $50,000 or $60,000 would be a small amount for the Federal government to pay for the whole place and then make a national park of it.



MARKING THE LAST STAND OF NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS.



THE OLD M'LEAN HOUSE AND ITS RUINS.

"As Mr. Peace, of Tennessee, and hundreds of others have said, both North and South should be interested in its preservation. Very few of the tourists who come here know that the old courthouse was burned down twenty-three years ago and that the McLean house was taken down to be rebuilt at the World's Fair in Chicago by a Northern capitalist. Yankeelike, another capitalist built a facsimile of it before the bricks could be numbered, with every other part, and shipped there and erected as it stood here, brick for brick. So he failed to erect the historic house in Chicago or to ship it from its historic spot. The writer is glad we have the old bricks and débris in Appomattox; for some day, if the Federal government does not purchase it and make a national park there, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy everywhere may unite to restore these neglected national historic places in the world-famous Appomattox Courthouse.

"Citizens of the United States, see that these places are restored to our nation."

Yes, give me the land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust
And bright with the deeds of the downtrodden just;
Yes, give me the land where the battle's red blast
Has flashed to the future the fame of the past.
Yes, give me a land of the wreck and the tomb;
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
And after the night comes the sunrise of morn.

—*Father Ryan.*

*"FOUR YEARS UNDER MARSE ROBERT."**

COMMENTS BY JAMES H. M'NEILLY, D.D., NASHVILLE, TENN.

Of the many volumes of war reminiscences recalling the strenuous days of 1861-65 and the fierce conflict of the War between the States, not one is more entertaining and delightful than "Four Years under Marse Robert," by Maj. Robert Stiles. It is written in clear, flowing literary style and records the experiences of one who participated in the glorious history of the "incomparable army" of Northern Virginia under that paladin of chivalry, Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Major Stiles served from private up to adjutant of brigade and commander of a battalion of artillery, and he writes from personal and accurate knowledge of the marvelous strategy of the great commander and his trusted lieutenants. Two of the generals who appear in characteristic scenes in these pages are Gen. Jubal A. Early ("Old Jube"), commanding a division, and Gov. William Smith, of Virginia, known as "Extra Billy," a jolly, good-humored old brigadier, whom the boys all loved.

"Extra Billy" to the Yankees.

It was on the Gettysburg campaign that the scene was enacted which sets out the happy-go-lucky, roistering, generous, brave Confederate soldier as he appeared in the land of his enemies. Although his own home had been brutally desolated by those enemies, he cherished no malice. But here is the story as given in Major Stiles's book:

We were about entering the beautiful Pennsylvania town of York, General Smith's brigade in the lead. Under these conditions, feeling sure there was likely to be a breeze stirring about the head of the column, I rode forward so as to be near the General and not miss the fun. As we approached, the population seemed to be very generally in the streets, and I saw at a glance that the old Governor had blood in his eye. Turning to Fred, his aid, who was also his son and about the strongest marked case of second edition I ever saw, he told him to "go back and look up those tooting fellows," as he called the brigade band, "and tell them first to be sure their drums and horns are all right and then to come up here to the front and march into town tooting 'Yankee Doodle' in their very best style."

Fred was off in a jiffy, and soon here came the band, their instruments looking bright and smart and glistening in the June sunlight, playing, however, not "Yankee Doodle," but "Dixie," the musicians appearing to think it important to be entirely impartial in rendering these national airs and therefore giving us "Dixie" by way of prelude to "Yankee Doodle."

When they got to the head of the column and struck up "Yankee Doodle" and the Governor, riding alone and bareheaded in front of his staff, began bowing and saluting first one side and then the other, especially every pretty girl he saw, with that manly, hearty smile which no man or woman ever doubted or resisted, the Yorkers seemed at first astounded, then pleased. Finally, by the time we reached the public square they had reached the point of ebullition and broke into enthusiastic cheers as they crowded about the head of the column, actually embarrassing its progress, till the old Governor—the "Governor-General," we might call him—nothing loath, acceded to the half suggestion and called a halt, his brigade stacking arms and constituting, if not organizing, themselves and the people of York into a political meeting.

It was a rare scene—the vanguard of an invading army and the invaded and hostile population hobnobbing on the public green in an enthusiastic public gathering. The General did not dismount, but from the saddle he made a rattling, humorous speech, which both the Pennsylvanians and his own brigade applauded to the echo. He said substantially: "My friends, how do you like this way of coming back into the Union? I hope you like it; I have been in favor of it for a good while. But don't misunderstand us. We are not here with any hostile intent, unless the conduct of your side shall render hostilities unavoidable. You can see for yourselves that we are not conducting ourselves like enemies to-day. We are not burning your houses nor butchering your children. On the contrary, we are behaving ourselves like Christian gentlemen, as we are. You see, it was getting a little warm down our way. We needed a summer outing and thought we would take it at the North instead of patronizing the Virginia springs, as we generally do. We are sorry and apologize that we are not in better guise for a visit of courtesy, but we regret to say that our trunks have not gotten up yet; we were in such a hurry to see you that we could not wait for them. You must really excuse us. What we all need on both sides is to mingle more with each other, so that we shall learn to know and appreciate each other. Now, here's my brigade. I wish you knew them as I do. They are such a hospitable, whole-hearted, fascinating lot of gentlemen. Why, just think of it—of course this part of Pennsylvania is ours to-day; we've got it, we hold it, we can destroy it, or do what we please with it. Yet we sincerely and heartily invite you to stay. You are quite welcome to remain here and to make yourselves entirely at home so long as you behave yourselves pleasantly and agreeably, as you are doing now. Are we not a fine set of fellows? You must admit that we are."

At this point my attention was called to a volley of very heated profanity poured forth in a piping, querulous treble, coming up from the rear; and, being mounted and located where I commanded a view of the road, I saw that the second brigade in column, which had been some distance in the rear, had caught up and was now held up by our public meeting, which filled and obstructed the entire street. Old Jube, who had ridden forward to ascertain the cause of the deadlock, was fairly blistering the air about him and making furious, but for the time futile, efforts to get at Extra Billy, who in plain sight and not far off, yet blissfully unconscious of the presence of the major general and of his agreeable observations and comments, was still holding forth with great fluency and acceptability.

The jam was solid and impervious. As D. H. Hill's report phrased it, "Not a dog—no, not even a sneaking exempt—could have made his way through it"; and at first and for some time Old Jube could not do it, and no one would help him. But at last officers and men were compelled to recognize the division commander, and he made his way so far that, by leaning forward, with a long stretch and a frantic grab, he managed to catch General Smith by the back of his coat collar. Even Jube did not dare curse the old general in an

*"Four Years under Marse Robert." By Maj Robert Stiles. Twelfth thousand. Neale Publishing Company, New York.

offensive way, but he did jerk him back and around pretty vigorously and half screamed: "General Smith, what the devil are you about, stopping the head of the column in this cursed town?"

With unruffled composure the old fellow replied: "Having a little fun, General, which is good for all of us, and at the same time teaching these people something that will be good for them and won't do us any harm."

Suffice to say, the matter was amicably arranged, and the brigade and its unique commander moved on, leaving the honest burghers of York wondering what manner of men we were. I should add that General Early had the greatest regard and admiration for General Smith, which indeed he could not well avoid in view of his intensely patriotic devotion and his other sterling and heroic qualities. I have seldom heard him speak of any other officer or soldier in the service, save, of course, Lee and Jackson, in such exalted terms as of the old "Governor-General."

"Old Dick" to a Church Committee.

There is a splendid story of the Gettysburg campaign in which General Ewell, bluff, honest "Old Dick," figured in conference with a committee of Pennsylvania Dutch, much to their surprise and gratification.

During the latter part of the war I enjoyed the privilege and pleasure of intimate personal acquantance with Lieutenant General Ewell, but at this time (during the Pennsylvania campaign) I knew him only as every soldier in the army knew him. Some of his salient peculiarities, as well as the peculiar character of some of our intercourse with the people of Pennsylvania, are well brought out in the following story, which I have every reason to regard as authentic.

The General was, I think, at Carlisle, though I am not quite certain of the place, when the burghers of the town, or rather a deputed committee of solid citizens, called at headquarters to interview him with reference to several matters. Among other things, they said there was a certain mill the product of which was used largely by the poorer people of the place, who were suffering and likely to suffer more because of the mill's not running, and they asked whether he had any objection to its being run.

"Why, no," said Old Dick; "certainly not. It isn't my mill. What have I got to do with it, anyhow? But stop; maybe this is what you want. If any of my people should interfere with your use of the mill, you come and tell me. "Will that do, and is that all?"

They thanked him profusely, and the spokesman said: "No, General; that isn't quite all. We are Lutherans, and we've got a church."

"Glad to hear it."

"Well, can we open it next Sunday?"

"What—what do you mean? It isn't my church. Certainly, open it if you want to. I'll attend it myself if I am here."

"O, thank you, General. We hoped you wouldn't object."

"Object? What do you mean, anyway? What's the matter? What do you want? Out with it. I'll do anything I can for you, but I've got nothing to do with your mills or your churches. I'm not going to interfere with them; but I haven't time to stay here all the evening talking nonsense like this."

"But, General, we hope you won't be mad with us. We are Lutherans, and we have a Church service. May we use it next Sunday?"

"Look here, I'm tired of all this thing! What have I got to do with your mill, your church, or your service? Speak quick and speak plain or leave at once!"

"Well, then, General, we hope you won't get mad. In our service we pray—we pray for—we pray for the President of the United States. May we use our service? Can we pray for him?"

"Whom do you mean, Lincoln? Certainly, pray for him; pray as much as ever you can. I don't know anybody that stands more in need of prayer."

A Baby in Battle.

In this book of Major Stiles's are told touching incidents of soldierly tenderness amid the terrible scenes of blood and death. One of them is the story of how Barksdale's heroic Mississippians cared for a baby girl amid the awful scenes of the battle of Fredericksburg. Rough fellows they were in outward seeming, but O within them were hearts of gold.

Buck Denman, our old friend Buck, of Leesburg and Fort Johnston fame, a Mississippi bear hunter and a superb specimen of manhood, was color sergeant of the 21st and a member of Brandon's company. He was tall and straight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested, had an eye like an eagle and a voice like a bull of Bashan, and was as full of pluck and power as a panther. He was as rough as a bear in manner, but withal a noble, tender-hearted fellow and a splendid soldier.

The enemy, finding the way now clear, were coming up the street, full company front, with flags flying and bands playing, while great shells from the siege guns were bursting over their heads and dashing their hurtling fragments after our retreating skirmishers.

Buck was behind the corner of a house taking sight for a last shot. Just as his finger trembled on the trigger a three-year-old, fair-haired baby girl toddled out of an alley, accompanied by a Newfoundland dog, and gave chase to a big shell that was rolling lazily along the pavement, she clapping her little hands and the dog snapping and barking furiously at the shell.

Buck's hand dropped from the trigger. He dashed it across his eyes to dispel the mist and make sure he hadn't passed over the river and wasn't seeing his own baby girl in a vision. No, there was the baby, amid the hell of shot and shell, and here came the enemy. A moment, and he has ground his gun, dashed out into the storm, swept his great right arm around the baby, gained cover again, and, baby clasped to his breast and musket trailed in his left hand, is trotting after the boys up to Marye's Heights.

And there behind that historic stone wall and in the lines hard by all those hours and days of terror was that baby kept, her fierce nurses taking turns patting her while the storm of battle raged and shrieked and at night wrestling with each other for the boon and benediction of her quiet breathing under their blankets. Never was a baby so cared for. They scoured the countryside for milk and conjured up their best skill to prepare viands for her little ladyship.

When the struggle was over and the enemy had withdrawn to his strongholds across the river and Barksdale was ordered to reoccupy the town, the 21st Mississippi, having held the post of danger in the rear, was given the place of honor in the van and led the column. There was a long halt, the brigade and regimental staff hurrying to and fro. The regimental colors could not be found.

Denman stood about the middle of the regiment, the baby

in his arms. Suddenly he sprang to the front. Swinging her aloft above his head, her little garments fluttering like the folds of a banner, he shouted: "Forward, 21st! Here are your colors!" And without further orders, off started the brigade toward the town, yelling as only Barksdale's men could yell. They were passing through a street fearfully shattered by the enemy's fire and were shouting their very souls out—but let Buck himself describe the last scene in the drama: "I was holding the baby high, Adjutant, with both arms, when above all the racket I heard a woman's scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico, and she fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell and, laying her down gently, put the baby on her bosom. She was 'most the prettiest thing I ever looked at, and her eyes were shut; and I hope God'll forgive me, but I kissed her just once."

Federal Loss at Cold Harbor.

In his graphic narrative Major Stiles tells of the awful loss inflicted on the Federals at Cold Harbor in 1864. This is the authentic account of one who was there:

We were in line of battle at Cold Harbor of '64 from the 1st to the 12th of June, say twelve days. The battle proper did not last perhaps that many minutes. In some respects at least it was one of the notable battles of history, certainly in its brevity, measured in time, and its length, measured in slaughter, as also in the disproportion of the losses. A fair epitome of it in these respects would be that in a few moments more than thirteen thousand men were killed and wounded on the Federal side and less than thirteen hundred on the Confederate. As to the time consumed in the conflict, the longest duration assigned is sixty minutes and the shortest less than eight. For my own part, I could scarcely say whether it lasted eight or sixty minutes or eight or sixty hours, to such a degree were all my powers concentrated upon the one point of keeping the guns fully supplied with ammunition.

The effect of the fighting was not at all appreciated on the Confederate side at the time. Why we did not at least suspect it, when the truce was asked and granted to allow the removal of the Federal dead and wounded, I cannot say, although I myself went with the officers on our side, detailed to accompany them on account of my familiarity with the lines. I presume the ignorance and even incredulity of our side as to the overwhelming magnitude of the Federal losses resulted mainly from two causes: our own loss was so trivial, so utterly out of proportion; and the one characteristic feature of the fight on the Federal side was not then generally known or appreciated by us—namely, that Grant had attacked in column, in phalanx, or in mass. The record of the official diary of our corps (Southern Historical Society Papers, Vol. VII., page 503), under date of June 3, 1864, is very peculiar and is in part in these words: "Meantime the enemy is heavily massed in front of Kershaw's salient; Anderson's, Law's, and Gregg's brigades are there to support Kershaw. Assault after assault is made and each time repulsed with severe loss to the enemy. At 8 A.M. fourteen had been made and repulsed (this means, I suppose, that fourteen lines advanced)."

This is obviously a hurried field note by one officer, corrected later by another, in accordance with the facts known to the writer—that is, to the officer who made the later note—but not generally known at the time to the public. We suppose, however, it will to-day be admitted by all that there was but one attack upon Kershaw up to 8 A.M. and that at that hour the order was issued to the Federal troops to renew the attack, but they failed to advance; that this order was repeated in the afternoon, when the troops again refused to obey, and that at least some of Grant's corps generals approved of this refusal of their men to repeat the useless sacrifice.

Here, then, is the secret of the otherwise inexplicable and incredible butchery. A little after daylight on June 3, 1864, along the lines of Kershaw's salient, his infantry discharged their bullets, and his artillery fired case shot and double-shotted canister at very short range into a mass of men twenty-eight deep, who could neither advance nor retreat, and the most of whom could not even discharge their muskets at us. We do not suppose that the general outline of these facts will be denied to-day, but it may be as well to confirm the essential statements by a brief extract form Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," page 487: "The order was issued through these officers to their subordinate commanders, and from them descended through the wonted channels; but no man stirred, and the immobile lines pronounced a verdict, silent yet emphatic, against further slaughter. The loss on the Union side in this sanguinary action was over thirteen thousand, while on the part of the Confederates it is doubtful whether it reached that many hundreds."

To like effect, as to the amount and the disproportion of the carnage, is the statement of Colonel Taylor on page 135 of his book: "I well recall having received a report after the assault from General Hoke, whose division reached the army just previous to this battle, to the effect that the ground in his entire front over which the enemy had charged was literally covered with their dead and wounded and that up to that time he had not a single man killed."

Pathetic Scenes.

There were scenes of wonderful pathos and tenderness enacted right on the field of battle. One of these scenes is recorded as occurring just after the terrible repulse of the Federals at Cold Harbor.

There was a gunner in Calloway's Battery named Allen Moore, a backwoods Georgian and a simple-hearted fellow, but a noble, enthusiastic man and soldier. The only other living member of Moore's family was with him, a lad of not more than twelve or thirteen years; and the devotion of the elder brother to the younger was as tender as a mother's. The little fellow was a strange, sad, prematurely old child, who seldom talked and never smiled. He used to wear a red zouave fez that ill befitted the peculiar, sallow complexion of the piney-woods Georgian; but he was a perfect hero in a fight.

After the great repulse it looked for a time as if Grant had some idea of digging up to or of mining our position. We had all day been shelling a suspicious-looking working party of the enemy, and about sunset I was visiting the batteries to see that the guns were properly arranged for night-firing. As I approached Calloway's position the sharpshooting had almost ceased, and down the line I could see the figures of the cannoneers standing out boldly against the sky. Moore was at the trail adjusting his piece for the night's work. His gunnery had been superb during the evening, and his blood was up.

I descended into a little valley and lost sight of the group, but heard Calloway's stern voice: "Sit down, Moore! Your gun is good enough; the sharpshooting is not over yet. Get

down!" I rose the hill. "One moment, Captain! My trail's a hair's breadth too much to the right." And the gunner bent eagerly over the hand spike. A sharp report, and that unmistakable crash of a bullet against a man's head! It was the last rifle shot on the lines that night.

The rushing together of the detachment obstructed my view; but as I came up the sergeant stepped aside and said: "See there, Adjutant!" Moore had fallen on the trail, the blood flowing from his wound all over his face. His little brother was at his side instantly. No wildness, no tumult of grief. He knelt on the earth and, lifting Allen's head on his knees, wiped the blood from his forehead with the cuff of his own tattered shirt sleeve and kissed the pale face again and again, but very quietly. Moore was evidently dead, and none of us cared to disturb the child.

Presently he rose, quiet still, tearless still, gazed down at his dead brother, then around at us, and, breathing the saddest sigh I ever heard, said: "Well, I am alone in the world!"

The preacher-captain sprang to his side and, placing his hand on the poor lad's shoulder, said confidently: "No, my child; you are not alone, for the Bible says, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up'; and Allen was both father and mother to you. Besides, I am going to take you up too; you shall sleep under my blanket to-night."

There was not a dry eye in the group; and when, months afterwards, the whole battalion gathered on a quiet Sabbath evening on the banks of Swift Creek to witness a baptism, and Calloway at the water's edge tenderly handed this child to the officiating minister and, receiving him again when the ceremony was over, threw a blanket about the little shivering form, carried him into a thicket, changed his clothing, and then reappeared, carrying the bundle of wet clothes, and he and the child walked away hand in hand to camp, then there were more tears, manly, ennobling tears, and the sergeant laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "Faith, Adjutant, the Captain has fulfilled his pledge to that boy!"

A Touching Story.

Another touching story is given of death with home almost in sight:

In one of the regiments of Kershaw's old brigade which was supporting our guns at Cold Harbor were three young men, brothers, whose cool daring in battle attracted our special admiration. We did not know the names of these gallant fellows, but had christened them "Tom, Dick, and Harry." A day or two after the great fight a fourth and youngest, a mere lad, who had been wounded at the Wilderness, came on his crutches to visit his brothers, and they had a hard time getting him safely into the trench. We noticed they called him Fred. He was going home on what the soldiers called "a wounded furlough"—that is, a furlough granted because of a wound, to last until the man should be fit for service again—and as the lines were quiet in the sultry noon, except, of course, the spiteful sputter of the sharpshooters, all the men from his neighborhood were soon busy painfully scribbling on scraps of paper and in the cramped trenches letters for Fred to carry home.

Meanwhile "Tom, Dick, and Harry" surrounded their pet, as he evidently was; and, indeed, he was a lovely thing. We had not specially noted that the other young men were gentlemen. In fact, that did not so specially appear through the dirt and rags. We had readily seen they were "men," and that was what counted in those days. But Fred—all the dirt was off of him; and the rags too and the sunburn and the squalor—they were all gone. The Richmond ladies who attended to his wounds in the hospital had seen to his toilet as well, which was simple and strictly military, but of the best material, and fitted perfectly his perfect figure. His thin skin, his blue veins, his small, finely formed hands and feet, his beautiful manners—everything, in fact—indicated that he was the scion of a noble house, the flower of South Carolina chivalry. In short, he was the most thoroughbred and aristocratic-looking thing any of us had seen for many a day. Compared with the rest of us and in the midst of our surroundings, he glowed like a seraph.

After a while he warned the writers that the mail was about to close, and they must bring in their letters; that his "old leg" was hurting him, and he must be off. The men gathered around. His haversack was filled with the priceless letters, head and heart crowded to confusion with trite messages, inestimably precious to those at home. He rose with a smile of weariness and pain, yet bright anticipation, and as he did so he said: "Well, let me take a good look at those rascals over the way; for it will be a long time before I get another chance."

"Look out, Fred!"

Too late! The sharp shock of the bullet against the skull—he sprang up wildly, his cap flew off, and his brothers caught him in their arms and laid him gently down. The home letters tumbled out of the full haversack and were dabbled with the blood of the postman. His brothers knelt about him in a silent grief awful to look upon, and heavy-hearted comrades gathered up each his blood-stained package and gazed vacantly at it.

This is relieved by a story told by Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. He said it was during the Atlanta campaign that he was sitting in a clump of laurel on the north face of a mountain, out beyond the bounds of his own lines, sweeping with a glass the lines and camps of Sherman's army, which were spread out before him upon the plain below. He had been deeply absorbed and was suddenly startled by hearing conversation in a low tone comparatively near him. He sat absolutely still and peered about until, to his great relief, he saw two gray-brown figures stretched out side by side on the leaves but a little distance in front of him. One was a grizzled, fire-seamed veteran and the other a beardless youth; and the elder addressed the younger in substance as follows: "Now, Charley, when you ain't in a fight, but just shootin' so, of course you ought to get a fellow off by himself before you let fly. Then the next thing is to see what you need most of anything. If it's clothes, why, of course, you choose a fellow of your own size; but if it's shoes you want, you just pick out the littlest weevil-eaten chap you can find. Your feet would slide round in the shoes of a Yankee as big as you are like they was in flatboats. Why, no longer ago than last evening I had drawed a bead on a fine, great big buck of a fellow, but just as I was about to drop him I looked around and found I didn't have no shoes. So I let him pass, and pretty soon here come along a little cuss of an officer, and"—raising his right foot, as the old general did his, by way of vivid recital and illustration—"there's the boots."

Confderate Defenses.

Major Stiles gives in the words of one of his comrades the nature of the works behind which the Confederates fought and repulsed overwhelming numbers:

A few words as to some of the prominent features, physical and otherwise, of fighting in "lines," as we began regularly to do in this campaign of '64, particularly at Cold Harbor. Something of this is necessary to a proper understanding and appreciation of some of the incidents that occurred there; and, first, as to "the works," of which I have so often spoken. What were they? I cannot answer in any other way half so well as by the following vivid quotation from my friend Willy Dame's "Reminiscences":

"Just here I take occasion to correct a very wrong impression about the field works the Army of Northern Virginia fought behind in this campaign. All the Federal writers who have written about these battles speak about our works as 'formidable earthworks,' 'powerful fortifications,' 'impregnable lines'; such works as no troops could be expected to take nor any troops should be expected to hold.

"Now, about the parts of the line distant from us I couldn't speak so certainly, though I am sure they were all very much the same; but about the works all along our part of the line I can speak with exactness and certainty. I saw them. I helped with my own hands to make them. I fought behind them; was often on top of them and on both sides of them. I know all about them. I got a good deal of mud off of them on me; not for purposes of personal fortification, however. Our works were a single line of earth about four feet high and three to five feet thick. It had no ditch nor obstruction in front. It was nothing more than a little heavier line of 'rifle pits.' There was no physical difficulty in men walking right over that bank. I did it often myself, saw many others do it, and twice saw a line of Federal troops walk over it and then saw them walk back over it with the greatest ease at the rate of forty miles an hour—*i. e.,* except those whom we had persuaded to stay with us and those the angels were carrying to Abraham's bosom at a still swifter rate. Works they could go over like that couldn't have been much obstacle. They couldn't have made better time on a dead level.

"Such were our works actually, and still they seemed to 'loom large' to the people in front. I wonder what could have given them such an exaggerated idea of the strength of those modest little works. I wonder if it could have been the men behind them. There weren't a great many of these men. It was a very thin gray line along them, back of a thin red line of clay. But these lines stuck together so closely that it made the whole very strong indeed. Certainly it seems that they gave to those who tried to force them apart an impression of great strength.

"Yes, it must have been the men. A story in point comes to my aid here. A handsome, well-dressed lady sweeps with a great air past two street boys. They are much struck. 'My eye, Jim, but ain't that a stunning dress!' Says Jim with a superior air: 'O, get out, Bill. The dress ain't no great shakes; it's the woman in it that makes it so killing.' That was the way with the Spottsylvania earthworks. The 'works wa'n't no great shakes.' It was the men in 'em that made them so 'killing.'

"The men behind those works, such as they were, had perfect confidence in their own ability to hold them. And this happy combination of 'faith' and 'works' proved as strong against the world and the flesh as it does against the devil. It was perfectly effectual; it withstood all assaults."

Religion in Camp.

One of the most interesting chapters in "Four Years under Marse Robert" is that in which Major Stiles tells of the remarkable religious revival in the Army of Northern Virginia. It was one of the most distinct features of the Confederate armies that such large numbers of the men, officers and privates, were men of deep piety. And these men were very active in promoting the religious life of their comrades. There were some ludicrous accounts given by the men of their "experience," of which this is one:

A great, broad-shouldered, double-jointed son of Anak, with a head like the Farnese Jove and a face and frame indicative of tremendous power, alike of character and of muscle, delivered himself of his "experience" in one of the most graphic and moving talks I ever listened to. He said in substance:

"Brethren, I want you to know what a merciful, forgiving being the Lord is, and to do that I've got to tell you what a mean-spirited liar I am. You remember that tight place the brigade got into down yonder at ——, and you know the life I lived up to that day. Well, as soon as ever the Minies began a-singing and the shells a-bursting around me, I up and told the Lord that I was sorry and ashamed of myself, and if he'd cover my head this time we'd settle the thing as soon as I got out. Then I got to fighting and forgot all about it and never thought of my promise no more at all till we got into that other place up yonder at ——. You remember it, tighter than the first one. Then, when the bullets begun a-hissing like rain and the shells was fairly tearing the woods to pieces, my broken promise come back to me. Brethren, my coward heart stopped beating, and I pretty nigh fainted. I tried to pray, and at first I couldn't; but I just said: 'Look here, Lord, if you will look. I feel I have lied to you and that you won't believe me again, and maybe you oughtn't to; but I don't want to go to hell, and I'm serious and honest this time; and if you do hear me now, we'll meet just as soon as I get out safe, and we certainly will settle things.'

"Well, brethren, he did all I asked of him, the Lord did; and what did I do? Brethren, I'm ashamed to say it, but I lied again and never thought one thing about it at all till one day we was shoved into the very worst place any of us ever was in. Hell gaped for me, and here come the two lies I had told and sat right down upon my heart and my tongue. Of course I couldn't pray, but at last I managed to say: 'Lord! Lord! I deserve it all if I do go there right now, and I can't pray, and I won't lie any more. You can do as you please, Lord; but if you do—but, no, I won't lie any more, and I won't promise, for fear I should lie. It's all in your hands, Lord—hell or mercy. I've got no time to talk any more about it. I've got to go to killing Yankees. But, O Lord! O Lord!—no, I daresn't, I daresn't; for I won't lie any more; I won't go down there with a fresh lie on my lips. But, O Lord! O Lord!'

"And so it was, brethren, all through that dreadful day, fighting, fighting, and not daring to pray. But, brethren, he did it, he did it; and the moment the thing was over I wouldn't give myself time to lie again. So I just took out and ran as hard as ever I could into the deep, dark woods, where God and me was alone together. I threw my musket down on the ground, and I went right down myself too on my knees and cried out: 'Thank you, Lord; thank you, Lord! But I'm not going to get up off my knees until everything's

settled between us.' And I didn't, neither, brethren. The Lord never held it over me at all, and we settled it right there."

Praying with a Dying Federal.

Major Stiles was a consistent and faithful Christian during all of his service. And he never hesitated to do what he could to lead men to the Saviour. An instance is told of his prayer with a dying Federal soldier at Spottsylvania in May, 1864:

When it became evident that the attack had failed, I suggested to the chaplain, who happened to be with the Howitzer guns, perhaps for that sundown prayer meeting which Willy Dame mentioned, that there might be some demand for his ministrations where the enemy had broken over; so we walked up there and found their dead and dying piled higher than the works themselves. It was almost dark, but as we drew near we saw a wounded Federal soldier clutch the pantaloons of Captain Hunter, who at that moment was passing by, frying pan in hand, and heard him ask with intense eagerness: "Can you pray, sir? Can you pray?" The old captain looked down at him with a peculiar expression and pulled away, saying: "No, my friend; I don't wish you any harm now, but praying's not exactly my trade."

I said to the chaplain: "Let's go to that man." As we came up he caught my pants in the same way and uttered the same words: "Can you pray, sir? Can you pray?" I bent over the poor fellow, turned back his blouse, and saw that a large canister shot had passed through his chest at such a point that the wound must necessarily prove mortal, and that soon. We both knelt down by him, and I took his hand in mine and said: "My friend, you haven't much time left for prayer; but if you will say after me just these simple words with heart as well as lips, all will be well with you: 'God have mercy on me a sinner, for Jesus Christ's sake.'"

I never saw such intensity in human gaze nor ever heard such intensity in human voice as in the gaze and voice of that dying man as he held my hand and looked into my face, repeating the simple, awful, yet reassuring words I had dictated. He uttered them again and again, with the death rattle in his throat and the death tremor in his frame, until some one shouted, "They are coming again!" and we broke and ran down to the guns. It proved to be a false alarm, and we returned immediately; but he was dead, yes, dead and half stripped. But I managed to get my hand upon his blouse a moment and look at the buttons. He was from the far-off State of Maine.

It was long before I slept that night. It had been an unparalleled day. The last hour especially had brought together elements so diverse and so tremendous that heart and brain were overstrained in attempting to harmonize and assimilate them. This was the first time in all my career as a soldier that I had heard from a dying man on the battle field any expression that indicated even so much as a belief in the existence of any other world than this.

What did it all mean? When that Federal soldier and I had our brief conference and prayer on the dividing line between the two worlds, neither of us felt the slightest tremor of uncertainty about it. To both of us the other world was as certainly existing as this and infinitely greater. Would I ever see him again? If so, would both of us realize that our few moments of communion and of prayer had meant more, perhaps, than all the struggles that day of the great embattled armies? I went to sleep at last that night, as I shall go this night, feeling that it all was and is too much for me and committing myself and all my perplexities to the one Being who is "sufficient for these things" and able to lead us safely through such a world and such experiences.

A Woman's Heroism.

There is a story in which Major Stiles gives us a splendid picture of the heroic devotion of Southern womanhood. It is rather a long story, but it is glorious. It occurred as the remnant of the Confederate army was retreating from Petersburg in the last days of the war:

We halted at daylight at a country crossroad in Chesterfield to allow other bodies of troops to pass, the bulk of my men lying down and falling asleep in a grove; but, seeing others about a well in the yard of a farmhouse over the way, I deemed it best to go there to see that nothing was unnecessarily disturbed.

I sat on the porch, where were also sitting an old couple, evidently the joint head of the establishment, and a young woman dressed in black, apparently their daughter and, as I soon learned, a soldier's widow. My coat was badly torn, and the young woman kindly offering to mend it, I thanked her, took it off, and handed it to her. While we were chatting, with groups of men sitting on the steps and lying about the yard, the door of the house opened, and another young woman appeared. She was almost beautiful, was plainly but neatly dressed, and had her hat on. She had evidently been weeping, and her face was deadly pale. Turning to the old woman as she came out, she said, cutting her words off short, "Mother, tell him if he passes here he is no husband of mine," and turned again to leave the porch. I rose and, placing myself directly in front of her, extended my arm to prevent her escape. She drew back with surprise and indignation. The men were alert on the instant, and battle was joined.

"What do you mean, sir?" she cried.

"I mean, madam," I replied, "that you are sending your husband word to desert and that I cannot permit you to do this in the presence of my men."

"Indeed! And who asked your permission, sir? And pray, sir, is he your husband or mine?"

"He is your husband, madam, but these are my soldiers. They and I belong to the same army with your husband, and I cannot suffer you or any one unchallenged to send such a demoralizing message in their hearing."

"Army! Do you call this mob of retreating cowards an army? Soldiers! If you are soldiers, why don't you stand and fight the savage wolves that are coming upon us defenseless women and children?"

"We don't stand and fight, madam, because we are soldiers and have to obey orders; but if the enemy should appear on that hill this moment, I think you would find that these men are soldiers and willing to die in defense of women and children."

"Quite a fine speech, sir, but rather cheap to utter, since you very well know the Yankees are not here and won't be till you've had time to get your precious carcasses out of the way. Besides, sir, this thing is over and has been for some time. The government has now actually run off, bag and baggage, the Lord knows where, and there is no longer any government or any country for my husband to owe allegiance to. He does owe allegiance to me and to his starving children; and if he doesn't observe this allegiance now, when I need him, he needn't attempt it hereafter, when he wants me."

The woman was as quick as a flash and as cold as steel. She was getting the better of me. She saw it, I felt it, and, worst of all, the men saw and felt it too and had gathered thick and pressed up close all round the porch. There must have been a hundred or more of them, all eagerly listening and evidently leaning strongly to the woman's side. This would never do.

I tried every avenue of approach to that woman's heart. It was congealed by suffering, or else it was incased in adamant. She had parried every thrust, repelled every advance, and was now standing defiant, with her arms folded across her breast, rather courting further attack. I was desperate, and with the nonchalance of pure desperation—no stroke of genius—I asked the soldier question: "What command does your husband belong to?"

She started a little, and there was a slight tinge of color in her face as she replied with a slight tone of pride in her voice: "He belongs to the Stonewall Brigade, sir."

I felt rather than thought it, but had I really found her heart? We would see.

"When did he join it?"

A little deeper flush, a little stronger emphasis of pride.

"He joined it in the spring of '61, sir."

Yes, I was sure of it now. Her eyes had gazed straight into mine; her head inclined, and her eyelids drooped a little now; and there was something in her face that was not pain and was not fight. So I let myself out a little and, turning to the men, said: "Men, if her husband joined the Stonewall Brigade in '61 and has been in the army ever since, I reckon he's a good soldier."

I turned to look at her. It was all over. Her wifehood had conquered. She had not been addressed this time, yet she answered instantly, with head raised high, face flushing, eyes flashing: "General Lee hasn't a better in his army."

As she uttered these words she put her hand in her bosom and, drawing out a folded paper, extended it toward me, saying: "If you doubt it, look at that."

Before her hand reached mine she drew it back, seeming to have changed her mind, but I caught her wrist and without much resistance possessed myself of the paper. It had been much thumbed and was much worn. It was hardly legible, but I made it out. Again I turned to the men. "Take off your hats, boys; I want you to hear this with uncovered heads." And then I read an indorsement of an application for a furlough of special length on account of extraordinary gallantry in battle.

During the reading of this paper the woman was transfigured, glorified. No Madonna of old masters was ever more sweetly radiant with all that appeals to what is best and holiest in man. Her bosom rose and fell with deep, quiet sighs; her eyes rained gentle, happy tears.

The men felt it all—all. They were all gazing upon her, but the dross was clean, purified out of them. There was not upon any one of their faces an expression that would have brought a blush to the cheek of the purest womanhood on earth.

I turned once more to the soldier's wife. "This little paper is your most precious treasure, isn't it?"

"It is."

"And the love of him whose manly courage and devotion won this tribute is the best blessing God ever gave you, isn't it?"

"It is."

"And yet for the brief ecstasy of one kiss you would disgrace this hero-husband of yours, stain all his noble reputation, and turn this priceless paper to bitterness; for the rear guard would hunt him from his cottage in half an hour, a deserter and a coward."

Not a sound could be heard save her hurried breathing. The rest of us held even our breath.

Suddenly, with a gasp of recovered consciousness, she snatched the paper from my hand, put it back hurriedly in her bosom, and, turning once more to her mother, said: "Mother, tell him not to come."

I stepped aside at once. She left the porch, glided down the path to the gate, crossed the road, surmounted the fence with easy grace, climbed the hill, and as she disappeared in the weedy pathway I caught up my hat and said: "Now, men, give her three cheers."

Such cheers! O God, shall I ever again hear a cheer which bears a man's whole soul in it?

FIRST TROOPS THROUGH THOROUGHFARE GAP.

BY CAPT. W. T. HILL, 5TH TEXAS REGIMENT, A. N. V.,
MAYNARD, TEX.

I have had the pleasure of reading the "Military Memoirs of a Confederate," by E. B. Alexander, brigadier general and chief of artillery of Longstreet's Corps, and on page 203 I find the following error: "Hood, with two brigades, was ordered to cross the mountain by a cattle train a short distance to the north of the Gap."

I shall give the exact movement of Hood's Texas Brigade. About the middle of the evening of the 28th heavy firing was heard on our front toward the mountain, and as we approached near the mountain we heard the rifle fire and could see the puffs of smoke as our soldiers were driving the enemy over the mountain. We could see a long line of troops passing obliquely up the mountain north of the Gap. The Texas brigade was ordered to follow, which it did until we had marched one-third of a mile, when the brigade was countermarched at dark to the mouth of the Gap. All commanders of companies were instructed to notify their men that General Jackson was cut off from the rest of General Lee's army and that the Gap must be carried that night.

Capt. Ike Turner's company, 5th Texas, was detached from the regiment and placed one hundred yards in front of the regiment as a heavy skirmish line. The brigade marched in columns of fours, with orders to keep perfect silence. When the skirmish line was fired on, all were to march in quick time until the Gap was cleared and make all the noise that human beings could. The regiment, after passing through the Gap, was to turn to the right and left and form in battle line.

On we marched through the Gap, with nerves at utmost tension, expecting every moment to be swallowed up by General Rickett's division of infantry and twenty cannon, all firing into that narrow Gap, eighty yards wide. Still we marched on and on, not dead yet, until we saw skylight in front of us, which increased until we emerged from the Gap into an open field, meeting no enemy. Thanks to General Rickett, he had retreated. The brigade bivouacked at the Gap that night and commenced the march next morning at daylight, reaching General Jackson at noon. We found many of the enemy dead east of the Gap The Texas brigade at that time was composed of the 1st, 4th, 5th Texas Regiments, 18th Georgia, and Hampton's Legion.



THE OLD BOATMAN.

I changed my name when I got free
To "Mister," like de res';
But now dat I am going home,
I likes de ol' name bes'.

Sweet voices callin' "Uncle Rome"
Seem ringin' in my ears;
An', swearin' sorter sociable,
Ol' master's voice I hears.

De way he used to call his boat
Across de river: "Rome,
You damn ol' nigger, come and bring
Dat boat an' row me home!"

He's passed heaven's river now, an' soon
He'll call across its foam:
"You, Rome, you damn ol' nigger,
Loose your boat an' come on home!"

—*Howard Weeden.*

THE OLD-TIME SLAVE.

God bless the forlorn and ragged remnants of a race now passing away! God bless the old black hand that rocked our infant cradles, smoothed the pillow of our infant sleep, and fanned the fever from our cheeks! God bless the old tongue that immortalized the nursery rhyme, the old eyes that guided our truant feet, and the old heart that laughed at our childish freaks!—*Peter Francisco Smith.*

"'Twuz Chris'mus den, sho' 'nough," he added, the fires of memory smoldering; and then, as they blazed into a sudden flame, he asserted positively: "Dese here free-issue niggers don' know what Chris'mus is. Hog meat and pop crackers don' meck Chris'mus. Hit tecks ole times to meck a sho'-'nough, tyahin'-down Chris'mus. Lord, Ise seen 'em!"—*Thomas Nelson Page.*

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Was It the Instrument by Which the Slaves Were Emancipated?

BY FANNIE E. SELPH, HISTORIAN KATE LITTON HICKMAN CHAPTER, U. D. C., NASHVILLE, TENN.

It has been well said that "there are three things necessary to the greatness and glory of a State or nation: To make history, to write history, to teach history." Our Confederate heroes of the sixties have made history grand and noble. It is the responsible duty of the living South of to-day to see that this history is correctly written and taught and not only recorded in printed page, but inscribed in the hearts and minds of our children and then preserved as monuments standing out grandly through the coming years as a vindication of the truth and the right.

It is thought by many that in the War between the States the Federal forces fought to free the slaves and the Confederate forces fought to retain them in bondage. If this be true, then the personnel of the two armies presented a strange spectacle.

General Lee, the great leader of the Confederate army, freed his slaves before the war began; while General Grant, the great Federal commander, continued his in bondage until after the war closed. It was estimated that there were fifty thousand soldiers from the slaveholding border States in the Federal army, and we know that there were many more than that in the Confederate army who never owned a slave. Another impression closely allied to this, which has also gained credence, is that the Emancipation Proclamation issued by President Lincoln on January 1, 1863, was the instrument by which the slaves were freed. A brief review of the historic facts leading up to these events may be of interest.

In 1619 slaves were introduced into the colonies by the Dutch, and then through these and English traders they were distributed alike through the colonies. It soon became evident that the Northern climate was unsuited to the negro, and, the farms being small, slave labor was unprofitable in that section. They were then sold to the large plantations of the South. This suggested a new enterprise to New England, and ships were built to bring negroes from Africa to be sold to the Southern plantations. The first slave ship built in America was launched at Marble Head, Mass., in 1636.

The Southern colonies viewed with alarm the conditions arising from the flowing tide of Africans in their midst, and strong protests were made and laws enacted to restrict their importation. Georgia was the first to protest, and Virginia and South Carolina followed in close succession. Virginia legislated against the importation of slaves thirty-two times. Thomas Jefferson in his original draft of the Declaration of Independence protested against the slave trade, and John Adams, of Massachusetts, had his protest stricken out. An appeal was made to the English crown, but the appeal was dismissed, because the traffic brought large revenue. After the organization of the republic, New England continued the traffic for the same purpose. It is said that many of the fortunes in the East which to-day startle us with their hugeness had their origin in the slave trade. And it has been suggested that the social magnates who inherited these fortunes might take with perfect right as their coat of arms a handcuffed negro, which was the design given by Queen Elizabeth in knighting Capt. John Hawkins for his escutcheon as a reward for his benefit to Christianity in carrying the slave trade from Africa to America.

Later appeals were made to the Congress of the United States for protection against the traffic, but the petitions were dismissed with the declaration that Congress could not stop the slave trade before 1808 and that they had no right whatever to abolish slavery in the States. Slavery then became strongly intrenched in the Constitution and was as much private property as houses, land, stock, or anything else. Then the theory of emancipation presented itself as a relief. Just here two important truths should be strongly emphasized; (1) The importation of and traffic in slaves in the United States was an industry of New England; (2) the emancipation of slaves had its origin in the South.

There was a strong abolition sentiment in Virginia, Kentucky, North Carolina, and Tennessee. Nearly all the great statesmen of the Revolutionary period—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and others—were philosophic abolitionists. If New England had stood by Virginia in the Constitutional Convention of 1789, the life of the slave trade would not have been prolonged till 1808.

It was in our own Tennessee, in that wonderful Watauga settlement, whose atmosphere has ever been an inspiration to freedom and onward activity, that emancipation had its beginning. This grand old commonwealth, that gave to the New World the first free and independent government, antedating the Mecklenburg Resolutions by three years, that gave the first church and the first institution of learning and second newspaper west of the Alleghenies, and that furnished the conquering heroes of King's Mountain, which made freedom possible to America, edited and published the first emancipation journals and organized the first emancipation societies in the world. The emancipation societies formed in Greene, Sullivan, Washington, Blount, Grainger, Knox, and other counties of Tennessee consolidated on November 21, 1815, at Lick Creek Meetinghouse of Friends in Greene County, and in its membership were enrolled many representative citizens. And they were actively at work years before Garrison and Harriet Beecher Stowe began their agitation in the Eastern press.

The first emancipation journal was the Manumission Intelligencer, published in Jonesboro, Tenn. This gave place the next year to the Emancipator, published by Elihu Root. Another journal, the Genius of Universal Emancipation, was published at Greeneville by Benjamin Lundy and lived until 1824. The emancipation policies of these journals, however, advocated genuine philanthropy, the emancipation of their own slaves and not that of others without their consent, and another method, that of compensated emancipation, which reimbursed the owner with his full consent and then made provision for the negro when freed.

The constitutional convention of Tennessee in 1834 was flooded with petitions from all parts of the States in the interest of emancipation, and there was a strong vote in its favor; but it failed for several reasons. One was the interference of the North, which they resented. Then there was danger of insurrections, and then the best and wisest plans of disposing of them presented difficult problems.

Many slaveholders throughout the States did free their slaves from time to time, and this brought about movements of colonization as the best method of disposing of them. The principal corporation was the American Colonization Society, which operated on the largest scale. Congress was induced to provide for their deportation to Africa and support for a year. Movements in this direction were continued up to the sixties. They did not fully solve the problem, but they showed the growing tendency of the time. They showed that emancipation had been made an issue, and if let alone the problem would have been solved in time and best solved by those concerned. Abraham Lincoln in 1864 signed an act repealing all acts relating to negro colonization and used negroes in the United States army.

In forcing the importation of foreign slaves on the South against her protest New England was oblivious to everything but the rich commercial profits which came from the trade. She did not realize that she was placing a strong weapon of power in the South's possession which would prove a strong force in the government.

It is said that there are laws of compensation in moral as well as in natural forces. The good or evil that we do comes back to us with a reciprocal wave. In adjusting the branches of government the House of Representatives was based on population. In numbering the population five slaves counted as three votes at the ballot box. The great influx of slaves then, with their great increase in the South, was placing her in position to hold the balance of power. When this became evident, New England began to have visions and to dream dreams. She had a sudden awakening of conscience that slavery was a great wrong. The master was pictured as a cruel tyrant and the condition of the slave one of frightful servitude, deprived of every comfort.

William Lloyd Garrison and Horace Greeley edited journals in the interest of emancipation by force, and Harriet Beecher Stowe flooded the country with a piece of fiction that aroused the bitter prejudices of that section. Though their clamor was loud and violent, a great barrier stood in the way of their success boldly and immovably—the "ark of our covenant," the Constitution of the United States. This feeling, however, was confined to a few in New England at first and was bitterly opposed by the conservatives in the North and West.

The additional territory brought in by the Louisiana Purchase and the annexation of Texas and the great West and Northwest brought new issues. To admit them as slave States would make those States the dominant power. At first free and slave States were admitted alternately until Missouri asked for admission. Then the trouble began. The South held to the doctrine of State sovereignty, which had been granted in the Constitution, and that the States as they came in had a right to adjust their own State laws and to decide whether they would allow slave or free labor. The North and East repudiated this right and advocated that the national government should dictate those laws. The issue, then, which brought on the bitter debates in Congress and which finally resulted in the conflict of the sixties was to prevent the extension of slave territory and not the emancipation of the slaves in the slave States at that time.

The South withdrew from the Union because the election of Abraham Lincoln meant that her rights were no longer secure. She did not withdraw with the intention of going to war. She was merely acting within the rights granted her by the Constitution. Horace Greeley himself acknowledged that "secession was bottomed on the Declaration of Independence." Abraham Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand troops to force the South back into the Union. This act was a usurpation of power and a violation of the Constitution, and the conflict followed. At first the Confederate arms were victorious, and "suppressing the rebellion," as it was termed, proved to be a serious problem. England and France were

in sympathy with its heroic struggles, and there was a strong probability of their acknowledging its nationality.

Great pressure was brought on Lincoln by the Eastern abolitionists to emancipate the slaves. This Lincoln hesitated some time to do. He knew and acknowledged that it was unconstitutional. He was afraid of its effect on the slaveholders of the border States, fifty thousand of whom, he said, were in the Federal army. He doubted its effect on the slaves themselves. He didn't believe they would leave their Southern masters, and he realized the enormity of such a step. What could the government of the United States do toward caring for such a vast multitude of helpless human beings suddenly thrust on the government? He said: "If all earthly powers were given me, I should not know what to do with the slaves."

The abolitionists continued to clamor, and Carl Schurz, who had just returned from Europe, reported to Lincoln the position of France and England, with its dangers. In a desperate moment he issued the following proclamation, which savors more of the cunning of a politician than the spirit of a statesman:

THE PROCLAMATION.

"I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander in chief of the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do on this 1st day of January, 1863, declare and order that all slaves held within any State, or designated part of a State, where the people are in rebellion against the United States, are, and shall henceforward be, free. And that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will maintain the freedom of such persons and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

He had said in one of his speeches delivered at Bloomington, Ill.: "Do not mistake that the ballot is stronger than the bullet. Therefore let the legion of slaves use bullets."

Then, to be clearly understood as to the territory to be affected, it was defined as follows: "Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, portions of Louisiana, Tennessee, and Virginia." It continued in bondage the slaves of Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, portions of Tennessee, Virginia, and Louisiana.

Lord John Russell, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, sneered at it and sent the following dispatch to the British Minister at Washington: "It is a measure of a questionable kind, an act of vengeance on the slave owner. It proposes emancipation only where the United States authority cannot make emancipation a reality, but nowhere that the decree can be carried out."

It was a failure. The Southern States were not under the government of the United States. They had legally withdrawn, and Lincoln had no jurisdiction over them. And even if they had not withdrawn, it was a usurpation of power and was unconstitutional for him to interfere with slavery in the States. Congress so construed it and did not act on it. It would not have stood the test of the court. He did not intend it for the purpose of emancipation. It was a strategic war measure to create conditions in the homes that would affect the Confederate army. Had such conditions been brought about, it would have cast the foulest blot on American history and would have shocked the civilized world. But it failed because the slaves refused, with the exception of a few of the low type, to leave their Southern homes. They stayed with the unprotected women and children and protected them and continued the cultivation of the plantations, by which they, as well as the army, were fed.

Just here the law of compensation manifested itself. Contrary to the accusations of the radical abolitionists of the East, the Southern master had given to the benighted African civilization and Christianity, had furnished him a home provided with comforts as well as necessities; he was given that tender solicitude bestowed on a child by its parents and was tenderly nursed in sickness and comforted in sorrow. There were special pews for him in the churches. He had his feast days and holidays. In fact, he was made a member of the master's household, and these blessings were his without the care of having to provide them. He slept soundly at night, knowing that everything was being looked after by "marster." His place was allotted to him, and he knew his place and kept it with reverence and affection.

The tie between master and servant was not only beautiful, but it was strong. A more beautiful character does not figure in any romance or legend than the "black mammy" in the Southern home. What tender memories live in the hearts of those who were so fortunate as to have a "black mammy"! She is intimately associated with the tender grace of that day. Heaven bless her memory!

Yes, we gave them much, and they also gave us much in return. I think often of it. They remained with us after they were freed and gave us protection in another way that we hardly know how to value. They are with us as laborers still; and when the low class of foreigners come to our shores, they do not settle in the South, because they cannot compete with negro labor and do not want to be associated in the same ranks. By this we have been enabled to preserve in its purity our Anglo-Saxon population. We have been spared the great troubles that come from anarchy, strikes, and labor agitations which have disturbed the North and East.

But to the proclamation. It proved to be a very unpopular document and brought trouble to Lincoln and his administration. Stocks went down. There were heavy desertions from the army, and it was bitterly criticized by the conservatives. Only the radical abolitionists of the East indorsed it. After its announcement, in September, 1862, preceding the date in which it was issued, January, 1863, the elections of that fall in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Wisconsin went against the party in power. This gave opposing strength to the national house. Enlistments to fill the deserted ranks in the army came in slowly. The negroes who had gone into the Federal lines and those who had been lured away or had been kidnaped by State agents at Hilton Head, S. C., were drafted into the army. There is a significant fact here. The negro forces numbered 180,000. There were four million slaves in the South. This shows the preponderance of their loyalty to their Southern masters. They remained loyal in the absence of the master in the army and were among the first to greet him on his return home. This has been a truth that Eastern abolitionists have never been able to controvert.

Then there were inducements held out to foreign enlistments. The following report from the annual pension list of the United States, showing the amounts paid to foreigners for their service, will give some idea of the personnel of the Federal forces engaged to "coerce" the sons of the American Revolution: Germany, $96,204; France, $29,918; Austria-Hungary,

$6,156; Russia, $2,040; Belgium, $5,100; Luxemburg, $432; England, $97,998; Ireland, $85,814; Scotland, $14,750; Wales, $5,592; Canada, $529,620.

Had the proclamation been acted upon by that Congress, it would have been defeated. Had it not been for the political cunning and manipulation of Lincoln himself and his two campaign managers, Secretary of War Stanton and Secretary of State Seward, with the support of the army, which they controlled, Lincoln would not have been reëlected President of the United States. Emancipation by force was an unpopular doctrine in America. With all these to support him, McClellan received eighty-one per cent as many votes as Lincoln.

Lincoln's assassination turned the tide of sentiment. Such is human sympathy and human love, "assassination is ever consecration." The influences that had been gathering through the debates in Congress, the writings of the abolitionists, with other influences which had been at work, crystallized and entered on the tidal wave of excitement and fury incident to Lincoln's assassination and upheld the decision of the sword. The Thirteenth Amendment was added to the Constitution of the United States, and this amendment completed the emancipation of the slaves.

There was no provision made for the support of these slaves, however, and again the impoverished master came to the relief of his servant; and despite the evil influence of the abolitionists during Reconstruction, they have adjusted their own problem between themselves.

Call it the decision of the sword if you wish, but there is an unsettled debt hanging over the government of these United States.

FIRST PRESENTATION OF FLAG.

BY MRS. JOHN D. WEEDEN, HISTORIAN FLORENCE (ALA.) CHAPTER.

Please allow me to correct an error as to the first flag of the Stars and Bars ever presented to any military organization. During the winter of 1860, when war between the North and South seemed inevitable, a military company was organized in Florence, Ala., to be in readiness if its services were needed. This company, the Florence Guards, was well drilled and equipped and left for service on the 1st of April, 1861, which was a memorable day in the history of Florence. The ladies of Florence had purchased for $100 an elegant silk flag, which was presented with appropriate ceremonies. The silk banner was unfurled by the venerable Mrs. John Coffee and presented by her to the company. She had lived through the War of 1812 with her gallant husband, who had commanded the left wing of Gen. Andrew Jackson's army in the battle of New Orleans. The date of that presentation to the Franklin Rifles, of North Carolina, was April 27, 1861, several weeks later.

The Florence Chapter is said to have been the first in the Alabama Division to urge the adoption of suitable words for "Dixie" in place of the trashy dialect of Emmett's. Dr. M. B. Wharton's lines are much more appropriate, and I hope the VETERAN will urge their adoption or some more patriotic words for our national air of "Dixie."

But far away another line is stretching dark and long;
Another flag is floating free where armèd legions throng;
Another war cry's on the air, as wakes the martial drum;
And onward still in serried ranks the Southern soldiers come.

—*George Herbert Sass.*

REMINISCENCES OF A PRIVATE.

[The record of T. K. Roby, some of whose reminiscences are given herewith, is one of which any Confederate veteran should be proud. To the last of his life the Confederate cause lay very near his heart. It was known of him that he never "darkened the door of a hospital" and never was absent from roll call during the four years except when he was in prison about three months at Point Lookout in the winter of '63. Since his death his wife has gathered from old copy books, loose leaves, and the flyleaves of different books some of his war reminiscenses for preservation, the larger part of his papers having been destroyed by a fire which consumed their home. "From old copy books," she writes from Sardis, Miss., "for the reason that we have been teaching since the close of the war. I taught during the entire war. All schools in North Louisiana were facultied by Northern teachers; hence the signal guns of Fort Sumter caused a breaking up of schools and colleges. Although left without property or means and an unfinished college course, my husband and I have given our lives to the education of the youth of Mississippi, the State of our adoption, conscientiously and untiringly. My husband was known as the 'Boy Raiser.' Wherever he taught, his fine impress as a molder of character is attested. Young men and women call him 'blessed' for equipping them for life's duties as he did."]

The month of May, 1861, was to the young manhood of the South replete with incidents, thrilling with love, romance, and heroism; incidents born of the thunderings of Fort Sumter, of the call for volunteers, of the partings in haste of husbands and wives, mothers and sons, of lovers' pledges to be broken by the cruel tragedies of war—a significant preface of the terrible conflict to be, a conflict which would revolutionize every condition, social, religious, political.

Forty students at our college gave up their graduating term, volunteered, and were enrolled in the same company. Gallant, cultured, chivalrous, they shouldered knapsack and gun in response to their country's call. Our company, the Bossier Volunteers, numbered one hundred and five, rank and file; and our regiment, the 9th Louisiana, was under command of Col. Dick Taylor, son of President Zachary Taylor, of Mexican War distinction. We were ordered from Shreveport, La., to Camp Moore, near Tangipahoa, seventy-five miles from New Orleans, where thousands of soldiers were being disciplined for stern duties, now rapidly concentrating at Bull Run, near the small station of Manassas Junction, in Northern Virginia. We were next ordered to Richmond, Va. Before her soldiers left the State, Louisiana paid them in gold for two months' service as soldiers. Sounds of fife and drum everywhere greeted us. *En route* to Richmond the whole country seemed a vast military camp. The opening of Beauregard's guns upon Fort Sumter gave vigor to the newly born military spirit. Even the schoolboys were organizing into companies. In a small Alabama town we witnessed from the cars a boy battalion strenuously drilling as though preparing for an engagement.

WHY I PREFERRED THE RANKS.

On our arrival at Richmond, Va., July 9, 1861, Adjutant Crawford, of Company D, a personal friend, insisted that I become orderly sergeant for Colonel Taylor, saying that my promotion would be certain and rapid. I accepted and at once entered upon the duties of an orderly. In the telegraph office were assembled President Davis, Judah P. Benjamin, Mr. Mallory, Bob Toombs, and others of like distinction.

They were in constant receipt of messages from Manassas. Colonel Taylor was also a member of the company. Hurriedly and unexpectedly Adjutant Crawford thrust into my hands a pistol and a hand grip with the remark: "Colonel Taylor requested these to be placed in charge of his orderly." My ambition and hope of military position vanished speedily. This was initiating me into an office of servility too humiliating to be endured. Thus I looked upon it at that time. However, I continued so until we reached Manassas. As we stepped from the cars Colonel Taylor got a hasty look at my gun, which had been under a leak during the night and had rusted. Looking me straight in the eye, he sternly said: "If your gun is not in condition for inspection by nine o'clock, sir, I will have you punished." The last link to the office of orderly sergeant was broken. I desired no military distinction at such a cost. Adjutant Crawford, a West Point graduate, understanding the rigid laws of military discipline, insisted that I hold on; but we of the South at that day would not submit to what we considered an insult to self-respecting, dignified manhood. I refused further service as orderly sergeant.

First Experience of War as It Is.

Reaching Manassas, I began to realize the direful effects of war. A trainload of dead and wounded from the Manassas battle ground was coming into full view as we left our train. We were not engaged in the battle of the 21st. Colonel Wheat's battalion, the "Tigers," was hotly engaged. This battalion subsequently became one of the most noted bodies of soldiers in the world's history.

We had volunteered for twelve months. The Confederacy now offered a furlough (February, 1862) and sixty dollars in booty for volunteers for the entire war. The whole army volunteered. After the battle of Manassas both sections, North and South, made gigantic preparations for the coming struggle. It was early summer before the campaign opened in full vigor.

On our return from Louisiana we were ordered to the Valley of Virginia under the matchless Stonewall Jackson. We had our first smell of powder at Front Royal, on the Shenandoah River. Along the route to Winchester lay many dead of Banks's troops and also here and there a sprinkling of Confederates. Here we first saw men drawn up in battle array; here we made our first charge. The Federals were strongly intrenched behind breastworks and stone fences; but our charge was so cyclonic in its fury that everything was driven before us. Thousands of prisoners and immense quantities of war munitions were captured. General Jackson now hurried back up the Valley, as both Fremont and Shields were pushing on to cut him off.

Marching their forces on the right and left stems of the letter A, with General Jackson between the two, Fremont and Shields planned to join forces before Jackson could intercept them; but Jackson's movements, cautious and strategic, outgeneraled them. To their astonishment, he turned about, faced Fremont, and held him until his army could cross the Shenandoah. Having burned all the bridges, he pounced upon Shields and completely routed him in full sight of Fremont's army, now powerless to render him any aid.

After resting a few days, we were hastily ordered to reenforce General Lee at Richmond, Va. Reaching Lee's left on the evening of the 26th of June, 1862, we formed line on the double-quick. As we advanced our brigadier general, Harry T. Hays, galloping at full speed across our front, shouted in clear, piercing tones: "Louisianians, the famous Pennsylvania Bucktails are behind breastworks at the top of yonder hill! Hood's Texas Brigade has been repulsed by them! Louisianians, remember Butler and New Orleans; remember your sweethearts, your wives, and your mothers! Will you go to the crest of that ridge? Will you go?" The brigade answered as one man.

The entire side of the slope, from crest to base, was crossed and knit with trees which had been felled, tops downward and their branches sharpened to obstruct our march. Formidable breastworks stretched along the top of the ridge and a deep ditch in front. Poles as thick as they could be placed side by side, all sharpened, reached out over the ditch, the other ends being buried under the earth of the breastworks. Officers gave the command to crawl under the branches. No pen can portray that struggle. Rallying cries of our officers reached our ears through the clash and roar of battle. We reached the breastworks, mounted each other's shoulders, and scaled the abattis. Overwhelmed with astonishment, the Pennsylvania Bucktails were thrown into irresistible confusion. Panic ensued, and they fled in the wildest disorder. We now had naught to do but fire at the fleeing enemy. Their dead, dying, and wounded lay massed on that bullet-riddled slope; while the famous body of Pennsylvania troops escaped for their lives, driven by spirits desperate and unconquerable.

The world can never know the odds against which the South poured out her blood in the great Civil War. McClellan commanded the most thoroughly organized body of soldiers ever equipped for battle in any age or nation. They were better fed, better clothed than ours, and had arms of the latest model and superior workmanship. They vastly outnumbered us. At the beginning of these battles in Northern Virginia Grant had about 150,000 men, Lee about 60,000. In the attack at Cold Harbor Grant lost 12,000 men in thirty minutes; in less than four weeks he lost over 50,000 men. Their equipments in every respect were superior to ours. Yet we drove them from Richmond. How did we do it?

At the Wilderness.

Longstreet's famous charge on the 5th of May in the battle of the Wilderness was the first battle event of the war that caused Grant profound thought. Longstreet's Corps had just driven Hancock's distinguished Federal corps from the tangled underbrush and growing hoop poles of the Wilderness. The Yankees came charging through and over them. As far to the right and left as we could see stretched an interminable line of fire, which marked the enemy's position. We promptly responded to the challenge. Every man of us loaded and fired, taking as deliberate aim at that line of fire as though the tide of battle awaited our individual bravery, heedless of the enemy's missiles of death, now mowing down, as on many another field, the choicest flower of Southern chivalry. The roar of musketry, commingling with the deafening shout of the Rebel yell, produced a din of battle terrific. Men fought with a fierce and reckless desperateness known only to those of deathless faith in the righteousness of their cause.

Amid this battle storm a college mate, Felix Bledsoe, mounted the breastworks and shouted: "Come on, boys; we'll charge them!" Over we went, brigade after brigade, and drove the Federals from the field. Next morning presented a familiar scene to the soldiers of Northern Virginia. The ground in our front was strewn with dead and wounded Federals. The Confederate dead among them told of the desperate charge at nine o'clock the day before, when our boys drove the enemy from the same ground under the leadership

of General Longstrect, routing Hancock's proud, confident, thoroughly equipped army, perhaps the best-equipped body of men ever marshaled for military action. Yet they were driven from the field by hungry, ragged Confederates, but the "bravest of the brave." Fit theme for the poet's harp! To commemorate the deeds of Southern prowess during that four years' struggle should thrill its strings into a strain sublime and lofty, that generations to come might hear in grateful amazement the story of the sacrifices and of the invincible courage of the men of the Confederacy.

In the very flush of victory General Longstreet dashed up to General Lee, saying: "General, we have a First Manassas on them!" Galloping off in the direction of his victorious corps, he was struck by a missile from the enemy and had to be carried from the field. A crushing blow to our already weakening cause! The mighty Stonewall Jackson had already passed on to the great beyond.

In war parlance Jackson was spoken of as General Lee's "other eye." Longstreet was now Lee's "other eye," as applicable to infantry, in spying out the movements of the enemy.

Spottsylvania in Retrospect.

Spottsylvania! What a rush of recollections! To-day, the 12th of May, just forty-four years ago, the head of military affairs of the Federals sent this message to President Lincoln: "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer; for I am in the presence of an enemy that cannot be whipped, but must be worn out by gradual attrition. Hence I need nothing but men and money." Grant withdrew his forces from the Wilderness, a greatly dispirited, if not a whipped, man. He thought to interpose his forces between Richmond and General Lee's army; consequently no greater suspense could have occurred than when the Confederates attacked his army. He had no thought that General Lee would dare to fight him in the open field again. He believed that the fortifications at Richmond would be the next habitat of the Confederates. Lee's seeming effrontery in this bold attack gave the Federal commander pause. He was dazed insomuch that he recklessly threw great numbers of his men in position, apparently as targets for the Confederate infantry. On no field lay so many Federal dead, massed and piled.

The morning of the 12th broke clear and bright, a Mayday ideal. On the day before the Federals were flushed with having driven us from their works—Battle's famous Alabama brigade, in position just to our right. They had also captured on that morning Jones's Virginia Mountaineers, stationed on our left. Our line of battle was in the shape of a horseshoe, my brigade, Louisianians, occupying the point, or apex, of the shoe. Battle's Brigade being routed and Jones's mountaineers captured necessitated a move for the Louisianians. We were ordered out of the apex and marched to a position on a line across the space embraced by the two sides of the shoe, about half a mile from our first position. Having occupied this position early in the morning of the 12th, we were brought to face the most desperate onslaught we had yet encountered. Our first sight of the Federals as they came over the apex, our abandoned works, pictured them a countless host. The correspondent of the London Times, who was at that time with General Lee's headquarters' outfit, said: "At about daylight on the morning of the 12th the Federals made an attack on the Confederate front at the apex of the horseshoe, driving everything before them until they struck the rocklike solidity of Hays's Louisianians, whose stubborn, unyielding resistance said, 'Thus far and no farther.'"

Fortunately, our trenches contained a number of guns left by the troops who had occupied the place the day before. All veterans know that after firing thirty or forty times the gun becomes so foul that it is impossible to "ram down" the cartridges. These extra guns served to supply the place of foul guns, so we easily picked them up as we needed them. After an active, hot engagement for some time, a brisk wind cleared the field of powder smoke, when I saw in our front the wildest confusion. At this juncture several of our boys shouted: "Let's charge 'em! Let's charge 'em!" The Federals were demoralized. Some were standing, some were running away, some were coming on toward us. Then we got down to good, hard fighting in desperate earnestness. Fury prevailed, and men fought and struggled forward. Officers shouted: "Drive them, boys! Remember the Alabamians and Jones's Mountaineers!" The day was ours—for those of us who were left. I had looked on other fields after a battle and thought that the carnage could hardly be greater; but I never saw the dead so massed as, nor in greater numbers than, at Spottsylvania.

Just after this terrible day's record of blood and slaughter General Grant was forced to express his views to President Lincoln as to the task before him. He had hurled his choicest troops against the Confederates at both the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, greatly outnumbering us. He had exhausted his skill as a great commander with his colossal army and had failed to dislodge the Confederates, although having at his command every aid that a great nation could afford.

When the Federals captured the horseshoe (never retaken by us), and when they came swarming over our abandoned works, stimulated by their recent victories by force of numbers, for the first time in my war experience I thought we were to be defeated. At this time General Lee came on the field in full view of our position, hence our fears; but every man of us had sworn each to the other "to die in that ditch." General Gordon came dashing up to General Lee, saying: "General Lee, you must go back. [Several soldiers were now holding old Traveler by the bridle rein.] These are Georgians who have never failed you, and they will not fail you to-day." The soldiers were excitedly saying to General Lee that if he did not rein old Traveler right about to the rear they would "lay down their arms and never fire another shot." The General yielded and rode back to the rear. By midday the field was ours. Grant had been thwarted in all of his mighty tactics and was the most astonished, most disappointed man in America. He entered into the battle of the Wilderness confident that General Lee would not offer battle nearer than the fortifications at Richmond; but after seven days' conflict, having at his command the resources of the greatest republic in the world and having failed to capture Lee and his army, he concluded that the Rebels meant to "live and die for Dixie."

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Now praise to God that ere his grace
  Was scorned and he reviled
He looked into his mother's face,
  A little helpless child.
And praise to God that ere men strove
  About his tomb in war
One loved him with a mother's love,
  Nor knew a creed therefor.

—*John Charles McNeill.*

LONGSTREET AT GETTYSBURG.

BY A. C. JONES, THREE CREEKS, ARK.

I was much pleased with the very able article in the October number of the VETERAN by Mr. O. G. Thompson, of Laurens, S. C., in defense of our old commander, General Longstreet. It is my intention to supplement this article by a brief relation of the events as they occurred under my own eye and observation on the second day at Gettysburg, when Longstreet's Corps attacked the enemy's left on Little Round Top.

In the June number of the VETERAN W. H. Thompson fully demonstrated his abilities as a brilliant writer, and I wish to thank him for his magnificent summing up of the achievements of the Army of Northern Virginia; but in his efforts to make a case against General Longstreet his facts are sadly at fault. After briefly describing the first day's fight, Mr. Thompson says: "Lee acted with great energy. Ewell was ordered to attack Culp's Hill and the north end of Cemetery Ridge at dawn of July 2. Longstreet, whose veterans were fresh and eager for the fight, was ordered to crush Meade's left flank, which, of course, carried with it the duty either to seize or to carry Round Top in the alternative of finding it unoccupied or in the possession of the Federals."

Now, it is well known that the battle fought on the evening of the 1st was an accidental fight. Two divisions of A. P. Hill's corps, marching toward Gettysburg, came suddenly in contact with two divisions under General Reynolds, marching in an opposite direction, and a battle was precipitated, lasting till late in the night. In this fight our side won a complete victory, capturing over four thousand prisoners, killing General Reynolds, and driving the remnant of his command through the town. The question is, Where were the two armies when this battle was fought? The answer is, Marching on the various roads converging upon Gettysburg.

Hancock's Corps, on the enemy's side, arrived first early in the night and occupied the heights of Gettysburg. Longstreet's Corps was twenty-five miles off; Hood's Division had marched from Chambersburg on the morning of the 1st, arriving late in the afternoon at a little place called Cashtown. Here we were halted and went into camp, presumably for the night, and rations of flour were issued. The hungry men immediately set to work to cook bread. They had scarcely prepared the raw dough when suddenly the long roll beat, and orderlies came rushing through them with the familiar cry: "Fall in! Fall in!"

In less than fifteen minutes we were on the march. We marched all night long, our progress being much obstructed by wagon trains and artillery. The head of our column arrived at a point three miles from the town at a little after sunrise on the morning of the 2d. Here we had the first account of the battle of the evening before from some wounded soldiers bathing their wounds in a little stream that ran across the road. Here we were halted and the men allowed to prepare food and take a few hours' rest. Mr. Thompson says that Lee ordered Ewell to attack Culp's Hill on the enemy's right and Longstreet on the enemy's left, positions at least three miles apart, at dawn. How could this possibly be? General Lee himself was not present at the battle of the evening before; he could not have arrived till a late hour of the night. How could he have known anything of the locality and the position and strength of the enemy so as to issue orders to attack at dawn, at which time Longstreet's men were still on the march at least six miles from the position he was ordered either to "seize" or to "carry"? Longstreet's critic says that his men were "fresh and eager for the fight." It is very true that these men were tried and seasoned soldiers, with powers of endurance equal to any, yet they were not made of iron, and there is a limit to all human endeavor. Consider the fact that they had made a continuous march of over forty miles without food for twenty-four hours, not to speak of the loss of sleep.

General Hood, under Longstreet's orders, commenced his movement on the enemy's left about noon. The march was slow, as an effort was made by following the hollows to conceal his movement from the enemy; but that was impossible, for as we advanced in that direction the two elevations called Little and Big Round Top, which were the objective points of the march, were the most conspicuous objects in the landscape. And here I assert that at no time during the day could troops have been moved in that direction without being discovered by the enemy in ample time to occupy the point of danger, as the enemy's lookouts on Round Top commanded a view of the entire surrounding country.

Now we approach the crucial point of the whole controversy in which Mr. Thompson is fatally in error. He contends that Hood's assault was not upon Round Top, but upon Sickles's Corps at some other point; while Round Top, the strategic point, the key to the whole situation, the possession of which at any time would have compelled Meade's whole army to retreat, remained entirely unoccupied, and Longstreet had only to take position without firing a gun; that both Generals Law and Hood entered their protest against such folly. If this were true, General Longstreet would have proved himself to be a military imbecile or else a traitor.

Mr. Thompson evidently confuses Little Round Top with Big Round Top. The one was not a mountain, but only a hill at the foot of Big Round Top, which was quite a mountain, too lofty and its slopes too precipitous to be available for military purposes except as a lookout. Both Generals Hood and Law well understood that the attack was to be on Little Round Top, at that time occupied in full force by the enemy under General Warren. They regarded the position too strong to be taken by a front attack, and they asked permission to move to the right, pass around Big Round Top, and take the position in flank. General Longstreet did not consider this movement practicable and so ordered the front attack. General Warren is quoted to prove that Little Round Top was unoccupied.

Some years ago I read General Warren's report of the battle of Gettysburg. I distinctly remember that he said when he arrived at the summit of Little Round Top, about three o'clock, the position was not occupied, but that, discovering the movement of Longstreet's forces, he immediately took steps to move a large force upon it. Upon the very bowlder on the summit of Little Round Top from which Warren took observation of Longstreet's movements there stands to-day the statue erected in his honor and in memory of his



FAMOUS LITTLE ROUND TOP.

defense of the position. If there was no fighting on Little Round Top, why is his statue there?

Resuming the narrative of Hood's advance, the head of his column, the Texas Brigade leading, reached a point about half a mile from Little Round Top about four o'clock. The 3d Arkansas Regiment, to which I belonged, being in front, formed the basis of the alignment, the order being "on the left by file into line." As it took at least half an hour to complete the line of battle, I had ample time to view the surroundings. To our right and about one hundred and fifty yards in front there was a small grove of trees, perhaps two acres in extent, but from our position there was an unobstructed view of Little Round Top. As I looked the whole face of the hill appeared to be swarming with men; in fact, Warren was just completing the disposition of his forces to meet our attack, several batteries of artillery taking their places on the summit. Ten minutes later these batteries opened upon us at point-blank range. The effect of this fire was terrific. In the twenty minutes we had to withstand this ordeal we must have lost a great many men. Within twenty steps of where I stood a shell exploded in the midst of the line, killing four men and wounding two others.

It was while in this condition that quite a dramatic scene occurred. General Longstreet rode up and, passing through the line, took position about fifty yards in front. A few minutes afterwards General Hood came down from the right, and a short colloquy ensued. It was too far for us to hear what passed, but the single staff officer present afterwards reported almost the exact language. General Hood called Longstreet's attention to the strength of the enemy's position and asked permission to move his command to the right and take the enemy in the flank, as his scouts had reported the plan feasible. Longstreet's reply was somewhat curt: "Hood, go where you are ordered. General Lee directs me to attack here."

As he turned off General Hood said: "Very well, General, but I'll get all my people killed." He then rode a little nearer to the line and, standing in his stirrups and lifting his hat, gave the command, "Forward!" As the line swept forward Longstreet reined in his horse and let it pass, but Hood continued to lead the advance until, a few minutes later, he was shot from his horse.

I feel myself wholly inadequate to a description of the struggle that followed. After passing the grove mentioned, the ground slopes gently for about a quarter of a mile to the foot of the hill. In passing over this ground our loss was fearful. We encountered the first line of infantry, posted behind a stone fence, near the foot of the hill. We drove this line and fought our way step by step up the slope. Halfway up a good position was secured behind a ledge of rocks, when we had a brief breathing spell and were slightly reënforced, when we again charged, driving the last line and capturing two pieces of artillery on the summit. But the end was not yet. Just as we had taken possession with our thin and shattered line there came a storm of bullets from an advancing line of the enemy, which, luckily, passed over our heads. But we were compelled to fall back for a short distance, when, being reënforced by Benning's Brigade, we again captured the heights. By this time night had closed in, and darkness put a stop to all operations. We lay upon our arms that night and held every foot of ground we had gained till the following afternoon, when we were withdrawn by General Lee's order.

Reverting to the disagreement between Generals Hood and Longstreet as to the feasibility of flanking Little Round Top, my own opinion is that it would have been exceedingly hazardous, as Hood's command would have been isolated and his flank exposed to attack; and yet the problem belongs to the "might have been," which no human foresight could fathom.

Mr. Thompson's claim that Hood's Division attacked Sickles's Corps is another error. McLaws's Division fought Sickles and gave a good account of itself.

The failure at Gettysburg is no mystery, and we might as well accept the facts as they exist. And there is no necessity for making a scapegoat of anybody. In the first place, the enemy succeeded in getting possession of the strongest defensive position that could possibly be conceived of; in fact, a natural fortress held by a largely superior force in numbers, which we must concede was handled both with skill and energy. It was General Lee's intention, no doubt, and it was so ordered, that there should be a simultaneous attack made all along the line, and if it could have been done I believe he would have won a great victory; but, owing to the difficulties of the ground and some confusion of orders caused by the rapid concentration of the enemy, the result was a series of isolated conflicts which wasted the strength of the army without being able to utilize the advantages gained. And so after the failure of Pickett's charge on the third day General Lee withdrew his army and retired, which he did at his leisure and without being molested by the enemy.

DARK DAYS FOR THE UNION.

BY JOHN C. STILES, BRUNSWICK, GA.

The winter of 1862 was undoubtedly the period when the tide of the Union was at its lowest ebb. They had received a crushing actual defeat at Fredericksburg and a moral one at Murfreesboro which caused a universal feeling of gloom in the North, as the following extracts from official correspondence will show.

A letter from General Halleck to Rosecrans on December 5, 1862, reads as follows: "The President is greatly dissatisfied with your delay. He has repeated to me time and again that there were imperative reasons why the enemy should be driven across the Tennessee River at the earliest moment. He has never told me what those reasons were, but I imagine them to be diplomatic and of the most serious character. You can hardly conceive his great anxiety about it. I shall tell you what I guess it is, although only a guess on my part. It has been feared that on the meeting of the British Parliament in January next the political pressure of the starving operatives may force the government to join France in an intervention. If the enemy is left in possession of Middle Tennessee, which we held last July, it will be said that they have gained on us. Tennessee is the only State which can be used as an argument in favor of intervention by England. You will thus perceive that your movements have an importance beyond mere military success. The whole Cabinet are anxious, inquiring almost daily: 'Why doesn't he move? Delay there will be more fatal to us than anywhere else.' It may be, and perhaps is, the very turning point in our foreign relations. A victory or the retreat of the enemy before the 10th of this month would have been of more value to us than ten times that success at a later date."

General Meigs to Burnside on December 30, 1862, says: "Upon the commander, to whom all the glory of success will attach, must rest the responsibility of deciding the plans of campaign. Every day weakens your army; every day lost is a golden opportunity in the career of our country lost for-

ever. Exhaustion steals over the country. Confidence and hope are dying. What is needed is a great and overwhelming defeat and destruction of the Southern army. Such a victory would be of incalculable value. It would place upon your head the wreath of immortal glory. It would place your name at the side of Washington's. If by such a march as Napoleon made at Jena, as Lee made against Pope, you throw your whole army upon the enemy's communications, interpose between him and Richmond, and if he fights and you are successful, he has no retreat. The result, however, would be with the God of battles, in whose keeping we believe our cause to rest. Do we not grow weaker every day? I have been always sure that ultimate success must attend the cause of freedom, justice, and government, sustained by 18,000,000, against that of oppression, perjury, and treason, supported by 5,000,000; but I begin to doubt the possibility of maintaining the contest beyond this winter unless the popular heart is encouraged by a victory on the Rappahannock."

It was proved without a doubt that the God of battles was on their side, for otherwise the five million "perjurers" would have driven the eighteen million "just" men off of the face of the United States.

THE SECESSION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

[A paper read before the Paducah Chapter, U. D. C., by Mrs. Louise Winston Maxwell.]

That the history has yet to be written which can fairly represent the issues between the North and the South culminating in the War between the States is a truism that all must accept; but because "truth is mighty and must prevail" historians are already beginning to see through the mists of war and prejudice and are slowly and reluctantly, in the interest of historic truth, rendering the South something of that tardy justice which the future years will surely see completed. Time, the great arbiter, will surely see its vindication.

The different attitudes of the two sections—the point of view from which they regarded the impending, the inevitable conflict, the different temperaments—were due, perhaps, somewhat to climatic influences. The South was warm-hearted, generous, quick to resent wrong, either real or fancied, yet capable of a devotion and self-abnegation unparalleled in history in the defense of the right as she saw it. The North, colder, more calculating, pursued with a relentless persistence any object upon which it had concentrated its energies, illustrated by the historic utterance of General Grant's: "We will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

In seeming contradiction to this characteristic there was a strong element in the North capable of the wildest, the most extreme fanaticism. Witness the unreasoning attitude of this class toward slavery. The South will always most steadfastly and conscientiously maintain that the responsibility for this great evil cannot justly be laid to her door.

When the Constitution was adopted and the Union formed, slavery existed practically in all the States, and its disappearance in the Northern and its firmer establishment in the Southern States were due to climatic and industrial conditions and not to the existence of any great moral idea.

Causes of the War.

The causes of the war will be found somewhat in the Constitution itself, in the conflicting constructions that it invited, in the then established institution of slavery, which it recognized and endeavored to protect.

If asked what was the real cause of the war, the ignorant and unthinking would perhaps say, "The negro"; but that there would have been no slavery if the protests of the South (notably South Carolina and Georgia) could have availed when it was first introduced, history abundantly proves; and now that it is gone by violence and bloodshed, in no section would its restoration be more strongly and universally resisted.

General Lee, than whom no loftier spirit or more conscientious Christian gentleman ever lived, uttered these immortal words: "We had, I was satisfied, sacred principles and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best if we perished in the endeavor." Vice President Adlai Stevenson said: "In the dread tribunal of last resort valor struggled against valor; here brave men fought and died for their rights as God gave them to see their rights."

It was claimed by the advocates of secession that the United States was not a single nation, but a collection or confederation of sovereign States, united only for mutual convenience and protection against a foreign foe under a treaty known as the "Constitution of the United States." If, then, this Constitution was a treaty between sovereign States, it was plain that any one of the parties to it might, in the exercise of sovereign power, withdraw from the treaty if, in the estimation of the majority of its citizens, the terms of the treaty had been violated.

The Kansas-Nebraska act, the Dred Scott decision, and many other palpable violations of this compact into which the States had voluntarily entered had brought about a crisis in the affairs of the country. It was a time when neutrality on any of the great and vital questions of the day was impossible, when the situation demanded decided measures and strong personalities around which might gather the people for guidance in the great, the inevitable struggle.

Davis and Lincoln Contrasted.

Between the years 1859 and 1860 appeared the great leaders, Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln. The names of these were familiar to the country; each had filled positions of trust and honor in the councils of the nation. That of Lincoln was comparatively obscure, although he already had gained some local reputation in Illinois politics. How strangely and fatefully were events shaping themselves to link the destinies of these men!

The South had given birth to both of these illustrious men. Both Davis and Lincoln were born under Southern skies, in Kentucky, within a few miles of each other, and only a year apart. But they were destined by that "Divinity that shapes our ends" to find homes in widely different sections and to imbibe in early life very opposite views of constitutional liberty and both to fulfill their brilliant destinies as Presidents of two warring republics—the one destined to suffer ostracism and humiliation from the government he had long and ably served, under whose flag he had so valiantly fought; the other to meet death by the assassin's bullet. Strange reward has this country ever given to her heroes.

These two met for the first time in Illinois when Lieutenant Davis, of the regular army, administered the oath of allegiance to Lincoln as captain of a volunteer company in the Black Hawk War. The second and last meeting was in 1848 as members of the United States House of Representatives. Davis proved his devotion to his country by resigning his

seat in Congress to take command of a Mississippi regiment in the Mexican War, distinguishing himself as a soldier, an able commander, and winning unfading laurels in the battles of Monterey and Buena Vista. Lincoln allied himself with the Northern Whig party in bitterly denouncing the Mexican War, thereby greatly injuring his political prospects in Illinois for several years afterwards.

These two great historic figures never met again personally, but both held in their hands the destiny of the nation during those four fateful years of the War between the States.

In two respects there was a striking similarity in the characters of these great men—personal bravery and unfaltering obedience to conviction. A prominent historian has said: "It is impossible to find any act in the life of Jefferson Davis which shows any lack of devotion to truth or readiness to sacrifice himself to it." And of Lincoln it has been said "that absolute truthfulness was a fundamental principle of his character." In other respects these great leaders differed radically. The contrast in personal appearance could scarcely have been greater. President Davis was tall, well formed, distinguished-looking and graceful, a well-bred, well-born gentleman of genial and elegant bearing. President Lincoln was lank, awkward, grave even to melancholy. At heart he was kind and had the instincts of a gentleman, but of outward polish he had little.

The circumstances of the birth and education of these two were as diverse as their appearance. Davis was descended from Welsh ancestry—his father a gentleman of education and handsome means, his mother a lady of rare beauty and culture. They lived first in Georgia, then in Kentucky, and later settled in Mississippi. He was sent first to Transylvania University, Kentucky, and afterwards to West Point, where he graduated with the rank of second lieutenant and was ordered to the Western frontier. While still quite young he married the daughter of General (afterwards President) Taylor. It was said that the bluff old general never forgave or received the young man until after Davis distinguished himself at Buena Vista, when, grasping the hand of the youthful hero, he said: "I must confess that my daughter is a better judge of a man than I am."

The sudden death of the young wife clouded the earlier years of his manhood, and it was not until 1845 that President Davis married the daughter of Senator Howell, of Natchez, Miss.,. and together they established that typical Southern home so noted for its refined hospitality.

No greater contrast to this brilliant preparation for political leadership could be imagined than the coarse and humble surroundings through which Lincoln passed his early years. For the first ten years he received only one year's schooling, and it has been said that the Bible and "Æsop's Fables" constituted his whole library. The hopeless poverty of his early life crushed the natural gayety of the ambitious young backwoodsman and perhaps caused the settled melancholy which followed him through life, relieved only at rare intervals by bursts of quaint humor, for which he became proverbial in later life. His father was an ignorant, shiftless backwoods boy, whose father before him belonged to the same class; and his mother, Nancy Hanks, was of even more obscure origin.

Lincoln always seemed to prefer the society of his own sex, showing very little admiration for women in general; but his early love for Ann Rutledge, who died just before the time for their proposed marriage, seems to have shadowed his whole life, and the story is told that he soon after attempted suicide and was found unconscious on her grave.

The story of his later marriage to Miss Todd, a high-born girl of Kentucky, who, though not brilliantly endowed intellectually, seemed to have sufficient discernment to appreciate the greatness of the man and to anticipate his brilliant political future, his strange conduct and nonappearance on the intended wedding day when bride and guests awaited him, his subsequent marriage two years afterwards to the same very forgiving bride, and the unhappiness and incompatibility of temper which furnished gossip for Washington City during his administration are matters of history.

Such were the two great leaders and such in brief was the feeling in the South immediately preceding the secession of South Carolina.

Secession of South Carolina.

All lovers of literature and romance must admire the history of the gallant little State of South Carolina as beautifully told in song and story by her gifted sons, Henry Timrod, Paul Hayne, Henry Clarkson, and a host of others; her



FORT SUMTER IN RUINS.

heroic flight from the tyranny of France to find liberty and independence in a new and untried land beyond the seas; her fine old legends of Huguenot ancestry; the chivalry of her men; the lofty elegance of her fine old gentlemen; the courtly grace of her grand old colonial dames; the refined hospitality of her beautiful ancestral homes, now, alas! a thing of the past since Sherman's "march to the sea."

Richly endowed by nature, with an ancestry so noble and chivalric, what wonder that South Carolina became the proudest State in the sisterhood of States! Yet with all this of which to boast we are still unprepared for the sterner side of her character which history reveals, for her self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of liberty, for the almost fabulous sums she poured so generously into the common treasury for the prosecution of the War of the Revolution. What State had better right jealously to guard her liberty than she, who had so bravely battled to gain it by the blood of her gallant sons spilled on Carolina's sacred soil, at King's Mountain, at Camden, at Cowpens, at Eutaw Springs, and at Moultrie?

During the four years especially before the War between the States the most radical differences existed between statesmen of the country, which it is hard for the present generation to appreciate or understand. If a man considered that his duty was to his State, it was his duty as a patriot to defend his State under all circumstances. The doctrine of State sovereignty had been nurtured in South Carolina from her earliest history. Her earlier statesmen, Pickens, Laurens, Rutledge, Haynes, and Calhoun, had advocated it with all their powers of logic and all their wonderful gifts of oratory. South Carolina believed it with all the strength of her ardent nature; and to the honesty of this conviction her wasted fields, her desolate homes, and the number and gallantry of her soldiers must testify.

The election of Lincoln on a purely sectional platform pledged to the enforcement of all its tenets was a distinct violation of the treaty upon which she had entered the Union. Therefore that she had a right to exercise the privilege guaranteed by the Constitution to withdraw and also a perfectly legitimate right to the forts and other government properties within her borders, which her own revenues had helped to pay for, she earnestly believed. She, however, honorably offered to pay the States still in the Union to indemnify them for any loss or injury that might accrue in the transfer.

With South Carolina's threatened secession, the public mind was in a state of upheaval. What other States would follow? What action would the government take? etc., were the vexed questions agitating the minds of the people.

Long before a gun had been fired both North and South had been lashed into a foaming sea of passion by the violence of politicians, though there still were moderate men on both sides who had strong hopes that an amicable settlement might be effected.

The Legality of Secession.

President Buchanan was greatly disturbed by the threatening attitude of the Southern States, especially South Carolina and Georgia. On the 17th of November he addressed a formal inquiry to his legal adviser, Attorney-General Black, concerning the "President's power in case a State should secede." Mr. Black's opinion, submitted to the President, was substantially this: "You can use force only to repel an assault on the public property, and only then to aid the courts of the State in the performance of this duty. If Congress should authorize the President to send the military into such a State, Congress would thereby declare war on such State, a thing that Congress had no power to do, and that the attempt to do so would amount to an expulsion of that State from the Union, making it a foreign enemy, between whom and the United States all future relations would have to be regulated by the principles and customs of international law." He further declared that "there was evidently a strong conviction among the men who framed the Constitution that military force would not only be useless, but highly pernicious as a means of holding the States together."

The historian Burgess says: "Had Mr. Black, the Attorney-General, been a secessionist, he could not have made a stronger case against the United States government. He was, on the other hand, a Pennsylvanian, a strong Union man, a great jurist, and a man of high moral and religious character."

President Buchanan coincided entirely with the Attorney-General in his interpretation of the Constitution, and in this he drew upon himself much censure from the rabid element of the North, and there were many open threats of impeachment.

Prior to the actual secession there was no little division of sentiment, not as to the principle, but as to the policy of secession. Scarcely a man could be found throughout the Southern States who doubted the constitutional right to withdraw; but it was with great reluctance that they could decide to give up the flag which they had so loyally cherished, and it is said that even Jefferson Davis himself shed tears when the telegram was brought to him in the Senate chamber at Washington announcing that Mississippi had passed the ordinance of secession.

Firing on Fort Sumter.

We have seen how the Attorney-General of the United States justified the action of South Carolina in withdrawing from the Union. Now let us quote Senator John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, in justification of her firing on Fort Sumter. "Artibration," he says, "was still going on in Washington. Jefferson Davis himself, still a member of the Senate, lingered in the Capitol and, with many others of the South's representative men, met with some of the leaders of the North to discuss every possible plan for amicable settlement. Strong hopes were entertained, both North and South, that this might be effected. Negotiations were then going on between the government and South Carolina, and the promise had been given on her part through the authorized commissioners that she would make no move to attack or capture the forts or any other government property on her soil until after the meeting of the convention that had been called to consider these questions and decide on her future course. These assurances were conditioned upon the promise of the United States government to make no move or change in the present (or then) condition of the forts or other government property."

Under these conditions General Floyd, in his capacity as Secretary of War, wrote these instructions to Major Anderson, then in command of Fort Moultrie: "You must carefully avoid any act that might tend to provoke aggression, not under any circumstances to assume a hostile attitude." He ordered Anderson to remain where he was at Fort Moultrie and "make no move or change that could excite the distrust of the people or could be regarded as an act of hostility during the pending negotiations."

In defiance of the order and, it has been charged, under secret instructions from the United States government, on the 26th of March Major Anderson left the smaller and weaker Fort Moultrie and occupied the larger, stronger, and much more important Fort Sumter. Some idea can be had of the strength and importance of this fort, which commanded the whole of Charleston Bay and Harbor and every approach by water to the city, when it is remembered how long it held out against the enemy during the war and how completely the blockade against the United States was maintained for years.

This move South Carolina—and, indeed, the whole world—regarded as an act of open hostility, and it was considered by the South the real beginning of the war. It was a palpable violation of the faith of the United States government pledged by the President and as such precluded any further discussion at this point of an amicable settlement. Nor was the South alone in this opinion. General Floyed immediately resigned his position in the cabinet, giving as his reason that the United States government had violated its pledge to South Carolina and he could not serve a dishonored government. Two other cabinet officers, the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of the Treasury, followed the example of the Secretary of War, declaring that in attempting to reënforce Major Anderson the President had broken his pledge made in the name of the government. The convention that met in Columbia, S. C., was one of the ablest that the country had ever seen. The membership included five ex-governors, a number of distinguished jurists, able educators, ministers, etc. Observers were struck with the large preponderance of gray heads in the assemblage; and no matter what the verdict of future history may be as to the wisdom or expediency of the convention's action, there can never be a question as to the integrity of their purpose or the constitutional justification of their cause. They did not consider themselves rebels, but that they were exercising a God-given right to defend their State from invasion and conquest. The character which this convention gave can alone explain the unparalleled unanimity and devotion with which for four long years of death and desolation the people of the South withstood the armies of the North.

All arbitration having now failed, and goaded by the threatening attitude of the North, South Carolina decided to take the initiative and in December, 1860, in convention declared "South Carolina an independent sovereignty." Other States soon followed, and the first gun of the war was fired when South Carolina tried to capture Fort Sumter on April 12, 1861.

The convention at once addressed a letter to the President of the United States, couched in the most courteous and kindly terms, announcing their decision, and with calmness and dignity South Carolina turned to face the new conditions and take her new position among the nations.

The North rose in arms, calling the act treason and the men who had espoused the cause, actuated by as pure sentiments of patriotism as ever animated human breasts, traitors.

In reply to this charge that secession was rebellion and teason South Carolina calmly replied that these epithets had been familiar to the ears of Washington, Lighthorse Harry Lee, and other Revolutionary heroes. In vindication of the right to secede she quoted the Constitution: "The right to govern rests in the consent of the governed." Fifty thousand South Carolinians voted for secession; seventy-five thousand stood for it on the field of battle.

South Carolina's letter to the President announcing the secession of the State closed with the following fateful words: "By your course you have probably rendered civil war inevitable. Be it so. If you choose to force the issue, the State of South Carolina will accept it, relying upon Him who is the God of justice as well as the God of hosts, and will endeavor to perform the great duty that lies before her hopefully, bravely, and thoroughly."

A. P. HILL MONUMENT, NEAR RICHMOND.

What soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia can forget A. P. Hill, first and last commander of its 3d Corps? Truly, R. E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson did not, for they both died with his name upon their lips; memories of Gaines's Mill, Sharpsburg, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, etc., arise at the bare mention of his name. If Hancock scored in the Wilderness before Longstreet's arrival, Hill evened up matters at Reams' Station and gave Hancock the roughest jolt he received at the hands of the Confederates.



A. P. HILL MONUMENT.

They are all gone; they sleep, Lee and Jackson in close proximity amid the foothills of the Blue Mountains of old Virginia, and A. P. Hill in a lonely grave near the city he so bravely defended. Fifty years have gone since he fell and passed to the reward that awaits the faithful, the true, and the brave. Fifty years the ministrations of faithful woman have kept his memory green among the people he loved so well. Thank God for her faith, her patience, and her love! A short time ago Richmond Chapter, U. D. C., observing the neglect into which General Hill's monument had come, committed into the hands of four of its members (Mrs. P. J. White, Mrs. D. A. Brown, Mrs. John G. Corley, and Mrs. T.

W. Wood) the duty of restoring it. Without funds they went to work as only women can and secured from citizens and the city enough to inclose it with an iron fence, a portion of which came from around the soldiers' monument in Oakwood, a gift from that memorial association. The grounds were turfed and put in order and made attractive; and, their work faithfully done, it now devolves upon some loving hands to keep these grounds in order.

A UNION, NOT A NATION.

BY JUDGE C. C. CUMMINGS, FORT WORTH, TEX.

What is a nation? A nation is a sovereign body having no limitations, with only one code of laws. Of late years an error has crept into our nomenclature which involves the idea as to whether this union of States be a union of States or a nation with the idea of union left out. There is a vast difference; for thoughts are things, and the constant thought of a nation as applied to our government in vogue since our War between States is wresting truth and will eventually warp the idea of this being, as our fathers fashioned,

"A union of hearts, a union of hands,
A union that none can sever;
A union of lakes, a union of lands,
The American Union forever."

Historical Proof.

The very first sentence in the Constitution under which we now live says it is to form a "more perfect union," not a more perfect nation. During the debates that lasted from May till September, 1787, this matter as to the proper nomenclature of our governmental name came squarely up, and it was distinctly decided that this was not a nation, but a union of States, with limited powers accorded the general government, but not limited as to the States. Any one can readily see the difference by adverting to Germany at present (1915), whose general order from the Kaiser is: "Do as you are told."

There was submitted to this body more than one plan for this "more perfect union." Edmund Randolph, a deputy from Virginia, submitted a series of fifteen resolutions for a "frame" of government, as the phrase then ran. Charles Pinckney, from South Carolina, submitted a "mixed plan" as opposed to Randolph's, which plan of Randolph's bristled all over with the words "nation" and "national." These two were referred to the proper committee. Alexander Hamilton submitted a verbal plan, which was received in silence and not referred. Not receiving a second, Hamilton immediately left and did not return for some time. There was a fourth plan submitted by Deputy Patterson, from New Jersey, also referred, looking to a continuation of the Federal idea, as the old Confederation held. All of the plans were rejected by the committee except that of Randolph's, which was recommended to the convention for adoption.

On the 20th of June, 1787, Randolph's plan came up for discussion; whereupon Oliver Ellsworth, from Connecticut, got the floor and moved to strike out "nation" and "national" wherever it occurred in Randolph's plan and substitute "the union" and "United States" in lieu. After a spirited argument by the mover, the amendment was unanimously adopted. This settled the question as law for all time that this is a Federal government. Washington called the District of Columbia "Federal property"; Jefferson spoke of "our Federal or general government"; Madison, of the various forms of "our Confederacy"; Jackson, of "the patronage of the Federal government"; Van Buren, of "the concerns of the whole Confederacy"; Harrison, of "the powers granted the Federal government"; Tyler, of "the office of the President of the Confederacy"; Polk, of "the safeguard of our federative compact"; Pierce, of "the sole reliance of the Confederacy"; Buchanan, of "the construction of the Federal Constitution"; Arthur, in speaking of the United States, used the plural as opposed to the idea of a nation; Noah Webster also uses the plural in his dictionary; the Supreme Court of the United States also uses the plural. The States now number forty-eight, and each uses a different coat of arms and employs different laws. In the Constitution "union" is twice mentioned and "this union" three times and "nation" not at all.

Did our great war "nationalize" the Constitution? This is answered in the negative in the Slaughterhouse Cases that went up from New Orleans. The Supreme Court of the United States, 16 Wallace 82, held that the three amendments, thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth, made no change; and Justice Miller, of this court, in an address before the students of the Michigan University in June, 1887, said: "With the exception of the specific provisions in the three amendments for personal rights of the citizens, no substantial change has been made in the relationship of the State governments to the Federal government."

DEVOTIONS OF THE VIRGINIA COLONY.

When the first colony of home makers arrived at Virginia in 1607, the Rev. Robert Hunt, who was of their number, called them directly to a religious service. Capt. John Smith tells how an old sail was hung from the trees as an awning and a bar of wood nailed from one tree to another for a lectern, while the people sat upon the ground or on fallen tree trunks. The first church was little but a tent, the second a rude structure covered with sedge and earth. "Yet," Smith says, "we had daily common prayer morning and evening; every Sunday two sermons and every three months communion."

When, in 1610, Lord Delaware arrived with supplies just in time to turn back the four pinnaces in which the colony had embarked for Newfoundland, the Rev. Mr. Bucke, an Oxford man, who had succeeded Hunt as minister and whose first name is not Chronicles, led the people in procession to the church, where a thanksgiving service was held. This was the church in which Pocahontas was married to John Rolfe, and from one who worshiped in it we may gain a very clear idea of how it looked: "It had in length threescore foot, in breadth twenty-four, and chancel in it of cedar, a communion table of black walnut and all the pews of cedar, with fair broad windows to shut and open of the same wood, a pulpit of the same, with a font hewn below like a canoe, with two bells at the west end. It is so cast as to be very light within, and the lord governor and captain general doth cause it to be kept passing sweet and trimmed up with divers flowers, with a sexton belonging to it."

Bucke was succeeded by Alexander Whitaker, who lives in history under the title of the Apostle of Virginia, one of the most ardent and devoted Christian pioneers that ever came to colonial America; and the little church was often filled with the red men, for whom he labored as a missionary.—*Selected.*

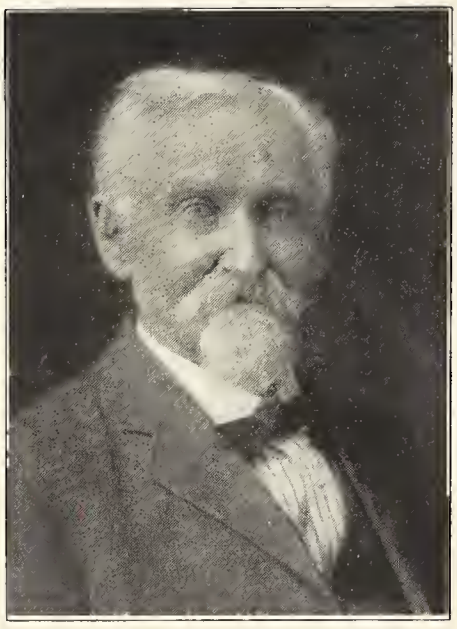
THE LAST ROLL

"Yours was the grand heroic nerve
That laughs amid the storm of war;
Souls that loved much your native land,
Who fought and died therefor!
You gave your youth, your brains, your arms,
Your blood—you had no more!"

CAPT. JONATHAN W. NICHOL.

In the rapid passing away of the old Confederate soldiers we are pained to record the death of him whose name is given above, which occurred on September 13, 1915, at Murfreesboro, Tenn. While there were thousands of men who wore the gray, as gallant soldiers as ever drew blade, it may be truthfully asserted that none excelled Captain Nichol.

In Guild's narrative of the operations of the 4th Tennessee Cavalry, commanded by Col. Baxter Smith, on pages 247 and 248, a friend gives a record of Captain Nichol's services prior to his company's being added to the 4th Tennessee, from which we extract the following:



CAPT. J. W. NICHOL.

"Capt. J. W. Nichol was born February 26, 1839, and reared near Readyville, Tenn., entering the Confederate service as lieutenant in Company H, 18th Tennessee Infantry, on May 21, 1861. In the battle of Fort Donelson Lieutenant Nichol was absent on sick leave and thereby escaped capture with the balance of his regiment that was surrendered there. Afterwards he reported to Gen. A. S. Johnston at Murfreesboro. Falling back with General Johnston's army to Corinth, Miss., with a few men of his regiment who had, like himself, escaped capture, they were attached to Captain Kerr's Kentucky company, escort of General Buckner, and served with that company through the battle of Shiloh.

"After this battle, upon application to General Beauregard, he was granted leave to go to Middle Tennessee and organize a cavalry company. He proceeded to his old neighborhood, which was then in the Federal lines, whose troops were operating actively all around there. Falling in with Colonel Starnes's regiment, they made a most successful dash on a body of cavalry commanded by Captain Unthanks, who were at breakfast at Readyville, Nichol's old home, when they were practically all killed or captured. While Captain Nichol was around Readyville making up his company, General (then Colonel) Forrest on the 13th of July, 1862, with about thirteen hundred cavalry, made a bold dash into Murfreesboro from McMinnville, completely routing, killing, wounding, and capturing practically the entire garrison of about two thousand men of all arms under General Crittenden. As Forrest's command passed through Readyville, Nichol joined him with the nucleus of his company and did gallant service in that brilliant engagement, which Forrest is said to have claimed to have been one of his greatest achievements.

"After this Nichol completed his company and with difficulty made his way, with some seventy men, and joined Bragg's army, then moving into Kentucky, reporting to Maj. J. R. Davis, which command participated in the battle of Perryville, October 8, 1862. Soon after this battle the 4th Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry, commanded by Col. Baxter Smith, was organized, Capt. J. W. Nichol's command being Company G in the regiment. This regiment took part in all the operations near Nashville and Murfreesboro, participating actively in the great battle of Murfreesboro and subsequent operations around there."

This narrative concludes: "Immediately after this Wheeler and Forrest were ordered to Fort Donelson, where Nichol received his first serious wound. After this he was in all other engagements until the close of the war, being dangerously wounded at Bentonville, the last general engagement of the war. He surrendered at Greensboro, N. C., with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army and was paroled at Charlotte. N. C., May 3, 1865."

I may add that Captain Nichol was seriously wounded four times during the war, which is high proof of his gallantry as a soldier. Notwithstanding this, he survived all the other captains of the regiment, and now he has gone to join the great majority.

REV. C. P. SIMPSON.

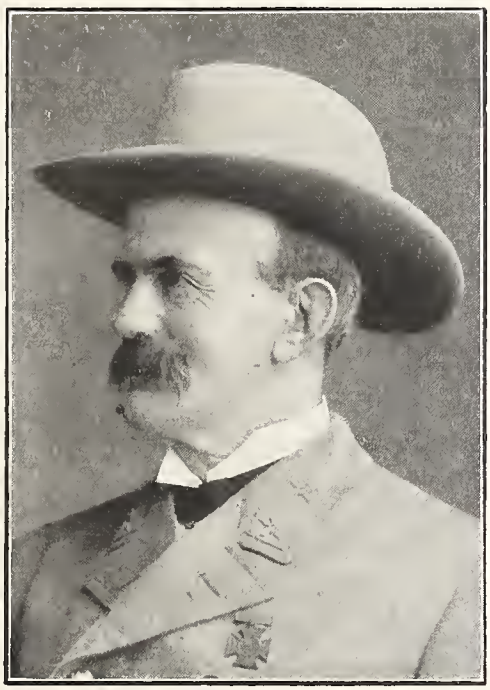
Rev. C. P. Simpson, who died recently at his home, in Greenville, Tex., was born in Hawkins County, Tenn., May 26, 1842. He grew to manhood in that county and enlisted there in the Confederate army, joining the 2d Tennessee Infantry. Following the campaign in Kentucky, in 1863, he was taken prisoner and sent to the Federal prison at Rock Island, Ill., remaining there until the close of the war. He saw active and hard service in the army and was always a soldier ready for duty.

He was married in 1862 to Miss Margaret Hutchinson, and in 1876 he removed his family to Texas, locating near Cooper, where his wife died. In 1880 he was married to Miss Mattie Withers, who survives him. Later the family moved to Greenville, which was his home until his death. Here he engaged actively in business. He was converted just after the close of the war and had from the very first held licenses as a minister of the Methodist Church. He was always active in the work of the Church and rejoiced in seeing many partake of the religion of which he was a teacher. He was a good man, held in the highest esteem by all.

There were seven sons and one daughter by the first marriage, six of whom survive, with the sons of the second marriage.

James R. Walton.

James Richmond Walton was born July 4, 1842, at Lexington, Mo., and departed this life March 19, 1915, at the home of his daughter, in Cameron, Mo., where he had gone for a short visit. He was educated at Masonic College, Lexington, Mo., and at William Jewell, at Liberty, where he united with the Baptist Church. Later in life he became a member of the Christian Church. In 1861 he left college to join the Confederate army, serving under General Shelby. Twice he was wounded, and for twenty-two months he was in Johnson's Island Prison, Lake Erie.



JAMES R. WALTON.

After the war he returned to Lafayette County, Mo., to make his home, and in 1872 he was united in marriage to Bettie Carr Boswell, of Lafayette County, who survives him, with six of the nine children born to this union: Mrs. O. W. Wright, of Cameron, Mo.; W. S. Walton, of Parsons, Kans.; J. R. and R. E. Walton, of Belin, N. Mex.; K. B. Walton, of Bakersfield, Cal.; and Lora Walton, of Liberty, Mo. He is also survived by a brother, W. P. Walton, of New York City, and a sister, Mrs. W. C. Hall, of Sweet Springs, Mo.

In 1880 he moved to Vernon County, where he resided for thirty years. For four years he was treasurer of the asylum and four years superintendent of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Higginsville, Mo. About a year ago he moved to Liberty, Mo., where his home was at the time of his death.

William L. Donnell.

A Christian soldier passed to his reward in the death of W. L. Donnell, of Eliasville, Tex., on the 25th of July, 1914. Comrade Donnell had been prominent in the affairs of his county for thirty-eight years. As a Confederate soldier his record was honorable and distinguished. He was born in Wilson County, Tenn., October 25, 1836, a son of J. D. Donnell, who moved to North Prairie, Hickory County, Mo., in 1841.

In May, 1861, at the call of his State, Comrade Donnell, with two brothers, enlisted in Captain Massey's company, 8th Division, under Sterling Price. He engaged in all of the battles of his company except that of Pea Ridge, when he was a paroled prisoner. After the Lone Jack (Mo.) fight, August 6, 1862, his command returned to Benton County, Ark., and was there reorganized. The Donnells, with others of their command, formed what was afterwards known as Company D, 11th Missouri Infantry, M. M. Parson's brigade, and so remained until the close of the war, surrendering in April, 1865, at Shreveport, La.

In March, 1867, Comrade Donnell was married to Miss Sallie Robertson, who survives him. Having no children of their own, they reared an orphan boy and girl and also the five boys of T. F. Donnell, his brother.

Leo Donnell, his oldest brother, died while encamped at Little Rock, Ark., in the winter of 1863. T. F. Donnell was first lieutenant and in command of his company in the battles of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, where he was severely wounded, and he suffered from it until his death, in 1906.

The Donnells removed to Texas after the war and engaged in farming, milling, and stock-raising, in which they prospered, becoming prominent and esteemed wherever they located. W. L. Donnell, familiarly known as "Uncle Billy," was a special favorite with the young. He was a devout Christian, with a heart full of love and charity for his fellow man, and on this builded a monument to himself more enduring than bronze or stone.

Pat Cleburne Camp, No. 22.

At the annual memorial exercises of Pat Cleburne Camp, U. C. V., of Austin, Tex., on October 18, 1915, there was read a list of "the honored dead," comrades who have died since Memorial Day, October 18, 1914. The list is as follows:

Lovett T. Dilashaw, Company F, 8th Texas Infantry.
Rev. B. H. Carroll, Company A, 17th Texas Infantry.
J. N. Harris, Company G, 6th Texas Infantry.
M. L. Dismukes, Company D, 9th Tennessee Cavalry.
T. S. Earp, Company K, 5th Georgia Infantry.
John H. Harrison, Company C, Walker's Battalion of Texas Infantry.
W. R. Baker, Company C, 1st Mississippi Cavalry.
W. H. Vaden, Company B, 32d Texas Cavalry.
J. W. Ratliff, Company G, 28th Mississippi Cavalry.
W. L. Harris, Company A, 15th Texas Cavalry.
W. D. Mayfield, Company A, 3d South Carolina Infantry.
Rev. S. C. Littlepage, chaplain Walker's Division.
A. C. Boule, Company F, 3d Missouri Cavalry.
Henry J. Caufield, Company B, Cook's Heavy Artillery.
Jack L. Long, Company F, 2d Arkansas Infantry.
E. A. McKinney, commissary 6th Texas Cavalry.
Virgil A. Nalley, Company K, Cook's Heavy Artillery.
John H. Maggard, Company A, 30th Alabama Infantry.

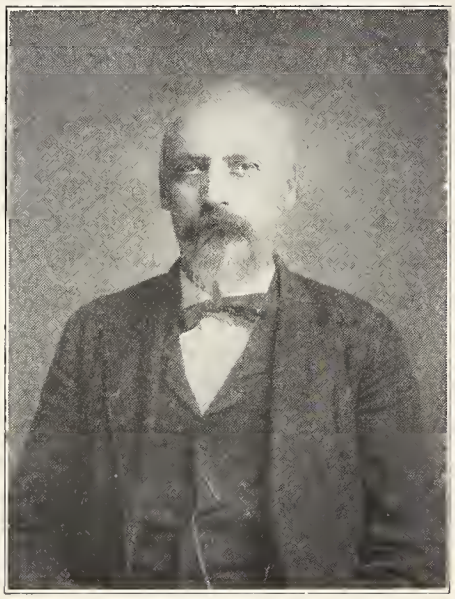
Walker McCathern.

Walker McCathern, who died at Waynesboro, Ga., on October 14, 1915, in his seventy-sixth year, was a native of Richmond County, but removed to Burke County when a young man. He enlisted in that famous company, the Burke Guards, which was among the first to answer the call of the Confederacy. His brave and gallant service rendered to the Southland during those trying days and throughout the Reconstruction period won him the respect and admiration of his commanders and his comrades in arms. Comrade McCathern's spectacular escape from Fort Delaware was one of the most daring events of his service. Nine thousand Confederate soldiers were confined there when he, with several others, planned their escape, but only two of them succeeded in getting away.

At the close of the war he returned to Burke County and farmed with marked success. For a number of years he was a leading merchant of Waynesboro. He was mayor of the city and city councilman for a number of years. During the later years of his life he had devoted his entire time to farming. He was a faithful member of the Baptist Church, a good citizen, a devoted husband and father, and his death is regretted by all. He was a member of Gordon Camp, No. 369, U. C. V., of Waynesboro. His wife and six sons survive him.

Judge Andrew Jackson Abernathy.

Andrew Jackson Abernathy, the tenth child of Charles Clayton and Susanna Harris Abernathy, was born in Giles County, Tenn., September 18, 1834, and died in Pulaski, Tenn., June 27, 1915. He was educated principally in the county schools and read law and graduated from the Lebanon Law School in 1859. Beginning the practice of law in Pulaski, he formed a partnership with his friend, John H. Wooldridge. With high aspiration and buoyant hope for the future, life stretched out brightly before them; but almost before they realized it the war cloud, whose thunderings had been heard in the distance for some time, gathered with great fury and threatened to overwhelm the entire South. Then it was that these patriotic and proud-spirited young men laid aside their law books and went forth in the strength and vigor of young manhood to do battle for home and native land. Both enlisted in the first company to organize in Giles County, Company K, 1st Tennessee Regiment of Infantry, C. S. A. This company was raised by Capt. Hume R. Field, and after he was promoted to colonel of the 1st Regiment Capt. William C. Flournoy was in command of Company K, 1st Regiment.



A. J. ABERNATHY.

The friendship of these two young men began under auspicious circumstances, was to grow with the years, to be cemented by mutual dangers and privations in positions which tried men's souls; was to grow deeper, truer, and holier as the more fortunate comrade ministered faithfully to his soldier friend, who sat in total blindness for more than half a century, but felt no lack because of the fidelity of this friend. Lieutenant Wooldridge was a brave soldier and served with his regiment nobly and well until the fateful battle of Perryville, Ky., when a Minie ball pierced his temple, severing the optic nerve and rendering him totally blind.

Andrew J. Abernathy served with distinction in the infantry until failing strength made it necessary for him to transfer to the cavalry service. Again he joined Company K, 1st Tennessee Regiment, but this time the cavalry regiment commanded by Col. James T. Wheeler, of Giles County. In this regiment he was also conspicuous for his bravery and served with gallantry and fidelity throughout the Georgia campaign and was paroled at Charlotte, N. C., when General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman in April, 1865.

After the close of the War between the States, he resumed the practice of law in Pulaski and was elected Chancellor of the Seventh Chancery Division in Tennessee in the year 1886, retiring after sixteen years of faithful service. In selecting and appointing the clerks of his chancery division he did not choose them because of some service they might be able to render him personally or officially, nor yet because they were his chosen friends, but because he believed them to be men of unbought honor, who would discharge the duties of their office without fear or favor. He brought into his own office an elevation of purpose, a magnanimity of spirit, and such integrity of heart as purified the very atmosphere of his court. His character was the embodiment of simplicity, power, and strength. Truth was the companion of his life, and his veracity was never questioned.

On February 22, 1860, Judge Abernathy was married to Miss Sarah Talley, of Montgomery County, Tenn. For more than fifty-five years they journeyed hand in hand down life's highway in joy and sunshine, in sorrow or gloom, loyal comrades and companions. Just a little longer the faithful companion and wife lingers among us to shed peace and blessing in the homes of four lovely and devoted daughters.

Judge Abernathy was a member of the Methodist Church, an upright Christian gentleman. He was a loyal Confederate veteran, showing in his own life the high ideals and lofty principles which characterized the soldiers of the Southern Confedarcy. He was among the first subscribers to the Confederate Veteran and had preserved every copy to the time of his death.

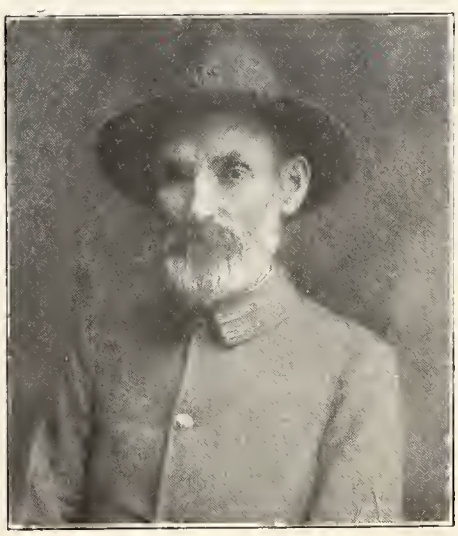
He was a friend faithful and true, in whom there was no guile. I shall ever cherish very tenderly the memory of his friendship, not only for myself, but to loved ones gone before for whom his friendship was a tower of strength, and it comforts me to pay this humble tribute to the faithfulness of our friend.

[Sketch by Mrs. Grace M. Newbill, Pulaski, Tenn.]

Walter A. Clark.

[At Hephzibah, Ga., the Walter A. Clark Chapter, U. D. C., is located. This Chapter was named for a man reared in the community. The 15th of October, 1915, was the first anniversary of his death, and the Chapter laid some flowers upon his grave. The following tribute to his memory was prepared by one who knew him well and loved him much.]

Walter Augustus Clark was well born and well brought up. The best of heredity and the best of environment entered into his life. His father was Dr. Samuel B. Clark, one of the long-time residents of old Brothersville and a physician of wide and extensive practice up to the time of his death, during the War between the States. His mother was a member of the distinguished Walker family, so fully identified with the history of Richmond County in war and in peace. Of a large family, only two now survive. What that old home is and has been for three generations, they know full well who have entered its most hospitable doors.



WALTER A. CLARK.

Walter Clark was born March 5, 1842. At the old Brothersville Academy, in Richmond County, he received a good primary and academic education and was prepared to enter the

junior class at Emory College before he was sixteen, from which institution he graduated in 1860 with the highest honors of his class. Though still a youth when war broke over the land, he was not slow to respond to the call of his State and section. Enlisting in the Ogelthorpe Infantry, 1st Georgia Regiment, in July, 1861, he served with his command for some time in Virginia. His war experiences are told in his charming book, "Under the Stars and Bars," a book that preserves in the most genial way many of the facts of soldier life in camp, on the battle field, and on the march. That he was a brave soldier is the testimony of his comrades in arms. That he preserved his moral and Christian integrity during the trying days of war time is also a matter of common knowledge to those who were with him in the army. He entered the service of the Confederacy as a private, and at the time of the surrender of his command, along with the remnants of Gen. Joe Johnston's army in North Carolina, in April, 1865, he held the rank of captain.

After the close of the war, Captain Clark spent many months in nursing a sick brother who had contracted consumption while a surgeon in the army and who finally died of that fell disease. He was married to Miss Sallie E. Rheney in October, 1880, and his devotion to his wife and children and home was one of the most beautiful facts of his life.

Captain Clark was elected to the Georgia Legislature for two terms, 1871 and 1875, and in this service he helped to put the State on its feet again after the confusion of Reconstruction days. His service in the legislature was the beginning of a public life that lasted, with few intervals, to the day of his death. During seventeen years of the time he was Treasurer and Auditor of Richmond County, being elected again and again without opposition. After seventy years of honest, loyal living and nearly twoscore years of official life, Walter Clark went to his grave with the confidence of every citizen of the county to which he gave so much of his time and strength.

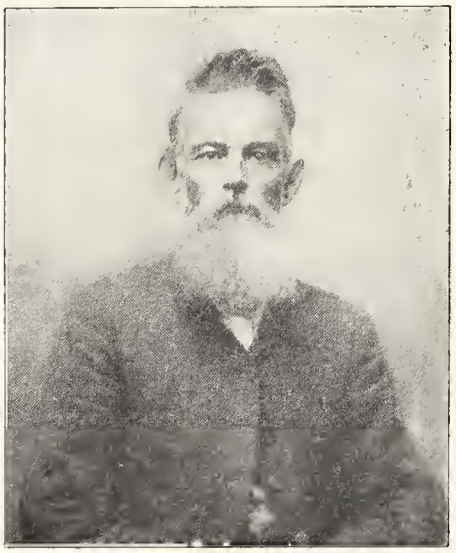
He joined the old Brothersville Church when a boy and for all the years afterwards was faithful to the communion to which he gave himself in the days of his youth. Death came to him October 15, 1914, after many weeks of illness; but he died as he had lived, at peace with his fellows, his own soul, and his God.

Camp Bedford Forrest, No. 1697, U. C. V., Stratford, Tex.

L. J. Hensley, Adjutant, sends a list of members lost to the Camp at Stratford during the past year and writes: "One by one our Camp is being transferred to the triumphant hosts above; one by one our comrades are passing over the river and are resting in the shade of the trees. They were all good men, men who rose above defeat; and though they loved the cause of the South even as they loved their lives, they accepted the environments in which they were placed and were all numbered among the best citizenship of this country. Peace to their ashes!"

Walter Colton was born at King George C. H., King County, Va., on the 8th of February, 1837, and passed from this life in New York City on May 26, 1915. In 1862 he cast his lot with his native State, enlisting in Company B, 47th Virginia Infantry, Heth-Walker's Brigade, A. P. Hill's division, A. N. V. He was in the battle of Frazier's Farm (where he was wounded), Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was a man of sterling qualities, a good citizen, loved and respected by all who knew him, and for a number of years was Commander of the Camp at Stratford. He is survived by a daughter at Woodville, Miss., and by a sister in New York.

D. J. Wilson was born at Fayetteville, N. C., on October 14, 1844, and at the age of seventeen years he enlisted in the Cumberland Guards, 33d Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers, Featherstone's Brigade, taking part in the battles of New Hope Church, Peachtree Creek, and others in which his command participated. He never missed a roll call on account of sickness, and only when wounded did he fail to answer to his name. He was never a prisoner. Comrade Wilson was was a devout Christian, having been a member of the Baptist Church for over forty years. He was of attractive personality, and his smiling face was always pleasant to see. He was serving as Treasurer of Sherman County at the time of his death, which occurred on July 26, 1915, while he was on a visit to his old home, in Mississippi. His influence will dwell in his community for many years. He is survived by his wife and one daughter, who live at Stratford, and several other children throughout the State.



D. J. WILSON.

W. T. McKenney was born in the State of Kentucky on the 4th of March, 1836, but removed to Clarke County, Mo., in early life and lived in that State until the opening of the war. He enlisted in Colonel Greene's regiment, under General Price, and during the last years of the war served in Texas on the Rio Grande in Gideon's Battalion. So far as known, he was never wounded or taken prisoner. Comrade McKenney was as true to the duties of life as he was to his country. He was a man of pronounced opinions and fearlessly stood out for the right on all occasions. His death occurred on August 21, 1915, after a few days' illness. He is survived by his wife and two daughters at Stratford.

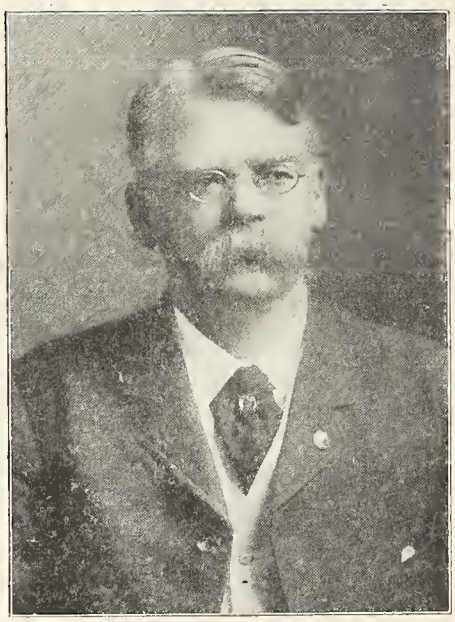
C. C. Hancock was born near Lebanon, Tenn., in February, 1839, and enlisted as a private in Company C, 4th Tennessee Cavalry, serving under Capt. L. M. Phillips, and held the rank of first lieutenant at the close of the war. He took part in the battle of Chickamauga and several other engagements; was wounded once, but never taken prisoner. He was Commander of the Stratford Camp at the time of his death, which occurred at Amarillo, Tex., July 31, 1915.

M. L. Hooker.

Mark L. Hooker, who died at Asher, Okla., on October 13, 1915, was a faithful soldier of the Confederacy, always at his post of duty, never complaining, never shirking. He served with Company A, 22d Mississippi Regiment, Featherstone's Brigade, Lowrey's Division, Stewart's Corps, Army of Tennessee. He enlisted in April, 1861, and was paroled on the 26th of April, 1865, at Greenbrier, N. C. Mr. Hooker is survived by his brother, Capt. T. J. Hooker, and his adopted daughter, Mrs. Walter Atkins, of Asher. His funeral was conducted by his Masonic brethren. The school, banks, and stores were closed in honor of this esteemed citizen.

Capt. Edward W. Anderson.

Capt. Edward Willoughby Anderson, born at St. Augustine, Fla., November 11, 1841, was a Virginian by descent and of a family distinguished for its military services in all our wars since colonial times. His father, Capt. James Willoughby Anderson, U. S. A., served in the Seminole and Mexican Wars and was killed in action at Cherubusco. His grandfather, Col. William Anderson, served with Decatur. His maternal grandfather, Capt. Elihu Dearing Brown, commanded a privateer in 1812; and others of his ancestry were prominent in the early colonization of the country, were represented at Lord Berkeley's First Council of Virginia, and supported the patriot cause during the Revolution.



CAPT. E. W. ANDERSON.

When the war between the North and South became imminent, Captain Anderson was a cadet at West Point, to which he had been appointed by Gen. Winfield Scott in recognition of his father's gallant services. He was the first cadet to be called upon to make his choice between the North and South and, upon being tendered the oath of allegiance, set the example of resigning and offering his sword to his State. He stood second in his class, and the commandant tried to persuade him not to leave; but, believing the South to be right, he felt that he must support her cause.

Arriving in Richmond in April, 1861, he was commissioned lieutenant of engineers in the Virginia Provisional Army and served at Fort Norfolk, St. Helena, and Craney Island until the evacuation of that district, after which he was attached to the Army of Northern Virginia, participating in the battles of Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill.

After lying in a hospital for two months on account of injuries received at Cold Harbor, he rejoined the army and became assistant chief of ordnance on the staff of Gen. R. E. Lee. Subsequently he was made chief ordnance officer to Maj. Gen. W. D. Pender and after his death served in the same capacity on the staff of Gen. Cadmus Wilcox, General Pender's successor to the command of the "Light Division." Meantime he was commissioned captain of artillery in the regular army. Captain Anderson was present at the engagements of Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Mine River, and all the battles of the campaign of Petersburg and Appomattox.

Upon the surrender of General Lee's army he made his way to join Gen. J. E. Johnston in North Carolina; and when that army in turn was forced to yield to pressure of numbers and the fortune of war, he started for Texas with the intention of joining Gen. Kirby Smith. On the way the news of General Smith's surrender reached him, and, reluctantly recognizing the end, he returned to his home. In his later life he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and was successfully engaged in practice in the city of Washington, D. C.

Captain Anderson was deeply concerned and interested in the welfare of the South and his compatriots of the war. He was Past Commander of Camp 171, U. C. V., and helped to found the Charles Broadway Rouss Camp, No. 1191, of which he became First Lieutenant Commander.

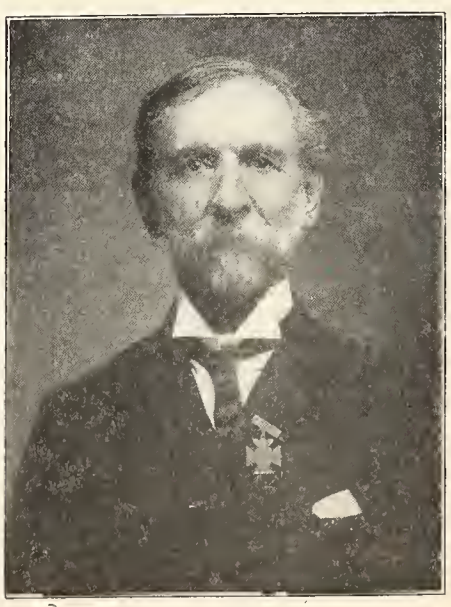
He is buried at Arlington National Cemetery, in the Confederate section, Virginia group, in the shadow of the beautiful monument erected by the South to her heroes.

Thomas Marshall Vass.

On October 4, 1915, the spirit of Thomas Marshall Vass left its earthly home and passed into the realm of everlasting light. There were tears here; there was rejoicing in heaven over the coming of a redeemed soul. He was born in Richmond, Va., December 8, 1843, and at the age of nineteen years entered the 23d Virginia Cavalry, A. N. V., under Gen. Jubal Early, serving until the close of the war, when he went to Mobile to live. In November, 1872, he married Miss Jennie Jones, daughter of the late Dr. B. Rush Jones, of Montgomery, Ala., and in 1889 they went to that city to make their home, where he was prominent in both religious and business circles. He was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church for more than forty years, was a charter member of Trinity Church, and did a great deal for its growth and prosperity. Besides his widow, he leaves four children—Mrs. Gaston Lewis, Miss Theresa Vass, and Robert Vass, of Montgomery, and Mrs. Osborne Henry, of Louisville, Ky. He was the highest type of a Christian gentleman, faithful in every relation of life, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends; but we know that for him the day has dawned, and the world is better because he has lived. M. F. C.

Thomas Parsons Miller.

Thomas Parsons Miller at the age of twenty years enlisted soon after the act of secession passed, and his company, the Savannah Volunteer Guards, took possession of Fort Pulaski. At that time the coast companies were forbidden to leave the State by Joe Brown, whose son was also a Governor of Georgia. In April, 1861, Thomas Miller again enlisted for the war in the Burke Sharpshooters, Company D, 2d Georgia Regiment (Colonel Semmes commanding), Toombs's Brigade, and fought in the various skirmishes at Yorktown, in the battles around Richmond, and at Gaines's Mill. August, 1862, found his division, under Longstreet, forcing its way through Thoroughfare Gap, where the Federal commander, Pope, had an imposing army stretched before them. Without a halt General Longstreet marched through and confronted Pope that afternoon at Manassas. On the next day, August 28, Thomas Miller was wounded by a Minie ball as the Confederates charged the Federal positions. After remaining at home, in



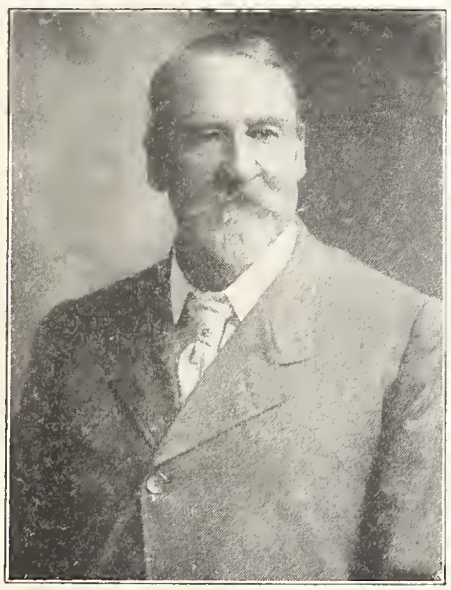
T. P. MILLER.

Savannah, some eight months on account of his severe wound, he returned to his command, but was unable to undergo the hardships and marches; so he was retired in 1863 and afterwards did duty in the conscript department, with the rank of lieutenant. His death occurred on the 4th of October, 1915, at his home, in Vannville, S. C.

Capt. Thomas B. Cabaniss.

To the "Last Roll" is added the name of Capt. Thomas Banks Cabaniss, son of the late Judge E. G. Cabaniss. He died at his old home, in Forsyth, Ga., August 14, 1915, needing only two weeks to round out a life of eighty years.

Notwithstanding his notable record in public life, he valued most highly his title of "Captain," won during the War between the States. He enlisted as a private in Quitman Guards, 1st Regiment of Georgia Volunteers, April 1, 1861, and soon after was elected captain of Dahlonega Volunteers, serving about a year. In May, 1862, he reenlisted as a private in Cutts's Artillery Battalion and soon was made sergeant major. In 1863, at the request of Colonel Cutts, he stood an examination before the Ordnance Board of Virginia, was comsioned first lieutenant of artillery, and was assigned to General Doles's brigade, serving on his staff until Doles's death and afterwards on the staff of Gen. Phil Cook till the surrender at Appomattox, at which he was present. During the four years of service he was granted only one furlough of twenty days.



CAPT. THOMAS B. CABANISS.

He was true to every trust bestowed upon him in public or private life, boldly upholding his honest convictions. President Cleveland said of him that he was the most fearless man he had ever known in public life.

Captain Cabaniss was honored by his State, county, and city in the gift of many official positions. In 1865 he was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, and in 1873 he was elected Secretary of the Senate, which he resigned to become Solicitor-General of Flint Circuit. He was elected to the State Senate four times. In 1893 he was elected to the United States Congress. President Cleveland afterwards appointed him as a member of the Dawes Commission to the Indian Territory. Upon his return he was not allowed to retire from public life, but was made mayor of Forsyth and later judge of the city court. No man in his county had more or truer friends from every walk in life; for his big, warm heart recognized worth in all, and in his generous nature there was no room for ill will.

The many beautiful tributes from his friends over the State testify to the high esteem in which he was held. A veteran friend wrote that as long as he lives and passes through Forsyth the impulse will be strong to alight from the cars, go out to the cemetery, and lay a flower on the grave of Thomas B. Cabaniss.

He was married to Miss Mary Howard, of Cartersville, Ga., who, with two daughters, Mrs. Lois Peebles and Miss May Cabaniss, survives him. He was almost an idolized favorite of a large family circle. In every relation of life—as husband, father, soldier, citizen, and public official—Captain Cabaniss was faithful. He loved and lived the truth.

William D. Bowen.

William D. Bowen, who died in Augusta, Ga., on October 11, 1915, was a merchant of that city for nearly sixty years. He retired from business several years ago. He was born in Bishopville, S. C., and went to Augusta in 1850 and established his business there, in which he has been succeeded by a son, Mr. Walter J. Bowen.

At the outbreak of the War between the States Mr. Bowen went to the front with the Oglethorpes. He became a captain in the ordnance department under Longstreet and did splendid service, his knowledge of ammunition and of gunsmith work proving invaluable. After the war he returned to Augusta and reëstablished his business. He was a member of Camp No. 485, U. C. V.

Prior to the war Mr. Bowen was married to Miss Julia A. Burton, of Burke County, Ga., and they lived happily together for half a century, being separated only by the death of Mrs. Bowen, eight years ago. He is survived by three sons.

R. J. Kirby.

Maj. N. B. Eison, of Jonesville, S. C., reports the death of his old friend and comrade, R. J. Kirby, shortly after their return from the Richmond Reunion. He was seventy-six years of age and was born and reared in the vicinity of Jonesville. In May, 1862, he joined Company B, 18th South Carolina Infantry, and served in that command until Appomattox. The company had been commanded by Major Eison, who entered the cavalry service at the time of Mr. Kirby's enlistment, May, 1862.

F. W. Grigg.

F. W. Grigg was born in South Carolina April 21, 1842, removed with his family to Craighead County, Ark., when a boy, and enlisted in Company I, 13th Arkansas Infantry, early in the war, serving the cause of the South faithfully until the surrender. He moved to Texas in 1889 and settled in Brown County. He was a Primitive Baptist preacher for many years and was Chaplain of George G. Dibrell Camp, U. C. V., of Crowell, Tex., for two terms. He was a man of lovable disposition and had many friends. For several years his home had been with his daughter, Mrs. M. Johnson, of Crowell, where he died on the 15th of April, 1915, after a very brief illness.



F. W. GRIGG.

SONS OF CONFEDERATE VETERANS

ORGANIZED IN JULY, 1896, AT RICHMOND, VA.

OFFICERS, 1915-16.

Commander in Chief, W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark.
Adjutant in Chief, N. B. Forrest, Biloxi, Miss.

STAFF.

Inspector in Chief, A. J. Wilson, Little Rock, Ark.
Quartermaster in Chief, Edwin A. Taylor, Memphis, Tenn.
Commissary in Chief, Ben Watts, Cave Spring, Ga.
Judge Advocate in Chief, M. E. Dunnaway, Little Rock, Ark.
Surgeon in Chief, Dr. J. Garnett King, Fredericksburg, Va.
Chaplain in Chief, Rev. J. Cleveland Hall, Danville, Va.
Historian in Chief, Dr. Thomas M. Owen, Montgomery, Ala.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Army of Northern Virginia Department, Ernest G. Baldwin, Roanoke, Va.
Army of Tennessee Department, John S. Cleghorn, Summerville, Ga.
Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department, Creed Caldwell, Pine Bluff, Ark.

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

W. N. Brandon, Little Rock, Ark., Chairman.
C. Seton Fleming, Jacksonville, Fla., Secretary.
P. J. Mullen, Rome, Ga.
Edgar Scurry, Wichita Falls, Tex.
F. R. Fravel, Ballston, Va.
Seymour Stewart, St. Louis, Mo.

COMMITTEES.

Relief Committee: A. D. Smith, Jr., Chairman, Fayetteville, W. Va.
Monument Committee: R. B. Haughton, Chairman, St. Louis, Mo.
Finance Committee: W. McDonald Lee, Chairman, Irvington, Va.

DIVISION COMMANDERS.

Alabama, Adolph D. Bloch, Mobile.
Arkansas, A. W. Parke, Little Rock.
California, H. P. Watkins, Los Angeles.
Colorado, A. D. Marshall, Denver.
District of Columbia, Charles H. Keel, Washington.
Eastern, Percy C. Magnus, New York, N. Y.
Florida, W. W. Harriss, Ocala.
Georgia, J. S. Palmer, Macon.
Kentucky, Logan N. Rock, Louisville.
Louisiana, J. W. McWilliams, Monroe.
Maryland, ——
Mississippi, George C. Myers, Jackson.
Missouri, Colin M. Selph, St. Louis.
North Carolina, Dr. J. M. Northington, Boardman.
Oklahoma, Merritt J. Glass, Tulsa.
Pacific, Merritt F. Gilmer, Seattle, Wash.
South Carolina, Weller Rothrock, Aiken.
Southwest, Carl Hinton, Silver City, N. Mex.
Tennessee, W. C. Chandler, Memphis.
Texas, W. R. Blain, Beaumont.
Virginia, Dr. J. C. King, Fredericksburg.
West Virginia, E. R. Garland, Huntington.

[This department is conducted by N. B. Forrest, Adjutant in Chief S. C. V., Biloxi, Miss., to whom all communications and inquiries should be addressed.]

CONFEDERATION NOTES AND NEWS.

Commander Brandon has appointed Walter C. Chandler, of Memphis, Tenn., as Chairman of the Historical Committee, and all the members of that committee are requested to report to him.

Adjutant in Chief Forrest expects to report the organization of Camps at the following points within a few weeks: Frederick, Md.; Chicago, Ill.; San Francisco, Cal.; San Diego, Cal.; Lovington, N. Mex.; Riverdale, Md.; and Seward, Alaska. All of these Camps are now being organized.

Notice of the prize offer of Mrs. T. J. Latham, of Memphis, will be sent to all of the Camps in a short time. This is an annual cash offer for the best essay upon Confederate history. The subject selected for the first year is "The Causes That Led to the War." All essays are limited to two thousand words, and no essay will be considered unless the writer is a member in good standing of an active Camp of Sons.

J. Roy Price, of Washington, D. C., chairman of the committee to secure subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, has issued a stirring appeal for comrades to subscribe to that publication. He has requested each Camp to appoint a subcommittee of three whose duty it shall be to solicit subscriptions among their members. This committee is composed of J. Roy Price, Washington, D. C. (chairman); Walter B. McAdams, Dallas, Tex.; and Samuel L. Adams, South Boston, Va.

Announcement will be made shortly of the committee for marking the battle fields and historical points of the South.

DIVISION NOTES.

ALABAMA.

The Reunion of the Alabama Division, U. C. V., was held at Selma on October 20 and 21. A number of the S. C. V. Camps were represented and plans made for a splendid representation at Birmingham in 1916. Adolph D. Bloch, of Mobile, was reëlected Commander of the Alabama Division, S. C. V., and is making arrangements for an active campaign throughout the State.

ARKANSAS.

Division Commander Parke has promised a live Camp for each of the eighty-seven counties in Arkansas and is now getting the State organized into Brigades.

CALIFORNIA.

Through the efforts of Division Commander Watkins and Comrade W. Jefferson Davis, of San Diego, a Camp of Sons will shortly be organized at San Diego. Adjutant in Chief Forrest is also endeavoring to form a Camp at San Francisco.

COLORADO.

The Sterling Price Camp at Denver is increasing its membership, and, in addition, Division Commander Marshall expects to be able to report Camps at Colorado Springs and Pueblo. Colorado Springs is the home of the two grandsons of the immortal Jefferson Davis, both of whom are members of the Forrest Camp at Memphis, Tenn.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The Washington Camp, Washington, D. C., is one of the most active in the entire Confederation. It comprises among its membership some of the most influential men of that section and many loyal Sons. Past Commander in Chief Owens, Past Division Commander Price, now chairman of the committee to secure subscriptions to the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, and Frank R. Fravel, a member of the Executive Council, are all members of this Camp. Division Commander Keel is actively at work building up the Camp, and its success is due largely to his untiring efforts.



CHARLES H. KEEL,
Commanding District of Columbia Division, S. C. V.

Florida.

The reunion of the Florida Division, held at Ocala on October 27-29, was attended by delegates from all over the State. W. W. Harriss, the efficient Division Commander, was reëlected, and reports were made of the work of the year. The committee appointed at Lakeland last year reported that it had succeeded in getting the time of residence necessary for a pension reduced from ten to eight years and has also secured a slight increase in the pensions. Division Commander Harriss was instructed to appoint a special committee, consisting of one member from each Camp in the State, to ascertain the kind of histories and literature used as textbooks in Florida.



J. ROY PRICE,

Past Commandant Washington Camp, No. 305; Past Division Commander District of Columbia S. C. V.; now on staff of Commander in Chief.

It was decided by the convention that all Brigade Commanders be assessed $5 a year to care for the necessary Division expenses.

Mississippi.

The reunion of the Mississippi Division, U. C. V., was held at Biloxi on September 28-30 and was largely attended by the veterans over the State. Resolutions were passed recommending the organization of Camps of Sons of Confederate Veterans, and the veterans will assist in organizing them. Mississippi ranked second at Richmond, Va., and it is the determination of the Sons to capture first honors this year. The Mississippi Division, S. C. V., has the distinction of owning the old home of Jefferson Davis at Beauvoir, the property having been purchased by the S. C. V. Camps of this State several years ago, and the title of the property is now vested in the live Camps of that Division.

Oklahoma.

The annual reunion of the Oklahoma Division was held at Ada in September and resulted in the reëlection of Division Commander Glass. He has promised an active campaign in his Division and states that Oklahoma will show not less than fifty live Camps at the Birmingham convention.

Southwest Division.

Division Commander Hinton is now organizing several new Camps at points in New Mexico and Arizona and, in addition, is increasing the membership of the Camp at Silver City. Comrades Powell, Lehr, Vincent, and several other members of the Silver City Camp have offered to go with Commander Hinton to assist in forming Camps at other points in the State and are preparing to attend the reunion at Birmingham.

Tennessee.

The reunion of the Tennessee Division, U. C. V., was held at Memphis on October 5 and 6, and several of the S. C. V. Camps throughout the State were represented by delegates. Walter C. Chandler, a prominent young attorney of Memphis, was elected Commander of the Division, and he has already started to reorganize his Division. The Forrest Camp of Memphis had active charge of the arrangements for the reunion, and every courtesy was shown the visiting Veterans and Sons.

Virginia.

The annual reunion of the Virginia Division, S. C. V., was held at Fredericksburg, one of the interesting historical spots in the South, on October 19-21. Dr. J. Garnett King, Commander of the R. S. Chew Camp, No. 2, of Fredericksburg, was elected Commander of the Virginia Division. The Chew Camp made the finest showing of any in the Confederation at Richmond, having about seventy-five men in line, all in uniform. Dr. King advises that they expect to increase their membership and are now making arrangements to attend the Birmingham Reunion in a body. Each member of the Camp is setting aside a certain amount each month to pay the expenses of the Birmingham trip.

West Virginia.

The appointment of E. R. Garland as Commander of the West Virginia Division has resulted in renewed interest throughout the State, and many new Camps are promised for this year.

WASHINGTON CAMP, NO. 305.

Washington Camp, No. 305, S. C. V., has unanimously adopted the program offered by its Historical Committee for a two-year historical course, to consist of five addresses each year by the Camp, the series of ten addresses constituting one connected review of Confederate history and related subjects, treating the whole in broad historical perspective. This work is under the special management of Comrades E. W. R. Ewing and Lloyd T. Everett, and when completed it is the plan to publish the ten addresses in permanent form.

Comrade Ewing is the author of several books on Southern history, including "Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession" (relating particularly to the troubles in Kansas in the fifties) and "Legal and Historical Status of the Dred Scott Decision." Comrade Everett's recent address to the Confederate veterans of Washington City and vicinity, "Living Confederate Principles: A Heritage for All Time," is to appear in the current number of the Southern Historical Society's Papers (Richmond, Va.) and also in pamphlet form.

Two-Year Historical Course, 1915-17.

First Year.

October 12, 1915.—"Our Racial Heritage: Growth and Development of Institutional Self-Government." Comrade Lloyd T. Everett.

December 14, 1915.—"An Experimental League: Nature and Status of the Federal Government under the New Constitution of 1787-89." Comrade E. W. R. Ewing.

February 8, 1916.—"Discord and the Star of Empire: Western Expansion and Attendant Intersectional Jealousies to 1833." Comrade W. A. Coombe.

April 11, 1916.—"Diverging Lines of Progress: Economic Development, South and North, to 1833." Comrade William C. Black.

June 13, 1916.—"The White Man's Burden [voluntarily assumed]: Negro Slavery to 1833." Comrade A. R. Bird.

Music, readings, and recitations.

Admission by card only.

First Address in Historical Course.

In his address before Washington Camp on October 12 on "Our Racial Heritage: Growth and Development of Institutional Self-Government," Mr. Everett explained that this was an outline history of the rise and progress of free institutions, as protected by solemn constitutional and institutional guaranties, amongst the English-speaking races. Beginning with the early annals of the Germanic, Scandinavian, and Celtic tribes, who mixed and merged in the British Isles, it was pointed out that these tribes were originally possessed of free institutions, partaking largely of pure democracy; that amongst these tribes, both on the continent of Europe and in these islands, by degrees the people lost much of their pristine liberties, their kings and other rulers arrogating the powers of government to themselves, resulting often in iron-fisted despotism, as in the case of France and Spain; that the British tribes, protected in large part from invasion and constant war by the "wall of water" flowing between them and the continent, retained and regained much more of their rights than did the Continental peoples; that, beginning with the Great Charter, wrung from King John by the barons at Runnymede, 1215, the English people from time to time set definite bounds to the powers of their rulers, as in the Petition of Rights (1628), the Act of Habeas Corpus in the reign of Charles II., the Revolution of 1588 and the Bill of Rights of that period, and the Act of Præmunire of an earlier time.

Crossing the broad Atlantic (a second "wall of water" protecting free institutions), the people of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales (and the hardiest and freest of them) transplanted to America their free institutions, as expressly guaranteed over and over again in the various colonial charters; that the revolt of 1776 from unlawful or unconstitutional taxation was but in line with Hampden's immortal stand against the ship money in the time of Charles I., as was the successful opposition of South Carolina in 1830-33 against the tariff exactions of those times, and that the (attempted) peaceful secession of the Southern States in 1860-61 was bottomed on these same foundation principles of adherence to written guaranties of reserved rights against unconstitutional measures and centralized oppression, the one section of the country at that time having set to work to exclude the South from the common territories, which had been won by the common blood and treasure of all the sections, and the John Brown raid in 1859, widely indorsed in the North, being on a par with the inciting of "domestic insurrections amongst us," charged in the Declaration of Independence against George III. The article was written in the spirit of President Wilson's recent statement to the D. A. R. that the American Revolution was a beginning, not a culmination. It was pointed out that written safeguards had been found the most efficacious to preserve popular rights against rulers and local and State rights against centralized encroachments and that the appeal of the colonists in 1776, of Carolina in the tariff crisis of Jackson's administration, and of the Southern States in the sixties was always an appeal for peaceable settlement of questions in controversy, the colonists and the Confederates drawing sword only as a last resort in defensive warfare.

In a brief introductory explanation the acting chairman of the Camp's Historical Committee stated that this was the first of a series of ten special articles or addresses on the general subject of Confederate principles and history, five to be given during the season of 1915-16 and the remainder during 1916-17. These are designed on the plan of showing that history properly read is the teaching of experience; that the story of the Confederacy and its underlying principles has much to do with the proper solution of the problems of to-day as drawn from the events of the past for the good of the future. It is understood that some of the future articles of the series will touch on present international questions, the conduct of civilized warfare, and the attempts to settle disputes between nations by peaceful means.



LLOYD T. EVERETT.

Maj. E. W. R. Ewing, chairman of the committee, is to prepare the second article of the series for December 14 on the nature and status of the Constitution of the United States and of the government thereunder.

PATRIOTIC WORDS FOR "DIXIE."

A "Son of a Confederate Veteran" writes of the favorable comment expressed on the use of patriotic words in singing "Dixie":

"Your editorial article in the October issue of the Veteran entitled 'How Shall We Sing "Dixie"?' has awakened a wide interest in the subject and what seems to be an overwhelming approval on the part of those who have read it.

"I cannot refrain from sending you a quotation from a recent letter written to me by Miss Frances Pemberton, for many years a leader in educational work with the Children of the Confederacy. She writes in part as follows: 'This year I had decided in April to use in the program for the convention this fall Dr. Ticknor's "Dixie" to the tune of "Annie Laurie." When, however, I saw a copy of the 1916 Dixie Calendar, I at once decided upon M. B. Wharton's words for the opening march and song. In the October Confederate Veteran there was an editorial strongly advocating the teaching of these two "Dixies" to the children and the young people. With this editorial I fully agree, and I am using all of my influence in favor of these new verses. I feel sure it is the "tune" which really has the hold on the older generation. If the words are to mean anything in the future, we must have the same with some sense and patriotism. That old doggerel always grates terribly on me at any public occasion, and how unfitting it is to a solemn memorial service for the dead Confederacy or its soldiers!'

"Truly you have expressed it well when you say, 'How appropriate it is to hear a dignified body of our representative women singing, "When she lived she lived in clover, when she died she died all over"!' etc. Comment seems to be unnecessary when Dan Emmett's Northern minstrel words are printed, recited, or sung."

THE SONG OF "DIXIE."

BY M. B. WHARTON, D.D.

O! Dixie's land is the land of glory,
The land of cherished song and story;
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
'Tis the land that patriots love to dwell in,
The land our fathers fought and fell in.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Chorus.

I'm glad I live in Dixie,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
In Dixie's land I take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

O! Dixie's land is the land of flowers,
Of sunny skies and shady bowers.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Where the long moss to the oak is clinging
And the mocking bird is nightly singing.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

The blue and gray went out to battle,
And loud they made war's thunders rattle.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
The fight we lost, but won a glory
Which still will last when time is hoary.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

Still Dixie's land is the land of freemen,
Of soldiers brave and gallant seamen.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
The land where rules the Anglo-Saxon,
The land of Davis, Lee, and Jackson.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

And Dixie's land is the land of cotton,
Whose ancient sway is not forgotten.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land.
From his snow-white throne our king advances,
To break the world's commercial lances.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

And Dixie's sons will stand together
In sunshine and in stormy weather.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!
Though lightnings flash and mountains sever,
Count on the gallant South forever.
Look away, look away, look away, Dixie land!

[Requests having come for copies of Dr. Wharton's version of "Dixie," it is herewith printed for the benefit of those not familiar with it.]

P. W. Grizzard, Martinsburg, W. Va.: "I regard the CONFEDERATE VETERAN as the best Confederate history ever written. It should visit every home in the South where is found a single descendant of a Confederate soldier. Surely loyal sons and daughters of the Confederacy will rally gladly to the support of the VETERAN, the living voice of the Confederacy."

HOW AMERICANS MADE WAR.

BY HON. J. M. DICKINSON, IN CHICAGO DAILY TRIBUNE.

The execution of Miss Cavell, who was not a spy, but whose offense consisted in assisting English, French, and Belgians to escape, has been generally and sharply condemned by the press of the United States. The attitude of the German government as shown by the statements attributed to Dr. Alfred F. M. Zimmerman, German Undersecretary for Foreign Affairs, is that no differentiation should be made between men and women, that no court-martial in the world could have reached a different decision, and that it was right to carry out the sentence in order to frighten those who might presume on their sex. The Germans feel that "America cannot understand."

That America cannot understand is strikingly illustrated by the Civil War. There were many women spies taken into custody both North and South, and yet no woman was executed by either side. In Richmond a woman who was arrested as a spy was permitted to pass through the lines to her own people, not because she was innocent, but on account of her sex. When Hood advanced upon Nashville, a Northern woman who had married a Southerner and who was within the Confederate lines was believed to be giving information to the Federal authorities. She was not formally arrested, but General Forrest had her placed behind a cavalryman and carried beyond the Confederate lines and to a point of safety close to or within the Federal lines.

No people in history were ever more thoroughly aroused than were those respectively of the North and of the South, and none were more devoted to the cause which they had espoused, and yet neither side ever reached the conclusion that public safety necessitated the execution of women even for the grave offense of spying. Hundreds of women, both North and South, constantly assisted prisoners to escape and return to the ranks. Many of them and their activities became known to the authorities. Some were warned and others arrested, but in no case was extreme punishment administered.

The only woman who was executed during that period was Mrs. Surratt. This was after the war ended. It was widely condemned at the time and now finds few, if any, defenders. It would have been difficult, if not impossible, to find a firing squad who would have shot a woman. If any officer had finished one with his pistol, as is said to have been done in the case of Miss Cavell, he would have become a social outcast among his own people.

OUR VETERANS.

BY MARY H. S. KIMBROUGH.

My mother spoke of you with reverence
When I was but a child. I knew not then
The meaning of her love for you. But when
I found that you had gone in my defense—
Aye, to defend my home, my heritage
Of freedom from their greed—that you had stood
Undaunted where red sabers flashed, I would
Have died to punish them, so great my rage.

The years passed by; I watched you doing deeds
Of quiet courage, filling homely needs
As val'rously as you had fought, too brave
In peace to hate. I turned from hatred too.
And all my heart in reverence I gave—
O lovingly I gave my heart to you.

REFUTATION OF BUTLER'S STATEMENTS.

[In the VETERAN for December, 1912, appeared an article by Corporal Tanner, of Washington, D. C., giving his recollections of what General Butler had told him of his actions in behalf of the widow and sons of William B. Mumford, who had been hanged at New Orleans during the war by Butler's order. A correction of these statements was sent to the editor of the VETERAN by the sons of Mumford shortly after the appearance of Corporal Tanner's article, but for some reason it was not published at the proper time. In justice to the memory of their mother and to themselves at this late day these sons, William B. and Charles B. Mumford, have asked the publication of their refutation. The statements made by General Butler are so utterly at variance with the facts as presented by the Messrs. Mumford in the paper following that it is difficult to understand how he could have made them. It is to be regretted that so much time has passed before this publication.]

The CONFEDERATE VETERAN for December, 1912, presented an article by Corporal James Tanner, "Concerning General Butler and Mrs. Mumford," in which Tanner quotes Butler as having stated to him in Chicago in 1884 that "if Mumford's son had any desire to assassinate me he has had plenty of opportunities already, for I have educated that young man. He has spent his school vacation in my home at Lowell, Mass., and many a night he and I have sat alone in my library very late, he preparing for his examination, I engaged on whatever might have occupied my mind at the time."

This statement is absolutely untrue. I was never associated with General Butler in any way, and neither my brother Charlie nor I was ever in Lowell, Mass. After my father's execution, June 7, 1862, we lived in New Orleans until February 1, 1864, when we went through the Confederacy to Richmond, Va., and from there to Wytheville in May of that year, where we lived until November, 1865. We then returned to New Orleans and there remained until August, 1866, when cholera broke out, and we went back to Wytheville. In May, 1870, my mother went to Washington with my sister and brother Charlie, and I followed them in October. During our stay in Wytheville my brother and I had gone to school to Professors Holbrook, Moss, and E. H. McDonald, all Southern men. In Washington my brother and I attended the Wallack Grammar School, but at Christmas time I left school and entered the law office of Attorney James G. Payne, with whom I remained until the fall of 1871, when I began to learn the drug business. I was with several drug firms in Washington until October, 1874, when I entered the navy under Dr. J. C. Boyd on the Fortune and was later with him on the United States ship Constellation until it went out of commission in September, 1875. I then went into another law office in Washington and attended the Washington Law School. In March, 1876, I came West and went into the drug business at Sedalia, Mo.; came to Kansas City in August, 1877, and opened the Mumford Drug Store, which has been running ever since. My brother worked for several firms in Washington after leaving school until 1879, when he also came West. Neither he nor I ever attended school anywhere after leaving Wytheville, except the short time at the Wallack School in Washington, and I was at the law school one winter, as stated.

Corporal Tanner also quotes Butler as saying that we had a home in Staunton, Va., from which he had lifted the mortgage.

We never lived at Staunton, Va., at any time. When we returned to Wytheville in 1866, the dear people of that town raised something over a thousand dollars, bought a five-acre tract, and built us a two-room house. The money was placed in the hands of E. H. McDonald (afterwards my teacher), who built the house for us. We lived there until 1870, when we went to Washington. Every cent of the money was accounted for by Mr. McDonald, and no preacher ever had any connection with it. In 1882 the house was sold for one thousand dollars, the sale being made through M. J. C. Noel, of Wytheville, our trustee.

My mother told me that she secured her appointment to a government position through the efforts of her relatives, the Durants, who were wealthy and influential, and she often showed me letters from them to substantiate her claim. She left Washington after my sister Mary died and came out West to live with us until she died. I was born in 1853, therefore was thirteen years old when we returned to Wytheville in 1866, and my brother was twelve.

These statements account for every year of my mother's, sister's, brother's, and my existence since my father's execution and should satisfy any fair-minded person that Corporal Tanner was altogether misinformed.

WILLIAM B. MUMFORD.

ACTIVE CONFEDERATE MOTHER.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Wyndham, now ninety-three years of age, is one of the well-preserved, active Confederate mothers; for with good health and fine eyesight she is able to attend to her household duties, raise poultry, look after her garden and large prairie plantation, keep up with her finances, and sign all checks. She enjoys the company of the young as well as the old. She lives now where she has been living for seventy-three years. She joined the Methodist Church when quite young. During the war she took care of, fed, and clothed sick soldiers. For three months she nursed three sick soldiers from Texas.



MRS. ELIZA A. WYNDHAM.

Mrs. Wyndham was Eliza Ann Deale and was born in Tuscaloosa County, Ala., January 23, 1822; but her parents moved to Noxubee County, Miss., when she was eleven years old. She was married to Hugh G. Wyndham in 1842. Four sons and three daughters were born to them, and two of the boys were in the Confederate army. John A. belonged to that great fighting company, the Noxubee Rifles, of the 11th Mississippi Regiment, and was killed at Gettysburg when only eighteen years old; Bolus E. belonged to the Texas army and died in Galveston, Tex., at the age of sixteen. The other sons were too young to serve.

[Contributed by J. E. Hibbler, of McLeod, Miss.]

MEMORIAL DAY IN LOUISIANA.

(Continued from page 535)

veterans meet at the different monuments to receive the line of march and participate in the ceremonies. The band plays "Nearer, my God, to thee," after which a salute of three volleys is fired over the tombs, and taps is sounded.

At the entrance to Metairie Cemetery stands the equestrian statue of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston upon a beautiful mound. This was erected by the members of the Association of the Army of Tennessee and is one of the finest and most attractive statues in any country. Under the mound there is a marble passageway which enters into the tomb, where the departed members are buried. The splendid statue of Gen. Stonewall Jackson, erected by the members of the Association of the Army of Northern Virginia, crowns a tall and beautiful shaft, which rests also on a beautiful mound which is the tomb of departed members. The monument erected by the Washington Artillery is also very beautiful and effective. The shaft is surmounted by a gunner. The monuments to Dr. Markham and General Moorman, erected by their friends, are also in Metairie, while the tomb of Father Hubert is in St. Louis Cemetery. After the different tombs have been visited and decorated, the concourse assembles about the Confederate monument, where the orator of the day delivers his address.

There are few places where Memorial Day exercises are carried out with more enthusiasm than in New Orleans. The schools close at noon, and the children contribute a big share to the success of the day.

Baton Rouge observes the day just as New Orleans, under the guidance of the Memorial Associations. The ladies of Shreveport, Alexandria, Monroe, Franklin, and other cities of Louisiana have erected beautiful monuments to our dead and pay homage to them on each Memorial Day. By this observance we hope so to inspire the children with our love for the Southern cause that they will for all time preserve the memory of the Confederate soldier.

ARKANSAS STATE DIVISION, U. C. V.

The State convention of the Arkansas U. C. V. was held in Little Rock October 26 and 27. While the attendance was not so large as last year, this was a working convention and accomplished more than usual, and it was quite harmonious throughout.

General Gibbons, commanding the Division, having been called abroad on important business, assigned Brig. Gen. W. C. Ratcliffe to command the Division until his successor should be elected. General Ratcliffe, being physically unable to attend this meeting, designated Brig. Gen. G. W. Bruce to preside over the convention.

Of special importance was the resolution adopted by the convention on the pension laws of Arkansas. A committee of five veterans was appointed to prepare a new law so as to eliminate from the pension rolls all deserters and others who are unlawfully drawing pensions now and thus enable the true veteran to get the full amount of pension due him.

Resolutions were also adopted recommending new regulation regarding certain features of the annual Reunions. (See resolutions following this report.) A strong resolution was adopted indorsing the CONFEDERATE VETERAN, recognizing it as the only publication that is devoted exclusively to the interests of our cause, and urging all Veterans, Sons of Veterans, and Daughters of the Confederacy to subscribe and thus aid in supporting it.

Resolutions were adopted indorsing the peace jubilee to be held at Vicksburg in 1917, the Jefferson Davis Highway to extend from the Potomac River to the Pacific Ocean, traversing Southern States, and also the Stone Mountain monument movement.

The committee of ten which had been appointed by the convention last year on the erection of a monument at the Capitol to the loyal slaves of the South in 1861-65 was continued.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Commander of Arkansas Division, Gen. Jonathan Kellogg.

Commander of Second Brigade, Gen. Thomas Green.

Commander of Third Brigade, Col. Carrol Armstrong.

Commander of Fourth Brigade, Col. D. M. Cloud.

The Division Commander was authorized to appoint a Commander of the First Brigade.

The Robert C. Newton Camp, S. C. V., entertained the veterans with a luncheon in the Hotel Marion, at a theater party, and with an automobile ride over the city and to the Confederate Soldiers' Home, in the meantime dedicating the Confederate Boulevard, which, it is contemplated, will extend to the city of Pine Bluff, forty-three miles distant. This is destined to become a very important public highway.

The following resolutions, designed to correct some abuses, were adopted by this convention:

CONVENTION AND PARADE.

"Whereas there have been confusion and delay in forming the parade on recent Reunion occasions; and whereas the parades when properly conducted are regarded by the veterans as one of the most enjoyable features of the Reunion; therefore

"*Resolved:* 1. That the Commander in Chief is requested to use his influence to bring about a reform in this matter, so that the parade may be a source of pleasure instead of disappointment, worry, and anxiety.

"2. That this convention favors a change in the management or handling of the Reunion, and especially of the parade, by making the Commander in Chief the marshal for the occasion and that he or his Adjutant General prepare a program for the business of the convention of a regulation form that can be used at all Reunions, and there should be a regulation form adopted for forming the column for the parade by corps, division, and brigades, so that it may be followed or used at all Reunions; also that the Adjutant General should have prepared and published at least a month in advance of the Reunion a diagram or plan of the street on which the organization will form and march, so that all officers before going to a Reunion may know exactly where his position in the line of march will be, thus saving much time and avoiding confusion. A countermarch on a suitable street should always be provided for.

"3. That, in view of the fact that the Sons of Confederate Veterans are not only willing but anxious to be of service to the veterans on these and all other occasions, it is our opinion that the Commander in Chief of the S. C. V. should be appointed assistant to the marshal and that his staff officers should be his assistant marshals, thus aiding the marshal in forming and handling the parade efficiently."

HOTELS AND HORSES.

"Whereas the cities entertaining the National Reunion of our Federation for many years did so on a reasonable and equitable basis—that is, their hotels charged us as their guests on these occasions no more than their regular rates and did

not require us to pay for a longer time than we actually occupied their rooms and did not demand pay for them in advance; and whereas the stables and others that furnished horses and carriages to be used in the parade charged only reasonable prices for the same—viz., $2.50 to $3 for saddle horses and $5 for carriages—and did not demand their pay for them several weeks in advance; and whereas in recent years the hotels in the Reunion cities demand that we shall engage and pay for rooms four days and pay for them when reserved, though it may be several weeks in advance, whether we use them four days or not; and whereas the stables and others having horses and carriages for hire on these occasions in recent years are in the habit of demanding five dollars apiece for horses and in some instances ten dollars and an excessive price for carriages and automobiles, requiring us to pay for them several weeks in advance, notwithstanding that the horses furnished, as a rule, are not saddle horses, some of them not even bridlewise, but are common work horses and in many instances merely 'old plugs' and not fit for the purpose required, putting our comrades at the mercy of those pretending to serve us; therefore

"*Resolved,* That this convention earnestly protests against such unfair treatment and insists that in future all cities asking the privilege of entertaining the Reunion shall be required to guarantee reforms and better service in these matters, so that when attending the Reunions we shall not be required to pay for rooms longer than for the time we actually use them and that the stables and others furnishing horses shall no longer furnish 'scrubs or plugs,' but saddle horses at a reasonable price, not to exceed $3 apiece for the parade, and that they shall not demand pay for them in advance of the Reunion date."

THE WAR IN RETROSPECT.

BY C. A. DEANE, ROGGEN, COLO.

During the War between the States I was a Union soldier in the Army of the Potomac; and though half a century has passed since the last battle was fought, the impressions of many events which then were woven into life's memory are as distinct as at the time of their occurrence.

Too often after great battles were fought, like those of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, our defeated army fell back, and a call for more troops was sent to that sorely tried man in the capital of our nation. In the winter of 1863-64 a, to us, new general came from the West and assumed command of all our armies. On the 4th of May we crossed the Rapidan and met the Confederate forces. Within four days we lost forty thousand men, Lee's lines were unbroken, but we did not fall back. Moving by the left flank, we again met in the shock of battle at Cold Harbor. There we lost twelve thousand men in fifty minutes, but we did not fall back. So other battles were fought when victory perched now on Union flag and now on Southern banner, till at Appomattox, where the flag of the South went down in final defeat because we did not fall back.

During those four years of civil strife more than two thousand battles of greater or lesser magnitude were fought on land and sea. There were 2,841,906 soldiers, sailors, and marines mustered into the United States forces. There were 6,354 officers and 110,705 enlisted men killed or died of wounds and 2,712 officers and 197,009 men died of disease, making a total of 316,770 deaths. Of the losses of Southern soldiers, equally as brave men, we have no official records; and while their available forces were less than those of the Union armies, their losses were doubtless proportionately as great.

And so they lie on every battle field, from Gettysburg to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The blankets that once protected them from the cold and storms in life are now their shrouds in death, and in rude soldiers' graves in a land of strangers, far away from their Northern homes, they rest where no fond mother or loving sister can kneel above their graves and weep for those who died to perpetuate those principles which are now the heritage of all our people. But the sighing of summer winds through Southern pines will sing them a mournful dirge and chant their requiem at midnight.

A CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL IN THE WEST.

BY W. C. HARRISON, M.D., COMMANDER PACIFIC DIVISION, U. C. V.

A memorial association has been formed in Los Angeles, Cal., for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Confederate soldiers who have died and who may die on the Pacific Coast. As a beginning to this work, I wish to convey this information to Confederate veterans, daughters of Confederate veterans, sons and daughters of the Southland, and to all others interested in the erection of this monument to memorialize the men who wore the gray and were a part of the Confederate States army, who risked their lives on many sanguinary fields of battle that States' rights should remain the heritage to the States from their ancestors. The Confederate veterans by forming Camps, Brigades, and the Pacific Division on this coast have demonstrated their loyalty and by uniting with the United Confederate Veterans have shown that they have lost none of the love for the South or for their dear old comrades, though now domiciled in the golden West.

The Confederate organizations out West have answered the calls made to them by the South and have contributed generously toward the erection of monuments and memorials in the South to our great men and our hero soldiers, while on the Pacific Coast there is not one monument commemorative of the valor of the Southern soldier. Shall a like generosity be shown the committee having the Los Angeles Confederate monument in hand?

This question was to be brought before the U. D. C. Convention in San Francisco and will be presented to our dear old comrades at Birmingham next spring, after which our memorial association will appeal to Confederate veterans, daughters and sons of Confederate veterans, and friends of Confederate veterans everywhere to assist us in this patriotic work of love and duty for our dead comrades.

YOUNGEST CAPTAIN OF CONFEDERATE ARMY.

Capt. Edward Gammon was killed in battle near Morristown, Tenn., in November, 1864. He was born at Jonesboro, Tenn., in November, 1846, was elected captain of his company in the 1st Tennessee Cavalry (Col. James Carter) in 1862 at sixteen years of age, and was, according to the Secretary of War's statement, the youngest captain commissioned in the Confederate army. He had been wounded several times and was suffering from a serious wound at the time he was killed. Although but a boy, his commanding officers pronounced him one of the best soldiers they had ever known.

EDUCATIONAL ADVANCE IN THE SOUTH.

The South is twitted for its illiteracy; but when one considers the adverse conditions under which the South has fought for advancement since the war, the results are simply remarkable. When Germany is through with Belgium, will it not take Belgium one hundred years to recover her former prestige?

The South had to contend with the negro problem. This no other people have. Think of our condition in 1867 and read of our accomplishments up to 1915. The North does not yet realize what we have accomplished in the education of white and black. The Southern taxpayer has performed a great task. The North has given him no credit for this, but still paints him as the enemy of the negro. Our negro public schools are all supported out of the public treasury.

So much has been said of illiteracy in Georgia among her white population. But it has been rapidly reduced. Read the following figures of the per cent of illiteracy in the Southern States for white children ten to twenty years of age, 1900 to 1914:

State.	Per Cent of Illiteracy. 1900.	1914
Virginia	8.9	4.5
West Virginia	6.8	3
North Carolina	15.6	4.2
South Carolina	13.6	6.6
Georgia	9.5	1.8
Florida	6.5	3.5
Alabama	13.3	4.8
Mississippi	6.7	2.6
Louisiana	17.2	10
Texas	6.8	4.9
Arkansas	9.6	2.7
Oklahoma	9.4	1.5
Tennessee	10.8	4.5
Kentucky	8.2	5.3
For the South	9.5	5

Compare 1866 to 1915 and behold our wonderful achievements. It is almost a miracle. It was the work of Southern manhood and pluck.—*James Calloway, in Macon Telegraph.*

TRIBUTE TO A FOE'S BRAVERY.

A patron of the Veteran writes of a generous act by a Confederate veteran in tribute to bravery: "It was my good fortune to attend a very interesting ceremony recently (October 2), which was the unveiling and dedication of markers showing where Gens. Phil Kearney and Isaac Stevens, of the Federal army, were killed in the battle of Chantilly (Ox Hill) on September 1, 1862. On this occasion there were quite a number of G. A. R. men present, also many who had worn the gray. There was much good feeling shown, and upon inquiry I learned that the plot of ground, one-fourth of an acre, for these markers, had been donated to the Kearney Commission, of New Jersey, for this purpose by a gallant ex-Confederate who had left one limb on some other battle field. The Jersey men seemed to appreciate greatly the fact that this ex-Confederate had kept this spot marked all these years, thus showing the admiration that one brave man feels for another. This Confederate veteran was John N. Ballard, who was one of Mosby's men and who followed that gallant leader until the close of the war."

THE GIRLS WE LEFT BEHIND.

An Appreciation.

In the Veteran sometime ago there appeared an elegy on the "Girl I Left Behind Me," written, I think, by Judge Brown, of Georgia. Having lost one of those dear girls, it of course carried me back to the days of 1861-65. Long, long years have come and gone since then, and thousands and thousands of our comrades of both the blue and the gray have answered the last roll call, and many, ah! nearly all of those dear girls we left behind us have gone on before us to try the realities of the unknown; while we by the merciful dispensations of Providence have been permitted to live on. We can walk through the avenues of our cemeteries, these silent cities of the dead, and we can see cut and inscribed on monuments of marble and granite the old, familiar, never-to-be-forgotten names of the girls we left behind. We pause at these sacred spots, and a feeling of sadness permeates our whole being. We grieve for them, of course; but there is no remorse mingled with our grief, for the good, true soldier can truthfully and honestly say that the gentle hearts now moldering to dust beneath those little mounds never were wrung by our unkindness. A tear of sorrow courses down our cheeks as we remember how they loved us, how every day, every hour, ah! every minute of their lives were spent in making home more comfortable, more pleasant, and more happy; and we thank God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift, for their companionship through life. With uncovered heads and hearts rent with sorrow we kneel on the hallowed sod that covers them from our view and with loving hands we place beautiful flowers on the graves of "the girls we left behind us."

. . . . . .

Yet, with all his sufferings, his aches and pains, the old battle-scarred warrior has a blessed hope, and God's blessed Book tells us that the pure in heart shall meet again; and by enlisting in the army of the blest and bearing aloft the banner of salvation the veteran of the most stubbornly contested war that was ever fought, when he receives his final muster out and taps have been sounded, will be enabled to climb the shining steps of glory and there at the gates of the city beautiful will have a glad, a happy, a glorious, a never-ending reunion with "the girls we left behind us."

The Rebel Yell.—The following story was told by Capt. J. G. Hauser, of Georgia, and some blue-clad friends who were on their way to get a fiftieth anniversary view of Little Round Top during the meeting at Gettysburg in 1913. As they climbed the hill they were stopped by some moving-picture men who insisted on filling a reel with a view of the gray-clad officer and his friends in blue clasping hands. The subjects got a heap of fun out of it too. "We're still on the job, and we're some 'Reb,' eh?" grinned the Georgian. "Everything here but—but the yell," conceded the Union man. "O, that's here too," promptly replied the Captain. "Want to hear it again?" The others nodded. "Then here she goes," answered Captain Hauser. He swung his old felt hat and let it go. One must hear it to appreciate it. Cold type can't portray the music or whatever the qualities the peculiar yell contains. There's a sort of "whoo-ee-eep" to it that surely is convincing down to this far day, when even its solitary echo still holds the ringing defiance of many a gray-swept field.

STARTLING EFFECT OF "IFS" ON THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

(From the Knickerbocker Press.)

Here are some "ifs" contributed to the Army and Navy Journal by a Georgian. Students of the War between the States may find them interesting, and many will doubtless be able to add indefinitely to the list:

If—the United States in 1860 had had an army commensurate with her size. If—McDowell's plans had been carried out at First Manassas. If—the Confederates had immediately followed up their success in the above battle.

If—the government hadn't taken McDowell's Corps away from McClellan. If—Jackson during the Seven Days' Battles had been the man of the Valley or Chancellorsville. If—McClellan's army hadn't been removed when he had solved the problem of the correct road to Richmond. If—the lost dispatch hadn't been found.

If—Grant had been in command of the Union army at Antietam. If—Hooker hadn't sent off his cavalry just previous to Chancellorsville. If—Lee had turned over Jackson's command to Stuart after Jackson's death.

If—the Confederates had followed up their success on the first day's fight at Gettysburg. If—Meade had pushed Lee directly after the Union victory. If—Bragg had followed Rosecrans into Chattanooga immediately after the Chickamauga fight. If—Johnston had not been superseded by Hood. If—Hood had attacked at Spring Hill. If—Hancock had known of the momentary panic of the Confederates at the Wilderness. If—Hancock's order to occupy Petersburg had been delivered to him.

But the greatest "if" of all to the Confederacy was: If—they had recognized the true worth of Forrest before it was too late.

A Post-Chickamauga Incident.—Several years ago I had a chance to hear an opinion from some of the Federal soldiers who fought at Chickamauga as to the fighting qualities of their Confederate opponents in that great battle. I was coming home to Nashville from a trip to East Tennessee, and at Chattanooga I fell in with a number of Illinois veterans who were returning from the dedication of their State monument in Chickamauga Park. They were a fine body of men, manly, intelligent, prosperous. They were accompanied by their wives. I noticed that the ladies always called us Rebels with a distinct note of disapproval, but the men called us Johnnies and with a jolly note of good fellowship. I was sitting by Captain Doolittle, now Superintendent of the National Cemetery, near Nashville, and one of my best friends and an elder in my Church. He was severely wounded in this battle. Just as we left Chattanooga the Nashville papers came with glowing accounts of the ovation given to the First Tennessee Regiment on its return from the Philippines. The old veterans were enthusiastic in their praise of the Tennessee boys. They said the boys deserved all honor and were worthy of their ancestors, who were such splendid soldiers. But one old veteran spoke up: "Yes, all you men say is true. But when it comes to sure-enough war and fighting, those Johnnies made us see more h— in two hours right around here than the whole American army saw in the whole of the Spanish-American War." There was a general voice of approval: "You are right there, pardner." And this old Johnnie was introduced by Captain Doolittle and had a good time with "our friend the enemy." J. H. McNeilly.

GENERAL LEE'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS CAMPAIGNS.

"Lee's Confidential Dispatches to Davis, 1862-65."

This is a collection of the unpublished letters and dispatches of General Lee to President Davis during the campaigns of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is from the private collection of Wimberly Jones DeRenne, edited with an introduction by Douglas Southall Freeman. It is a volume of four hundred pages, made in the best style of print and paper by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This volume is a most important contribution to the military history of the War between the States. These letters and dispatches bring into view that marvelous strategy which resisted and defeated the overwhelming forces of the enemy for three years, which yielded only when the army was finally reduced to a handful of worn-out fighters, weakened by starvation, and which gave to the great commander, even in defeat, the proud title of "the greatest English-speaking general that ever lived." (Roosevelt's "Life of Thomas Benton.") The notes are voluminous and clearly give details of each movement as it was carried out. Their compilation shows the editor to be a diligent, capable student of General Lee's purposes, plans, and achievements. The notes are enriched by brief sketches of various distinguished officers who served under General Lee. The introduction is a model of clear and high appreciation of the lofty character and wonderful achievements of the great leader.

And the highest value of the book is really its revelation of character in the grandest man of all the ages. His strength of purpose, courage, clearness of vision, perfect calm and poise under all circumstances, his sense of justice and devotion to duty, his modesty, kindliness, courtesy, unselfishness won for him the devoted love of his men, the confidence of his country, and the admiration of the world. He was the knightliest of all the knights that ever rode in the list of chivalry, as grand as Arthur, as pure as Sir Galahad, and withal a humble Christian whose character, purified by the heavy burdens he bore, shone only the brighter and nobler in defeat than in the hours of victory.

These letters also show indirectly the high character and exalted ideals and devoted patriotism of the Confederate President, to whom they were addressed. The book is worth far more than its price, $3.75. J. H. McNeilly.

THE DIXIE CALENDAR FOR 1916.

The Dixie Calendar, ever an attractive publication, is especially so for 1916. It is friendship's offering to the memory of Madison Cawein, the young poet of the South, whose death left the world poorer in the loss of another sweet singer. Some lines from a poem of his appear on the cover, while many of the inside pages present some of his newer poems; others of the later poets of the South are also given recognition in this issue of the Calendar. The cover page is embellished with the picture of an old Virginia home, one of the few that escaped the raids on the Valley of Virginia.

The Dixie Calendar is published by the Page Publishing Company, of Baltimore. It is listed at fifty cents the copy, but subscribers to the Veteran—Veterans, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Sons of Veterans—may get it at twenty-five cents, provided two or more copies are ordered at once. It will make an especially attractive offering for Christmas.

"MEMORIAL ASSOCIATIONS OF THE SOUTH."

The Confederated Southern Memorial Association has for sale three hundred and fifty copies of the "Memorial Associations of the South." Price, $1.25, delivered. It would make a most attractive and appropriate holiday gift for old and young. It will be appreciated by the daughters and sons of the heroic women of the Confederacy who were as true to their duty to "rise and build" as were her sons to bleed and die." This valuable compendium should be in every Southern home and public library. Col. V. Y. Cook, of Arkansas, says of it: "This history of the Memorial Associations of the South is valuable far beyond the price asked." The proceeds from these books will be devoted to the purchase of the President's chair to be placed in the Assembly Room of the Red Cross Memorial Building at Washington, D. C., by the C. S. M. A., representing the women of the Confederacy. Orders taken by the VETERAN.

"THE LAST FLAG OF TRUCE."

A very interesting story has been written by Dallas T. Ward on his experiences in carrying the last flag of truce into the enemy's lines while acting as conductor of the train which bore the official party sent to confer with General Sherman about surrendering the city of Raleigh, N. C., and, if possible, to save it from the fate which had befallen Columbia. The story is simply told, but presents a vivid picture of conditions at the time. It has been put in pamphlet form and may be procured from the author at Franklinton, N. C., at 25 cents per copy.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS IN BOOKS.

To many people the most acceptable of holiday gifts is a book, and for the lovers of history the following list presents some of the most interesting works in Confederate literature. These selections were made especially for their richness of narrative and beauty of style. If you have a veteran friend to remember at this time or a boy who needs to be interested along this line, give him one of these books. It will be a gift to bring new life to the old and to enthuse the young with the heroism of the old life. The VETERAN supplies them. Order early:

RECOLLECTIONS AND LETTERS OF GEN. R. E. LEE. Of all the books that have been written on the life of the great military leader of the Confederacy, none gives such an intimate view of the home life of General Lee as do these letters written to his family. The compilation was made by Capt. R. E. Lee, youngest son and namesake, and his connectional comments add much of interest and value to the collection in the revelation of those traits of character which made General Lee the ideal husband and father. The book is handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

CONFIDENTIAL LETTERS AND DISPATCHES OF GEN. R. E. LEE. A companion volume to the preceding is the recently published collection of General Lee's confidential letters and dispatches during his campaigns as commander of the Confederate forces. A review of this work is given on the preceding page. It is a handsome volume and sells at $3.75. The two volumes will be supplied for $6, postpaid.

LIFE OF STONEWALL JACKSON. By Lieut. G. F. R. Henderson. This biographical work by the noted English officer is considered the best of its kind and leads all other works on the life of the incomparable Confederate general. The science of his military strategy is fully brought out, and the marvelous skill which accomplished so much for Confederate arms has due tribute. The work is in two volumes, cloth-bound. Price, $4.

REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Gen. John B. Gordon. One of the most picturesque figures of the war was that of John B. Gordon when leading his company of "Raccoon Roughs." His military career closed with him as commander of a corps in the Army of Northern Virginia. His reminiscences of those days of war form one of the most interesting of personal narratives, and its vivid, forceful style carries the reader into the scenes depicted. A special edition of this work in cloth is supplied at $1.50; first edition, $3; memorial edition, $4.

LIFE OF GEN. N. B. FORREST. By Dr. John A. Wyeth. One of the "ifs" in connection with the failure of the Confederacy applies to its lack of recognition of the real worth of a general like N. B. Forrest. His greatness as a military commander could have no sincerer tribute than this work by Dr. Wyeth, which has become a standard authority on the "Wizard of the Saddle." It was written with great care and all important statements verified by unquestioned testimony. Handsomely illustrated. Cloth, $4.

CONFEDERATE WIZARDS OF THE SADDLE. By Gen. Bennett H. Young. The daring deeds of Confederate cavalrymen have been recorded by a master pen in this work by General Young, who makes it a thrilling narrative in treating of the important campaigns of Stuart, Forrest, Wheeler, Morgan, Shelby, Hampton, and those other gallant leaders of the Confederacy who rode into fame. Profusely illustrated and handsomely bound in cloth. Price, $2.50.

SERVICE AFLOAT. By Admiral Raphael Semmes. The story of the Confederate navy has never been fully told; but in his account of "Service Afloat" as a part of that navy Admiral Semmes has given a very thrilling chapter of operations under his command. The wonderful career of the Confederate cruiser Alabama is sympathetically told, for the Admiral loved his beautiful ship and was proud of her achievements under his guidance. Illustrated and bound in cloth. Price, $4.

FOUR YEARS UNDER MARSE ROBERT. By Maj. Robert Stiles. No other leader was ever given a nickname which expressed such love and reverence as that which held General Lee as "Marse Robert" in the feeling of his men, and this book was written by one who shared in that feeling. Major Stiles served in the artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, but he has not written of the operations in which he took part. His book is simply a record of incidents which came under his observation, such incidents as bring out the humor and pathos of a soldier's life. Cloth-bound, $2.

FROM BULL RUN TO APPOMATTOX. By Luther W. Hopkins. A boy soldier's story of service in Stuart's Cavalry—a book that will be enjoyed by the other "boys of the Confederacy" as well as by the boys of to-day. It should have a place in every library. Revised edition, profusely illustrated. Price, $1.19.

THE MEN IN GRAY. By Robert C. Cave. A series of addresses delivered on memorable occasions in the South which tell "the story of the glory of the men who wore the gray." Dr. Cave is one of the noted orators of the South, as well as a brilliant writer, and these addresses are his tribute to the heroism and sacrifices of the men of the South. Neatly bound in cloth, illustrated. Price, $1.

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Charles N. Gibbs, of Leesville, La., wishes to communicate with some member of Company A, 10th Alabama Cavalry, Colonel Powell's regiment.

J. H. Bishop, of Charlestown, W. Va., Box 223, would like to hear from any survivors of the workmen of the Confederate army at Richmond who were called out at the time of the Dahlgren raid near that city.

Frank Patterson, of Pike City, Ark., wants to correspond with some one who belonged to Company C, 4th Mississippi Regiment, under Capt. E. C. Buck and Colonel Wilburn, Starke's Brigade, Forrest's command. He is trying to get a pension.

Mrs. S. E. Tyree, of Ansted, W. Va., answers an inquiry of some months ago in regard to Col. B. H. Jones, saying that his aunt, Mrs. R. M. Harvey, of Fayetteville, W. Va., can tell all about Colonel Jones. She has his picture and a copy of his book, "The Sunny South."

J. W. Stone, of Nortonville, Ky., is trying to secure a pension and wants to hear from some comrade who can help him establish his record. He enlisted in May, 1862, at Corinth, Miss., in Company G, 42d Alabama Regiment, under Captain Turner, was in the siege at Vicksburg, Miss., and surrendered on the 4th of July.

Mrs. T. A. Cocke, Box 705, Jacksonville, Tex., asks for information of the service of Cebon Harris, who guarded prisoners at Tyler, Tex., was afterwards sent to his home, in Sabine County, Tex., but was still engaged in the cause of the Confederacy. A Captain Reed was connected with his service. This information is needed to help his widow.

Wallace A. McKay, 916 Inter-Southern Building, Louisville, Ky., is trying to help John T. Harris establish a record of his service for the Confederacy in order to get a pension. Mr. Harris enlisted when a boy of sixteen at Troy, Obion County, Tenn., in Captain Williams's company, Confederate Volunteer Infantry, in June, 1862. He was with this company until the first part of September, 1863, when he was taken prisoner and sent to Union City, where he was in prison for some time.

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